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CHINA REACHES FOR WORLD POWER

In most of the countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America, new faces are beginning to appear. The Chinese Communists, bearing gifts, invitations, trade offers and propaganda, are making a concerted drive for friends, disciples and subjects

BY LELAND STOWE
*Former chief of the News and Information
Service of Radio Free Europe*

FOR THE first time in its 4,000-year history, China today is conducting a vast, openly avowed offensive for world-wide political-economic expansion and domination. Its chief targets are Asia, Africa and Latin America, whose thousand million people hold the balance of power in the struggle between Communism and freedom. The Chinese use all the Kremlin's devious techniques and have added some new ones. They shrewdly capitalize on their unique

attraction for colour-conscious races, present their country's industrial growth as the supreme model for all starting-from-scratch nations, and out-Marx the Soviets in aggressive support of revolutions everywhere.

China's strategy for world subversion has four main branches: cultural "person-to-person" contacts; foreign trade; propaganda, and political infiltration.

Cultural Penetration. What Peking calls "people's diplomacy"—exchange visits by private citizens

—provides an extraordinarily effective weapon to win sympathy and support abroad. Three- and six-week tours of China—free—lure thousands from every continent.

Usually recruited in groups of ten to 30 people, these "delegations" consist largely of non-Communist opinion-moulders: journalists, politicians, scholars and teachers, artists and musicians, businessmen. To make guests feel important—and grateful—high Communist officials greet nearly all tourist groups. The visitors get red-carpet treatment, with regal banquets, receptions, operas and plays. They are carefully escorted away from the seamy sides of life in China.

"We never saw the machinery of oppression," a Tunisian official told me. "For us the secret police were invisible."

An alert Arab editor, during his two-week stay in Peking, was never permitted to enter a public restaurant or café. When he tried to mingle with Shanghai's after-dinner street life, his guide hustled him to the hotel "to get a good sleep for an early start tomorrow."

In the capital, there are gigantic mass rallies and spectacular pageantry designed to impress visitors with the regime's power and dynamism. There is always something going on: May Day fêtes, youth and athletic festivals, "peace" demonstrations, Afro-Asian or trade-union conferences. More than 3,500 foreigners from some 75 countries

attend the annual October anniversary celebrations.

Notable Peking guests have included a Pakistani prime minister; an ex-prime minister of Morocco; the inspector-general of Cuba's army; Mosaburo Suzuki, head of a Japanese socialist party; the speaker and many members of Indonesia's parliament; ministers of education from the United Arab Republic and Guinea; and, significantly, two intimates of Congo's Lumumba—his private secretary and his defence minister.

Ardently wooed are women's delegations, especially from Asian and African countries. Said an experienced Western diplomat: "The Chinese Communists have recognized that women are a tremendous influence in underdeveloped areas."

Many tourists are awed by what they are allowed to see, and on their return home serve as effective unpaid propagandists for China. Most influential are prominent non-Communists, even conservatives, who publicly laud the regime's material accomplishments but, as recent guests, feel impelled to soft-pedal criticism. Newspapers in Montevideo, Bogotá and other South American capitals have headlined tributes to China's "impressive experiment," based on tourist testimony.

The magnitude of the political hospitality is spotlighted by a verified but incomplete list of China's foreign guests during 1959: 168

delegations from 38 African and Asian countries; 112 from 20 North and South American nations; 85 from 19 West European countries; ten from Australia, four from New Zealand.

In the reverse direction, it is estimated that "people's diplomacy" in 1959 sent more than 5,000 Chinese to some 45 countries. In the host countries Chinese Friendship Associations, patterned after the familiar Soviet originals, promote the infiltration. These groups are often founded by visitors who have returned from China. They stress mutual cultural interests and enlist well-intentioned non-Communists. Behind the scenes, manipulating the programme for Peking's benefit, are Communists and fellow-travellers.

Economic Penetration. Since 1956 China's exports have become a spearhead of global expansion. This world-trade onslaught is just gathering impetus, but it has already dealt severe blows to Japan's South-East Asian markets in textiles, toys and other former Tokyo monopolies. It has undercut British goods in Burma, Malaya and elsewhere. Now Peking's energetic traders are winning strong bases in the Middle East and are extending into Africa.

The recent five-year deal to buy 500,000 tons of Cuban sugar annually, with 80 per cent of payments in Chinese goods, foreshadows large-scale efforts in Latin America. The official magazine *China Reconstructs* has stressed Latin America's

"rich raw materials which China needs in her rapid economic development"; named specifically were Argentine and Uruguayan wool, Chile's copper and nitrates, Brazil's sisal hemp and Venezuela's oil.

Because a totalitarian economy can ignore normal market elements—including profits—this Chinese competition leaves non-Communist traders gaping and demoralized. Chinese bicycles sell in Egypt for half the price of Indian-made models. Commenting on their pedal-operated sewing machines selling at the equivalent of Rs. 50 each, an Arab importer exclaimed: "How can they do it? We're selling them by the thousands." A Cairo retailer showed me Chinese fountain pens at ten shillings (Rs. 7) a dozen; he sells over a million a year and buys Chinese ink at one-third the cost of its competitive equivalent. Directing this economic offensive, China's Corporation for Foreign Trade maintains regional display houses which exhibit more than 20,000 samples to prospective foreign buyers.

The Chinese often sell below cost, juggle interest rates and make other concessions. As a buttering-up device to hard-pressed governments they may grant part-payments in solid Western currencies. Thus 20 per cent of their Cuban sugar payments will provide Castro's regime with dollars which it urgently needs.

Peking does not conceal the political purposes of its economic drive.

Discussing Latin America recently, *China Reconstructs* commented: "By exchanging mutually needed goods we can strengthen our solidarity in the common struggle against imperialism."

Penetration by Propaganda. Peking pours enormous sums and effort into publications, films and other opinion-making media.

After entrenching itself in Asia, the New China News Agency (NCNA) has expanded steadily on other continents. Like Moscow's Tass agency, its correspondents everywhere serve as propaganda and intelligence agents, with news-gathering often a minor function. Already NCNA has bureaux in Egypt, the Sudan, Lebanon, Iraq, Morocco, Guinea and Ghana. Promptly after Castro's début it planted a bureau in Havana. One is scheduled to open soon in the Congo.

These bureaux not only gather but distribute information. NCNA floods national Press offices with Communist China "news," editorials and feature articles. Even the long-patient Pandit Nehru repeatedly accused the Chinese of spreading subversive literature and organizing whispering campaigns against his government. These activities became so irritating that he forced NCNA to close its office in India.

NCNA "newsmen" do not hesitate to subvert foreign Press executives through bribes and blackmail. In Burma in 1956, for instance, the

Chinese silenced one anti-Communist paper by making its publisher a fat shareholder in their Oriental Trading Company; the managing director of another newspaper received a block of shares in the China-Burma Trading Company and was made its chief executive; "loans" were extended to several editors, on condition that their children attend Communist-run schools. By the end of the year Burma had five pro-Peking newspapers.

Chinese magazines for distribution abroad imitate Western media format. The *Life-size China Pictorial*, opulent in photographs and colour, appears in 17 languages and is sold for a pittance. *China Reconstructs* has just added to its numerous foreign issues a Spanish edition for Latin America. Propaganda books, many of them for children, are printed in the languages of the countries to which they are shipped.

At the same time, air-wave propaganda sends out China's slogans without let-up. Radio Peking reaches a large area of the world. Besides blanketing the Far East, it broadcasts heavily to the Middle East in Arabic and Turkish and to North Africa in French; one-hour daily programmes are beamed to Europe in French, English and Spanish. With good Congo-area reception, Peking now broadcasts seven hours weekly to Central Africa, and recently its Latin American programmes were boosted to 21 hours a week.

For their combined propaganda and "people's diplomacy," Western experts estimate, the Chinese Communists now spend well over £90 million (Rs. 120 crores) a year.

Political Penetration. "China will aid all wars of national liberation in all colonial countries," Liu Shao-chi, now head of state, pledged in 1949. His regime has been fishing in troubled global waters ever since.

Having intervened in Korea, occupied Tibet and wrested the northern half of Vietnam from France, Peking then injected itself vigorously into the Middle East and North Africa. It offered "volunteers" and arms to Egypt in the Suez conflict in 1956, support for the Arab States in the 1958 Lebanon crisis and for the rebels in Algeria. Egypt turned down the military aid but accepted a Chinese gift of 20 million Swiss francs. For three years Egypt was the chief base of Chinese operations in the Arab world.

Meanwhile, Peking energetically drives for diplomatic recognition

and ultimate admission to the United Nations. In the last two years it has installed embassies in Iraq, the Sudan, Morocco, Guinea and Ghana. The recent formal recognition by Cuba gives China a coveted bridge-head in the Western Hemisphere.

China's aggressive campaign is still in its first stages. But the Chinese are determined to pour more and more wealth, goods and trained manpower into every troubled area. As to their ultimate goal China's Communists are obligingly frank. Only last April the authoritative organ *Red Flag* announced: "If the imperialists should launch a war using nuclear weapons the result will *not* be the elimination of mankind. On the debris of a dead civilization the victorious people would create with extreme rapidity a civilization thousands of times higher than the capitalist system, and a truly beautiful future for themselves."

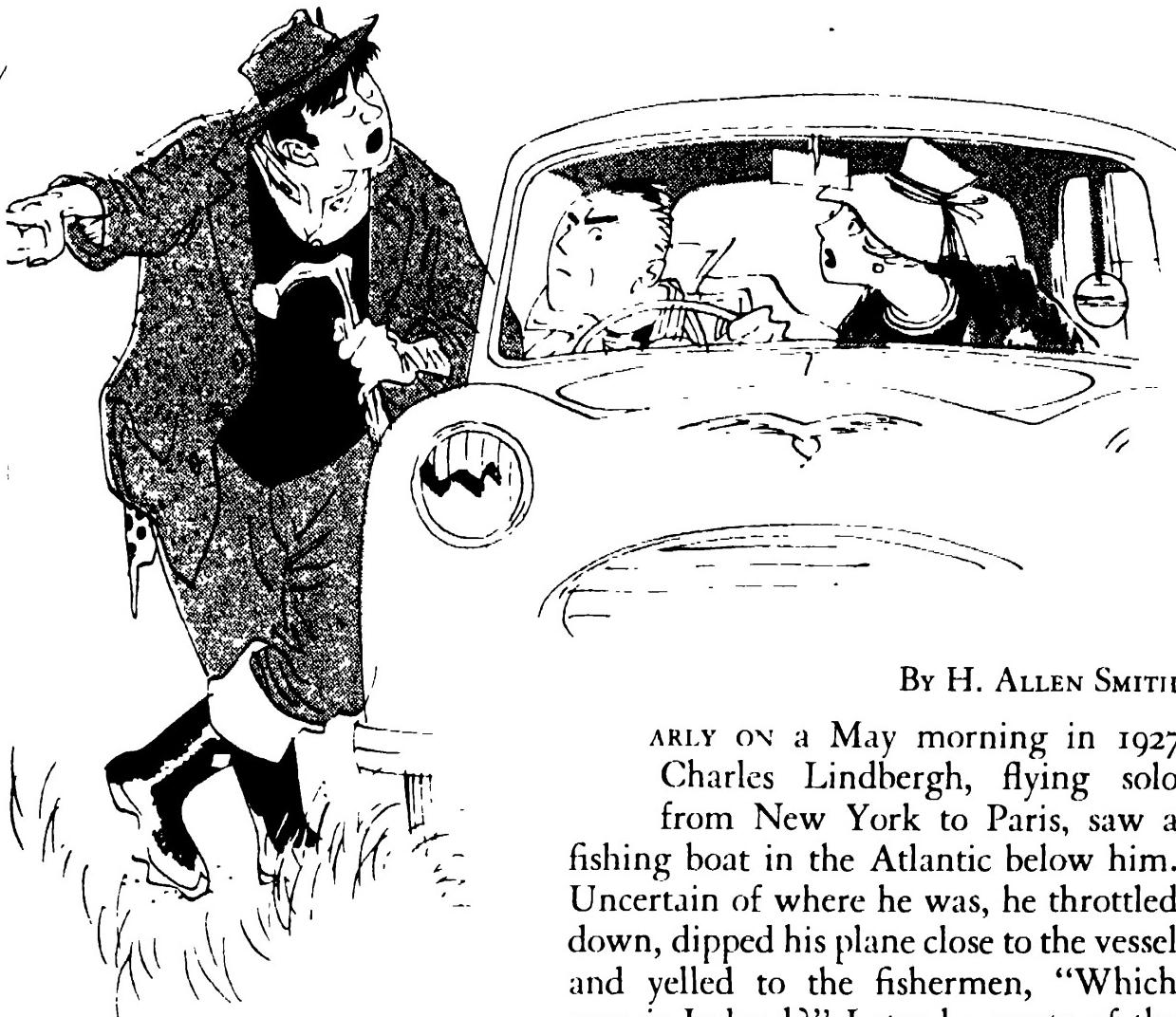
This is the philosophy which motivates China as it takes its first steps on the world stage.

Cartoon Quips

HUSBAND giving wife bouquet of flowers: "Now don't go all to pieces. Somebody left them on the bus." —Chon Day

LITTLE boy, on way to birthday party, to mother: "I'll thank Mrs. Chambers for the party as soon as I get there. Last year she locked herself in her room before I left." —Lee Carel

DOCTOR to patient: "I've treated a few cases like yours before, so I should have some luck this time." —S.E.P.



You Can't Help But Miss It!

*A humorist's wry remarks
on the hopelessly lost art of
direction-giving*

By H. ALLEN SMITH

EARLY ON a May morning in 1927 Charles Lindbergh, flying solo from New York to Paris, saw a fishing boat in the Atlantic below him. Uncertain of where he was, he throttled down, dipped his plane close to the vessel and yelled to the fishermen, "Which way is Ireland?" Later he wrote of the incident: "They just stared. Maybe they didn't hear me. Or maybe they thought I was just a crazy fool."

In my opinion Lindbergh was fortunate. If those fishermen were anything like the people I encounter from day to day, and if they had signalled directions to him, he might well have landed up in Florida.

For all the other qualities of mind they may possess, most people, male or female, cannot properly direct a motorist or a pedestrian—or a Lindbergh in an aeroplane—to his destination. Several years ago my wife and I were invited to visit friends in the country. I telephoned

the lady of the house for directions. The portion of her monologue that I remember most vividly went like this: "You keep going quite a way and finally you'll come to a three-storey grey house that has been burnt down."

The stumbling block in that sentence would appear to be the grey house that was burnt down. But there is an equally insidious semantic monstrosity: the phrase, "quite a way." There could be a difference of 40 miles between what *she* considers "quite a way" and what *I* consider "quite a way." How am I to know what a farmer means when he says the next town is "a fur piece off"? Or "not very fur"? In Latin-American countries every destination is "just beyond the next hill, *Señor*." The "beyond" involved here may turn out to be 20 miles or 80 or 140.

In Britain there's a charming but no less frustrating variation. There, when you enquire of an English countryman how to get to Popskull-on-the-Rilleragh, he will respond, "Proceed straight ahead to the second roundabout and take the turning to the right and soon you will arrive at a cluster of small shops. Stop there, sir, and ask again." So you stop at the cluster of small shops and ask again and they send you along another few miles, advising you to stop at a certain public house and ask again.

The chief fault of the average direction-giver is an over-devotion to

detail. "Go straight down Gutteridge Street," I was told recently, "and finally you'll come to Division Street. Cross Division, stay in Gutteridge. After a while you'll come to Killjoy Street. Cross Killjoy, keep going, stay in Gutteridge. Soon you'll see a big cemetery on a hill, then you'll come to lights—that'll be Cumshaw Street. Cross Cumshaw, stay in Gutteridge, go past a big supermarket with a red tower, just keep going." All this drivel about cemeteries and Cumshaws and supermarkets and Killjoys could have been covered in three words: "Stay in Gutteridge." As it was, I got confused somewhere along the way and ended up in Oxnard.

Then there is the person, usually male and proud of his efficiency, who showers you with fractions. "Turn right at the second traffic lights," he will say, "and go $7\frac{8}{10}$ miles to Hardscrabble Road. Then turn left, go $3\frac{3}{5}$ miles to Douglas, and turn left. Our house is exactly one-tenth of a mile from that junction." This sort of precision is likely to be the death of me: I've come within $1\frac{2}{10}$ inches of annihilation through keeping my attention fixed on the mileometer instead of on the road. *

Another specialist direction-giver might be called the highway-engineer type. "You go three miles on this paving block until you hit ferro-concrete," he says. "Turn left on the ferro-concrete, go four miles and

then turn right on a tar job gritted with chippings. Go $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to a fork, then take the grouted macadam instead of the bituminous clinker—the one with the steep camber—and you'll come to a washboard bearing left."

This man is about as helpful as the rural nature boy who instructs the driver from the city to "keep goin' till you come to a grove of hemlocks . . ." The city driver wouldn't know a grove of hemlocks from a pride of lions or a hand of bananas. Still, he would never confess that ignorance, and so he probably ends up in a wilderness of hemlocks.

Masculine pride shows up in another way. Men will make enquiries at a filling station when lost, but they refuse to stop along the road and ask directions of a stranger. This stubbornness has long been a source of irritation between husbands and wives.

Humorist Robert Benchley once undertook to explain the wife's point of view. It is based on experience, he said, "which has taught her that anyone knows more about things in general than her husband."

I know of a man whose business takes him by car all over the country and who would prefer death in a deep ravine to asking a stranger for directions.

To his problem, however, he has found a solution. When he drives into a strange town where he has a business engagement, he finds a taxi and gives the address to the driver. Then he simply trails along after the cab.

In the art of direction-giving I would naturally like to point to myself as a paragon of efficiency. I know how it should be done. If you live in a difficult locality and find it necessary to tell people how to get to your house, rehearse your speech. Make it simple, and make it crystal-clear. Don't clutter it up with bituminous clinkers or three-storey grey houses that are burnt down.

But will mankind profit by this hard-earned advice? Of course not. We'll all blunder along like the woman I know who asked a farmer how to get to a certain town. He gave her a long and involved routine of turn rights and bear lefts, and finished off by saying, "You can't help but miss it."

Good Sports

BOB HOPE, recalling the days when he played football at school: "I was known as Neckline Hope—always plunging down the middle, but never really showing anything." —Sam Ragan

JACK BENNY, about his golf game: "I'm improving. The other day I hit a ball in one." —Erskine Johnson

*What happens when 110 tons
of man's most advanced machinery
is hurled into the sky*

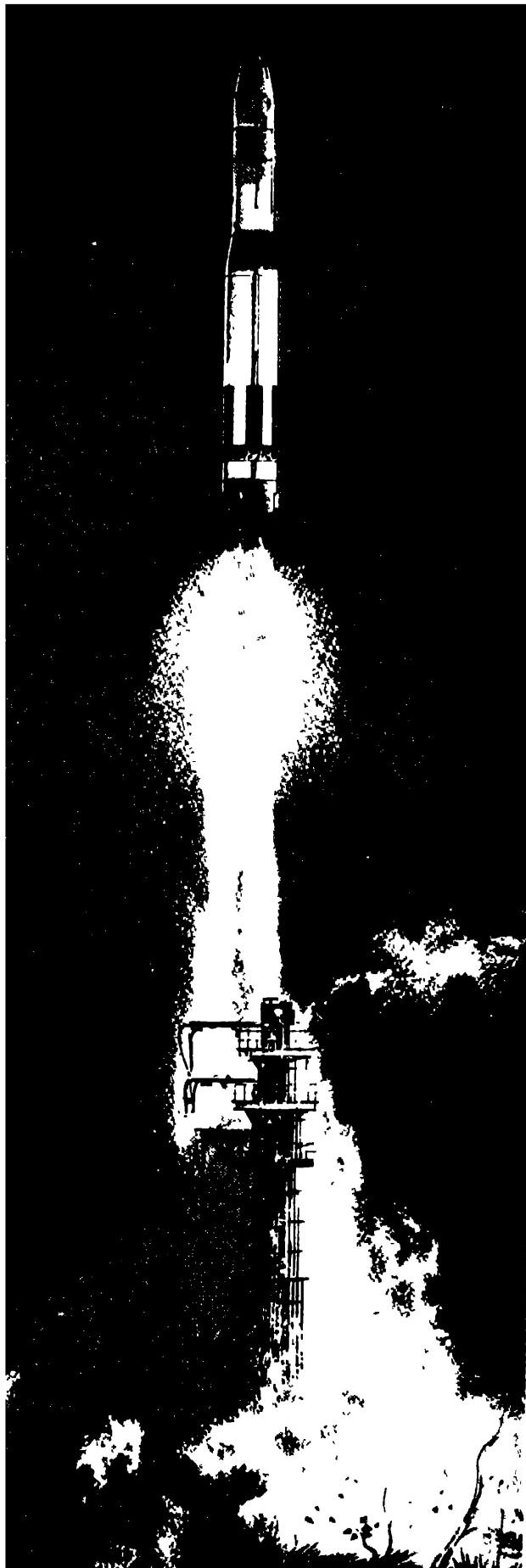
LOG OF TITAN'S JOURNEY INTO SPACE

BY IRA WOLFERT

IT IS nearly 2 p.m. at Cape Canaveral, Florida. A Titan intercontinental ballistic missile—ten feet in diameter, tall as an eight-storey building, heavy as a dozen city buses and containing some 40,000 parts—stands motionless on its launching pad. So cold is the liquid oxygen inside that ice forms on the missile's skin, and moist air swirls away as snow. Now, all its thousands of parts working together will make the Titan leap from a dead-cold standing start 500 miles up into space and—minutes later—land its cargo thousands of miles down-range in the South Atlantic. If all goes well the missile will strike within two miles of the target centre.*

* The failure of any of the 40,000 parts would mean failure of the whole. In 14 out of 16 shots, the Titan functioned with perfect success.

Photograph from U.S. Air Force



The newest and most powerful of America's missiles, capable of carrying twice the nuclear punch of even the Atlas, the Titan is a new kind of machine—in fact many new kinds of machines put together under one skin. It is a two-stage missile instead of a one-stage-with-booster like the Atlas. The Atlas itself was test-fired 9,000 miles last May; the Titan is designed to travel several thousand miles farther. Fourteen squadrons—140 Titans—are scheduled to be ready in underground bases by the end of 1963.

Here, second by second, is the story—from blast-off to bull's-eye—of this incredible machine.

2 p.m. minus a fraction of a second. Four radio transmitters in the Titan's skin are already broadcasting measurements made by 275 different instruments on board—pressure gauges, flow meters, thermometers. The transmitters agree: "All is ready." From the blockhouse the Titan is given an automatic signal to start. Now tons of water cascade out over the launching site to protect the concrete pad during the take-off.

2 p.m. The Titan's two rocket engines burn a mixture of paraffin and liquid oxygen. Flame hot enough to melt steel now bursts from the exhaust. It turns the water on the launching site into steam—the vast, enveloping clouds seen in pictures of launchings.

In one and a fraction seconds the two engines have developed full

power: 300,000 pounds of thrust—the equivalent of 4,500,000 brake horse-power, or of 20,000 big car engines at full throttle. Now all this power shoves against the 110-ton, 98-foot-long aluminium cylinder. Yet only four one-inch bolts—acting like chocks wedged against the wheels of a car—hold the Titan down.

The noise is indescribable. Up close it can kill a man, rupturing his internal organs. Engineers call it "white noise" because, just as white includes all the colours of the spectrum, so does this sound include all the blast, shock and pressure effects of sound, magnified to unbearable, unendurable levels.

I once saw this noise lift an 800-pound steel plate covering a well 200 feet away, and hurl it 700 feet into a hill-side. Men must keep at least 1,200 feet away from the engines.

2.00 plus 4 seconds. The Titan, fully warmed up, is now ready to go. A black powder inside the four bolts holding it down explodes, shattering them, and the Titan, still enveloped in clouds of steam, rises slowly, treading the air, using the flames as legs.

A timer inside the vehicle has taken over now, heating time for the whole orchestra of valves, throttles and switches that must spring into action within precise thousandths of a second of each other. I had a look at the timer. It fits into a tin hardly larger than a cake tin, yet it alone has 1,145 separate parts, including

miniature computer systems that count thousandths of a second—accurately.

2.00 plus 17 seconds. Thirteen seconds after leaving the ground the Titan is still less than 1,000 feet high. It looks like a pole standing in the air, rising straight up at 100 m.p.h. But the guidance system on board has begun very slowly, very carefully, to revolve the missile so that its "front" side faces in the direction of its ultimate destination.

It is the engines that steer this vehicle. They are mounted on gimbals and—packaged tornadoes though they are—swing right or left, forward or back, to give the angle of kick that projects the Titan on the course programmed into its guidance system.

2.00 plus 24 seconds. With incomparable smoothness the Titan starts nosing over from the perpendicular now, to follow its course. Its four tanks full of fuel must be lifted straight up through the turbulences of "white noise," of wind and weather currents. Then the tanks must be turned round, laid over on their side and thrust through the explosion of the sound barrier—all without any splashing in the liquid. For splashing would make the whole vehicle wobble from side to side and the range safety officer would set off the "self-destroy" mechanism.

2.02 plus 5 seconds. The Titan has not only climbed 200,000 feet but is now almost 40 miles down-range, speeding at more than 5,000

m.p.h.! The two engines in the tail have consumed most of their fuel (they gulp nearly 36 tons a minute). Now the Titan gets ready to throw them away.

It's this trick that has given the Titan its extra range. Each of its two stages is complete, with its own fuel tanks. When the first stage is exhausted, it is separated by explosive bolts, and the second stage fires on.

But in order to get the second stage started in the utter cold of space, a gas generator now ignites, and flames shoot out of four vernier nozzles to begin warming up the second-stage engine.

If you've ever run out of petrol on the road, you'll know that in the last moments the engine stops and starts, bumps and burps. The Titan first-stage engines cannot be allowed to run out of fuel, for bumping would jar the Titan off its course. Tiny electric-eye devices in the fuel tanks guard against this, and shut off the engines for good before the spitting and spluttering starts.

2.02 plus 18 seconds. The Titan is now speeding at 90 miles a minute. Suddenly its engines are silent. The electric eye has winked, shutting them off. But, nearly free of gravity, the Titan does not lose speed—merely stops gaining it.

The problem now is to uncouple the two stages and push them apart so that the jet of flame from the second-stage engine will not explode the wet-fuel tanks in the first stage,

and the explosion throw the second stage off course. Merely unbolting the two stages will not separate them—they would coast on together. So on the outside of the second stage are two six-foot-long solid-fuel rockets. After the Titan has coasted soundlessly for $2\frac{1}{2}$ seconds these rockets will be fired by the timer and at the same time explosive bolts will be detonated to separate the two stages.

2.02 plus 20.5 seconds. A bright flash—tiny as a match—can be seen from the ground. The solid-fuel rockets have been fired, the eight fastening bolts detonated. The two stages separate.

2.02 plus 23 seconds. Ground watchers see a second, brighter flash now. With the second stage seven feet ahead of the first (far enough to be harmless, in the utter cold of an almost perfect vacuum), the second-stage engine has begun firing. Fuel pours into the combustion chamber, explodes out through the exhaust, and 80,000 pounds of thrust—the equivalent of more than one million horse-power—starts driving the Titan out of sight. The vehicle is down to 23 tons—a mere quarter of what it weighed when launched.

2.02 plus 30 seconds. The rockets, now merely empty bottles, are blown off to fall into the atmosphere where the empty first stage is already being cremated. Now the Titan really zooms. In the next minute and a half it accelerates from 90 miles a minute to more than 280.

2.03 plus 54.1 seconds. Computers in the guidance system are in top gear, calculating the Titan's speed at feet per second, making adjustments of flows and pressures, of control and guidance mechanisms. For while the Titan is speeding along on its own trajectory, far below it the earth is turning in space, too, at a rate of 17 miles a minute. The moment is fast approaching when the Titan's payload will be released, to describe a precisely calculated 5,000-mile-long arc from the shores of outer space back to this spinning earth. A difference of one foot per second in the speed with which the missile enters the arc—e.g. 19,999 feet per second instead of 20,000—will make a difference of one mile in where its nose cone lands.

2.05 plus 22 seconds. The Titan is nearly 190 miles up and 300 miles down-range. It is travelling over 24,000 feet a second. There is a puff—hardly an explosion—of black powder, just enough to release a spring and part the bolts fastening the nose cone to the second stage. Valves turn; the gases used to pressurize the second-stage fuel tanks blow out forward. The second stage recoils and brakes slightly. The nose cone soars on.

This nose cone is eight feet long, and there is a great deal in it, mostly secret. The company which makes it employs 3,200 suppliers to make the parts and parts of parts for it. On this present peacetime trip, the

nose cone has in it a radio transmitter, an information-collecting and recording centre called a data cassette, and tiny instruments which sense direction, speed, temperature and air pressure. The information these instruments gather is fed to the transmitter and radioed to Cape Canaveral.

2.20. For the last 15 minutes the nose cone has been slowly losing speed, but it is still going at more than 15,000 m.p.h. Now it reaches the apogee of its upward soar, noses over and starts to descend, picking up speed as it falls.

2.25. As the atmosphere becomes denser, the nose cone turns into a falling star. The temperature round it reaches 12,000°. Still the nose cone does not burn. There is a material coating it that vaporizes, carrying the heat away with it.

2.32. Out on the ocean, at some spot 6,000 miles or much farther

down the South Atlantic range, men are waiting in ships and planes. They see a shooting star several miles up—the nose cone descending. Just before it hits the sea and sinks, two rockets shoot the data cassette, about the size of a fire-extinguisher, out of its rear. A parachute pops out of the cassette and lowers it gently into the sea. There a radio antenna rises from it and starts broadcasting a signal. A flashing beacon sends out beams of light. Luminescent green and yellow dyes colour the sea. The cassette squirts out shark repellent for the benefit of the men who will come in a small boat to pick it up.

The long, brief journey of the Titan is over.

But the *mission* of the Titan is just beginning. Marvellous as the missile is, it is primitive, experimental. In terms of tomorrow, the Titan is merely a flivver.

Soused Mouse

A MAN phoned his wife and idly enquired about her activities. "Oh, I've been busy!" she exclaimed. "There was a mouse in the house but I got him drunk and threw him out." The husband was a bit taken aback, but his wife's ensuing explanation proved to be entirely logical.

She had caught the mouse by clapping a glass jar over it. Then she didn't know what to do with it. An anaesthetic seemed to be the answer, but there was none at hand, so she filled a bottle cap with sherry and slipped it in with the mouse. The mouse took one sip, then another and another, and finally fell flat on its face. The ingenious housewife slipped a piece of paper under the jar and took jar and mouse outdoors.

The air soon revived the mouse. He shook himself drunkenly and staggered off across the lawn, probably looking for a branch of Mouseaholics Anonymous.

— Joseph Hicks

The great game herds of the Dark Continent--once among the wonders of the world--are faced with extinction. They could be saved, but urgent action is essential

BY KATHARINE DRAKE

Last Hope for Africa's

LAST YEAR millions of people throughout the world visited zoos to look at the Noah's-Ark-type beasts that hail from equatorial Africa and constitute one of the world's most precious natural resources. Children and grown-ups alike gazed with wonder and delight at Africa's venerable titans—lion, elephant, rhinoceros,

gorilla, giraffe—and milled around such incomparable game from the veld as zebra, cheetah, wildebeest and impala.

To those who saw these animals in captivity it may come as a shock to be told that their like may soon never be seen again. For these story-book creatures are swiftly and steadily decreasing in number. The prospect is not merely that they will one day disappear from the face of the earth. Many species face extinction in our generation!

Where once Africa's animal population was reckoned in millions, the count now for many species is

KATHARINE DRAKE, author of "Treetops": Window on the Jungle" (The Reader's Digest, March 1960) and co-author with her husband, Francis Vivian Drake, of many other distinguished Digest articles, spent months in Africa investigating the tragic situation she reports here.



Wild Animals

down to the thousands, the hundreds, even. There are three principal reasons: (1) *Illegal hunting*—mostly by native poachers—which accounted for nearly a million animal deaths in East Africa alone last year. (2) *Inadequate game laws*, incapable of enforcement because of church-mouse appropriations. (3) *Superfluous scrub cattle*, which run loose through wild-life's prehistoric habitats, plundering food and water.

Of these foes to wild-life, the most formidable by far is poaching. Legal, licensed shooting of individual species is relatively trivial. But thousands of tribesmen, using

Elephants are slaughtered in great numbers for their tusks alone

poisoned arrows and barbarous traps, kill indiscriminately—not for food, but mostly to sell tusk, horn, hide or tail to insatiable markets.

Poaching is a three-way operation, involving tribal hunter, African middleman and Asian trader. The hunter is a picturesque character with a name like Kakabolo or Kjwibe.

Carrying spear or bow, half naked, he is arrestingly bedecked in bead bibs, bracelets, anklets, ear-rings, tattoos, dyes. For the smallest share in the profits—1s. 6d. (Re. 1) a pound for ivory which resells abroad for £3 (Rs. 40) a pound—he takes practically all the risks; i.e. he



A superstition that powdered rhinoceros horn is an aphrodisia causes this great beast to be highly prized by nature hunters

does the killing. He accomplishes this with appalling atrocity and lack of compassion. To most game, death comes only after days of anguish.

The poacher's principal weapons are: (1) *Wire slip-noose snares*, which engage around neck or ankle. Anchored to a tree or heavy log, the wire cuts progressively deeper as the animal struggles. (2) *Branch-covered pits*, studded with pointed sticks. As a beast plunges through, it is pierced in half a dozen places and impaled, seldom killed outright. (3) *Arrows smeared with acokanthera* poison, from which there is no recovery. It kills so slowly, especially when stale, that a victim can remain in agony for days. (4) *Muzzle-loaders*, sometimes improvised from

piping, stuffed with rusty nails and jagged stones. These guns, fired into a herd, maim indiscriminately, leaving victims to perish by degrees from gangrene, hunger and thirst.

Powerful beasts like lion and elephant have been found semi-decapitated from struggling to pull free from a garrotting noose. The more frantic their struggles the more painful the end. Recently

a ranger mercifully shot a rhino, crazily thrashing on the ground, a front leg partially severed. Beside it, still wired to the rhino's bone, was a large chestnut tree, uprooted by the animal in its panic.

The African middleman is a more sophisticated type, often dressed in a suit and spectacles. For double the poacher's pay he collects the loot and delivers it to the Asian trader, who smuggles it out of the country and makes 500 per cent profit over the poacher. Sometimes the contraband is sent by truck to the Indian Ocean, where ocean-going *dhow*s can take cover almost anywhere along a lonely 1,000-mile shore line. Sometimes it goes into Ethiopia or Somaliland,

countries which do not hinder its progress into world markets.

The poaching natives are not starving for meat. Every week thousands of animal carcasses rot on scorching equatorial plains, providing food only for vultures, hyenas and safari ants. Recently the bodies of 1,283 elephants, meat untouched, tusks inexpertly hacked out, were found in an area only 20 miles square. In Tanganyika, wardens discovered 30 continuous *miles* of illegal traps, about 20 yards apart, with animals dead or dying in virtually every one. The poachers had considered only three or four beasts worth their trouble, leaving behind hundreds of animals to die by degrees.

The fate of the cantankerous rhino is particularly sad. He is being polished off simply because backward Asians covet his horn, ground into powder, as an aphrodisiac. Leopards are almost gone because their coats recently came into fashion. Giraffes and wildebeeste are going because their tails can be used as fly swatters, retailing at about 7s. (Rs. 5) each.

The situation is critical. The Union of South Africa has practically no game left outside its sanctuaries, nor has northern Africa. In the animal heartlands around the Equator (Tanganyika, Uganda, Kenya) the extermination rate is so rapid that the director of Kenya's National Parks, Colonel Mervyn Cowie, expects many familiar

species like rhinoceros and lion to be gone in five years. David Sheldrick, warden of Kenya's famous Tsavo National Park, puts it at three years.

There are fewer than 2,500 rhino left in Kenya, fewer than 2,000 lion, fewer than 200 Rothschild giraffe. In five years leopard, cheetah, eland, kongoni and gorilla, among others, are due to reach the point of no return, i.e. the point at which nature, despite its miracles of birth and regeneration, will be defeated. Passing this point today are white rhino, greater kudu, mountain zebra, roan and sable antelope as well as numerous plains game.

In East Africa less than ten per cent of the fauna of 30 years ago remains. In areas where only ten years ago safaris were never out of sight of overflowing herds, today one often drives more than 100 miles without encountering so much

The wildebeest, or gnu, is hunted for his tail, which is made into a fly swatter



as an ostrich. Summing up the plight of the animal kingdom, Cowie, Sheldrick and Kenya's Chief Game Warden Ian Grimwood use the identical word: "*Desperate*."

Game officers can bring in only a tiny fraction of the poachers. Tanganyika's Game Department maintains only 14 rangers for the patrolling of 355,000 square miles. Kenya's Game Department has 22 rangers protecting an area of approximately 200,000 square miles. One 70,000-square-mile game area between Mount Kenya and the sparsely populated Ethiopian border is policed by one white man and a handful of native scouts.

*Most beautiful and graceful of all antelopes is the impala—
becoming increasingly rare on the African plains*

The game rangers and wardens, tough, tanned, deeply dedicated, work seven days a week and undertake risks as scalp-prickling as any in adventure fiction. A manhunt may go on for days, for the poacher is as elusive as a vaselined eel. To overtake him, rangers cut across crocodile-infested rivers, through vegetation swarming with everything from scorpion to cobra. Sometimes an elephant or rhino will charge from ambush, half-mad with pain, an arrow in its side.

Aware of pursuit, poachers bristle with inventiveness, scattering false trails, rigging trip-wires, setting fire to brush, stirring up wild bees,



taking pot shots from strategic rocks. Even when a gang is unaware of pursuit, its hide-out is still hard to find, because it is thorn-barricaded and cleverly jigsawed into matted vegetation. When run to earth, poachers are always innocent. Arms flailing, eyes rolling, they invariably say they "just happened to be passing" and accuse their closest kin of being the culprits. Entangled in their own alibis, they usually confess after a while, meekly leading the ranger to the cache.

The law provides stiff penalties for poaching (maximum term: five years; maximum fine: £1,000—Rs. 13,320) but the practice is to sentence the offender to a few months and then turn him loose. Poachers seldom reform. There is one documented case, however, of a tribesman who was bitten by a cobra, constricted by a python, gored by a rhino, again by a buffalo, clawed by a lion, mauled by a leopard and bitten in the calf by a crocodile. Today he is earning better money informing on his former comrades.

There is one effective way of



Wild herds of zebra are steadily diminishing.—in some areas they have been wiped out entirely

frustrating the poachers: make it possible for the animals to remain all the year round inside the protected reserves. These reserves contain all the requirements for wildlife except one—water. Twice a year water-holes dry up; streams sink underground and desperate thirst drives the animals outside, where the poachers are waiting.

With water only a few feet under the sandy bottoms of the rivers, the creation of artificial water-holes and catchments presents no problem—except a financial one. Colonel Cowie thinks that even six or seven boreholes (costing, with pump and engine, £1,800—Rs. 24,000—each) would help to keep the bulk of the animal population inside Tsavo

Park's 8,000 square miles throughout the year. A fund of £50,000 (about Rs. 6·7 lakhs) divided among Kenya's 21,000 square miles of protected areas could maintain the breeding potential of its wild-life for generations to come.

Another way of saving hundreds of valuable animal lives now being needlessly wasted each year concerns game control. Today, beasts invading private property in search of food or water can legally be killed, regardless of how scarce they are becoming. There is little need for this. Science has devised drugs and hypodermic guns which will make it possible to anaesthetize even the largest mammals and transport them to the safety of the nearest reserve.

Important also is control of superfluous scrub cattle. Nature formerly held the cattle in check with tsetse, rinderpest, anthrax and other scourges; but today veterinary science, outstanding in Kenya, increases the number of cattle—and the severity of the grazing problem.

East African governments themselves fail to protect their heritage of wild-life. Only last summer Tanganyika let slip from the jurisdiction of its park system one of the natural wonders of the world, the stupendous Ngorongoro crater where, sealed off by walls nearly half a mile high, an unbelievable agglomeration of beasts has lived since prehistoric times. The crater's rim and the streams on which the beasts below depend for survival were opened to

pastoral tribes whose vast herds of cattle have laid waste fertile areas from the northern frontier of Kenya right down to Mount Kilimanjaro.

All these measures—new water-holes, strict law enforcement, cattle control—could be implemented while British authority remains active in East Africa. More important, they should be implemented in partnership with African leaders. These leaders should realize that with their wild-life the African people will inherit an immensely valuable and renewable natural resource. It is urgent that they should understand at least the commercial value of this heritage—tourism is East Africa's fourth largest industry—and its responsibilities.

If action is not taken *now*, if the remaining reservoirs of African wild-life are wiped out, there will be nothing but upholstered shapes, mothproofed and rigid in natural-history museums, to remind posterity of one of nature's most magnificent gifts to man.

King George VI put it in a nutshell: "Wild-life today is not ours to dispose of as we please. We hold it in trust and must account for it to those who come after."

All who wish to help to save Africa's animals should make their cheques payable to: Water for Wild Animals Fund, c/o Director, Kenya Royal National Parks, P.O. Box 2076, Nairobi, Kenya.

~~~~~ P A T T E R ~~~~~

No matter what the economists say, we all know what causes inflation: too much money going to somebody else (Bill Vaughan) . . . To most modern writers, sex is a novel idea (P.B.)

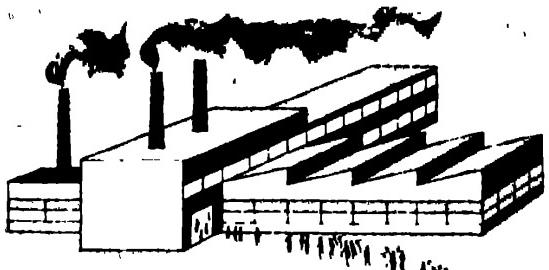
Addle-essence. Your children are growing up when your daughter starts putting on lipstick and your son starts wiping it off (C.T.) . . . There's a local boy whose ambition is to become a beatnik as soon as he's old enough not to shave (Earl Wilson) . . . A father reports one pleasant development at his house: "My son has finally outgrown my clothes" (Bill Vaughan) . . . One bright idea would be a car pool for the parents of children with driving licences (George Hart) . . . Any day now you may expect to see a book by a 21-year-old author called *I Was a Teen-age Spinster* (C.T.)

Family Album. The modern mother—cook, chauffeur, maid, nurse and household manager—is the invention of necessity (C.T.) . . . Some parents will spend anything on their children except time (Maurice Seitter) . . . Doctors say that if you eat slowly you will eat less—and this is particularly true if you are a member of a large family (Lucia Hamilton) . . . The many instant foods on the market are a boon to the housewife—but it still takes her half an hour to get the family to the table (T.D.P.) . . . In most households Mother is the softer voice, but Father is the softer touch (Hal Chadwick)

Overheard. Woman in supermarket: "I'm sick and tired of planning meals! Just bump the shelf and I'll take what falls off!" (Al Newman) . . . Playwright explaining why he stopped visiting his psychiatrist: "He was learning too damn much about me!" (Earl Wilson) . . . Starlet to friend: "Every time I want to marry a man for love, I find out he has no money" (C.L.G.) . . . Young mother, with lively triplets in harness, to bored gift-shop salesgirl: "Well, do I get served, or do I turn the children loose?" (Betty Swords)

Verse or Worse. The horridest of horror tales is sometimes told by bathroom scales (Eunice Landfield) . . . Knee-length skirts are fashion's craze, bringing back the good old gaze (Arnold Glasgow) . . . Most girls list as life's chief blisses: being missed and being Mrs. (S.S.)

Nothing But the Truth. Many a starlet has made it to the top because her clothes didn't (P.B.) . . . What the man who has everything needs . . . is help with the payments (Maurice Seitter) . . . If your wife no longer gets suspicious when you come home late, it's later than you think (Harold Coffin) . . . Procrastination is a fault that most people put off trying to correct (I.N.) . . . The new dress a woman buys has to be just like everybody else's, but not like anybody else's (Harold Coffin)



World-wide Vacancies for Skilled Workers

The labour shortage—one of the surprises of modern times—is reversing old prejudices and practices



HERE IS a serious shortage of skilled workers these days, and the shortage is world-wide. The reason is not any decline of craftsmen but the increased need for them in every country.

West German businessmen are frantically trying to find men and women to fill 524,000 jobs. At the latest count, there were only about 111,600 unemployed in West Germany's entire work force of 20.3 million, an astounding

.6 per cent rate of unemployment.

One Düsseldorf department store, advertising for saleswomen, promised, "If you live out of town, we have pick-up points. You meet interesting people, are offered free lunch and given a 15 per cent discount on everything in the store."

A Westphalian farmer who could not keep his pea-pickers down on the farm during harvest time ran a daily lottery for his workers with a £2 (about Rs. 27) prize to the winner.

In the Netherlands, the big Amsterdam department store of Vroom & Dreesman tries to attract sales girls by sponsoring dancing, music or foreign-language lessons.

Some Australian firms now supply free transport for employees between the factory and key pick-up points.

Denmark has such need for labour for essential construction projects that the government has restricted private building. In France, de Gaulle's massive attempt to move industries into the provinces ran into the resistance of French workers loath to move to new areas. A provision-products manufacturer in Colmar complained: "We scoured eastern France for people, and we know they just don't exist."

This labour shortage has given workers a greater share in the world's new prosperity, and an appetite for more. One of the miracles

of the West German post-war recovery was the way a highly unionized nation freely consented to businessmen's arguments that labour must keep its demands down so that German products would be competitive abroad. But recently Karl Van Berk, a high official of West Germany's 520,000-member Coal Miners' and Energy Workers' Union, declared, "The time for a rise is now or never." The prosperous French car firm, Peugeot, whose parts factory is near the Swiss border, has traditionally relied on local craftsmen as workers. But last year, in full production and squeezed by a labour-tight France and a labour-short Switzerland, Peugeot had to grant more social advantages and better housing conditions. In Copenhagen, management gave in to a wildcat strike of women workers at the Tuborg and Carlsberg breweries, and was fined £5,400 (Rs. 72,000)—the maximum—by the Danish employers' association.

Not every nation has understood the peculiar needs of the changing technical world, and European manufacturers, in general, are slow to become automated. By 1965 France will need three times as many technicians as she turns out today.

Britain, however, is alert to the danger that a continuing shortage of skilled men may cause a drop in production, and the Federation of British Industries has reported that "future increases in output must

depend upon further capital investment designed to save labour."

Many a manufacturer finds that the only way to provide skilled workers is to train them himself. Europe's biggest aluminium producer, Pechiney, takes promising workers off the production line, and sends them back to school at full pay to get the equivalent of an engineer's degree. In Brazil, such foreign car firms as Mercedes-Benz, General Motors, Willys-Overland, Ford and Volkswagen have not only set up their own factory training schools but send top technicians and potential executives to school abroad.

Nations who once tried to keep out foreign workers are now recruiting abroad. The shortage of tailors in the United States is so acute that employers are seeking them in Italy. Also needed urgently are doctors, nurses, tool and die makers, teachers and engineers.

West Germany has set up recruiting bureaux in Athens, Madrid, Naples and Verona, and last year imported 95,000 workers from Italy, Greece and Spain. The German postal administration imported Spaniards to deliver the mail, and rushed them through a language course. Soon the Spaniards knew enough German to read signs outside factories that offered "the highest wages anywhere." They exchanged their mailbags for better jobs.

Rotterdam shipbuilder Cornelis

Verolme, who needs 1,800 workers, plans to import Chinese from Hong Kong (some of them refugees from Red China), train them and send them to new yards in Brazil and Ireland. The refugee from Communism, if he has the right skill, is a needed man today. East German workers often cross to West Berlin, look at the "situations vacant" advertisements, then write letters for jobs. If accepted, they move West.

The new mobility of the world's labour force is reversing many racial, religious and economic prejudices, and nations that linger with their old ideas suffer. One reason why the Indonesian economy is floundering is that the government, having barred all Dutch technicians, is now also driving out the Chinese and losing their skills and knowledge. South Africa needs

several thousand skilled immigrants a year for its industrial expansion, but is getting a mere trickle because most skilled workers would have to come from Europe, where they are in great demand; also, South Africa accepts only whites, mostly from Britain, the Netherlands and Germany, and discriminates against Roman Catholics.

The old prejudice that immigration will put domestic workers out of jobs still lingers on; however plentiful jobs may seem now, some people fear for the future.

The International Labour Organization insists that such alarmist fear is no longer justified. Tight-knit labour laws, the strength of unions and the basic forces at work in the world's economic growth have eliminated many of the dangers of over-migration.

Door Belle

IT WAS house-cleaning day. I was vacuuming vigorously when the noise of the cleaner sickened to a faint buzz, then died completely. The sudden silence was broken by a sharp rap on the door. Rushing to answer it, I found a service man from the electricity company.

"I came to check your meter," he explained. "But I couldn't make you hear the doorbell over the sound of your vacuum. So I shut off your current—I knew that would bring you out in a hurry." —M. E. G.

A YOUNG housewife made friends with a small boy in a neighbouring flat, and he came to visit her at about ten o'clock each morning.

One day she decided to play a joke on him and, when the doorbell rang, got down on her hands and knees. As she opened the door, she peered round it, growling "Woof-woof!"—and watched in fascinated horror as a door-to-door salesman she had never seen before retreated in confusion down the corridor. —M.M.

A distinguished British authority separates the facts from the fiction surrounding Freudian techniques

The Truth About Psychoanalysis

By H. J. EYSENCK *Professor of Psychology, University of London*

THE OTHER day I received a letter from a businessman who was suffering from neurotic fears, anxieties and a long-lasting depression. He had been

DIRECTOR of the Psychological Laboratories of the Institute of Psychiatry at the University of London, Dr. H. J. Eysenck was born in Berlin in 1916 and educated in Germany, France and England. He is the author of many scientific volumes, including *The Structure of Human Personality*, and a number of popular books, among them *Sense and Nonsense in Psychology*. His brilliant and revolutionary studies have stirred up considerable controversy both in Europe and the United States.

Professor W. J. McKeachie of the University of Michigan says of Dr. Eysenck: "His may well become one of the great names in the history of psychology."

under psychoanalytic treatment for 15 years, and had got steadily worse. He was now in a terrible state, completely dependent on the analyst and incapable of making any decisions of his own, even about quite trivial things. His life's savings were gone, swallowed up by the expense of the treatment, and he was actively contemplating suicide. He had read somewhere that I had been critical of psychoanalytic claims, and he wanted to know, once and for all: Is psychoanalysis of proven value in the treatment of troubles like his?

There are many similar cases in my files. Hence, a factual examination of the therapeutic value of

psychoanalysis may be of help and interest to many troubled people the world over. Our examination will be confined to the records of psychoanalysis only; nothing said here reflects in any way on the sound work of orthodox, non-analytic psychiatrists, which is approved by the medical profession and adheres to its usual practices.*

Fifty years ago, psychoanalysis was the great, revolutionary movement which promised to account in scientific terms for all neurotic illnesses, which undertook to cure many of them and which claimed to hold the key to the prevention not only of mental disorder, but also of crime, social unrest and even war itself. After the hopelessness with which orthodox medicine and psychology had viewed neurotic disorders, it was as if a new, life-giving wind had begun to blow away the miasma.

Sigmund Freud was elevated in popular conception to the rank of a scientific genius bestriding his times and giving a new direction to human thought. Books, articles and, later, films and television programmes made the psychoanalyst,

with his couch and his air of superhuman wisdom, a familiar figure to the man in the street. Training in psychoanalytic techniques became an almost essential requirement for the budding psychiatrist, and theories and jargon filtered through to nurses, social workers, teachers and the general public. The success of the Freudian revolution seemed complete. But one thing went wrong: *the patients did not get any better.*

By this I do not mean to deny that some cures were achieved. But if you take, as did Dr. Peter Denker of New York, 500 severe neurotics and send them to their family doctors, to be treated with the stock-in-trade of pills, suggestions and advice, you will make the startling discovery that more than two out of three recover within two years. Indeed, much the same thing happens when no formal treatment at all is given. Accordingly, if psychoanalysis had any real therapeutic contribution to make, it would have to improve considerably on these figures. A very costly, time-consuming treatment can be justified only in terms of its proven success, as compared with other, simpler treatments. How does psychoanalysis come out in such a comparison?

There are many published figures concerning the successes and failures of psychoanalytic treatment. When these are sorted out and analysed in detail, they reveal one startling fact: after years of treatment, about two

* EDITOR'S NOTE: Psychoanalysis, which stems from the work of Sigmund Freud, is based on the theory that much of human behaviour is unconsciously motivated. As a result of long, formal training, the *psychoanalyst* becomes skilled in drawing out and interpreting these unconscious motives through the technique of free association. The *general psychiatrist*, on the other hand, may use psychoanalytic theories, but he does not apply the psychoanalytic technique. He uses psychotherapy (discussion of the reasons for behaviour), drugs, electro-shock or other methods of treatment he considers necessary.

out of three patients get better! In other words, there is no proof here at all of any efficacy of the Freudian treatment; just as high a proportion of patients recover under psychoanalysis as would have got better without it. Indeed, when we go back to hospital records of 100 years ago, we discover an interesting fact: even then the proportion of cures and improvements was about two out of three!

How does psychoanalysis fare with children? In theory, one might expect that the more malleable minds of children would be more receptive than those of adults, and that psychoanalytic treatment, which so much stresses childhood events as causes of neurotic disorders, would be particularly effective. The facts, however, do not support this belief.

How do psychoanalysts and their ardent partisans react to these facts? Many of the intellectual leaders acknowledge that there does not exist any evidence for the therapeutic effectiveness of psychoanalytic methods. Thus Dr. Melitta Schmideberg, a well-known American psychoanalyst, writes:

"There is no reason to assume that the results of analytic treatment today are in any way more satisfactory, more lasting or more frequently good than those of 30 years ago—and even the contrary may be true. There is no reason to assume that they are better than the results attained by any other method of

psychotherapy or, perhaps, than the results of spontaneous recovery."

Dr. Edward Glover, a leading British analyst, specifically includes therapeutic efficacy in a list of "unwarranted assumptions" published in a recent book of his. Dr. Harry Weinstock, when chairman of a fact-gathering committee of the American Psychoanalysis Association, stated: "No claims regarding the therapeutic usefulness of analytic treatment are made by the American Psychoanalytic Association. We are not responsible for claims made by individuals in whom enthusiasm may outrun knowledge."

And of course Freud himself, in his later life, became more and more pessimistic about the therapeutic possibilities of his own techniques.

Then how is it possible that a method of treatment which has no evidence to back it up can attract so many firm believers as to constitute almost a modern religion? For an answer, let us look at a famous experiment by the well-known psychologist, B. F. Skinner. He put a number of pigeons into a large box, arranged for an apparatus to drop a few grains of wheat into the box every few minutes, and then left the birds alone overnight. When he returned the following day he found the birds indulging in the strangest manoeuvres. One bird was jumping up and down on one leg, another was flapping one wing up, the other

down, while a third kept putting its head high up in the air. What had happened?

When Skinner left the laboratory, the birds began to explore their box, and in doing so indulged in all sorts of movements which come naturally to pigeons. Suddenly a few grains of wheat would drop down in front of them, almost as if they were being rewarded for whatever they had been doing. So they continued doing the same thing and—lo and behold!—reward was again forthcoming. The birds became firmly conditioned to this sequence, and whenever they were hungry they went into their act. It would have been quite useless to tell them that scientifically they had no proof that their odd movements *produced* the grains; the occasional reinforcement given to their behaviour by the mechanism was enough for them.

Much the same thing appears to be happening in the field of psychoanalysis. Patients in the majority of cases get better *regardless* of what is done to them; but this is then interpreted by the patient and his analyst as evidence that he has got better *because* of the treatment. The more patients that get better, the more firmly does the analyst become convinced of the excellence of the treatment.

It does not bother him that other people use other methods with apparently equal effect: hypnosis, the pulling out of teeth to remove foci of infection, the laying on of hands,

electric shocks, cold baths, "dummy pills, suggestion—or confession and prayer. Every practitioner is equally successful because what he is doing is quite irrelevant to the improvement of his patient—just as what the pigeons were doing was quite irrelevant to the dishing out of the grain. Here, then, we have a possible mechanism to explain the hold which psychoanalytic therapy has obtained over analysts and patients alike: the failures are forgotten and the successes are attributed to the treatment, without thought being given to the logical fallacy involved.

If orthodox psychoanalysis has thus failed to live up to its promise, what of the widespread attempts of laymen to "psychoanalyse" themselves and their friends? This amateur doctoring has resulted in endless confusion and much harm. People talk about their "inferiority complexes" when they really mean their feelings of inferiority—quite a different matter, of course, because they are aware of their feelings, while complexes are supposed to be unconscious. Others speak of "avoiding repressions" when they really mean that they want to disregard accepted standards of moral and ethical behaviour and indulge in promiscuity and adultery. They bring up their children "unrepressed"—and are surprised at the terrific growth of juvenile delinquency. If professional psychoanalytic therapy is of doubtful value,

the lay usurpation of it is even more so.

In recent years, psychoanalysis has been further extended, even invading the realms of art and commerce. Many fictional characters, for instance, have been "psychoanalysed."

The prize for such literary endeavours must surely go to Dr. Paul Schilder, who has submitted *Alice in Wonderland* to analysis. What does Dr. Schilder discover? He starts off by declaring that "nonsense literature is the expression of particularly strong destructive tendencies of a very primitive character." These tendencies apparently arose because author Lewis Carroll, being one of a large family, never got the full love of his parents, and therefore wanted to destroy his brothers and sisters.

Alice is in continuous fear of being attacked or blamed by the animals. "Do the animals," asks Schilder, "represent the many brothers and sisters who must have provoked jealousy in Carroll?" Somewhat inconsequentially, he then goes on to ask, "What was his relation to sex, anyhow?" He suggests the possibility that little girls might have become symbols for the phallus, and points out that Alice changes form continually. As she is also constantly threatened and in danger, it appears that Lewis Carroll is suffering from a castration complex! Finally, Schilder declares Carroll to be a particularly destructive writer, and he asks

whether such literature may not increase destructive attitudes in children beyond the measure which is desirable. *Alice in Wonderland* as a horror comic!

Perhaps equally curious has been another extension of psychoanalytic theory, of even more recent vintage. Motivation research, or the attempt to discover why we buy the things we do buy, has climbed on the Freudian band wagon, and large numbers of pseudo-scientific "explanations" are given to bewildered businessmen by the practitioners of this new cult.

I have seen reports in which the sales of cigarettes and round mints have been seriously attributed to the sexual symbolism supposed to characterize these products. I have also been shown a serious document, submitted by invitation to a government department, in which the independent and sometimes quarrelsome attitude of coal miners towards authority was attributed to the complexes set up by their having to hack away at "Mother Earth"! I have heard the fact that an oddly-shaped household utensil did not sell well in England, while it sold well in the United States, explained in terms of its sexual symbolism: it repelled the more frigid English women, while it attracted the more forthcoming American girls!

The writers of such reports do not worry about there being no factual support for such notions, or about the rather curious tendency often

found to explain opposing reactions by reference to the same mechanism. If English women like round mints because of their sexual significance, why do they dislike the household utensil for the same reason? The easy explanation, of course, is that they feel "ambivalent" about sex—that is to say, they blow both hot and cold. But if that is so, the "explanation" would fit just as well if English women had disliked round mints and had taken to the household utensil. In other words, such theories are valueless because they cannot predict anything; they are always wise after the event—when the facts are known anyway. A return to the days when claims had to be backed up by proof would appear to be overdue.

Thus we see that the answer to the question "Is psychoanalytic treatment of *proven* value?" cannot be anything but "Not yet." Only positive, indisputable evidence of therapeutic success can change this answer. Medicine insists, rightly, that claims for new methods of treatment must be substantiated experimentally and by clinical trials; the high regard which medicine enjoys is based on rigorous obedience to this precept. Psychoanalysts might be well advised to return to

this old-fashioned custom. Freudian hypotheses, such as those stressing the role of anxiety in the causation of neurotic symptoms, have contributed substantially to modern psychiatric thinking, but the psychoanalytic therapy based on these hypotheses has not justified itself in practice.

Fortunately, we do have vigorous and active schools in medical psychiatry which preserve a scholarly and scientific attitude. Work on the physiological bases of neurotic disorders, studies of the curative properties and best methods for use of new drugs, investigations of the various methods of deconditioning phobias and other irrational fears and anxieties—these and many other interests set apart orthodox psychiatry from psychoanalysis. Nothing that has been said in this article should be extended to such non-analytic schools; in cases of serious neurotic breakdown the medical psychiatrist is the only proper recourse for the sufferer. In mild cases, the family general practitioner is likely to provide the best guidance. Psychoanalytic practitioners cannot enter this picture unless, and until, they provide convincing evidence for the therapeutic value of their methods.



WHILE visiting my daughter in her school dormitory I mentioned that her bed was very narrow, not more than 30 inches wide. Her startled reply: "Why it can't be, my hips are 36!"

—Contributed by Arthur Koskela

The Making of a Marriage

By INEZ ROBB

LET ME say at the beginning that much of the advice now freely given in print on the subject of marriage is just so much rubbish. One of the chief factors that contributed to a happy marriage in our household is that neither my bridegroom nor I had ever read any of those paralysing tracts on marriage before we exchanged vows in 1929. We just got married and played it by ear.

Only the other day a female expert urged, in print, that a wife be "a hundred women" to her husband, possibly a Turk. A hundred women! Just being one woman exhausts me. And if my husband came home from the office some evening and found me prowling around in

leopardskin tights and a sequinned blouse, with a rose in my teeth, he'd be terrified. The last thing in the world Addison wants when he comes home is a New Woman. What he craves on the threshold is peace and the Same Old Familiar Face. He doesn't want to have to guess if this is Mata Hari night.

Also, I do not hold with the admonition that a husband must woo his wife in perpetuity, or vice versa. Certainly I don't want to be treated like a caught bus. But, in turn, I can think of no prospect more dismal or more certain to blight tender domesticity than having a perpetual Romeo in the home. There is a time for poetry in marriage, but there also comes a time when the roast ought to be on the table. Marriage is for adults. And none of the experts' dicta annoys me more than the theory that a man is only a little boy grown up.

Two remarks made by my witty and beautiful Aunt Nell, when I was at an impressionable age, were worth all the professional marriage guidance I might have had, and taught me far more about human relationships in marriage. Aunt Nell was happily married for almost 50 years to one of the most delightful men I have ever known. But one day she confided, "There are days when I want to kill your uncle, but I am always glad the next morning that I stayed my hand."

On the second occasion, she burst

into the house after a bridge party to say that her partner had complained all afternoon because she was misunderstood by her husband. Aunt Nell sighed happily and said, "I thank God daily that your uncle doesn't understand me. If he did, he'd leave home without even stopping to pack."

I realize that although marriage is a universal phenomenon it is a highly individual experience. One man's marriage is another's mis-alliance. But this is what I believe: that marriage, more than any other relationship, calls for each partner to be the very essence of politeness. By that I do not mean the sort of empty surface manners that shield from the world a hollow union. I mean the kind of gentle manners between husband and wife that each would instinctively employ toward dear friends.

Marriage is the public façade of a private institution, and there ought to be a lot of privacy in it for each partner. Togetherness is fine for people who are so constituted that they can live in each other's pockets. But some of us suffer from claustrophobia! Every person is entitled to his share of Aloneness and to the sanctity of his soul. The spouse who demands that he share every thought of his partner is asking for what he gets.

In the bright lexicon of marriage,

there should be no such word as "mine" unless it refers to mink. Use of the word "ours" will pour perfumed oil on the waters before they are troubled. And the wife who makes an eternal habit of exchanging the present her husband has taken the trouble to choose may soon run out of both presents and husband.

Marriage, heaven forbid, is not a signal for general eroding of the person and the intellect. Marriage should be for relaxation, not disintegration. Familiarity may breed more than contempt, but that's sufficient. What more can one say about pin-curls and 24-hour shadow?

Let me speak my piece about taking a mate for granted. To hear the experts sing it, that is the cardinal sin in the marriage Decalogue. However, if one does not trust and enjoy faith and full confidence in the person to whom one is married, why bother at all?

When we go to parties, Addison expects me to make eyes at the boys and I anticipate that he will concentrate on the prettiest women. The only cause for alarm would be the reverse.

At the end of almost 30 years of happy marriage—how happy I have no adequate words to tell—I know that marriage is not only an honourable estate but the only career essential for my sex.

Some of today's films should be pitied rather than censored.

—Anna Herbert

HOW WELL DO YOU READ?

BY IRVING TRESSLER

*T*HIS Quiz tests your knowledge of the meaning of words, how well you read, and your grasp of human conduct. If you understand the true meaning of the words, of their meaning when modified or qualified by other words, you should have no trouble in selecting the correct answer. Keep in mind that the answer is not what *you* would do in the situation described or what you think the subject should do. It is what the *person described* would do.

The correct answers have been determined by the members of an independent panel.

Scoring: The perfect score is 100. Deduct ten points for each question you answer incorrectly. (Correct answers on page 76)

Example: Here is a simple question to answer which will show you how to do the others:

Julia is pretty, with red hair, a beautiful figure, and a knowledge of herself and her interest in men. She is fragile and conversationally inept. When buying clothes would Julia: *Select scarlet dresses?* (Not with red hair.)

Buy clinging, pastel creations? (Most decidedly.)

Purchase dashing sports clothes? (No. Too fragile.)

Go in for mannish business suits? (No. Can't fulfil mental expectations.)

Get any old thing? (No. Too many men in circulation.)

Easy, isn't it? Start here:

1. Fat, easygoing, economical Mrs. Smith catches a bus every day that gets her to her job exactly on time.

Breathless, she arrives at the corner one morning just as the bus is drawing away. Would she :

Scream at the top of her lungs for the bus to stop?

Run after the bus and catch it at its next stop?

Wait for the next bus?

Dash into the middle of the street and make a flying leap for the step?

Take a taxi?

2. In spite of widowhood and modest means, Penelope exuberantly exerts herself to get her two pretty daughters happily married. Unselfish and devoted, forthright and fascinating, she loves to join in their social activities. When to her amazement she learns from her daughters that she is an effective rival of theirs, would Penelope :

Stay in her room and let them grapple with domestic problems alone?

Tell her daughters to buck up and beat her to it?

Continue to manage the festivities and attempt to subdue her charms?

Marry the first suitor who asked her and get herself out of the way?

Tell the boys that she is aware of their infatuation and get it into their heads that she is not in the market?

3. Reporter Billy Gordon is ordered by his carping, bullying editor to cover a possible scoop. He is on his way, doggedly determined to make good. Suddenly, with only

seconds to spare, his one-track mind seething, he is stopped by the passengers of a wrecked car. He recognizes them as a well-known heiress evidently eloping with a band leader. Would Billy Gordon :

Report the elopement, ignore the assignment?

Get a taxi for the elopers?

Shout angrily at the elopers and dash on for the scoop?

Offer to take the attractive heiress home and hush the whole thing up?

Take the heiress and the band leader with him and cover both stories?

4. Resourceful James Fallonsby, head of the Fallonsby Manufacturing Company and a vociferous Conservative, is confronted with his only daughter's announcement of her engagement to Victor, a fiery young exponent of theoretical socialism. Would James Fallonsby :

Order his butler to throw Victor out?

Attempt to convert Victor by argument?

Forbid the match?

Send his daughter on a trip round the world?

Give Victor a responsible labour-relations job in his business?

5. An impulsive, highly nervous boy of 18, the son of Doctor Williams, a confident professor of psychology, innocently runs over and kills an old man, obviously a tramp, while driving alone at night on a

country road. When his cries for help and the sounding of his horn bring no response, he realizes that no one can know what he has done. He hurries home and tells his father. Would Doctor Williams:

Immediately inform the police?

Consult a lawyer?

Soothe the boy's nerves by agreeing to say nothing?

Induce his son to inform the police himself?

Make an agreement to say nothing, forbid the boy to drive again?

6. Margaret, a diplomatic woman, socially active and experienced, must entertain a stranger over the week-end. She learns that her guest lives for food and that his favourable impression is vital to her husband's success. Would Margaret:

Attempt to provide elaborate and extravagant meals with a new, untried cook in her kitchen?

Prepare plebeian dishes at which she is skilful herself?

Go to the club and fashionable restaurants for all meals?

Fill the house to capacity with interesting neighbours and serve ample, ingenious buffet meals?

Hire a caterer?

7. Unquestionably versatile, born for a career and sure of it, Agnes is infatuated with her domineering fiancé, who deprecates her singing, writing and broadcast talks because he thinks her voice is off key, her writing morbid, her ideas idealistic.

When he suggests that she should become his secretary, would Agnes:

Break off the engagement?

Content herself with writing advertising copy?

Sing only under cover of the chorus?

Broadcast only in character?

Accept the secretarial position?

8. Lee's personally-financed business flourishes under his adroit, imaginative resourcefulness—until the capital is exhausted. He and his wife bluff a financier, who is angling for a take-over, with lavish entertainment and a dazzling display of extravagant clothes. They join the financier's bridge party, to find the stakes are very high. Would Lee:

Play, face inability to pay a heavy loss?

Say that playing for money is against his principles?

Refuse to play, admit his bluff, place himself at the financier's mercy?

Claim that he's rotten at bridge, refuse to play purely out of consideration for his partner?

Whisper to his wife to faint quickly and recover slowly?

9. Anthony's home is Broadacres, his hobby growing fruit trees. His carefully indulged little son confides with resentment that his school chum is pronounced worthless by the teachers. Subsequently, when the chum repeatedly steals fruit from Broadacres, Anthony's visit to

the boy's family discloses a home of penury and shiftlessness. A beneficent churchgoer, would Anthony: *Have the boy arrested?*

Hand the problem over to his vicar?
Arrange to take the boy out of his environment and pay for supervision and training?

Appeal to organized charity on behalf of the family?

10. Ellen, a covetous child who was irresponsible in adolescence, is conceited in maturity. Willingness to meet heavy expenses and make her

salary contingent upon the show's success will get her a star part in a West End play. Acceptance necessitates a nanny for her adored infant son. Her husband's business requires all their capital. Would Ellen: *Refuse the offer, become a full-time wife and mother?*

Borrow heavily and gamble on the play's success?

Without other plans send the child to her sister for a year?

Rely on a cautious husband to borrow money for his business?

(Now turn to page 76 for the answers)



Play Time

THE TEACHER in charge of the school Christmas nativity play had a problem with little Bobby, who played the part of the innkeeper. Bobby came from an extremely hospitable family and, since he had never seen anyone turned away from his own home, he burst into tears each time he had to deliver his speech. Finally, after explaining that there really wasn't room at the inn, the teacher thought she had made him understand.

The day of the play arrived. The assembly hall was packed with parents. The curtain went up on Mary and Joseph standing outside the inn. They knocked and the door was opened by a small innkeeper with a visibly trembling lower lip. "I'm sorry, there is no room at the inn," he quavered. Then, in a last desperate attempt at cordiality, he added, "But won't you come in and have a drink?"

—A. E. H.

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD boy had one line in a kindergarten Christmas play, appearing in an angel's robe to say: "I bring you good tidings!"

After a rehearsal the boy asked his mother what "tidings" were. She explained that tidings were news.

Came the performance and he became flustered. After a long embarrassing silence, he blurted out: "Hey, I've got news for you!" —D. H. B.

“Talk Big and Walk Tall”

*It's something a man learns when
the work he does is hard, or high in the air, or risky.*

A Reader's Digest “First Person” Award

BY WARD HAWKINS

OM McCARTHY's hard blue eyes looked me over and they weren't fooled for a minute.

They saw a man of 31, big enough, but soft. No callouses on my hands. My face had none of the weathered, leathery, rough-sawn look that stamps a navvy. I wore a pair of brand-new carpenter's pants, a pair

of borrowed waterproof boots three sizes too big, a thin coat and no hat at all.

“You claim to be a pilebuck?” Tom McCarthy asked.

“No, I don't,” I told him. “But I come from a family of engineers, and I worked building bridges when I was a kid. You give me a chance



and I'll be a pilebuck quicker than any man you ever saw before."

Big talk. What Tom McCarthy couldn't see—or maybe, by golly, he could—was that the man in front of him was a beaten man. I owed money, my wife and kids were hungry and we lived in a cold house. I was a writer who couldn't sell what he wrote and, worse than that, I'd lain down like a tired old horse in the middle of the road and quit. "No more writing," I said. "From now on I'll earn my living the way I was meant to in the first place—with my hands and my back and the sweat of my hide."

"All right, Hawkins," Tom McCarthy said. "You've got your chance. Yonder is a stack of bracing. Sort it out to size and length, and fetch it over here."

The year was 1942. The time was nine o'clock on a bitter February night, and the job was building the last section of the power-house at the Bonneville Dam, about 40 miles east of Portland, Oregon. Three shifts round the clock, fair weather and foul. There was a war on, remember?

The Columbia River had been walled out by a coffer-dam. The men had dug a hole you could lose a town in, and now they were drilling and blasting solid footing out of live rock, building foundation forms, laying the first reinforcing steel. The hole was a clanging, banging, floodlit, rain-drenched cellar in a madhouse. It was knee-deep in

mud; criss-crossed with timber struts and braces, and colder than the north side of a polar bear.

In the middle of it all stood Tom McCarthy. He was a man of 60-odd, as strong as oak, his tin hat tipped against the raw winds, his jaw wearing a frost of white whiskers. He was the boss pilebuck.

And what's a pilebuck? He's a heavy - construction worker, who takes his name from the work he usually does, driving piling for bridges, foundations, coffer-dams and such. But that's not all. Anywhere the work is harder, or higher in the air, or riskier than most men like to do, the man to ask for is a pilebuck. He'll rig you a high line, top you a tall tree or drive you a tunnel. You get the contract and give him the material and he'll build you a bridge to the moon. And he won't ask you for a space-suit. A tin safety hat, black wool under-wear, a shirt, carpenter's overalls, waterproof boots and a couple of meat sandwiches is all he'll need.

I needed a lot I hadn't got that night I tackled the stack of bracing. They were 3-by-10 and 4-by-12 planks, 16 and 18 feet long. Rough cut out of a green tree, they still dripped sap, and any end I got hold of seemed to weigh half a ton. Nobody came near to help. But somehow or other I moved the stack from yonder to where it was handy, through the rain and the mud, using muscles like rubber bands and bones like spaghetti. A man down to his

last chance is too scared to miss with it.

Tom McCarthy came to me when the midnight whistle finally blew. His hard, blue eyes looked me over again. I couldn't tell whether I'd made the grade or not.

"You work like a man afraid for his life," he said.

"It's a little like that," I admitted.

"Where you stayin' tonight?"

"I figured to sleep in my car."

"You'll come with me," he said.

He took me to the small hotel where he was staying. "This man works for me," he said to the night clerk. "You'll give him a room and wait for your pay until he draws his."

I got the room. I got breakfast, a bag of lunch and a promise of all the meals I'd need, the same way. And the man down the street gave me boots, rain gear, warm underwear and the tools I had to have.

I looked like a pilebuck when I went to work the next time, but I was a long climb from being one. I couldn't reeve a set of blocks, I couldn't splice a cable. I couldn't build a knot that would hold, or pull a cross-cut saw, or snipe a piling, or smooth a dap with slick and adze; I couldn't walk around up high. But there's little a man can't learn if he puts his back to it. I figured that, given time, I'd catch up.

Tom McCarthy apparently figured the same way. The only thing that puzzled him was why it took so long. He drove me till my tongue

hung out. He swore great oaths at my mistakes, and gave me the dirtiest jobs there were. But he painted my blisters with iodine and he spent long hours teaching me the skills I needed.

Then one day I got to the top of the mountain. Little things told me. One day Kelly, the best and the surest of the journeymen, picked me to work partners with him in the framing yard. And one night soon after, Tom McCarthy came to my room with a roll of blueprints.

"I've got this to build tomorrow," he said. "And to tell you the truth, I can't make head or tail of it."

I could read a blueprint. And that wasn't all. By now I could walk a needle beam half-way to the sky and never shiver. I could splice an eye in a tiger's tail. I could build a knot that would hold the Devil. I was a pilebuck. I could spit farther, jump higher, yell louder and make a bigger brag than anybody.

By early summer we were building a high gantry trestle. A man working a hundred feet in the air looks down on birds and, standing on a 12-inch-wide timber, he's not far from being one. You lean against the wind and hope you can stop leaning in time if the wind stops blowing. You keep an automatic file of holds you might grab on the way down if you happen to find yourself falling. And you tell yourself a good pilebuck will bounce off bed-rock anyway, so what's to worry you?

I was standing 110 feet up when

my peavey hook slipped and pitched me out into the clear-and-empty. Now there's a thrill. You've got time to look round —nothing to grab that you can see—and you've got time to think a little. Then down you go.

The point of the peavey had slipped, but its hook had hung on to a brace. The hickory handle, slanting downwards, caught me in the middle on my way down and I folded across it. I was dangling there, knocked breathless, slipping, on my way again, when Tom McCarthy's strong hands caught me and hauled me back. He put a line round me and made me fast to a timber.

"You dirty old man," I said to him, when I could speak. "You forgot to teach me how to fly."

"Hell, I thought you knew," he said. "All you gotta do is flap your arms."

Some said *he* flew over 30 feet of near-empty space to reach me, some said he jumped it. The truth is he ran along a needle beam so high and narrow most pilebucks would have crawled it. He did it carrying a coil of line, before men standing closer could even think to move, and anyone who regrets that I'm alive today will have to blame Tom McCarthy.

The gift of a man's life is enough to give him, but Tom McCarthy had more for me. I went to him one day soon after and said I'd heard Uncle Sam was having trouble

winning the war. I said I was going to lend him a hand, and that with my help the job would probably be done in a month or two. Tom McCarthy showed me his hard grin.

"I think you're right," he said. "And when you get finished, look me up—to say hello, and lie to me about what a big hero you are." Then he sobered. "But don't be expecting another job with me."

"Why, you old reprobate!" I said. "And me the best pilebuck you ever had."

"I'll admit you ain't the worst," he said. "But now your eyes are bright again. You're standin' tall and you're talkin' big. When you come back, you go back to doing what you were meant to do."

"But I told you I quit writing!"

"You can't quit. As long as a man's alive, he can't quit."

So there it is. Tom McCarthy knew it well, but I had to practically fall out of the sky to find it out. As long as you've got a breath left in you, as long as you can lift an arm and make a fist, you've got to keep on trying.

I've needed to remember that lesson a few times since. And it's been real helpful. I've managed to feed the kids, to warm the house, to make a living. My path has never crossed Tom McCarthy's again, and I don't know where he might be now. If he's still around, I hope he's safe in a deep harbour; but if he's gone, I'll bet he didn't quit easy.

The Decline of Socialism

Throughout Europe the economic controls of the post-war period have been steadily relaxed. Today, free enterprise—and prosperity—are at an all-time high

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

WESTERN Europe wears an air of self-sufficient well-being, reflected in full shop windows, roads jammed with cars, crowded holiday resorts and industrial-output figures zooming to new heights. And it is equally apparent that socialism in Europe has gone into a deep eclipse.

Indeed, these two things are closely interrelated. As people become more prosperous, they lose interest in socialist dogmas. And as they discard or abate such socialist practices as rationing, rent control and nationalization, they become more prosperous.

It is in fact remarkable how the simple truths of classical economics, if given a chance to work, prove their validity in practice. Belgium, for instance, is the one country in Western Europe that has scrapped

rent control completely. It is also one where getting a flat is not a major problem.

The eclipse of European socialism can best be measured by taking a backward look—at Western Europe as it was immediately after the war. Britain had swept the Labour Party into power. In France, Italy and Belgium at that time, Communists as well as socialists sat in coalition governments. In occupied Germany, military-government officials, naïvely misguided, were forcing Communists on German newspapers and radio stations.

The political changes in Europe since then have been profound. Today there is no longer any reasonable fear of a Communist *coup*. The socialists are also at a low ebb. Three times running, in both Britain and Germany, a socialist party and a

conservative party have fought in national elections.

In both countries the conservatives had three straight wins and, what is more significant, increased their majority each time. Meanwhile the membership of the French Socialist Party has declined from 350,000 to 120,000. And in Belgium and the Netherlands, socialists are now out of the coalition governments which normally rule these countries.

Only in Scandinavia—where a mild brand of socialism has become a habit—and in Austria do socialists have any direct influence on administration.

Europe's economic orchestra is now in tune. In all the larger countries, the men who make the vital economic decisions are in agreement on such points as the desirability of currency convertibility and free movement of men, goods and capital across frontiers; and in rejecting direct measures of state intervention in times of economic stress, in favour of indirect measures such as raising interest rates.

Various factors, some national, some international, have contributed to the political downfall of British socialism. But the overriding element in the Conservative victory in 1959 was the relative ease of living conditions after eight years of Conservative administration, compared with the bleak austerity from 1945 to 1951 when the Labour Party was in power. In fairness

it should be recognized that, immediately after the war, life would have been hard in Britain under any government. But what can reasonably be said against the Labour Party—and what cost them a good many marginal votes at the polls—is that they continued rationing and other controls far beyond the time when austerity was really unavoidable.

One finds this same drift away from conventional socialism in Germany. When Economics Minister Erhard started his experiment in a free market economy (after a long period of wage and price control under the Nazis and under the occupation), Social Democratic spokesmen thundered that it would make the rich richer and the poor poorer. But this line of attack boomeranged as real wages increased rapidly and steadily.

It was a special national problem, the protracted guerrilla war in Algeria, that made for the return to power in France of General Charles de Gaulle. But, once in, de Gaulle imposed a regime of order and sanity in French economics and finance which has worked wonders in giving France a stable currency and replenishing her gold and dollar reserves. Foreign trade has been liberalized and France, as a member of the European Economic Community, has assumed the obligation of exposing her industry to the increasingly free competition of the other members of the Community.

Far from being a wave of the future, socialism in Western Europe now looks more and more like a relic of the past. For Europe today, having turned away from rationing and controls and full-scale state planning and state meddling, which were characteristic immediately after the war, is riding the crest of a wave of prosperity.

Several European countries—Britain, Germany, France, Belgium and Switzerland (always true to the principles of economic individualism)—could quite conceivably within the next ten years rival present-day America in terms of *per capita* consumption of food and consumer goods, in housing and cars.

Effective in destroying Marxism as a vital faith in Europe has been the rise of living standards. The European worker sees the opportunity of becoming a house-owner and a car-owner, of enjoying an annual holiday in some foreign land.* His wife is getting used to such household labour-saving devices as the refrigerator and washing-machine. And the image of individual opportunity and unplanned abundance looks more attractive to him than the Soviet image of planned scarcity and continual sacrifice of present enjoyment for what is represented as the benefit of future generations.

The "proletariat," or industrial working class, never became as

* See "World-wide Vacancies for Skilled Workers"—page 42.

badly off as Marx prophesied. But up to the war there was a gulf, social and economic, between the manual workers and the middle classes in Europe, and it was difficult to move from one "class" into another.

Now, however, the European "proletariat," instead of becoming poorer, more numerous and more revolutionary as Marx predicted, is sharing fully in the improved well-being. Indeed, it is almost disappearing as a result of the levelling, upward and downward, that has been a marked feature of post-war Europe.

To say that European socialism is in eclipse does not mean that European economies are run along lines which economic libertarians would endorse. Conservative and moderate parties today accept measures of government intervention and social welfare legislation that their fathers and grandfathers would have fought vigorously as socialistic.

But what is unmistakably true and significant is that Marxism, once a powerful faith in Europe, has been consigned to moth-balls. Europe was faced at the end of the war with a choice of two roads, one leading to out-and-out socialism, the other to the mixed economies of the present time.

To the considerable benefit of its economic health and general well-being, Europe, for the most part, has chosen this second road.

City Under the Ice

A fantastic atom-powered research centre is being hacked out of Greenland's icy mountains

BY HERBERT JOHANSEN

Cutaway view of CAMP CENTURY



THE STRANGEST town in the world is being built under Greenland's vast ice-cap. Four hundred yards long and 300 yards wide, the town will be completely covered by snow. It will be powered by atomic energy. In building this fantastic community, 800 miles from the North Pole, U.S. Army Engineers, in co-operation with the Danish Government (Greenland is a part of the Kingdom of Denmark), have proved that the Arctic can be tamed.

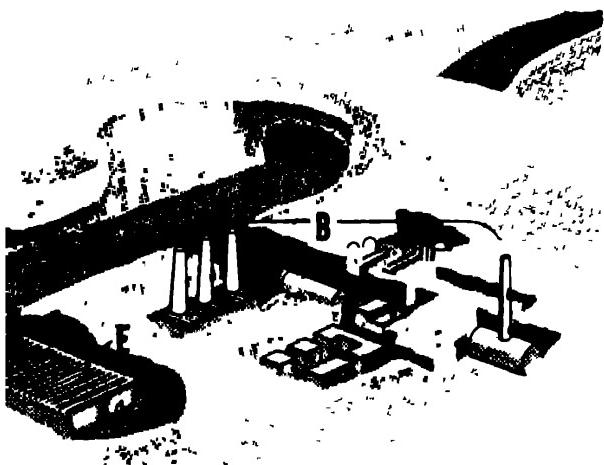
The town will be home snug,

comfortable and warm—for 100 scientists, engineers and soldiers. They will study problems of living, working and fighting in one of the world's harshest environments, where winter temperatures drop to 70 below zero and winds whirl snow in a blinding fury at 100 miles an hour.

Ultimately an electric railway running through a tunnel cut in the snow will connect the town with the supply base at Thule Air Base, 152 miles to the west. For supply by air there will be landing-strips of compacted snow for the largest cargo planes, and landing-pads for helicopters.

The men will live and work in a series of insulated prefabricated buildings connected by buried corridors. Cumbersome Arctic clothing—parkas, mukluks, scratchy woollies—won't be needed. In the work areas, the temperature will be kept at 40° F. and raised to 60° in the living quarters. A ventilation system will exhaust warm air from the tunnels to keep the snow walls at 20° or below so that they won't melt. To prevent the snow floor from becoming slush, the buildings will be raised slightly to permit a circulation of cold air underneath.

The inhabitants will never see daylight unless they venture outside, and not even then during the worst months of the year—December and January—when the sun never rises. For eight to ten hours a day the men



- A Entrance ramp
- B Nuclear power plant
- C Gym
- D Dispensary
- E Dining hall and kitchen
- F Living quarters
- G Base exchange and library
- H Recreation area
- I Snow and research laboratories
- J Camp engineer
- K Fuel storage
- L Headquarters building
- M Vehicle storage and maintenance

will be busy at their jobs. Films will be shown every night. Television programmes will come from the military television station at Thule. There will be a recreation hall and games room, a gymnasium, a hobbies centre, a library. A chaplain and chapel will serve spiritual needs. It is hoped that fast airmail, radio-telephone chats with wife and family at home, and rotating four-month tours of duty will make ice-cap isolation seem less remote.

Camp Century—so named because its original site was 100 miles out on the ice-cap—is being built after five years of preliminary construction experiments. Its research projects will be directed by the U.S. Army's Chief of Research and Development.

The working areas will be dominated by scientific laboratories, but should the need come for a similar military installation—perhaps an under-ice launching site for intercontinental ballistic missiles or interceptors—the blueprints, the techniques and the machines will be ready.

* At Camp Century, the engineers have proved that they can:

- Make efficient use of construction materials at hand—snow and ice.
- Dig trenches with an adaptation of the huge rotary snowploughs that for years have been keeping passes in the Swiss Alps open during the winter. (The trenches are covered with removable metal

roofs, then with snow, and are thus converted into tunnels.)

- Adapt mechanical coal-mining machines to carve caverns into ice-hard snow to make expanded quarters, as well as space for storage and food refrigeration.

- Solve the water-supply problem, always serious in the Arctic, by drilling wells 150 feet deep, shooting down jets of steam and pumping out water.

- Utilize an air-transportable nuclear-power plant, with a capacity of 1,600 kilowatts, to supply light, heat and power. A core of Uranium-235 weighing less than 50 pounds will produce a year's supply of electricity—doing the work of 35,000 barrels of fuel oil.

One thing the engineers haven't been able to beat is the slow, plastic movement of the ice, which causes the walls to close in and the corridors to twist. With periodic shaving of the ice, they expect the camp to last about ten years. Then it will be completely reconditioned.

The machines used for this maintenance will also carve out new and bigger storage vaults. Equipment and tools stored in them do not rust, and food keeps indefinitely. With the techniques developed to build Camp Century, the engineers say that they could hack out great ice caves to store surplus crops for use by future generations in times of famine.

The Greenland ice-cap, with a big, permanent air base at Thule, is

the ideal laboratory for studying snow and ice—two elements which more and more people will be living with. America's Distant Early Warning radar network (DEW line) all lies above the Arctic Circle. Lessons learned in the North Polar areas can be applied in the Antarctic, now increasingly important.

Greenland, with 708,000 square miles of ice-cap, two miles deep at its crest, is the birthplace of weather for much of the Northern Hemisphere. By drilling and bringing up core samples of ice formed through the ages, scientists can study the history of snowfalls and get information on the movement of air masses covering thousands of years.

"This information," says Dr. Henri Bader, former chief scientist of the U.S. Army's Snow, Ice and Permafrost Establishment, "will enable us to make fairly accurate predictions on future weather cycles."

Air samples from the past, preserved as bubbles, are trapped in these ice samples. One project at

Camp Century is to try to determine how much air pollution has increased since the Industrial Revolution of the eighteenth century introduced man-made smog. Ice cores from a depth of 160 feet contained volcanic dust from the great Krakatoa eruption of 1883 in the Dutch East Indies. And in the three-foot layers of snow that are deposited on the ice-cap each year, there is a permanent annual record of atomic fall-out since Hiroshima.

This year-by-year accumulation of snow become-ice is easily identified and accurately dated, rather as rings tell the age of a tree. Samples of ice formed from snow that fell when Eric the Red set foot in Greenland in the year 982 have already been studied. With new thermal drilling equipment that will be used at Camp Century, the engineers hope to go down 10,000 feet. The ice which they then bring up will date back beyond the dawn of history—to the days when the footprints of Stone Age man were fresh upon the earth.

Tight Squeeze

WHILE waiting at the dry cleaners I noticed a young woman come into the shop in an extremely tight sheath dress. All eyes turned to her as she made her way to the counter. "My dress came back from here so badly shrunk," she said indignantly to the assistant, "that I feel conspicuous wearing it."

"I'm so sorry," said the assistant, eyeing the sheath. "But I can see what you mean."

"Just wait until I show it to you!" exclaimed the customer as she pulled a flowered dress from her bag.

—Contributed by Mrs. Edward van Deusen



the best medicine

A FREIGHTER captain was interviewing applicants for the ship's next voyage. Sandy McPherson was standing behind a fellow applicant who presented many documents testifying to his exemplary character. He was taken on, and so was Sandy.

One day a terrific storm came up, and Sandy was on deck when the man with the fine references, pail in hand, was swept overboard by a gigantic wave.

Reporting the incident to the captain, Sandy said, "Captain, sir, ye remember thot mon wi' all the fine references? Weel, he's gone away wi' yer bucket." -- Contributed by Fred Howe

ON MY first introduction to a city by pass the overwhelming number of cars, travelling close together at high speed, gave me the jitters. When the driver of our car pulled into a filling station to get petrol, I had hopes that at least one hazard would be eliminated—the coat of grime on his wind-screen. But as the attendant came up

sponge in hand, my friend shouted, "Don't touch it!"

Taken aback, the attendant looked quizzically at him. "I can't stand seeing them coming at me!" my friend explained. - Contributed by Mark Heinemann

AT TEN o'clock the teacher gave her day-nursery class their milk. Emphasis was placed on table manners.

When Betty deliberately knocked over her glass of milk, the teacher got ready to tackle a discipline problem. "Betty, when you spill your milk at home, what does your mother do?"

The child looked down at the table-cloth and answered, "I'll tell you one thing—she doesn't just stand there looking. She cleans it up." —A F

DURING HIS early days as a humorist-illustrator, Oliver Herford could not meet his hotel bill. The manager did not press him for the money, but at the end of each week he would send him a new bill for a larger amount.

One morning when the two met in the foyer the manager asked, "Did you get the latest bill?"

"Yes," said Herford.

"Is that all you have to say?"

"At the moment, yes," said the humorist. "But if the bill gets any larger, I will have to ask you for a larger room."

—E. E. Edgar

A MAN of mediocre intellect who had become a prominent politician in Ceylon once amazed Parliament with a brilliant speech. As he sat down amid thunderous applause, a single voice in the Opposition cried out: "Author! Author!"

—Contributed by Amita Abaysekera

The Irritating Angel

*She was enough to make
a man swear—even if he had no
voice to swear with*

BY CARL WALL

WHEN George Stanley Lowden encountered her eleven years ago, he was lying in bed in the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary in Boston, contemplating the future with despair.

He had been operated on for cancer of the larynx 18 hours before. A miracle of surgery—removal of the cancerous voice box—had saved his life. But now he found himself asking *why?* What earthly use was a 50-year-old lawyer who had lost his voice? How would he ever support his wife and young son and daughter?

Sudden tears blotted out the pale



Mary Dochler

winter sunshine coming through his window. He turned his face away and closed his eyes. It was then he heard that curiously husky voice. "Good morning, Mr. Lowden. Sleeping rather late, aren't you?"

The deep voice had a brisk undertone of sarcasm. Irritation prickled him and he opened his eyes expecting to find some oversized battle-axe of a nurse. Instead he saw a slight woman, barely five feet tall. Crisp, grey hair framed a pair of cool, appraising blue eyes.

"But you weren't asleep," she said. "Just lying there feeling sorry for yourself, I suppose."



For the first time in months Lowden felt the healthy flush of anger. Unable to speak, he glared furiously at this intruder and reached for the buzzer to summon his nurse. But the little lady deftly brushed the bell cord aside.

"I'm going to teach you how to speak again," she said. Her eyes were fixed on his, and there was an icy glint in them. "That's right. You are going to learn to talk exactly the way I am talking to you now."

She gestured to the high scarf round her throat, and the astounded Lowden realized that, like himself, she had an opening cut in her neck just above the breastbone. She, too, had had her larynx removed, yet she was actually speaking!

The surgeon had told him that, after the larynx is removed, the severed windpipe is grafted to the opening in the neck. This is the patient's lifeline, the only way he can take air into his lungs.

"If you'll just listen and stop looking as though you had seen your grandmother's ghost, I'll try to explain," his visitor said. "Speech is merely the vibration of air, with the vocal cords acting as the vibrators. When the cords have been removed we must use other means. So we swallow air through the mouth, store it in the oesophagus, then force it back into the mouth. With lips, tongue and teeth we form sounds, vibrating the released air against the oesophagus. It's not easy.

But with practice you'll be able to speak as well as anyone."

Lowden shook his head dispiritedly. The little woman came a step closer. There was indignation in the voice now—and high voltage in the eyes: "What are you shaking your head like a donkey for? Do you mean you don't understand me?"

Lowden picked up a pad and pencil and wrote, "It's impossible. I could never do it."

"Impossible, indeed!" Whatever the vibrating source, the high scorn in the voice could have been detected in any gallery. "I must say, Mr. Lowden, that I am disappointed in you. Let me tell you something. You have had a successful operation, you are going to have many more happy years of life with your family, and you are going to continue your career. But first you are going to learn to speak again."

She stalked grimly out of the room. Only then did he notice that his nurse had come in. "So Mary Doehler has been to see you," she said. "Nice little person, isn't she?"

Nice! "Great balls of fire," Lowden swore to himself, "that is like calling a tornado a zephyr!"

During the next few days, from house-surgeons, doctors and nurses, Lowden learned a great deal more about Mary Doehler. In 1944 her husband, a chain-store executive, died after an illness that had used up the family savings. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Doehler had undergone an operation for cancer of the

larynx. Two months later, though voiceless, she was working in a gift shop. But with three teenage daughters and a mother to care for, it was impossible to meet expenses with this job. She had once taught speech and remedial reading at a junior school. Now she determined to regain this position: But how could a woman without a voice teach speech and reading?

She went to Dr. LeRoy Schall, the surgeon who had performed her operation and who was chief of otolaryngology at the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary. "I must learn to talk again," she wrote on a pad.

It was from Dr. Schall that she first heard about oesophageal speech. In 1892 a man named Daniel Hickey, who had had his larynx removed, discovered that he could produce intelligible words by swallowing air and forcing it up again. Over the years others had experimented with the method. Their success had usually been limited, but it offered hope. And that was all Mary Doehler needed—a glimmer of hope.

She read every word she could find on the subject, consulted physicians, surgeons and speech experts. Helped by her own background in phonetics and speech therapy, she developed a technique through which air could be released from the oesophagus as intelligible sound.

* Today, instructors schooled by Mrs. Doehler are teaching oesophageal speech in many parts of the world.

By practising tirelessly she so perfected this method of speech that she was soon able to produce 200 syllables with a single gulp of air.

Her voice was deep, husky, but clearly understandable. Six months after her operation she was teaching again. And now, under a grant from the American Cancer Society, she was teaching oesophageal speech at the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary, holding classes eight hours a day, five days a week.*

On his fourth day in the hospital Lowden had another visitor, a lawyer with whom he had frequently talked on the phone but had never actually met.

"I know just how you feel," he told Lowden. "I felt the same way myself five years ago. It's rough, but you're going to get over it. One thing you might just as well accept is that Mary Doehler is going to teach you to speak again. Don't try to fight the inevitable."

After that there was a stream of visitors—a grocer, a policeman, a clergyman, a salesman. All had been taught to speak again by Mary Doehler. One visitor, a taxi driver who had once been a prize fighter, gave it to him straight: "Don't give Mrs. Doehler any trouble, will you, buddy? Just do what she tells you and be nice about it. You understand, buddy?"

Lowden realized that this was just the taxi driver's way of saying that he loved Mary Doehler very much. Apparently they all did.

A week after his operation Lowden's recovery was held up by an attack of pleurisy. Mary Doehler came to his bedside. "We'll be starting the lessons in a week or so," she told him blithely. "Don't let this get you down. You're not the only one to have a set-back."

He wondered vaguely just what you had to do to get a word of sympathy from Mrs. Doehler. He didn't think dying would do it—it would probably infuriate her.

A few weeks later Lowden went to Mrs. Doehler for his first lesson. Carefully she explained the basic steps: (1) open mouth; (2) close mouth; (3) swallow air; (4) open mouth and with lips try to say "ba."

Lowden tried it again and again. But there was no "ba." Mrs. Doehler poured out the first of what were to be literally thousands of glasses of ginger ale. "I drank the stuff by the gallon," he said later, "but I couldn't produce a single burp."

For a good many patients oesophageal speech comes quite easily, but for Lowden each lesson was a ghastly ordeal. He was too keyed up, too nervous and tense. "I simply can't do it," he wrote one day. "You're just wasting your time."

Mary Doehler tore up the note. "I won't let you stop trying," she told him firmly.

By this time Lowden was back at his office. He gave his secretary instructions by pad and pencil, worked on briefs. Mrs. Doehler

scolded him, urged him to try answering the phone or dictating letters. "Even if you just gurgle it's better than nothing," she said. "The knack may creep up on you, and before you know it, you'll have it."

But Lowden was too shy to attempt conversation. Speech seemed to be frozen inside him. Week after week he slogged away at the lessons. Wherever he went he carried a typewritten copy of the 121st Psalm which Mrs. Doehler had marked for oesophageal speech. Diagonal lines indicated the swallowing of air, thus:

I will lift up/mine eyes/ unto the hills / from whence / cometh my help/.

My help/cometh/from the Lord/ which made/heaven and earth/ ..

In buses, at solitary lunches in restaurants, in bed at night, Lowden pored over this bit of paper. He had never been a deeply religious man, but this psalm now became his prayer of hope. The words which he so heroically struggled to utter gave him courage and quiet strength.

One memorable afternoon Lowden, exhausted by a tiring morning of legal work, was in a rebellious mood. He had swallowed his seventh glass of ginger ale—which he had come to loathe.

"Now come on!" Mrs. Doehler urged. "Try it just once more. Open. Close. Swallow. Open and speak."

Lowden shook his head.

"Come now! Just once more."

And then suddenly, from deep within him, clearly and distinctly, came the words: "No! Damn it!"

Mary Doehler sprang to her feet. For the first time since he had met her there were actually tears in those blue eyes. He took another gulp of air.

"You are . . .", another gulp and a swallow of air while Mrs. Doehler repeated the magic words to let him know she understood, "a damned . . . *dictator!*" he finished triumphantly. "And . . . I won't . . . drink another . . . glass . . . of that . . . damned ginger ale!"

The next day, Lowden dictated a letter to his secretary. Within the week he even made a few phone calls.

Today, some eleven years after the removal of his larynx, George Stanley Lowden has a busy law practice, does a great deal to help fellow sufferers, and travels miles to speak at Cancer Crusade drives. Those first despairing, voiceless days are a half-remembered nightmare.

"Mary Doehler literally saved my life," he says. "For me she was—and will always be—the most wonderfully irritating angel this side of heaven."

What's That Again?

FROM London *Education*: ". . . Of these, 34 left because of death, ill-health, marriage or other disasters which might occur to anyone."

FROM *The Stars and Stripes*: "Officers said they had no reason to believe Nelson was murdered. He was not married."

NOTICE in a new nine-storey building in Bonn, Germany: "It is strictly forbidden to jump out of the windows of the upper floors without permission from the firemen."

—*Daily Express*, London

NOTICE in Lockport, New York, *Union-Sun & Journal*: "Due to unforeseen circumstances no Clairvoyant meeting tonight, until further notice."

SIGN at a country bus stop: "Buses leave here at 5 minutes after 25 minutes to."

FROM the Glasgow *Evening Citizen*: "Ayrshire police believe their quarry to be in hiding in a 12-mile square triangle."

FROM a U.S. Navy pamphlet: "Aircraft carriers are the backbone of a Naval task force. They are slower than planes but, of course, faster than fixed land installations."

—Quoted in *Time*

Potent New Power-Maker: the Fuel Cell

*An exciting new British development
that may, one day, challenge every
engine we now know*

BY HARLAND MANCHESTER

JUST OVER a year ago I watched an engineer give a ploughing demonstration with a tractor which operated in almost complete silence. Its extraordinary experimental engine, pioneered in Britain, had no pistons, crankshaft, cooling system, transmission, sparking plugs or exhaust pipe. There were no fumes because it didn't burn its fuel.

The tractor was driven by a nest of "fuel cells" beneath the bonnet. The fuel cell, now the subject of vast research throughout the world, is a first cousin to an electric battery.

But while the battery produces

electric current from a built-in supply of chemicals until it has to be recharged or thrown away, this cell receives fuel from outside tanks and turns out current as long as it is fed. Into one side of the cell goes oxygen (from a tank or from the air); into the other side goes its companion fuel—hydrogen, alcohol, paraffin or other chemicals. (The tractor's fuel is largely propane gas.) The two fuels react to set up a current which drives an electric motor.

A prime virtue of this fireless engine is that it utilizes its fuel about twice as efficiently as does the best petrol, diesel or steam engine. It can be made in any size. Engineers are working on a tiny motor that will run satellite instruments. They are speculating about a simple, silent, vibration-free, fumeless car engine with fuel economy now unheard of, and about power plants that will light houses and run factories. At least 40 industrial and university laboratories throughout the world are working with experimental cells of many types.

"With no fine tolerances to worry about, and no moving parts except in the electric motor, fuel-cell assemblies should some day be cheaper to manufacture than petrol engines," says Dr. H. K. Ihrig, vice-president and director of research for Allis-Chalmers, the American firm which made the fuel-cell tractor. "And you don't have to put your cells all together. You can spread them all

over the chassis to suit the needs of space and weight distribution."

British scientists and engineers did most of the pioneer work on the fuel cell. Sir Humphry Davy, the great electrochemist, first proposed one in 1809. Thirty years later Sir William Grove built a cell in which the reaction of hydrogen and oxygen generated an electric current. Many similar cells have been built as laboratory curiosities.

In 1932, Francis Bacon, of the Department of Engineering at Cambridge, set about the long task of building a practical cell. In August 1959 he and a colleague, J. C. Frost, captured world-wide attention with the world's first working fuel-cell engine, which they used to drive a saw and a welding machine.

Forty cells are combined to power his engine, each a kind of sealed battery ten inches in diameter and half an inch thick. Inside each cell are two porous, $\frac{1}{16}$ -inch-thick metal plates.

Between these plates is a solution of potassium hydroxide. Oxygen from outside the cell is circulated through one porous plate, hydrogen through the other. These fuels react with the solution of potassium hydroxide to generate electricity. With many variations, most of the fuel cells now being developed behave in about the same way.

Bacon expects to see a number of practical applications of the fuel cell within five years—military at first,

but later as the ideal power plant for buses and other forms of transport. One advantage: unlike present engines, the fuel cell would use almost no fuel when the bus is idling.

Dr. H. H. Chambers, director of research of the Sondes Place Research Institute in England, showed me a cell which makes electricity from paraffin and air. Since the paraffin must be vaporized for use in the cell, considerable heat is given off, and Dr. Chambers foresees a generator no larger than one drawer of an office filing cabinet that will supply the electricity for an average house and keep it warm with its by product heat.

"Such a system would be of value in remote areas," he says, "and because it would eliminate power lines it might also compete with utility power costs in many populated areas."

American firms which have obtained licences to the British cells are going ahead with development projects. One of the most promising is a paraffin-fed generator which can furnish light and power for a small military establishment or for several dwelling houses.

The Esso Engineering and Research Company has been exploring the possibility of a "home power package" which would get its fuel from the heating-oil tank. "It will take a lot more work before such a system is practical," says Dr. Richard Sage, in charge of the research, "but there is no theoretical reason

why it can't be done." Assuming the development of a suitable cell, it might cut two-thirds off the energy costs of a six-room house.

A small fuel cell power plant was put to work three years ago to run the American army's "Silent Sentry," a portable radar set which enables mobile forces to detect an enemy's activity in the dark. Such a power plant is of particular interest to the services because its lack of noise, exhaust and tell-tale heat emanations make it hard for an enemy to spot.

At present the armed forces are the fuel cell's biggest potential customer. The U.S. Army Signal Research and Development Laboratory has been studying them for years. The laboratory has been running a

cell on wood alcohol for several months. This cell yields four times as much power per pound as the best storage batteries provide before they have to be recharged, and there is a strong prospect of doubling this figure.

The laboratory is also working on a fuel cell for satellites which will run indefinitely on the heat of the sun without refuelling. The sun will break down the cell's by-products and convert them back into fuel in an endless cycle.

There has never been a period since the harnessing of electricity when so many laboratories have been exploring ways to produce power more cheaply and more efficiently. In many ways the fuel cell looks like a good bet.

Answers to "How Well Do You Read?" (page 53)

1. Wait for the next bus.
2. Tell the boys that she is aware of their infatuation and convince them that she is not in the market.
3. Shout angrily at the elopers and dash on for the scoop.
4. Give Victor a responsible labour-relations job in his business.
5. Induce his son to inform the police himself.
6. Fill the house to capacity with interesting neighbours and serve ample, ingenious buffet meals.
7. Break off the engagement.
8. Claim that he's rotten at bridge, refuse to play purely out of consideration for his partner.
9. Arrange to take the boy out of his environment and pay for his supervision and training.
10. Borrow heavily and gamble on the play's success.

★

HUMOUR IN UNIFORM

★

OUR DRILL squad gleefully realized that it was too late for our sergeant to prevent the entire front rank from walking into the side of our barracks, because he hadn't allowed himself time to give the proper order. As if by mental telepathy, each of us made up his mind to walk straight into the wall in formation, at rigid attention. There was a ragged thump as ten soldiers hit the wall.

But before any of us had a chance to get a smile half-way on his face, the sergeant let go. "If you men had been properly aligned," he barked, "you'd all have hit that wall *at once!*"

—J. D. STEVENSON

WORKING around jet aircraft is a dangerous job, but despite all the safety instructions, a recruit from the backwoods soon wandered casually behind a running plane. The exhaust blast knocked him over and rolled him several yards. He was dazed, but unhurt.

Only a few days later he strayed in front of an intake duct and was sucked in. The engine was shut down soon enough to prevent a disaster, but the tips of his fingers were clipped off by the compressor blades.

When he returned from sick-bay, his hands bandaged, he announced with a

grin, "Ah finally worked out this here plane. It's just like a mule--one end kicks and the other bites." — J. A. M.

"LOOK AT YOU!" shouted the sergeant indignantly, as he glanced over a bunch of new and unsavoury-looking recruits. "Your ties are crooked. Your hair ain't combed. Your boots ain't polished. Your trousers ain't pressed. . . . Suppose some country suddenly declared war!" — E. K. H.

THE DESTROYER on which my husband was serving had spent four months in the Far East. Now in mid-Pacific, it was alongside an aircraft carrier from which were to be delivered a new chaplain and the eagerly awaited, all-important bag of mail. The lines over which both would be transported stretched between the two ships, now taut, now slack. Every man aboard the destroyer eyed them anxiously, wondering if they could support their precious cargo. Then inspiration struck the skipper. He shouted across to the men on the carrier, "Send the padre over first!"

—ELAINE PEED

As THE YOUNG soldier started to climb the gangplank of the troopship, the captain on duty stopped him. "Is that lipstick on your face?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the soldier, rubbing his face with the back of his hand.

"Well, don't put it all over you!" snapped the officer. Then, lowering his voice and nodding towards the tearful girl waving at the gate, he added, "I'll give you one minute to put it back where you got it."

—T. J. SULLIVAN

To STIMULATE interest in improving efficiency, an incentive-awards scheme was established at our base. One day Kathy Johnson, a voluptuous girl on our staff, told me that she had an idea for handling a printing problem. It sounded fine, and I suggested that she should fill in the required form and take it to the lieutenant in the office next to mine for a review.

A few minutes later she bounced into the next office with breathless excitement. "Sir," I heard her say, "I've got a wonderful new idea and the form to go with it!"

The lieutenant, a young, lean and hungry type, sighed and then drawled, "Honey, you're certainly not kidding!"

—MAJOR W. Q. SMITH

WE WERE returning from a raid over Germany, when the new waist gunner on the port side of our bomber cut loose with his machine guns. Looking out of the window, I saw a lone German fighter flying parallel to us but at a very respectful distance. Again the twin guns clattered. I could see the tracer bullets falling far short of their target.

I called the new gunner on the intercom: "Hey, chum, that plane is right out of range."

Amid another burst from the guns, he replied, "Yessir, I know, and that's where I intend to keep him."

—V. G. IBERT

WE WERE dug in on a hill just north of Seoul when the Chinese Communists hit us with everything they had. At the height of the barrage, I heard the private next to me mutter, "Oh, if Ma had only been right!"

During a lull in the shooting, I

asked him what he meant. He looked at me, shook his head and said sadly, "Before I was born Ma was sure I was going to be a girl." —DONALD TRACY

I ASKED a young man how he liked the army.

"Oh, it's not bad," he replied. "But I think there's too much drilling and fussing about between meals."

—D. P. R.

I WAS DRIVING several teenagers to a dance at a military college. It was the first dance for one girl, and she was being teased by the others. After whispers and giggles from the back seat, I heard her say, "I will not!"

"Oh yes, you will, if you want to go to the dance," said the others. "The college even has it posted up."

I forgot the conversation until we reached the street leading to the college's ballroom. In this area, where cadets march in formation to and from sports fields and parade grounds, the first street sign reads: YIELD TO CADETS.

—BEN THOMPSON

WE TRAINEE paratroopers were waiting our turn at the control-tower platform for our first simulated jump. The drop from up there was 30 feet, and the fall was broken by a harness fitted to the tower pole, which let you fall gradually.

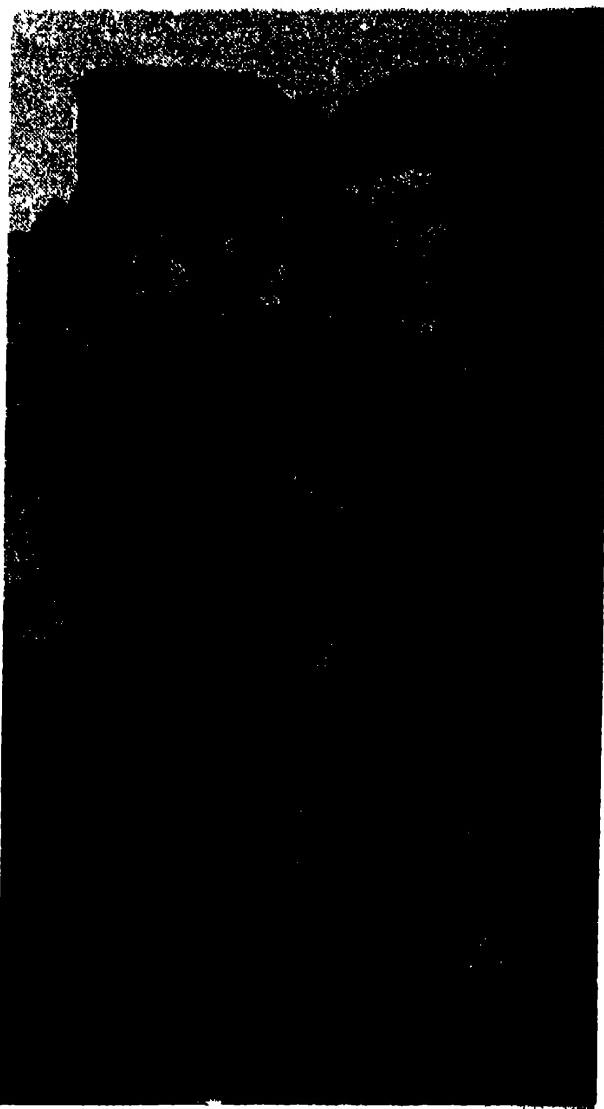
The first man climbed up, and all eyes were on him. Either his harness was not positioned properly or he jumped prematurely, for after the 30-foot free-fall he hit the ground with a sickening thud. He lay still.

We all ran over to him, fearing the worst. As we got there, he sat up, surveyed the group and announced, "If this gets any tougher—I'm goin' to quit!" —JOHN GALLAGHER

RUSSIA'S MAN IN HAVANA

*The sinister story of "Ché"
Guevara, the schemer who
engineered the Communist plot to
take over the Cuban revolution*

Fidel Castro conferring with Ernesto Guevara



BY FREDERIC SONDERN

BIG, NOISY, bearded Fidel Castro stands before the world as the symbol of the Cuban revolution. He is the man who overturned dictator Fulgencio Batista.

Behind Castro, less known to the world, stands another man—short, quiet, calculating, sinister. This is 32-year-old Ernesto Guevara, known as "Ché." President of the National Bank of Cuba, he is the man who has handed Cuba over to the Communists.

Guevara is Castro's brain and principal executive arm. He is a

hard-core Communist, loyal to Moscow, vitriolic in his denunciation of the United States, and its most dangerous enemy in Latin America. His objectives are clear to most Western diplomats in Cuba. "Guevara," a veteran European envoy in Havana said recently, "is plotting a Communist empire in Latin America—and the destruction of every political and economic tie with the North."

Guevara's first goal is the complete communization of Cuba itself under a Soviet type of government. Within another year, he has said, no important business or property will remain in private ownership. The project is well under way. The Cuban Press, radio and television have already been throttled. The agrarian-reform laws have put most of the country's agricultural wealth into the hands of the government. INRA (the National Institute of Agrarian Reform), which is headed by Antonio Nuñez Jiminez, already owns almost half of Cuba's surface, and is managing some 1,500 collective farms. It also runs 2,000 government stores which have put rural private merchants almost entirely out of business. Forty-four government-controlled fishing co-operatives have taken over almost all the island's lucrative fisheries. (Some 50 Soviet and Chinese experts are on hand to advise INRA.)

Everything else that is profitable, from hotels to bus lines, is also rapidly being "intervened"—the first

step towards expropriation. When the government decides to take over a property, police simply evict its owner. An "interventor," one of Ché's henchmen, then appraises the holding at a small fraction of its real worth. The owner is eventually offered government bonds for that sum. The property, in effect, becomes the possession of the revolutionary government. "Ché's programme is not experimental socialism," a Cuban, who used to be one of Guevara's followers, said recently. "It is straight Moscow."

Nothing could please the Kremlin more than the methodical way in which Guevara has wrecked business relations between Cuba and the United States. Hundreds of Americans have moved out. Soviets, Satellites and Chinese are being moved in.

Americans invested more than a thousand million dollars in the improvement of the island over the years. Some 300 million went into the sugar industry alone. Many millions more created prosperous tobacco and coffee plantations, cattle ranches, oil refineries, nickel and copper mines, electric power plants, a modern telephone system, good hotels which attracted an immensely profitable tourist traffic. A substantial part of these investments has been "intervened." The rest will go quickly, as will all other foreign holdings in Cuba.

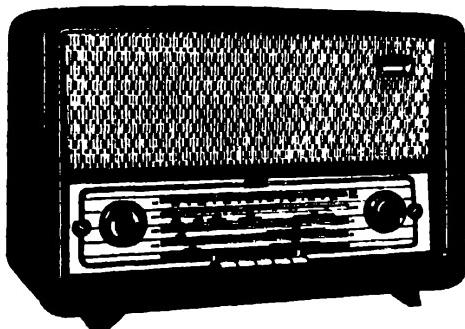
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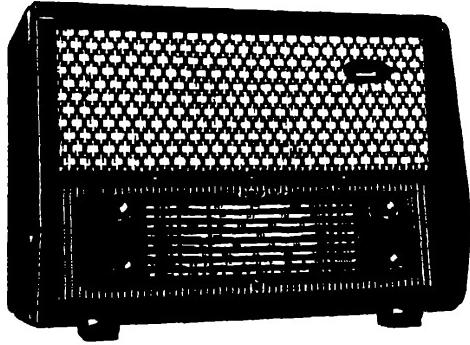


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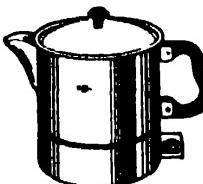
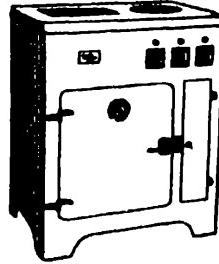
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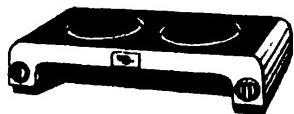
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KLEERTONE Folding Steel Chairs & Tables
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Guevara in his magnificent office in the National Bank to complain about the confiscatory regulations imposed on his country's trade with Cuba. The president was sprawled behind his huge desk, his feet in unlaced boots on its top. A heavy revolver served as a paper-weight on a pile of documents. He wore a ragged beard, and his hair hung down to his shoulders. He was dressed in the wrinkled and spotted olive-green fatigues uniform which he wears even on formal official occasions.

The ambassador made his request briefly. Guevara straightened up. "Let me make this clear," he said without raising his voice. "I don't

care whether we do business with you or not. We are not interested in you or in any of the other nations of your Western monopolistic and capitalistic combine. We are demonstrating this fact to the great United States. We have real friends who will take the places of all of you most effectively." The interview ended abruptly.

That Guevara wields great power in Cuba was shown a few months ago in an interview which appeared in the Russian newspaper *Moskovski Komsomolets*. The interview took place in La Cabaña, the grim fortress and prison on Havana's waterfront where Guevara maintains his private headquarters.



**Today's
housewives
are saying-**

"WHITEST"

See how white your clothes come when you wash with Surf! Clean clothes come out so bright, too! That's why today's housewives are saying—

Vladimir Chichkov, a Soviet political writer, called on him there. "Guevara's room was small," reported Chichkov. "Two iron beds; between them, a dressing-table with an old mirror. Long, thick cigars were scattered on the table, on which lay a pile of business papers. Ché, in soldier's green trousers and a white T-shirt, with his feet bare, sat on one of the beds. On a nail near by hung an automatic rifle, a revolver and other military equipment." While the two men were talking, Castro walked in. "Who is this?" he barked, indicating Chichkov. "A Russian," said Guevara. Castro extended a huge hand. "Fine," he said. "Then we can talk."

The dictator sat down on the other bed. Before long, Castro's brother Raúl and his wife, Vilma, an important member of the combine, arrived. It was clear to the Russian journalist that this meeting was one of the daily sessions in which Guevara briefs the Castro brothers and gives them his instructions.

There is no doubt that Guevara is the man for Communists to see in Cuba. Almost every day Soviet, Chinese, Czech, Polish and East German representatives arrive in Havana. Their first official calls are invariably to the National Bank and Guevara.

The U.S.S.R. will soon have



the largest embassy in the capital, staffed with agricultural, engineering, housing and political experts. Under a trade treaty which Guevara negotiated with the Soviet First Deputy Premier, Anastas Mikoyan, Cuba is to receive the equivalent of £35 million (Rs. 47 crores) to buy machinery from Communist countries. Russia also agrees to buy large quantities of Cuban sugar during the next five years.

Parts of the trade agreement between Guevara and Mikoyan have not been made public. One is believed to have provided that the Cuban Government would compel the big Shell, Esso and Texaco refineries to refine Soviet crude oil for distribution in Cuba and Central America. When big Soviet tankers appeared in Havana harbour, the American companies were informed that they must take the cargoes—or else. The companies refused. The government thereupon seized the refineries, thus placing the entire oil-processing industry in the hands of the regime. And this is only the beginning of Guevara's Grand Design.

Ernesto Guevara has no special loyalty to Cuba. He is an Argentine, the son of a prosperous Buenos Aires engineer and builder. He went to the University of Buenos Aires intending to be a doctor, and obtained his degree at 24. But politics interested him more than medicine. While he was a student, he joined a group of fiery young Marxists and

found their revolutionary ideas and their plans for a proletarian conquest of Latin America appealing. He resolved to look into the possibilities for Marxist Communism in Latin America.

From Buenos Aires he worked his way slowly north—through one Communist cell after another—in Bolivia, Peru, Colombia, Venezuela, and finally through the Central-American countries to Guatemala. Everywhere he went he studied political and economic conditions. "Unquestionably," a Latin-American diplomat remarked to me. "Ché is the best-informed man of all of us on the temper and social construction of our countries."

In Guatemala, Ché settled down. It was 1954 and Colonel Jacobo Arbenz was the head of the strongly pro-Communist government. Guevara went to see Arbenz, who gave him a job as an inspector of agrarian reform. When Arbenz was overthrown, Guevara took refuge in the Argentine embassy, then went to Mexico City where he met Fidel Castro, who was preparing his revolution against Batista.

Guevara is one of the small group who have been a part of the Cuban revolt from the beginning. He fought beside Castro and was wounded in the fighting in the Sierra Maestra. Today Guevara, Fidel Castro, and Raúl Castro, who is Minister of the Armed Forces and widely regarded as a fanatical Communist, make up the triumvirate



**Nature has
col ur d it...**

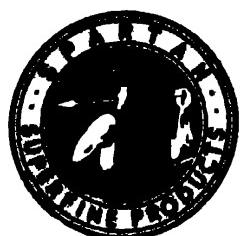
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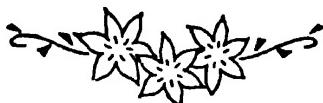
that rules Cuba. Most observers agree that it is Guevara who calls the tune.

Anyone who wants to discover Guevara's plans—immediate and long-range—can do so without difficulty.

Not long ago he wrote a book—*The War of the Guerrillas*. It is essentially a handbook on the techniques and administration of a revolution. It has been liberally distributed all over Latin America. The book reads much like Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, a work which proved to be an exact blueprint of

the Nazi Führer's plans. Guevara outlines his own aims clearly. All ties between North and Latin America are to be severed; another iron curtain is to be created; the southern countries are to follow Cuba's example and adopt "truly democratic principles."

Nikita Khrushchev said at a Press conference recently that "Cuba should be a guiding light to all Latin America." If it becomes so, and if the Reds do flash their signals southwards, it is most likely that the hand directing the beam will be that of Ernesto Guevara.



Word Gallery

HERE's a new way to have fun with words. Study this collection of "word pictures," then see what you can add to the list:

CLIMAX

ALONE

KISS

pregnant

LOWCUT

cockeyed

YOGA

lift

balloon

ASTIGMATISM

NONCONFORMIST

QUICKSAND

INCOMPLET

—Robert Carola



Fiction Feature

The Necklace

BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT

*One of the world's
most famous short stories*

SHE WAS one of those pretty, charming girls, born, as if by an error of destiny, into a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no hopes, no means of becoming known by a rich or distinguished man; and she allowed herself to marry a petty clerk in the Department of Education.

She was unhappy, believing herself born for luxuries and feeling that she had married beneath her. She

suffered from the poverty of her flat, the shabby walls, the worn chairs. She thought of little perfumed, coquettish apartments made for five o'clock chats with men known and sought after, whose attention all women envied and desired.

She had neither frocks nor jewels. And she loved only those things. She felt that she was made for them. She had such a desire to please, to be sought after, to be clever, and courted. She had a rich friend, a school-friend at the convent, whom she did not like to visit because she suffered so much when she returned. She wept for whole days from regret and despair.

One evening her husband came in elated, bearing in his hand a large envelope. "Here," he said, "here is something for you."

She quickly tore it open and drew out a printed card on which were inscribed these words: "The Minister of Public Instruction and Mme Georges Rampouneau request the honour of M. and Mme Loisel's company on Monday evening, January 18, at the Minister's residence."

Instead of being delighted, as her husband had hoped, she threw the invitation spitefully upon the table, murmuring: "What do you suppose I want with that?"

"But, my dearest, I thought it would make you happy. You never go out, and this is an occasion! I had a great deal of trouble to get the invitation. Everybody wants one,

and it is very select; not many are given to employees. You will see the whole official world there."

She looked at him with irritation and declared impatiently: "What do you suppose I have to wear to such a thing as that?"

He had not thought of that; he stammered: "Why, the dress you wear when we go to the theatre. It seems very pretty to me—"

He was silent, in dismay at the sight of his wife weeping.

"I have no dress," she said at last, "and consequently I cannot go to this affair. Give your card to some colleague whose wife is better fitted out than I."

He was grieved, but answered: "Let us see, Matilda. How much would a suitable costume cost, something that would serve for other occasions, something very simple?"

She reflected for some seconds, thinking of a sum that she could ask for without bringing a frightened exclamation from the economical clerk. Finally she said, in a hesitating voice: "I cannot tell exactly, but it seems to me that 400 francs ought to cover it."

He turned a little pale, for he had saved just this sum for a holiday the next summer. Nevertheless, he answered: "Very well. I will give you 400 francs."

The day of the ball approached and Mme Loisel seemed sad, disturbed, anxious. Nevertheless, her dress was nearly ready. Her husband said to her one evening: "What

is the matter? You have acted strangely for two or three days."

And she replied: "I have no jewels, not one stone. I shall have such a poverty-stricken look. I would prefer not to go to this party."

"You can wear natural flowers. At this season they look very chic. For ten francs you can have two or three magnificent roses."

She was not convinced. "No, there is nothing more humiliating than to have a shabby air in the midst of rich women."

Then her husband cried: "How stupid we are! Go to your friend, Mme Forestier, and ask her to lend you some jewels. You know her well enough to do that."

She uttered a cry of joy. "It is true!" she said. "I had not thought of that."

The next day she went to her friend's house and related her story of distress. Mme Forestier went to her wardrobe, brought out a jewel-case, and said: "Choose, my dear."

She saw at first some bracelets, then a collar of pearls, then a Venetian cross of gold and jewels of admirable workmanship. She tried the jewels before the glass, hesitated, but could neither decide to take them nor to leave them. Then she asked: "Have you nothing more?"

"Why, yes. Look for yourself. I do not know what will please you."

Suddenly she discovered, in a black satin box, a superb necklace of diamonds, and her heart beat fast

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with desire. Her hands trembled as she took them up. She placed them about her throat against her dress, and was in ecstasy. Then she asked, in a hesitating voice, full of anxiety: "Could you lend me this? Only this?"

"Why, yes, certainly."

She embraced her friend with joy and went away with her treasure.

The night of the ball arrived. Mme Loisel was a great success. She was the prettiest of all, elegant, gracious, smiling, and full of joy. All the men noticed her, asked her name, and wanted to be presented. All the attachés wished to dance with her. The Minister of Education paid her some attention.

She danced with passion, intoxicated with pleasure, in a cloud of happiness from all this homage and admiration, and from all the awakened desires, and the victory so sweet to the heart of woman.

She went home towards four o'clock in the morning. Her husband had been half asleep in one of the little salons since midnight, with three other gentlemen whose wives were enjoying themselves.

He threw around her shoulders the wrap they had carried for the coming home, a modest garment of everyday wear whose poverty clashed with the elegance of the ball costume. She felt this and wished to hurry away in order not to be noticed by the other women who were wrapping themselves in rich furs. Loisel retained her: "Wait,"

said he. "You will catch cold out there. I am going to call a cab."

But she would not listen and descended the steps rapidly. When they were in the street, they found no carriage. They walked along towards the Seine, hopeless and shivering. Finally they found on the quay one of those old, nocturnal coupés that one sees in Paris after nightfall, as if ashamed of their misery by day. It took them to their door in the rue des Martyrs, and they went wearily up to their flat. It was all over for her. And he remembered that he would have to be at the office by ten o'clock.

She removed the wrap before the glass, for a final view of herself in her glory. Suddenly she uttered a cry. Her necklace was not round her neck.

Her husband, already half undressed, asked: "What is the matter?"

She turned towards him, terror-stricken: "I have—I have—I no longer have Mme Forestier's necklace."

He arose in dismay: "What! How is that? It is not possible."

And they looked in the folds of the dress, of the cloak, in the pockets, everywhere. They could not find it.

He asked: "You are sure you still had it when we left the house?"

"Yes, I felt it in the vestibule as we came out."

"But if you had lost it in the street, we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

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"Yes. Did you take the number?"

"No."

They looked at each other, utterly cast down. Finally, Loisel dressed himself again.

"I am going," he said, "to retrace our steps, to see if I can find it."

She remained in her evening gown, not having the energy to go to bed. Towards seven o'clock her husband returned. He had found nothing. He went to the police and to the cab offices, and put an advertisement in the newspapers, offering a reward. She waited all day in a state of bewilderment before this frightful disaster. Loisel returned at evening with his face harrowed and pale; he had discovered nothing.

"It will be necessary," said he, "to write to your friend that you have broken the clasp of the necklace and are having it repaired. That will give us time to turn round."

At the end of the week, they had lost all hope. And Loisel, older by five years, declared: "We must take measures to replace this jewel."

The next day they took the case to the jeweller whose name was on the inside. He consulted his books:

"It is not I, Madame," said he, "who sold this necklace; I only furnished the case."

They went from jeweller to jeweller, ill from chagrin and anxiety. In a shop of the Palais Royal, they found a diamond necklace which seemed exactly like the one they had lost. It was valued at 40,000 francs. They could get it for

36,000. They begged the jeweller not to sell it for three days. And they made an arrangement by which they might return it for 34,000 francs if they found the other one before March.

Loisel possessed 18,000 francs which his father had left him. He borrowed the rest, asking for a thousand francs of one, five hundred of another, five louis of this one, and three louis of that. He gave notes, made ruinous promises, took money of usurers and the whole race of lenders. He compromised his whole existence, risked his signature without even knowing whether he could make it good or not, and, harassed by anxiety for the future, by the black misery which surrounded him, he went to get the new necklace, depositing on the merchant's counter 36,000 francs.

When Mme Loisel took back the jewels to Mme Forestier, the latter said to her in a frigid tone: "You should have returned them to me sooner, for I might have needed them."

If she should perceive the substitution, what would she think? Would she take her for a robber? Mme Loisel now knew the horrible life of necessity. She did her part, however, heroically. It was necessary to pay this debt. She would pay it.

She learned the cares of a household, the work of a kitchen. She washed the dishes, using her rosy nails upon the greasy pots and the bottoms of stewpans. She washed

A study of ancient Indian sculpture, painting and literature shows that Indian Textiles enjoyed indisputed supremacy all over the world for centuries.

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*Tree Goddess in triple bend 10th century A.D. stone sculpture now in the Gwalior Fort Archaeological Museum.
Courtesy : Department of Archaeology, Govt. of India.*

the soiled linen, she took down the refuse to the street each morning and brought up the water, stopping for breath at each landing. And, clothed like a woman of the people, she went to the grocer's, the butcher's and the fruiterer's with her basket on her arm, shopping, haggling to the last sou. Every month it was necessary to renew some notes, thus obtaining time, and to pay others. The husband worked in the evening, putting the books of some merchants in order, and at night he often did copying at five sous a page. This life lasted for ten years.

At the end of that time, they had restored all, all, with usurer's interest. Mme Loisel seemed old now. She had become a strong, hard woman, the crude woman of a poor household. Her hair was badly dressed, her skirts awry, her hands red, her voice loud. But sometimes when her husband was at the office, she would sit before the window and think of that evening party, of that ball where she was so beautiful and so flattered.

How would it have been if she had not lost that necklace? Who knows? How singular is life, and how full of changes! How small a thing will ruin or save one!

One Sunday, as she was walking in the Champs-Elysées, she suddenly perceived a woman walking with a child. It was Mme Forestier, still young, still attractive. Mme Loisel was affected. Should she speak to her? Yes, certainly. And

now that she had paid, she would tell her all. She approached her. "Good morning, Jeanne."

Her friend did not recognize her and was astonished to be so familiarly addressed by this common personage. She stammered:

"But Madame—I do not know—You must be mistaken—"

"No, I am Matilda Loisel."

Her friend uttered a cry of astonishment: "Oh! my poor Matilda! How you have changed—"

"Yes, I have had some hard days since I saw you; and some miserable ones—and all because of you—"

"Because of me? How is that?"

"You recall the diamond necklace that you lent me to wear to the Minister's ball?"

"Yes, very well."

"Well, I lost it."

"How is that, since you returned it to me?"

"I returned another exactly like it. And it has taken us ten years to pay for it. You can understand it was not easy for us who have nothing. But it is finished and I am content."

Mme Forestier stopped short.

"You say that you bought a diamond necklace to replace mine?"

"Yes. You did not perceive it then? They were just alike." And she smiled with a proud and simple joy.

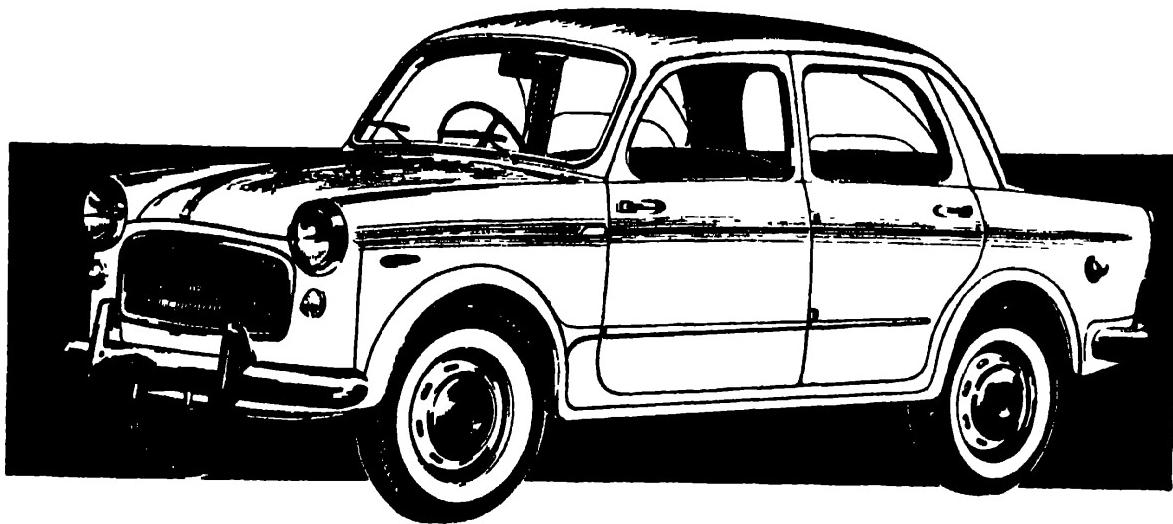
Mme Forestier, deeply moved, took both her hands as she replied: "Oh! my poor Matilda! Why, my necklace was paste. It was worth at most five hundred francs!"



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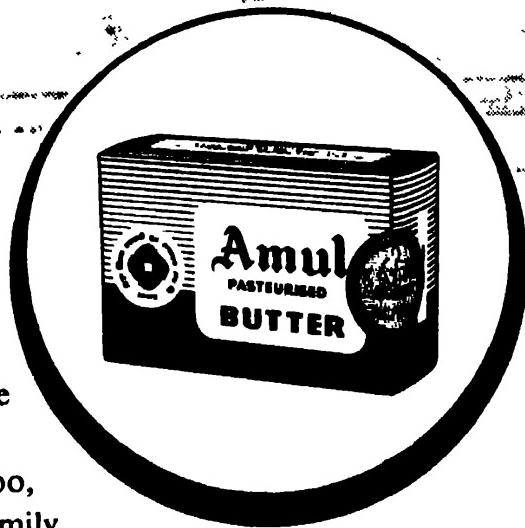
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We Delivered Our Own Baby

*Two hectic hours in the life of a young father,
who was later to tell the doctor, "It's a boy!"*

By GERALD MILLER, as told to Vivian Cadden

MARGE AND I moved in to our new house—on ambition and second-hand furniture—in November 1958, five months after we got married. We spent the next few months trying to get the place fixed up before the baby came, and we thought we had plenty of time. The baby wasn't due before the end of March.

On this night—it was February 15—somewhere about five in the morning, Marge started to roam between the bed and the bathroom. I remember wishing sleepily that she



would stop this dizzy round—getting up and clicking the light on, opening and closing doors, running the water and turning it off, then back into bed. After one of these trips I mumbled, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," she said. "I'm just restless and fidgety."

At 5:30 the lights went on again, and Marge announced that as she couldn't sleep she was going downstairs to make some coffee. I struggled out of bed and followed her. "I keep feeling as if I have

an upset stomach," she told me.

"I'm going to call the doctor," I said.

"At five-thirty in the morning?" she asked. "Don't be ridiculous."

She put the coffee on, then suddenly made for the bathroom again. "Perhaps you *had* better call the doctor," she said over her shoulder.

Marge had been to the doctor for her regular visit just a few days before, and everything was in order. She is not the fragile, complaining type. If she was making noises now, I thought, we'd better find out what was wrong.

I dialled the doctor's number. In a patient, tired voice he said that he thought he had better speak to Marge. She explained her discomfort to him. "Contractions?" he wanted to know.

"No, not contractions," Marge said. "There isn't really any pain. I just feel very hot and the baby feels very heavy."

The doctor said, "Why don't you come over to the hospital and have a check-up?"

Marge told me to get her clothes and a suitcase, which I did. I got my trousers on and gave Marge a hand stepping into her dress because she seemed shaky and uncertain. In a moment she let the dress slip to the floor and fled back to the bathroom. I heard her gasp, and when I flung the door open she was propping herself up against the washstand and there were tears in her eyes.

"It was a pain, Jerry—and I can

feel the baby. I'm so hot all over."

I wanted to lift her up and carry her, but she waved me away and said, "Jerry, ring the doctor again!"

I rang the doctor's number and left a message for him to call me back. Then somehow, in a wild frenzy, waiting for him to ring, I took the cleaner out of the cupboard and vigorously vacuumed the carpet. I'll never know why. Just before the phone rang, Marge called from the bedroom, "It's too late."

Then the doctor was on the phone, telling me to send for an ambulance to get her to the hospital. I did as he said. Then I ran to the bedroom.

Marge was lying uncovered on the bed. Our Irish setter was curled up, motionless but whining in sympathy. As I came through the door Marge was tossing and murmuring, "I'm so hot, so hot," and then she stiffened and gasped, "Jerry, the baby's coming!"

I saw him—the top of his head.

I ran to the cupboard, pulled out an armful of towels and spread them under Marge as best I could. Then I ran to the bathroom, damped a flannel and held it to her forehead. "Jerry, say a prayer that the baby will live," she cried.

I was praying—dear God, how I was praying! Marge said, "You'll have to help me, Jerry."

The head came out and then the shoulders, and the cord was wrapped round one shoulder. I pushed the cord aside without thinking,

*jal
tarang...*

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just feeling that it was in the way and might strangle him. I was pleading, "What should I do? What should I do?" and spreading more towels--and suddenly the baby was there.

His face was up. His ears were folded forward, two flaps against his head. His eyes were closed and he had no eyebrows or eyelashes. He was bluish white and covered with sticky fluid, and he lay deathly still on the towel. I had a moment of sickening fear and panic. And then I lifted the baby in my right hand and held him upside down. He opened his mouth and cried and moved his arms, and I knew I was crying too.

Marge could see, as I held him up, that it was a boy. But we had known all along that it would be.

I laid the baby down and vaguely thought: there are things I must do. But I was paralysed with fascination. The baby was so small and he had no fingernails or toenails—just the slightest rim and indentation where they would be. One of his ears had unfolded and I gently turned the other one back. His head was perfectly formed. He was my son and he was beautiful. I think I would have just knelt there absorbing this wonder if Marge, urgent and insistent, had not brought me back to my senses.

"Wipe his face, Jerry," she said.

I could not take my eyes off him, but I shuffled towards the chest of drawers and managed to pull some

tissues from the top drawer. Marge said, "No! Take the gloves." I found them—a pair of long white cotton gloves. With Marge giving directions, I turned one glove inside out and wiped out the baby's mouth and his nose and his eyes.

Then I thought about the cord. I didn't know whether I had much time--whether I could wait or must tie it quickly. I took the laces out of my shoes and laid them on the bed, then looked round for scissors. There must be a dozen pairs of scissors in our house but I could only find one—the pinking shears.

Back at the bedside, I looked at the baby and at the shoelaces and at the pinking shears in my hand, and I couldn't bring myself to do anything, although Marge was encouraging me.

At this point the doorbell rang. It was the ambulance, two men in uniform. In their first-aid kit was a pair of clamps that looked like candle snuffers. The older man clamped the cord in two places and with fine, old-fashioned courtesy handed me a splendid pair of straight scissors with which to cut the cord. I found a fresh towel and wrapped the baby in it.

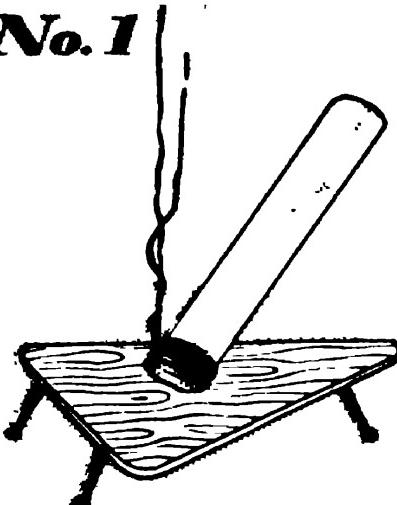
Both the men offered to take him, but I said, "No!" and Marge turned her head to look at me and smiled—her first smile since she had come down to put the coffee on just an hour before.

The men lifted Marge on to a stretcher and carried her out to the

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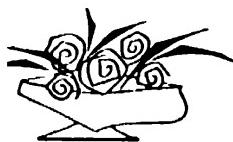
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ambulance. As far as I was concerned, sitting in the ambulance with the baby kicking and wriggling in my arms, the emergency was over.

At ten minutes past seven that morning Marge was sitting up in a hospital bed eating cereal and poached eggs; the baby was in an incubator and the doctor had pronounced them both fine. At long

last I was where a father belongs—in a hospital corridor with all the doors closed against me. Only later would the thought of all the unknown dangers, the mistakes I could have made or perhaps did make, hit me and make me break out in a sweat. At that moment I was living on elation. I had actually delivered our own baby, and I was the proudest man in the world!



Expertise

STATISTICS indicate that we have about all the experts we need. But there is a serious shortage of *inverts*.

An *invert*, unlike an expert, hasn't been tamed and trained and taught how it must be done. Thomas Edison once hired an expert, a graduate of the best engineering school. The first job Edison gave him was to determine the cubic contents of a light bulb. The expert measured the bulb wherever he thought it needed measuring, then sat down with his slide rule, his education and a batch of pencils. Hours later he came to Edison with his proud result.

The inventor looked at the figures and shook his head. "You're at least ten per cent off," he said. He then knocked a tiny hole in the end of the bulb, filled it with water, poured the water into a measuring flask and in two minutes had an exact measurement of the bulb's cubic contents. The expert was ten per cent out.

John Dunlop, a Scottish veterinary surgeon, was an *invert*. His son complained that the hard-rubber tyres on his bicycle gave him an awful jolting. Dad said he could probably fix that. He nailed some canvas on a wooden wheel to cover a flexible rubber tube, which he then inflated with a hand pump—and had a pneumatic tyre. The experts wrote lengthy articles explaining why the pneumatic tyre wouldn't work. Then another *invert* who didn't know any better put the things on his bicycle and beat the world champion in a race.

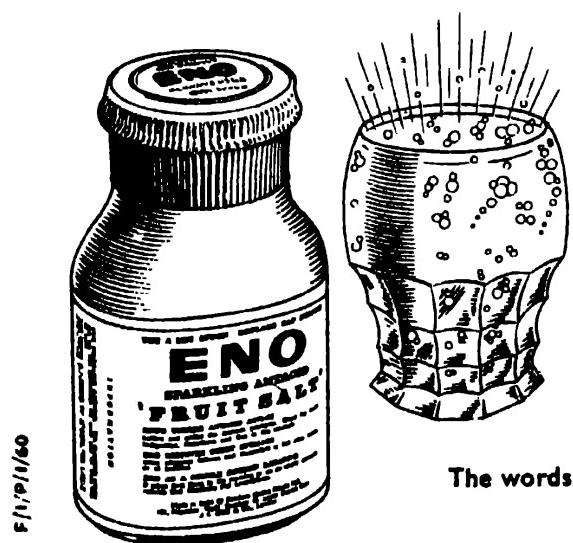
One serious fact about *inverts* is the difficulty of turning them out in large quantities. It's easy to train an expert, but an *invert* just sort of grows.

—Neil Clark

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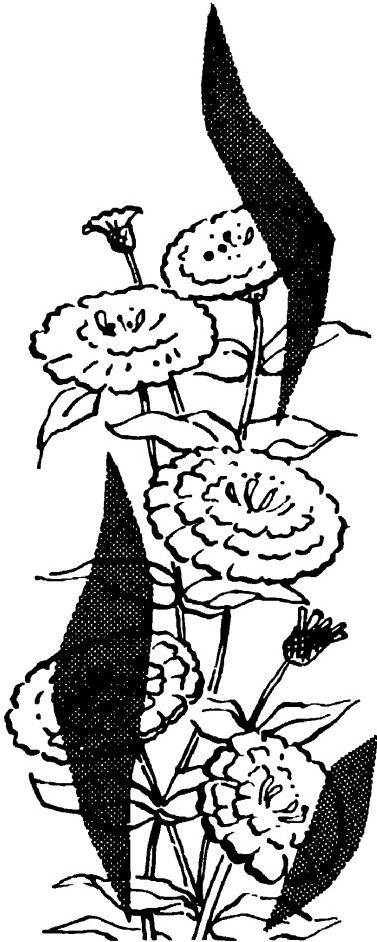
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LIFE'S LIKE THAT

THE AIRPORT was jammed with Friday-afternoon traffic, plus approximately 5,000 Catholic nuns who were leaving the city after a conference. One of the airlines announced the departure of a flight. The ticket agent, observing the long queue, realized there were too many passengers for the plane. "How many of the passengers are confirmed?" he asked. He realized his mistake when every nun raised her hand.

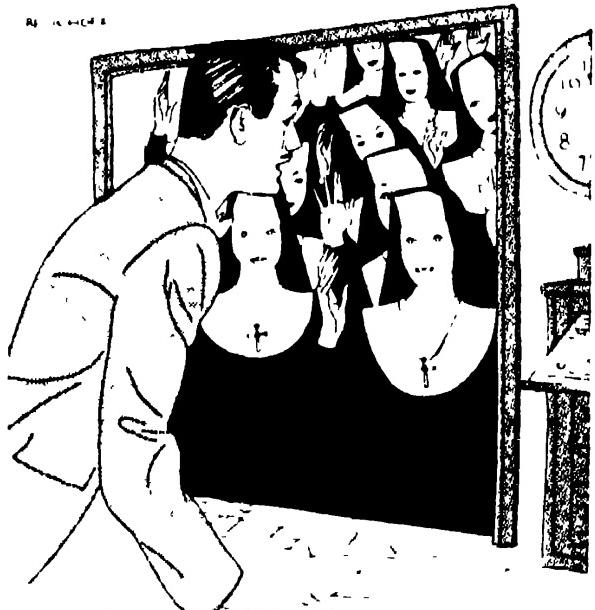
—R. W. Clay

THE LADY drove through the red lights and was motioned to the kerb by a policeman on the corner. Finding no place to pull up, she drove on to the next corner and made a U-turn to come back. A second policeman, seeing this illegal manoeuvre, waved her down. As she drove past him she called out, "Please wait your turn! There's one ahead of you down the street."

—F. A. Applegate

I WAS at home with flu last week when a removal van pulled up in front of the vacant house across the street and started unloading. My wife sat down by the window and watched, and from the slight agitation of the curtains at other windows I knew that our neighbours were watching too.

After about an hour, I heard my wife say, "Oh, look, the man is taking



a great big piece of white cardboard out of the van. I wonder what it is."

I wandered over to the window just in time to see the man solemnly hold up a sign reading: THAT'S ALL, LADIES.

—K. L. R.

I SHRANK down in my chair when a truck pulled up at the café and the driver got out and came in. He was the man I had unintentionally cut ir. on several miles back up the road. Fortunately, he took a seat at the far end of the counter, apparently not recognizing me. After he had finished his coffee and left, I asked for my bill. The waitress said the truck driver had paid my bill and also left me a note.

My face burned as I read the words on a paper napkin: "Please give me a ten-minute start." —E. H. Wagner

IN THE works canteen I overheard an office girl telling her friend about the awful cold she was getting and how miserable she felt.

"Why didn't you ask your boss to let you go home?" the other asked.

"I did," she snapped. "All he said was, 'Don't be alarmed, Miss Stratten. Anybody who doesn't feel ill in this weather just isn't healthy.'" —L. S.

AN EXPENSIVE car speeding down the main street of a small town was soon overtaken by a young motor-cycle policeman. As he started to book the woman behind the wheel for speeding, she said haughtily, "Before you go any further, young man, I think you should know that the mayor of this town is a good friend of mine."

The policeman didn't say a word, but kept writing. "I'm also a friend of the chief constable," continued the woman, getting more indignant each moment. Still he kept on writing. "Young man," she persisted, "I know one of your magistrates and the M.P."

Closing his notebook, the policeman asked pleasantly, "Tell me, do you know Bill Bronson?"

"Why, no," she admitted.

"Well, that's the fellow you should have known," he said, going back to his motor-cycle. "I'm Bill Bronson."

—Frank Graham

WHEN I answered the telephone at our hotel, a female voice said that she would like to make a reservation for Saturday night, the 12th of November. I asked if she would like a double or twin beds and was told that a double would be fine. Then I asked who was calling.

Quickly the answer came back,

"This is Miss Watson speaking—but when I get there on Saturday night, I'll be Mrs. Claypool." —J. C. McClure

WE WERE distressed to learn that our friendly general store was changing hands. The courtesy and ability of Boyle, the man who owned it, had made him beloved by all. Tired of the cold winters, he was moving south and had sold out to Crosby, a man who had been in the Merchant Navy for 30 years.

A few months later I walked into the store and there was Boyle behind the counter. After a joyful reunion I wanted to know why he wasn't still in the south.

"Didn't like it," he said. "Missed the people dropping in the store. I wrote to Crosby and bought it back."

"Where's Crosby?" I asked.

Boyle chuckled. "He's just signed up in the Merchant Navy—for the longest voyage he could find."

—H. E. W.

DAD DROVE my sister and her two-year-old to the station to catch a train for home. They arrived late, couldn't find a porter and learned that the lift wasn't working. Telling my father to "stay right there" with the luggage and paraphernalia, my sister dashed upstairs with the baby. A little while later she returned, unhurriedly, with a porter. My father was in an awful panic. "Don't worry, Dad," she said reassuringly. "The train won't go without me."

"How do you know?" he snorted doubtfully.

"Because," she said, giving him a farewell kiss, "I left the baby with the guard." —Joseph Archbald



Shimabuku, the Village That Lives by the Bible

BY CLARENCE HALL

IT WAS early in 1945 when, as a war correspondent in Okinawa, I first came upon Shimabuku, the strangest and most inspiring community I have ever seen. Huddled beneath its groves of banyan and twisted pine trees, this remote village of some 1,000 people was in the path of the American advance, and so received a severe shelling.

But when an advance patrol

By basing its life—and its law—squarely on Christian precepts this tiny Okinawan community has triumphantly survived not only the ravages of war but the distractions of “progress”

swept up to the village compound, the troops stopped dead in their tracks. Barring their way were two little old men; they bowed low and

began to speak. The battle-hardened sergeant, wary of enemy tricks, held up his hand and summoned an interpreter.

The interpreter shook his head. "I don't get it. Seems we're being welcomed—as 'fellow Christians.' One says he's the mayor of the village, the other's the schoolmaster. That's a Bible the older one has in his hand. They seem to be asking for just one thing: a picture of Jesus."

The sergeant spat reflectively on the ground, then grunted, "Better call the chaplain."

The chaplain came, and with him a brace of correspondents. Guided by the two old men—Mojun Nakamura the mayor and Shosei Kina the schoolmaster—we cautiously toured the compound. We had seen other Okinawan villages, uniformly down-at-heel and despairing; by contrast, this one shone like a diamond in a dung heap. Everywhere we were greeted by smiles and dignified bows. Proudly the two old men showed us their spotless homes, their terraced fields, fertile and neat, their storehouses and granaries, and their prized sugar mill.

Gravely the old men talked on, and the interpreter said, "They've only met one American before, long ago. Because he was a Christian, they assume we are too--though they can't quite understand why we came in shooting."

Piecemeal, the incredible story came out. Thirty years before, an

American missionary on his way to Japan had paused at Shimabuku. He had stayed only long enough to make two converts (these same two men), teach them a couple of hymns, leave them a Japanese translation of the Bible and exhort them to live by it. They had had no contact with any Christian since. Yet during those 30 years, guided by the Bible, they had managed to create a Christian democracy at its purest.

How had it happened? Picking their way through the Bible, the two converts had found not only an inspiring Person on whom to pattern a life, but sound precepts on which to base their society. They had adopted the Ten Commandments as Shimabuku's legal code; the Sermon on the Mount as their guide to social conduct. In Kina's school the Bible was the chief literature; it was read daily by all students, and important passages were memorized. In Nakamura's village government, the precepts of the Bible were law.

Nurtured on this Book, a whole generation of Shimabukans had drawn from it their ideas of human dignity and of the rights and responsibilities of citizenship. The result was plain to see. Shimabuku for years had had no jail, no brothel, no drunkenness, no divorce; there was a high level of health and happiness.

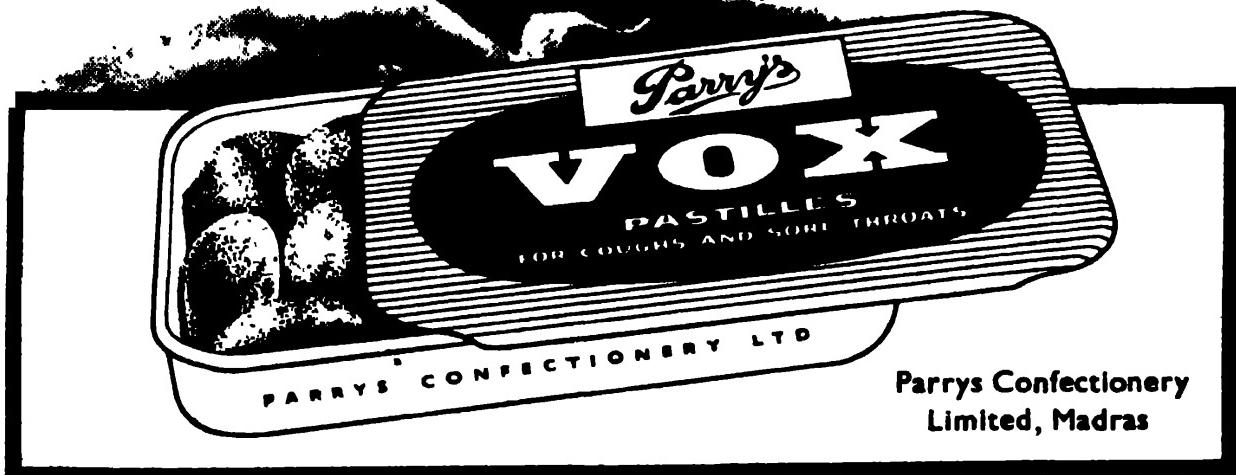
Next day, the tide of battle swept us on. But a few days later, during a lull, I requisitioned a jeep and a

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Japanese-speaking driver and went back to Shimabuku. Along the winding roads outside the village moved huge truck convoys and endless lines of troops; behind them lumbered armoured tanks and heavy artillery. But inside, Shimabuku was an oasis of serenity.

Once again I strolled through the quiet village streets, soaking up Shimabuku's calm. There was a sound of singing. We followed it and came to Nakamura's house, where a curious religious service was under way. Having no knowledge of church proceedings, the Shimabukans had developed their own. There was much Bible reading by Kina, repeated in sing-song fashion by the worshippers. Then came hymn-singing. The tunes of the two hymns the missionary had taught—"Fairest Lord Jesus" and "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name"—had naturally suffered some changes, but they were recognizable. Swept up in the hearty spirit of "All Hail the Power," we joined in.

After many prayers, voiced spontaneously by people in the crowd, there was a discussion of community problems. With each question, Kina turned quickly to some Bible passage to find the answer. The book's imitation-leather cover was cracked and worn, its pages stained and dog-eared from 30 years' constant use. Kina held it with the reverent care one would use in handling the original Magna Carta.

The service over, we waited as the crowd moved out, and my driver whispered hoarsely, "So this is what comes out of only a Bible and a couple of old men who wanted to live like Jesus!" Then, with a glance at a shell-hole, he murmured, "Maybe we're using the wrong kind of weapons to change the world!"

Time had dimmed the Shimabukans' memory of the missionary; neither Kina nor Nakamura could recall his name. They did remember his parting statement. As expressed by Nakamura, it was: "Study this Book well. It will give you strong faith. And when faith is strong, everything is strong."

Now, in 1945, explosive changes lay ahead, and Shimabuku would need strong faith indeed. A few days after I left the village, thousands of refugees poured in, swelling the little hamlet to ten times its normal population.

At first the villagers were stunned by the enormous influx; but they rose to the challenge when Nakamura looked up the appropriate Biblical passage and repeated it to them: "*I was a stranger and ye took me in.*"

A few weeks later an even more severe shock came: the U.S. high command, needing a staging area for the invasion of Japan, ordered Shimabuku to be bulldozed out of existence and its people moved to the arid north. The villagers were taken out by army trucks, with only



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such possessions as they could carry, and not until eight months later were they allowed to return—to find their idyllic little village nothing but rubble.

Patiently, Kina and Nakamura, with the help of sympathetic occupation officials, led the villagers in building the new Shimabuku. During the reconstruction, the Bible passage most read was Nehemiah's moving account of his rebuilding of Jerusalem:

"The God of heaven, He will prosper us; therefore we His servants will arise and build . . ."

RECENTLY, haunted by my wartime memories, I went back to Okinawa to see how it had fared since "civilization," in the form of the American occupation, came up like thunder to engulf it. I found Okinawa unrecognizable. Where once little villages slumbered in isolation, military housing developments now crowd the island's green slopes. Lacing the island are crowded, four-lane roads lined with modern shopping centres, supermarkets and endless miles of army warehouses. Adjacent to the huge air bases and other installations are officers' clubs, cinemas, golf courses, bathing beaches, radio and television stations.

I looked for little Shimabuku, once so remote that strangers seldom came, and I found it surrounded by "progress." Today the tiny village is hedged in on one side

by a multi-lane road buzzing with traffic, and on the other by a plush golf course. From every side modernity's more noisome accompaniments intrude upon it. A few hundred yards down the road is Koza, a big "recreational area" catering for servicemen, blazing with neon lights, crowded with dives, bars and night-clubs.

Yet these influences have not tainted Shimabuku. Physically surrounded, it remains spiritually remote. Its life is still centred on the Bible.

Most important in keeping it so is the lovely little church which the villagers have erected with their own hands. It includes a separate Sunday school building and social hall for young people and has a lively seven-day-a-week programme that makes Christianity the core of Shimabuku's society.

For keeping Shimabuku's rare spirit intact, the village's two grand old men take no credit. As Nakamura told me quietly, "You see, the missionary was right: if faith is strong, everything is strong."

As he spoke, my jeep-driver of 1945 was beside me again in memory. I could hear him whispering his amazement at what had come out of "only a Bible and a couple of old men who wanted to live like Jesus." And somehow his impulsive observation struck me now with fresh cogency: "Maybe we're using the wrong kind of weapons to change the world!"

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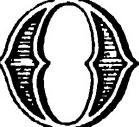
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THE GRAVE ROBBERS

By DAVID FREDERICK McCORD

UR MODERN crook is no up-start without background, but fruit of one of the finest family trees of the underworld, inheritor of a rich tradition. Go back a century and a half, or less, and you will find the strangest of his ancestors—the grave robber, racketeer in human flesh.

The laws in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries did little to provide the corpses needed by medical schools for dissection and study. Only the bodies of a few executed criminals were available, yet the schools were expected to teach young surgeons the skill that can never be learned from books. To supply the illegal demand, the grave robber arose. This bootlegger of bodies was patronized by the medical man as a more than ordinarily necessary evil, but was hated by the masses.

The old graveyard gangs were full of rogues who, now that they are no longer an active nuisance, seem grimly amusing. Ben Crouch—an Al Capone of the racket—was

a powerful, pockmarked thug with a weakness for noticeable clothes and jewellery. In 1817, this foppish plug-ugly developed what had been a sideline. Before the advent of the porcelain denture, the hand-me-down tooth was an article of commerce, and the grave robber the chief source of supply. With Jack Harnett, a junior member of his gang, Crouch followed the armies in Spain and France. After a battle they prowled over the field at night, pulling the teeth of the dead. They made a small fortune apiece.

In Edinburgh there flourished ghouls who were a film-casting director's dream of the type: Merrylees, Spune and Mowatt. Their fame endures because Merrylees cherished the project of selling his sister's body when she died. But, at the time of this bereavement, he was at odds with Spune and Mowatt over ten shillings and they tried to possess themselves of the remains first. Merrylees, however, was too much for them. Cannily he waited until they had his sister out

of her grave, then drove them off with a lively impersonation of a ghost, sheet-draped and howling. Later, in the same way, he scared them out of their cart, appropriated it, and in the dawn drove triumphantly up to the door of his surgical patrons with his wares.

Professional grave robbers encountered amateur competition. Some medical students, who balked at paying bootleg prices, did their own body snatching. When they had a body out of the ground they would strip off its shroud and dress it in a suit brought for the purpose. Two of them would then prop it up between them, crooking its stiff arms about their necks, and walk it off as if they were helping drunken friend.

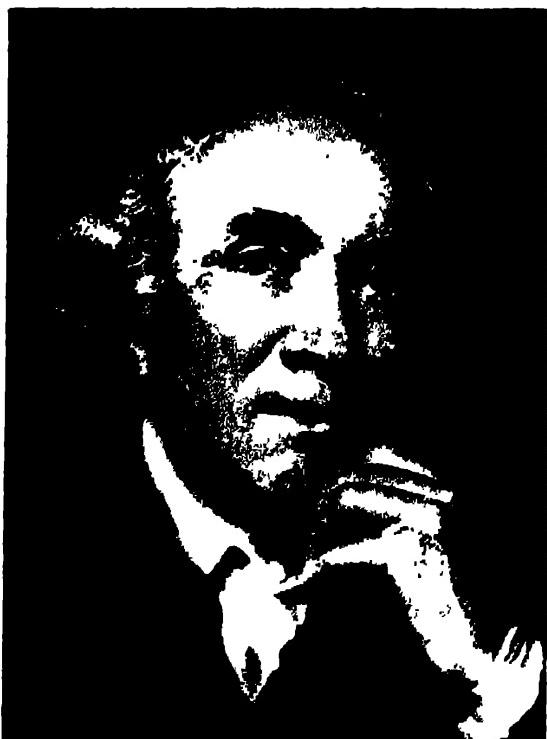
Even established surgeons sometimes gave active aid. There were deformed people, giants and dwarfs, whose peculiarities had to be studied if they were to be understood and, perhaps, prevented or cured in others. Their bodies after death were coveted by science; and some leading scientists were equal

to all manner of cozenage and brigandage to get hold of them.

A celebrated freak of the 1780's was Charles Byrne, the Irish Giant. One of the greatest surgeons of the time, John Hunter of London, wanted to dissect him. Byrne knew how important an anatomy he had; but he was a simple soul, uninterested in, even averse to, the advancement of science. He died in 1783, happily confident that, by arranging for burial at sea in a lead coffin, he had thwarted the surgeons. He left money for guards to watch over him until the funeral. But Hunter raised more — £500 — to bribe them. At the dead of night, the huge

cadaver was carried from the house and propped on the seat of a coach, with Hunter and his servant on either side to steady its stiff lurching. The coach rattled away, carrying poor Byrne to the very fate he had dreaded, and today his skeleton is in the Royal College of Surgeons in London, a monument to Hunter's scholarly banditry.

An amateur even more famous was Robert Liston, of Edinburgh,



John Hunter

hero of some of the best adventures of the period. He was fascinated by grave robbery, and dabbled in it from his student days onwards. His audacity and resourcefulness made him the idol of dozens of embryonic surgeons who imitated him.

A boy whose enormously enlarged head was of considerable scientific interest died and was buried near the Firth of Forth. Several surgeons tried openly to buy the body. Almost the entire body-snatching profession of England and Scotland appeared on the scene. But the villagers posted impressive and faithful guards each night. More adroit than the rest, Liston joined forces with Ben Crouch. Representing themselves as travellers, the pair drove casually into the village late one afternoon. They paused to chat to the innkeeper, then slipped into the churchyard at

dusk, just before the guards went on duty, and carried off the body under the combined noses of the villagers and their professional rivals, who, slaves to their night-time habit, had been active only when precautions were greatest.

As the public's terror of the body snatcher grew, he introduced an ultimate note of frightfulness—and efficiency—into his methods. In Edinburgh the enterprising Burke and Hare lured victims to their lodgings, smothered them (which left no marks of violence), and sold the bodies.

At last public indignation boiled over and in 1832 laws—long desired by the surgeons—were passed, legalizing possession of corpses for scientific purposes, and providing means of buying them openly. Thus one of history's most horrible rackets came to an end.



Child's Garden of Christmas

A FEW days before Christmas, I walked into the room where my small son was playing, just in time to hear him singing: "Ho-ly infant so tender-foot, ride . . ."

—Contributed by Tom Ham

WHILE the art class was setting up a Christmas scene in the school hall, one of the boys asked uncertainly, "Where shall I put the three wise guys?"

—James Corson

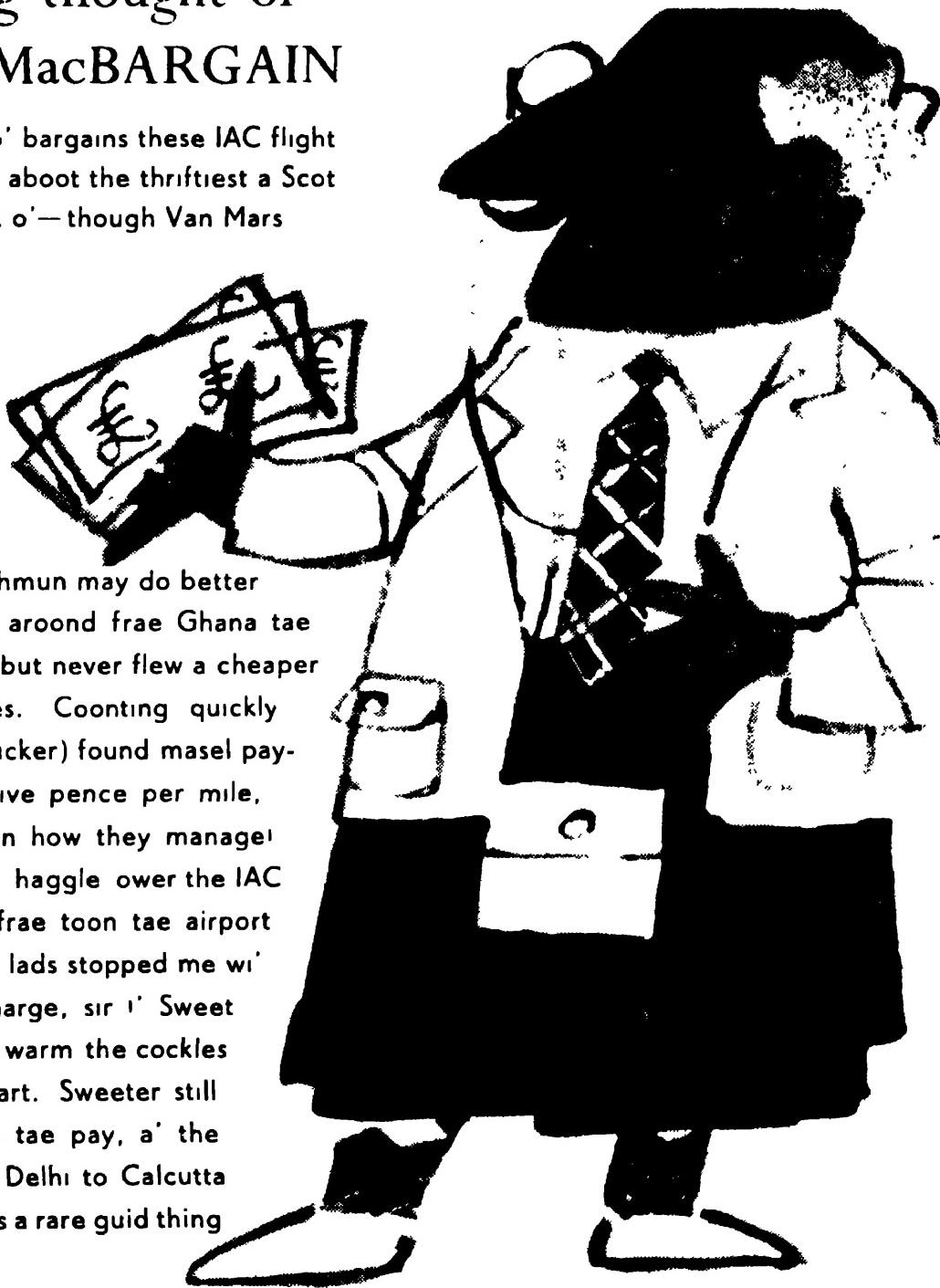
AFTER the Sunday School class had sung "Silent Night" and been told the Christmas story, the teacher suggested that her pupils should draw the Nativity scene. A little boy finished first. The teacher praised his drawing of the manger, of Joseph, of Mary and the infant. But she was puzzled by a roly-poly figure off to one side and asked who it was.

"Oh," explained the youngster, "that's Round John Virgin." —John Bills

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IT WAS Sir Winston Churchill's standing order that when he returned by train from a trip his dog Rufus should be brought to the station to meet him. Rufus was to be let off his lead to dash to his master and be the first to greet him.

One day I happened to be standing close by. Rufus ignored his master and came leaping all over me instead. Of course Sir Winston loved Rufus too much to blame him. Instead, he turned to me with a hurt look and said quietly, "In the future, Norman, I would prefer you to stay in the train until I've said hello."

—Norman McGowan, *My Years With Churchill*
(Souvenir Press, London)

WHEN visiting London, Mark Twain used to play billiards with Captain Mayne Reid, the novelist.

It was Reid's infuriating habit to chalk his cue, poise it, sight the ball very deliberately—and then rise up and ask Mark's opinion of some scene in *The Boy Hunters on the Mississippi*, or some other masterpiece by Reid. This he would do a dozen times a game.

"I don't *dislike* the old man," Mark said later, describing the experience,

"but I didn't do my duty by him. I should have taken him out in the back yard and killed him." —Robert Barr

LORD HOME, Britain's Foreign Secretary, was ill for many months during the war with tuberculosis of the spine. After one operation he lay encased in plaster for two years.

When he returned to politics he said that his operations had marked "the first time anyone has performed the impossible task of putting a backbone into a politician." —N.Y.T.

SOME YEARS ago, on a rush errand in the university library, I tore round a corner and bumped into a little old man, knocking him completely off his feet. I, a well-built five-foot-eight, hastily picked him up and with a quick apology was about to rush on my way when he stopped me, saying, "Now just a minute, young lady." With that he introduced himself and said he wanted to know the name of the charming young lady who could both sweep a man off his feet and help him to recover from it, all in a moment.

I had knocked over Albert Einstein.
—Contributed by Katharine Whitman

HOLLYWOOD tycoon Louis B. Mayer played golf occasionally—but not as other people play it. Mayer played golf with five balls going at a time and three or four caddies out locating the balls or trailing along with his clubs.

He saw no point in playing with just one ball. If you were going to take all that time and do all that walking you might as well make it worth-while.

—B. C. H.

A MAN WE know was invited to join U.S. Supreme Court Justice William Douglas on one of his travel expeditions. The justice, a veteran mountain climber, said he and Mrs. Douglas would go first to Nepal, where they would take a jeep. Soon they would transfer to horseback. After a while the going would be on foot. It would be a great experience, and if Mrs. Douglas could manage it our friend surely could, too.

"Me! All that walking?" exclaimed our man, who hadn't covered more than a city street on foot for years.

"Well, look," Douglas argued, pointing to a map. "The walking part is no farther than from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean!" —D.A.C.

A MOTHER took her children to the airport to see Eleanor Roosevelt arrive. Before the plane came in the mother gave them a thorough briefing on just who Mrs. Roosevelt is, and concluded, "She's a *very* great lady."

As the visitor disembarked, one of the children, a little girl, slipped away from her mother and trotted alongside Mrs. Roosevelt to the terminal, looking up at her face with interest. Returning to her mother, she remarked thoughtfully, "You know, I don't think she knows she's a great lady." —P. T.

LAST MAY, in a flat he was visiting for the first time, blind humorist James Thurber found that his chair was on fire. He called out, but his wife and their hostess were in other rooms, and before they could reach him, fast-billowing smoke and blazing curtains blocked their way. Meanwhile, Thurber had felt his way into a bathroom and quick-wittedly closed the door,

jammed a bath mat under it, opened the window and clapped a wet handkerchief over his face. Firemen arrived promptly and led him to safety.

Questioned about the experience, Thurber was in no mood for civil answers. Asked how blind he is, he replied, "Totally . . . and I'm awfully fed up with questions about it."

What kept him from panicking?

"If I didn't panic when I found out I was a human being, I'm never going to."

—Newsweek

THE GREAT Confederate general, Nathan Forrest, was well known for his lack of command of the English language, but his orders were none the less well understood and memorable. One day he was approaching an outpost when a messenger rode up with a dispatch which read: "I'm facing superior force in my front, on my right and my left flank. What shall I do?"

Forrest, who was near a sawmill, picked up a piece of wood, wrote one word on it and sent it back. That one word was "FITEM." —Louis Brownlow

REAR-ADMIRAL William Raborn, head of the U.S. Navy's successful Polaris project, gave the people he recruited for the project—and their families—a patriotic pep talk on the importance of their mission. Whenever anyone seemed to be slacking on the job, he was hauled before the admiral for "re-dedicating."

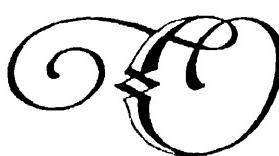
Remembering one of those emotional sessions, an officer says, "When I walked out, I knew I was ready to die for someone, but I didn't know—or remember—whether it was the admiral, the President, my mother, the head of the Boy Scouts, or who. But was I ready to die!" —Time



Success Story of "Little Women"

*Louisa May Alcott's dream
was to give her beloved family security and comfort,
but she gave them immortality as well*

By DONALD AND LOUISE PEATTIE



NE OF the world's most popular writers for girls wished all her life that she had been a boy. And Louisa May Alcott was called upon to play the part of a man. For her father, Bronson Alcott, was content to be, in his own words, "as poor as poverty and serene as heaven." It was

his second daughter who shouldered the burden of supporting the family. All her life she was a giver and a fighter, living for others.

Her first highly successful book, *Little Women*, not only made the Alcotts' fortune, but is still, almost a century after it was first published, one of the most popular girls' books ever written. Yet its author began

it with great misgivings; the idea of writing a book for girls was her publisher's. But once begun, the book all but wrote itself, for she was retelling the story of her own family—of herself, her three sisters and her devoted mother, known to the family as "Marmee"; only her father is changed—from a dreamy philosopher to an American Civil War chaplain. Meg of *Little Women* is her elder sister, Anna; Jo is herself, tall and brown and blunt, with rich long hair and grey eyes; Beth, the younger sister who dies, is Lizzie, who also died when young; and finally there is pretty little Amy, patterned after the artistic youngest Alcott girl, May.

How alive these characters still are to the American public was shown in 1958 when song writer Richard Adler produced a lavish television musical version of *Little Women*, in which Beth did not die. A shower of protesting letters rained upon producer, sponsor and the sponsor's advertising agency. Adler was attacked with such epithets as "butcher" and "mutilator." "Over at the agency," reported the *New York Times*, "there were memos, conferences and even something of a survey, which purportedly showed that 98 per cent of America remembers that Beth died." As the agency decreed: "When you tamper with people's childhood memories, you're in trouble."

This was only the latest in a long

list of television, stage and film versions of Louisa Alcott's classic. The fortune that has rolled into the pockets of those who have produced such versions are a biting contrast to the humiliating poverty of the author's young days.

The plight of the Alcotts was due to the ideas of Papa Alcott concerning "plain living and high thinking." He practised not only temperance but also vegetarianism. To slaughter animals for food, he maintained, was a barbarian practice, and no Alcott was allowed meat. It was said that he would eat only "aspiring" vegetables—those that grow upward rather than burrow into the earth. Often the family sat down to a dinner of no more than bread or porridge and apples.

Louisa was born in 1832 in Germantown, Pennsylvania, where her father kept a school; but in two years he moved on to Boston to teach. His ideas were a century ahead of the times. He not only taught the youngsters a gentle truth finer than the stork story, but even admitted a Negro girl to his classes. Little Louisa was eight when the last of his grumbling supporters withdrew, and the Alcotts moved to the old village of Concord, 20 miles from Boston.

When she was ten her father invited a lot of schemer-dreamers, even more fantastic than himself, to found a Utopian community with him. At this idealistic settlement, called Fruitlands, where everybody



"See what I started"

These human beings, I tell you, are strange creatures ; at least they are here in Assam. As you know, one day far back in 1889, I walked straight into the forest and stuck my foot into that sticky fluid—Oil. Nobody seems to credit me with the "discovery".



I remember the first oil well in Digboi was drilled in a clearing in the dense jungle. It was such a black spot that people were afraid

to go there (I did not mind at all !).

In the 1880s there were virtually no inhabitants for miles around, the heavy smell of oil making it too unpleasant to settle in the area. But today, Digboi is one of the best towns in Assam.



In the early days the people who worked in the area were given a daily dose of quinine to keep away that terrible disease—Malaria. (No quinine for me, even in those days—I'm tough !). Today, things have changed for these human

beings : Malaria carrying mosquitoes have ceased to exist in the Digboi area due to control measures.

Wherever these oilmen go they have a habit of changing the face of the place. They push back the jungle, make or improve roads and bridges, all to aid "communications" they say. (I don't like them, they give me sore feet—nothing like the jungle !)

Anyway, I have been seeing them around here for over 70 years now, since I first stepped into that pool of oil. I have been hearing the words "Assam Oil Company", "Oil Exploration know-how", "Accumulated experience", etc. ... These words all seem to go together.

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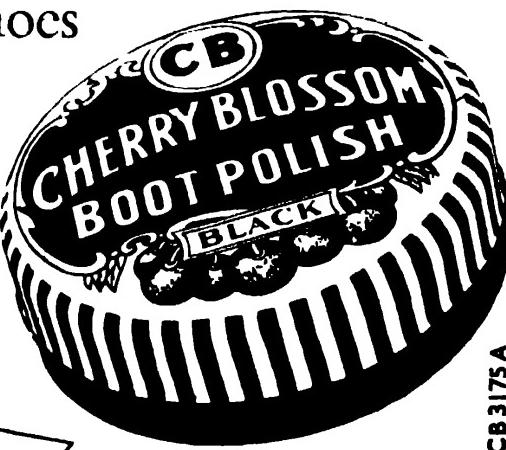
Well-groomed man— by the shine on his shoes

This man realises the importance of being well-groomed—down to the tips of his shining shoes. The shine comes from Cherry Blossom, the polish that gives a sparkling shine—easily, quickly.

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pooled his lack of money, the fields were to remain uncontaminated by manure, and no animal was to be required to labour in the service of man. When a visitor asked whether there were any beasts of burden on the place, Mrs. Alcott's grim answer was, "Only one woman."

Back in Concord after this misadventure in communal living, Louisa first began to show her literary powers, scribbling blood-and-thunder melodramas to be acted at home. Her first little book, *Flower Fables*, written at 16, was the outcome of her woodland walks with

a Concord neighbour, Henry Thoreau. The homely, blue-eyed hermit had time and patience enough for children; he showed Louisa and her companions the beauties of nature, and all her days she remembered the notes of his flute floating over the waters of Walden Pond.

Presently the Alcotts moved to Boston, where Mrs. Alcott undertook dismal charity work, and "Louy" and her sister Nan became school-teachers. After school, Louisa worked as a second maid, doing the laundry for two dollars a week. She also took the manuscript of

Orchard House, where Louisa May Alcott wrote "Little Women"



Flower Fables to a publisher, only to be told, "Stick to your teaching, Miss Alcott. You can't write."

If a sharper spur were needed, this was it. She retired to the garret and began to pour out a steady stream of high-flown tales. They sold, if only for five or ten dollars to begin with, and thus Louisa had already become a prop to her financially tottering family when the Civil War broke out.

The Alcotts heard its drums in Concord, where they had retired to Orchard House (which stands today as an Alcott museum). Louisa, wishing ardently that she were a young man who could shoulder arms, volunteered as a nurse and was summoned to a hospital near Washington.

She found it a decaying hovel, formerly a poor hotel, and now damp and fetid with the odour of gangrene.

The wounded from the Battle of Fredericksburg arrived in a ghastly flood. Louisa, untrained but unsparing of herself, tried to be all things to the poor fellows in her care. In moments snatched from helping them either to live or to die, she would write letters for them or read to them from her beloved Dickens. The work grew heavier when the matron fell gravely ill. Louisa's step dragged; she was never warm, and she coughed constantly. Her fever mounted. Pneumonia? Typhoid? Delirious, she could not leave her bed now and did not know, when

the anxious face of her father bent over her, whether he was real or a dream.

Somehow he got her home, as much a casualty of the war as any man with a bullet in him. For a long time she lay ill. But where unresisting little sister Lizzie had slipped over the edge, Louisa fought back to solid ground, and the love of life soon claimed her again.

And living, for Louisa Alcott, meant writing. The blood and thunder now were grimly real, and her voice deepened in the factual book called *Hospital Sketches*. Her experiences had made a soldier of her, and when a Concord company marched home she was at her gate to watch these comrades pass. But they halted just in front of her, and to a man they raised a rousing cheer for Louisa Alcott.

This was but one star-spangled day in a routine of writing and housework. She had paid her family's debts and put money by; but the Concord world was a narrow one, she felt, from which to draw colour and drama for her work.

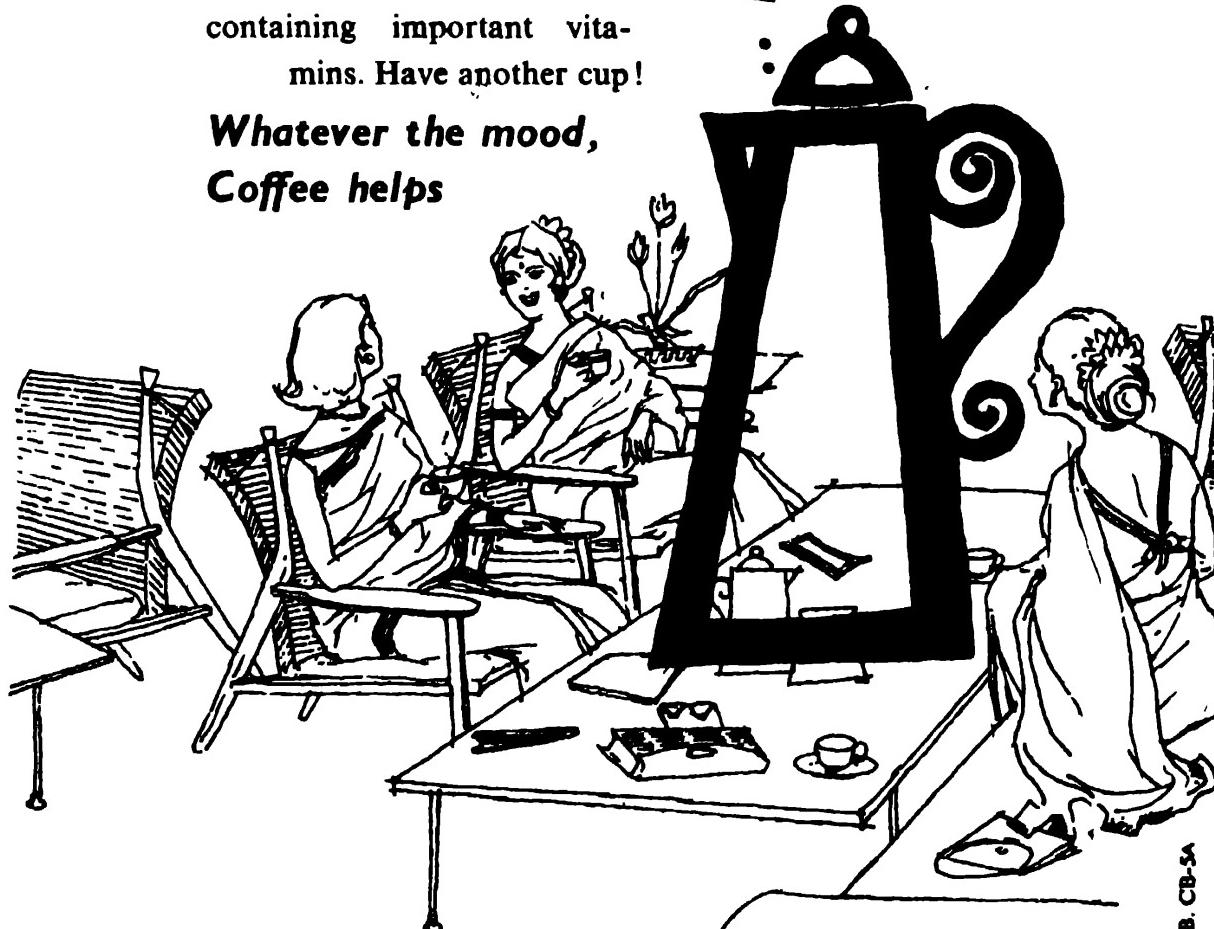
Yet fame and fortune were closer than she knew. One of her publishers suggested to her that she should write a book about girls for girls. Louisa privately thought that she would do better with a book about boys for boys. Her lack of enthusiasm for the project shows in her journal: "September, 1867—Niles, partner of Roberts, asked me to write a girls' book. Said I'd try."

Make the most of it when you're

settling down for a neighbourly chat. Serve coffee. It's always welcome. With good reason. No other drink has that delightful flavour. Never boil coffee—it kills the flavour.* Coffee heightens that pleasant feeling of relaxation. Stimulates conversation. Want it strong and black? With milk and sugar? Iced and creamy? Whichever way you like, it's a healthy drink containing important vitamins. Have another cup!

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She wrapped herself in her old "glory cloak," tied a scarf round her head to keep her hair from getting in her eyes when she got excited, and set to work. As her pen took charge of her, Louisa discovered that the beauty and terror of life are in all things, even the simple and everyday. Though written in the clear air of youth, *Little Women* is not merely a book for juveniles; it is a novel, constructed with masterly craft and honesty. She pictured the American home in all its warmth and freedom, and all the changes in living have not robbed the picture of validity even today.

Printing after printing rolled off the presses. The book crossed the ocean and in translation it swept Europe. From now on Louisa was to sell everything she wrote, and find herself begged for more than she could produce. In her journal she wrote: "My dream is beginning to come true."

That dream had never had herself in it. It had been born in cold and hunger, of the sight of her sisters in cast-off clothes, of her mother's worn face. To make her beloved family secure and comfortable was all that simple dream, and for it she had given up what other women count as the riches of life.

But as a middle-aged spinster she was a figure of triumph. Her fame she took with merriment and modesty. When celebrity hunters reached her doorstep, she would answer the door herself in an apron

to announce primly that Miss Alcott was not at home. But for the eager young she had always time and sympathy. When one young visitor remarked with frank disappointment, "But I thought you'd be beautiful!" nobody laughed more cheerfully than Louisa.

To the end of her days—writing, writing, writing—she unfailingly met the Alcotts' needs—for money, for strength and even for domestic tasks. When "Marmee" died, it was in Louisa's arms. When May, who had married abroad, died, too, it was to Louisa she left her baby girl. Always Louisa found, somehow, the new strength that was needed, though her own health was showing the price that she had paid for her dream come true. To her journal she spoke her tired heart: "Weariness keeps me from working as I once could, 14 hours a day." Still, through grief and illness, only a hopeful buoyancy bubbles up in her work.

But she knew that the last book was written. Bronson Alcott stood now on the threshold of the hereafter with that tranquil radiance that had always been his. In raw March weather, Louisa roused herself to pay him a last visit. And on the day he was carried to his grave, March 6, 1888, she herself was released from the burdens of her life and entered into the blithe immortality granted to one whose books are enduringly full of youth's warmth and laughter.

PEACE ON EARTH?

A distinguished American commentator reports the heartening opinions of the world's wise men on the most important question facing the West today

BY STEWART ALSOP

HOW GREAT is the danger of a third world war? Conversely, what are the chances of a long period of peace—or at least a period without major nuclear war?

This reporter has asked these questions of some of the wisest and most experienced men in London, Paris, Berlin and Washington. And everywhere, astonishingly, the answers have been essentially the same:

"There will be no great world war in the foreseeable future. And the present strange state of not-peace,

not-war may last for generations."

The wisest and most experienced of men can, of course, be very wrong. What is astonishing is their unanimity in the face of all the evidence which, by the standards of any previous epoch in history, would clearly suggest that a great war was not only inevitable but imminent. How is it that they do not believe there is really very much risk of war?

Ask one of the two or three dozen men who make policy for the Western alliance, and you are likely to get some such answer as, "Well, I suppose it's a matter of instinct."

Instinct, mind you, has its uses.

Some ten years ago I spent an unforgettable four or five hours with Winston Churchill at Chartwell, his country place. Stalin was then in his last terrible years of tyranny and, more even than today, every sign pointed to the danger of a third, world war. Churchill, musing on the world scene, acknowledged that this was so, comparing the situation to the late 1930's when Adolf Hitler was whipping the world towards Armageddon.

"And yet," said Churchill thoughtfully, "it is very odd. Then I *knew* there was going to be a great war. Today I do not feel a great war in my bones."

Despite a decade on the brink, the Churchillian feeling in the bones has proved correct, as so often before. With a good many of the West's policy-makers, the feeling that there will be no war is hardly more than a feeling in the bones—and their bones, of course, could prove less reliable than Winston Churchill's. But there are more solid reasons for believing that the third, and perhaps final, world war will not occur in the near future.

In examining these reasons, the place to start is inside the bald, bullet-shaped head of Nikita Khrushchev. One "Kremlinologist" holds that there is a rough parallel between the Soviet leader and the star of a play. Obviously the actor's interpretation of a leading role is vitally important. But it is the author who supplies the actor's

lines. At last May's abortive summit meeting in Paris, President Eisenhower, after listening to Khrushchev's tirade on the U-2, mildly remarked that the Soviets, after all, had done a lot of spying, too. "As God is my witness," Khrushchev cried, holding his podgy hands aloft, "my hands are clean and my heart is pure."

These lines were, in effect, written for him by the doctrine of Marxism-Leninism. For that doctrine teaches that whatever is done to promote the inevitable global triumph of Communism is good. Thus, by his own lights, Khrushchev's hands are clean, despite the fact that Soviet espionage is on the most massive scale known to history. His heart is pure, although he has been personally responsible for the deaths of tens of thousands of people, from Ukraine to Budapest. In Khrushchev's eyes, all that he has done has been done in Communism's noble cause, and is thus noble in itself.

By our standards this is a kind of madness. Khrushchev is ideologically mad, if you will, as Hitler was. But he is not insane in a clinical sense, as Hitler certainly was.

There is another meaningful difference between Khrushchev and Hitler. Whereas Hitler's "thousand-year Reich" had to be won by conquest in Hitler's own lifetime, there is no deadline for the global triumph of Communism. Khrushchev is not in a hurry.

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modern cloth mills, much of the
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are required to produce the fabrics
which clothe our millions. Soon we
shall know abundance in an even
greater measure—the finest textile at a
price all can afford. Soon all this will be ours
as there is a little more steel for each of us.

Towards this end, IISCO is working—for
more steel to help you and you and you
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These two differences between Khrushchev and Hitler were demonstrated dramatically soon after Khrushchev's spine-chilling Paris "Press conference" following the break-up of the summit meeting. There were good reasons for supposing that Khrushchev intended to carry out immediately his threat to sign a separate peace with the East Germans. The best reason is West Berlin itself, which Khrushchev once described as a "cancer in my throat." Anyone who wants to understand why should visit the Marienfelder refugee camp in a dingy suburb of Berlin, where the most recent arrivals from Communist Germany are housed. Some

3,500,000 refugees have come to West Berlin since the war. They flee because they can no longer bear the inhuman atmosphere of Communism.

Of course Berlin is a cancer in Khrushchev's throat; it makes lies of all his boasts. And what is more, the existence of free West Berlin makes it impossible for Khrushchev's German puppets, Ulbricht and Grotewohl, to consolidate fully their Communist regime. Eastern Europe in turn can never be fully consolidated in the Soviet empire until East Germany is stabilized. This is enough to suggest how glittering a prize West Berlin must be to Khrushchev.

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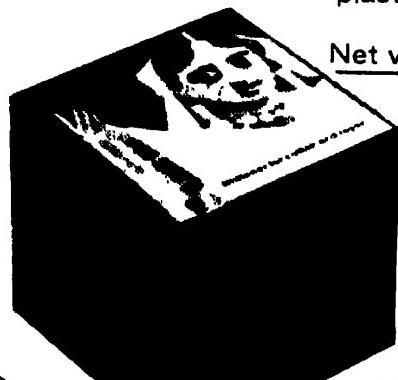
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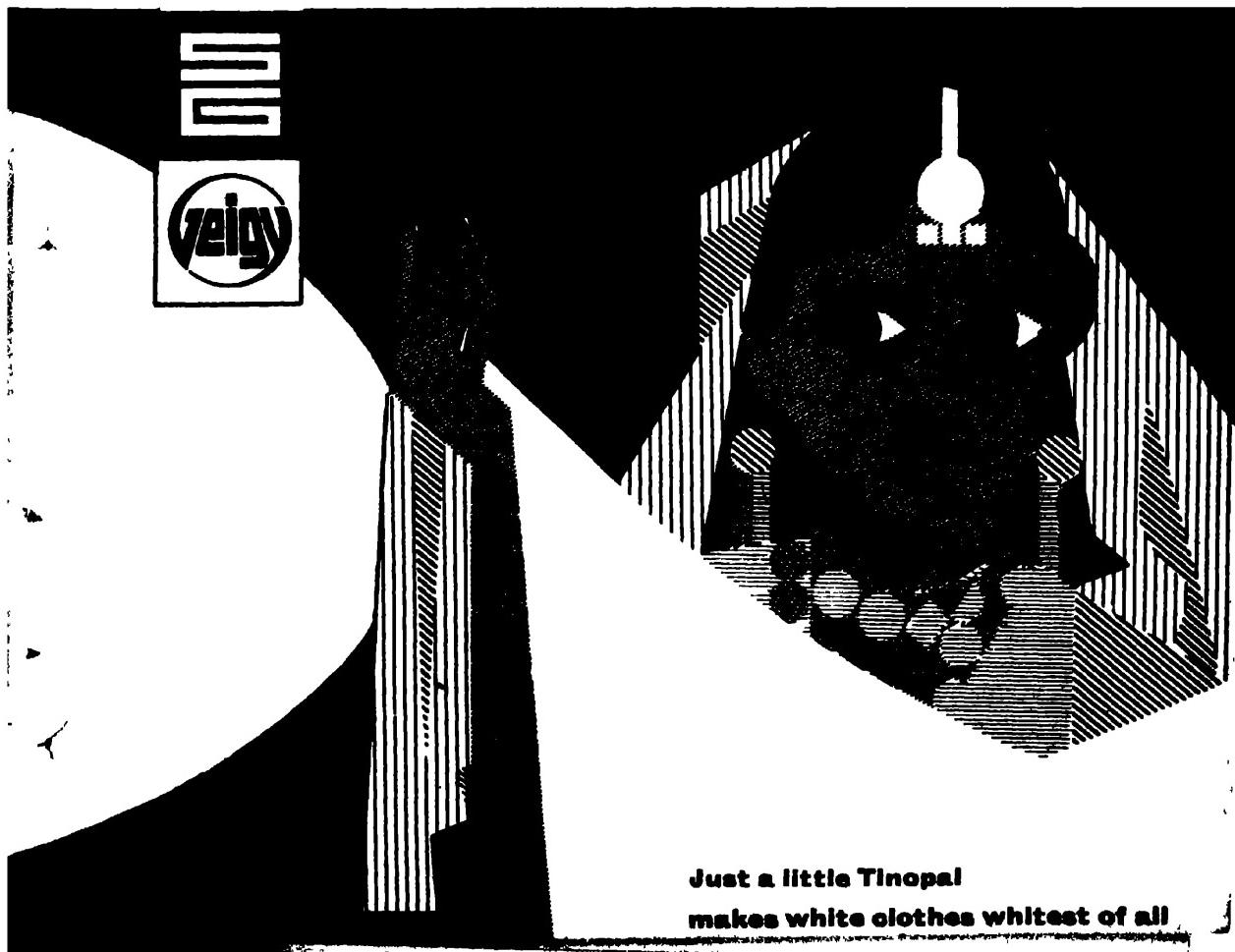
And yet the Khrushchev who visited Berlin turned out to be quite different from the Khrushchev of Paris a few days before. Now he was solemn, serious, soft-spoken, statesmanlike. The Berlin situation, he told a bitterly disappointed audience of East German Communists, should be allowed to "ripen" for at least "six to eight months." Why this new and milder Khrushchev?

In Berlin I got two overlapping answers to that question—one from a British Communist in the Soviet sector, the other from West Berlin's extraordinarily able mayor, Willy Brandt.

The British Communist, who went over to the East Germans some

ten years ago, is remarkably free-spoken for a Communist. He knew there would be no Berlin crisis, he said with a laugh, as soon as he saw the street signs being changed from "For an immediate peace treaty with the German Democratic Republic and a demilitarized West Berlin" to "For total disarmament for all the world." That was the tip-off that the line had changed, said the Englishman. But why had it changed? I asked.

Mr. K. realized, he said, that there was no chance of a deal on Berlin. He had promised to sign a separate peace with East Germany if the summit failed. But he didn't want to risk it, and the U-2 gave



him an excellent reason for not having any summit meeting at all. "So he has just put Berlin on ice."

But how long will it stay on ice? Mayor Brandt is one of those who think Berlin may be on ice indefinitely. What Khrushchev really wants, says Brandt, is a peace treaty with both Germanys, signed by all the great powers. "Then Khrushchev would say to the Poles and the Czechs, 'You must now accept for all time that Moscow is the place you belong to.'" Khrushchev, Brandt believes, is simply trying to use the threat of a separate peace with East Germany as a lever. But suppose the lever doesn't work, and Khrushchev then signs a peace treaty with his East German puppets? "He hands over rights which are not his to people not qualified to accept them. And what does he get? New dangers, perhaps another explosion."

Brandt is convinced that Berlin is a very tough nut for Khrushchev to crack. Theoretically, the East German Communists could strangle Berlin by cutting off access to the West.

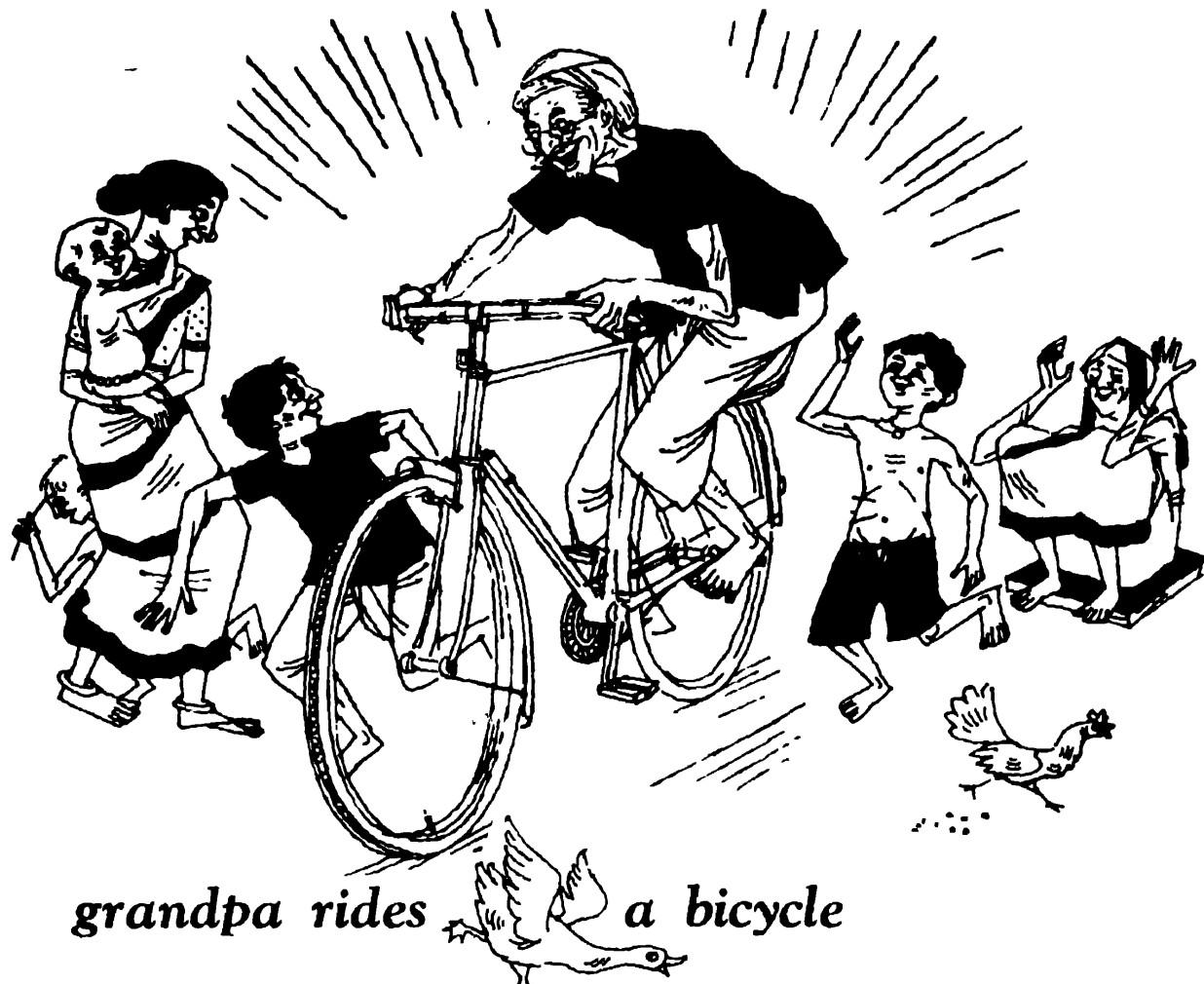
But might not the West start shooting before Berlin is strangled to death? Is Khrushchev, in short, ready to risk war? Western policy-makers answer that Khrushchev does *not* want to take any major risk of nuclear war—not consciously, not by design, not now.

* See "The U-2 Saga," The Reader's Digest, November 1960.

To understand their reasons, consider the famous U-2 flights.* They gave us a picture—quite literally—of Soviet military and industrial dispositions that more conventional espionage methods could never have provided. More important, they made a liar out of the Soviet scientist who once explained to an American colleague in Geneva why the Soviets would win the next war: "We know where your missile bases are, and you don't know where ours are." They thus robbed the Soviets of a strategic advantage which could be decisive.

For the present we do know where the Soviet missile bases are, and above all we know that the Soviet air defences are not invulnerable and that our bombers can get through to the targets recorded on the U-2's supersensitive films. Khrushchev knows this. That is the chief reason he does not want to risk a major war. It was essentially for the same reason that Winston Churchill had that feeling in his bones ten years ago. He told Britain's House of Commons at the time:

"Hopes of a speedy and splendid victory with all its excitement are now superseded by a preliminary stage of measureless agony from which neither side could at present protect itself. Moralists may find it a melancholy thought that peace can find no nobler foundations than mutual terror. But, for my part, I shall be content if these foundations are solid."



grandpa rides a bicycle

Our illustration is symbolic of a new urge that is sweeping our villages—the desire to own a bicycle, perhaps the most ubiquitous means of quick transport. Even grandpa, today, takes cycling in his stride . . .

Sixty years ago, however, it needed more courage to ride a bicycle than to marry! Enthusiastic pioneers formed clubs to popularise cycling, with Dunlop enterprise—which, in 1898, brought the first pneumatic tyres to India—shodding the earliest bicycles.

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That "peace of mutual terror" is the peace we have today. It is quite unlike the genuine peace, based on a genuine world settlement, which the world has fleetingly known, notably in the nineteenth century. Barring a total overturn of the Communist system, we shall never know that sort of peace, nor will our children or our children's children.

You cannot make a genuine world settlement with those whose stated objective is to destroy everything you believe in. The peace of mutual terror is, moreover, a frighteningly fragile peace. It could be broken by miscalculation or by madness.

Yet the fact remains—under the sheltering terror of the nuclear weapons, the fragile peace has somehow remained unbroken for a long time now. The final clash between the hostile *blocs*, which history has taught us to expect, has not occurred. Perhaps, just perhaps, our fragile, frightening peace, which is after all very much better than no peace at all, will last for a long time.

If that "perhaps" is not to explode into the horror of a nuclear world war, certain conditions must clearly be met. Our bombers can get through today. But they, or their missile equivalent, must *always* be able to get through.

Nor is that all. Khrushchev must be genuinely convinced that our nuclear power will, if necessary, be used.

In the opinion of one of the best-informed men in Europe, we were

closer to war a few months before the summit than we have ever been. Khrushchev had concluded, he believes, that we would surrender Berlin rather than risk a nuclear war, and he therefore came within an ace of forcing the Berlin collision. He was only persuaded that the West might fight for Berlin as a result of his meeting with General de Gaulle in Paris last spring.

To this there is a corollary. History has not taken an about-turn. People are fighting one another today on an organized basis, as they have since history was first recorded, and as they will do in the time of our grandchildren's grandchildren. The lesson is clear. We must have what today we largely lack—the means to fight less-than-total wars with less-than-total weapons.

Finally, and perhaps in the long run most important, we must also find the means and the will to give poor countries and poor people a practical alternative to Communism.

Yet surely it is not impossible for these conditions to be met by the Western alliance, the richest and potentially the most powerful concert of nations in history. If they are met, in the judgement of the wise and well-informed men to whom I have talked since the Paris débâcle, it really is not too much to hope that there will be no global nuclear war in our lifetime, and perhaps for very much longer than that. Perhaps there will never be one.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LOST TOOTH

I am Maxillary Molar — Max to my friends and neighbours. And I belong to Mr B. I was meant to last him a lifetime; but here I am at a dentist's — being extracted! And I haven't lived half my age! I don't know whether to laugh or cry. Mr B screams with pain!

I was born when Mr B was eight years old, sixteen years ago. I grew up to be a shining white tooth. Whenever Mr B looked into the mirror, I shone with whiteness, like the rest of my brethren. We were a set of gleaming white teeth. And no wonder. Mr B cleaned us regularly, morning and evening — with a toothpaste, of course.

You probably use a toothpaste yourself. But which toothpaste? That's the point. I've just heard the dentist say to Mr B: 'Most toothpastes clean the teeth well; but that's not enough. A toothpaste must care for the gums, too. Do you know that unhealthy gums are the greatest single cause of tooth losses?'

A little laugh escaped Mr B.

'Gum troubles are no laughing matter, Mr B. They breed toxic matter in the mouth, which cannot but pass into the body. When this happens, stomach troubles and ill-health start.'

'Grruff!'

'Research has shown,' continued the dentist, 'that 9 out of 10 people suffer from gum diseases — without being aware of it! You are one of the nine, Mr B.'

'What can I do about it?' mumbled Mr B.

'Well, this is what I do,' the dentist said, picking up a phial from his shelf. 'We dentists use Sodium Ricinoleate for treating gum troubles.'

'Sodium Ricinoleate?' Mr B said, brightening up. 'That reminds me of Gibbs SR Toothpaste. I've read an advertisement where they say that only Gibbs SR contains Sodium Ricinoleate. What does it do?'

'It strengthens the gums and prevents their bleeding. And it neutralises the toxic action of bacteria in the mouth.'

The dentist's forceps have gripped me firmly — and ohh! there's no last straw left for me. Before I am dropped into the dentist's little bin, let me tell you why I relate my story. I want to help you save your teeth. Let them last you a lifetime, as they are meant to do! Let your own teeth chew your food all your days. Let them add sparkle to your smile all your life.

Down, down I go! (Clink!)

Now started the Gibbs SR habit! Hurray!

Mr B





BOOK OF THE MONTH

One Man and His Dog

from the book by
ANTHONY RICHARDSON

In recognition of his brilliant war record, Antis, the famous Alsatian, was presented with the Dickin Medal—the animals' V.C.—by Lord Wavell. Born on a battlefield, Antis flew on bombing raids in an R.A.F. Wellington, was twice wounded, and saved several lives during the Blitz. Antis was a great hero, but to his Czech master he was much more—as loyal and steadfast a friend as a man ever had

*Condensed from "One Man and His Dog," © 1960 by Anthony Richardson,
and published by Harrap, London.*



Jan Bozdech

The Man and His Dog

THE DEAFENING crash was followed almost at once by a long, grinding roar. The noise was terrifying, and the Alsatian puppy, reacting frantically, struggled to get to his feet. He fell over helplessly, uttering a tremulous cry. He was too weak from starvation to stand up.

The farmhouse which was his home lay in no man's land between the Maginot and Siegfried Lines. A few days earlier—it was now February 12, 1940—great thunderblasts of artillery had toppled its walls, killed his mother and litter mates, and sent the farm family scurrying for safety. The puppy had lain alone in the ruined kitchen ever since, cowering whenever the shelling recurred.

But that last blast had not been gunfire. It was the crash of a low-flying reconnaissance plane, followed

by an explosion of petrol and the roar of flames. A few minutes later two airmen from the French First Bomber - Reconnaissance Group, both lucky to be alive, spotted the ruins of the farmhouse. The pilot, Pierre Duval, had a bullet through his calf; so it was Jan Bozdech, observer-gunner, who strode forward to investigate.

As he stepped inside past the sagging kitchen door, revolver in hand, Jan heard the sound of quick, excited breathing.

"Put up your hands and come out," he ordered, covering a suspicious-looking pile of rubble.

There was no reply. With pounding heart, the airman finally came forward and peered over the debris.

"Well, I'll be damned," he said. Then he began to laugh.

Pierre hobbled in, trailing blood but still curious. "What is it?" he asked.

"I've captured a German," Jan replied. Reaching down, he lifted up the tawny Alsatian puppy. Although the animal was quivering with fright, it bared its milk teeth, snarled defiantly and even nipped at his hand.

"Here now," Jan said, stroking the base of the dog's ears, "you've just been saved from execution. I almost shot you, you know." Under this reassuring touch, the puppy relaxed in Jan's arms.

Up till now, a ground fog had protected the two crashed airmen

from German eyes. But this might lift at any time, and it would not be safe to try for the French lines until night. They settled down to wait.

The wounded Pierre rested in a chair and closed his eyes. Jan dug out his chocolate ration and offered a lump to the dog. It sniffed the morsel, but did not eat until Jan melted a piece over a flame and rubbed the softened chocolate on his fingers. Once started, the puppy happily licked the airman's fingers clean again and again. Then it snuggled into his arms and slept contentedly.

A Touch of Blackmail

USING ONE hand, Jan spread out a map on the floor and studied it. It showed a wood about a mile away. If they could make this, they should be in French territory. At six o'clock Jan shook Pierre awake. "It's dark," he said. "We'd better be getting on."

For a moment they studied the puppy, now sleeping peacefully on the floor. They couldn't take it along, for if it whimpered even once it might betray them. They left some of their rations beside a pan of water, and Jan propped the door sideways across the entrance so that the puppy could not follow. Then they stole away.

As they set off for the wood an exchange of gunfire broke out. They inched forward on hands and knees. Before they had moved 30 yards a magnesium flare burst almost overhead, brilliantly lighting the terrain,

and the two men flattened themselves instinctively. As the flare died away, Jan heard the noise he had been dreading—the frantic yelping of a puppy who knew he was being abandoned.

The animal would have to be silenced. Jan felt for his knife and, motioning Pierre to lie still, crept back. As he neared the farmhouse, he heard the puppy hurling itself



against the barrier he had braced across the entry. Two forelegs momentarily hung over the edge while the hind legs scrabbled desperately. Then the dog slipped back again.

Jan peered over the barricade, straight into the puppy's imploring eyes. He turned away. It was unthinkable to kill a dog with a knife. He searched the ground for a heavy stick with which to stun the animal, but there was none. Thinking of Pierre lying injured in the darkness, he began to panic; he must hurry. Then he heard an anguished whimper from the other side of the door.

"Oh, hell," he muttered, and the last shreds of his resolution snapped. Reaching down into the dark, he lifted the puppy and slipped it inside his flying jacket.

Mascot to the Czech Exiles

IT TOOK the two men almost seven tortuous hours to reach the fringe of the protective wood. Pierre, weakened by his wound, was at the limit of his endurance and even Jan collapsed, utterly spent.

During all this ordeal the puppy hadn't made a sound. But now he began to whine uncontrollably.

The noise roused Jan from near-sleep. "Be quiet," he muttered.

"Listen," Pierre said. "He hears something that we can't."

Then, like a pistol shot in the dark silence, a twig snapped and half a dozen figures emerged from the trees. Jan sprang to his feet, holding the dog with one hand and reaching

for his revolver with the other. But in the shifting moonlight he saw the uniforms of the French infantry. They had reached safety!

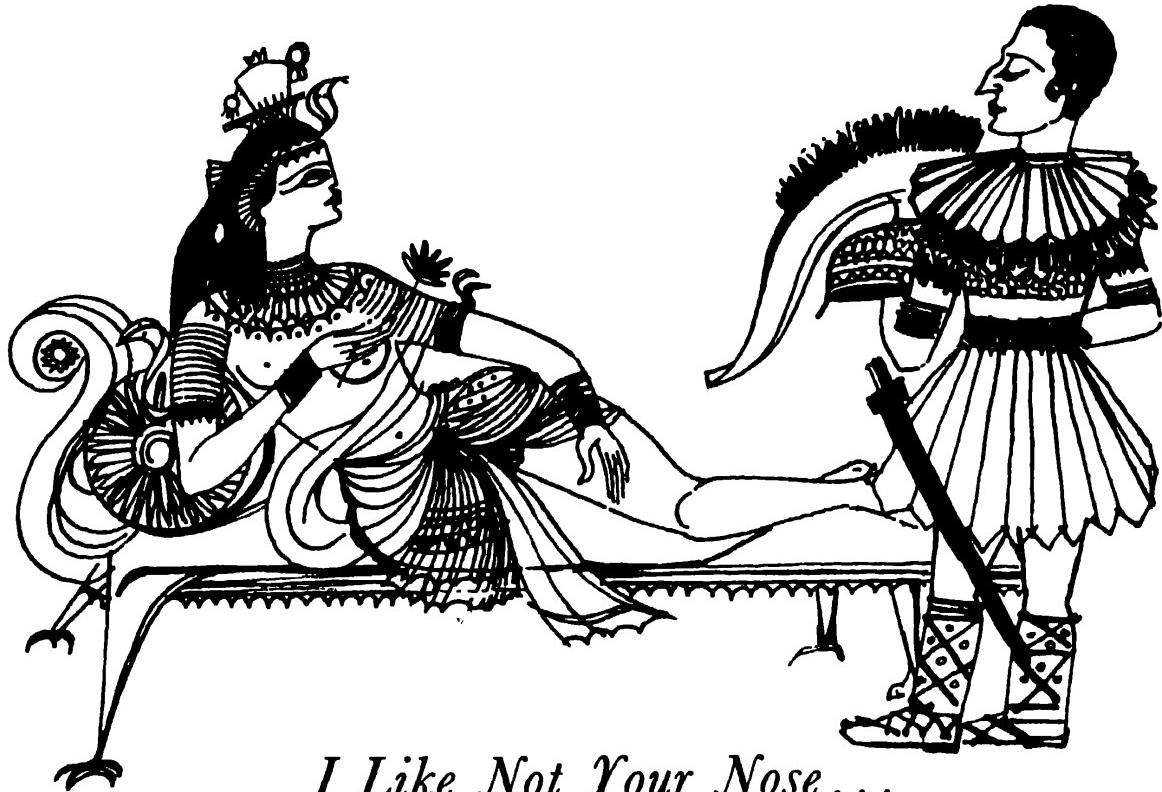
Using their rifles and a greatcoat to improvise a stretcher, two of the soldiers carried Pierre to the nearest blockhouse. Next day he was sent to hospital. And Jan, gently clutching the puppy, was driven back to his squadron base at St. Dizier.

Here he belonged to a particularly close band of seven Czech exiles. All seven had been members of the Czech Air Force before Hitler invaded their country. They had then escaped through Poland, joined the French Foreign Legion in Africa, and later been seconded to the French Air Force. All had the same fighting spirit, the same determination to strike back against the Germans at all costs.

Perhaps it was their very homelessness which made them so susceptible to Jan's puppy. They loved him at once, immediately adopted him as a mascot, and after some discussion named him "Antis" after the A.N.T. bombers they had flown in Czechoslovakia. As Joshka, a slight, curly-haired youth from Moravia, commented, "The name should be unique, short and typically personal for our dog."

"My dog," Jan corrected. But he assented to the name.

Every night Antis slept in the blockhouse, at Jan's feet. As the weeks passed he flourished and grew and, being lovingly instructed,



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and intelligent, he learned to shake hands with each of his friends. No one knew just how much he understood this symbol of unity, but in time the dog's loyalty would be tested to the utmost. Antis was to go through a great deal with these men.

All for One, and One for All

FRANCE TASTED defeat that spring when Hitler's panzer divisions drove south with demoralizing speed. The squadron fled from one threatened aerodrome to another until the day Paris fell. Then it was assembled for the last time. "Gentlemen," the adjutant announced solemnly, "the unit is disbanded. Now it is every man for himself. May God be with you."

The seven Czechs held a council "We came here to fight, not to run away," said Vlasta, the senior member of the group. "I suggest we stick together, try to get to England and carry on from there."

There was no dissent. Within 15 minutes the seven had piled all their possessions on to an ancient cart and, perching Antis on top of the load, joined the stream of refugees fleeing southwards. And, because they were both determined and lucky, some two weeks later they found themselves in the small Mediterranean seaport of Sète. From there they made their way to Gibraltar.

Once the British authorities had satisfied themselves about the Czech flyers' credentials, all seven were

appointed to the Royal Air Force and ordered to proceed on the trawler *Northman*, bound for Liverpool. They were going to England at last!

There was, however, one small problem: no dogs were allowed on board. Regulations absolutely forbade it. A wedge of Czechs smuggled Antis up the gangplank under a raincoat and spirited him into the stokehold. Jan loyally remained with the dog, spreading a blanket on the grimy coal.

On the second day out, the *Northman's* engines broke down, and all passengers were ordered to transfer to another vessel. Hurriedly the Czechs divided Jan's baggage among themselves so that there would be room to conceal Antis in his kit-bag. All went well until they reached the deck of the new ship, where Jan paused momentarily to shift the weight of the bag.

"Move along, please," the ship's interpreter remarked curtly, and at the sound of the strange voice the kit-bag wriggled perceptibly. As it did, Jan lost his grip on the cord enclosing its neck. Immediately Antis thrust his head through the opening and looked out—straight into the astonished eyes of the British officer of the watch. The seven Czechs all stood as if paralysed.

"Hullo," said the officer with a grin, "a stowaway! Well, let the poor beggar out; you'll have him suffocating." He released the cord

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and Antis dropped to the spotless deck, shaking a cloud of coal dust around him like a satanic halo.

"Now get him below and give him a bath before the captain sees what a bloody mess you've made of his deck," the officer said, turning away to check off another group of transferees. As they crowded aboard, Jan was pushed along in a daze, with Antis trotting at his heels.

The rest of the trip was made in

luxury—real bunks, clean laundry, wash-bowls in the cabins. Antis, given his freedom, regained his vitality and glossy coat.

But as they approached Liverpool the airmen received devastating news. According to English law, all animals had to be quarantined in port for six months; animals whose owners could not pay the kennel fees would be destroyed. All the money the Czechs had among them would not ransom Antis for more than three weeks.

But resourceful men have coped with greater problems than this. And by now the Czechs were seasoned conspirators.

At two o'clock on the afternoon before disembarkation all animals were rounded up. Minutes later Jan and an interpreter were summoned before the captain. "You've not handed over your dog," the captain said severely. "Where is he?"

"I don't know." Which, at that very moment, was technically true.

"You realize that this is a very



serious offence?" the captain enquired.

"I've done nothing, sir," Jan replied. "I just haven't seen the dog."

They searched the ship, peering into corners and racks, cabins and hatches; they flung open lockers and lifted containers. No Antis. At five o'clock they gave up.

When the ship docked at Liverpool the next evening, Jan and Vlasta wangled the job of overseeing the unloading of the detachment's baggage. After the last of it had been stacked in the cargo net, they carefully placed a large, oddly shaped kit bag stencilled "Jan Bozdech" on top of the pile.

Within the hour the bags were stacked neatly on the platform at Liverpool Central Station, Jan's still on top of the heap. Three minutes before their train steamed in, a platoon of soldiers marched up, halted and ordered arms. A rifle butt struck the bag labelled Bozdech, and a loud yelp of protest arose.

Immediately the military police converged on the pile. The Czech detachment, always eager to help, joined in the search, heaving the baggage about and passing Jan's bag from hand to hand under cover of the general confusion until it was well clear of the suspected area. Surreptitious yelps with an imperceptible Czechoslovakian accent also misled the pursuers. When the air-men's train arrived, the police gave up in disgust. Fifteen minutes later

the eight comrades were on their way to their first camp in the United Kingdom. It was July 12, 1940.

Antis Sounds the Alert

FOR MEN who had been on active operational duty, going back to flying school was irksome. At Cosford, and then at Duxford R.A.F. station, the Czechs spent many exasperating hours poring over a book called *Fundamentals of English*. This was an impossible language which was spelt one way and pronounced another, and they almost welcomed the sporadic German air attacks which disrupted their studies.

Jan devoted his spare time to training Antis. He was no expert handler, and treated the animal simply as though he were a fellow human being; Antis responded with the most devoted and intelligent obedience. He quickly mastered all the standard commands, learned to close doors when ordered to, and unfailingly fetched Jan's gloves when his companion got ready to go out.

While Jan was in class, Antis stayed with the armourers. He developed an unusual ability to detect enemy aircraft, and was always minutes ahead of the camp's air-raid warning system. When the Germans came in at treetop level, this system was of little use. But Antis, the armourers claimed, invariably alerted them in time to take cover.

Jan was sceptical, for he had

always been in class at the start of the raids. But one night, when he was studying in his bunk, Antis suddenly woke up and trotted to the window, ears cocked. There was no sound except the hiss of rain, but the dog walked to the door and stood there pointedly.

"Don't be silly," Jan said. "There's nothing out in this weather. Go and lie down."

Antis whined persistently. Then, seeing that Jan had no intention of moving from the bunk, he flattened his ears reproachfully and lay down. Half an hour later Joshka looked in as he came off duty from the Operations Room.

"Thick out," he said. "I wouldn't

have been up there tonight for anything. I'll bet the German who came over was lost."

"Tonight?" Jan asked. "I didn't hear anything."

"About half an hour ago," Joshka said. "Very high. We were plotting him just over 15 miles away when he turned back."

"Well, I'll be damned," Jan said, and by way of apology reached down and rubbed Antis's ears. The dog had been right all the time.

In the autumn, when the Czechs were transferred to Speke, five miles from Liverpool, Antis's peculiar ability became very important. Liverpool was a major target, subject to massive bombardment. The

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dog's warnings were uncannily accurate, and the men came to depend on him to alert them whenever the immediate area was threatened.

Rescue in the Ruins

ONE NIGHT when Jan and Vlasta were returning from the town, the dog began to whine just as they neared a massive archway beneath the Speke viaduct. Over Liverpool, the air was ribbed with searchlights and the horizon blinked with exploding bombs; but as yet there had been no warning siren.

"They *must* be coming this way," Jan said as the animal's whine grew more insistent. "Come on, let's take cover under the archway." Almost

immediately they heard the approaching engines. The first bomb burst just as they flung themselves under the protection of the viaduct.

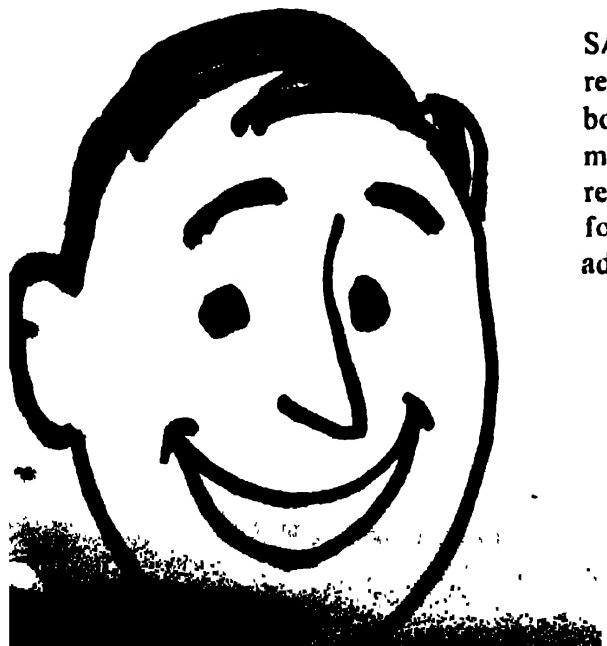
Now explosion followed explosion. Where there had been a neat row of houses beside the viaduct there was only rubble. A long silence ensued, and then suddenly someone began to scream.

"Come on," Vlasta yelled. "We've got to get them out."

They ran into the street. A man with blood spurting from a mangled arm blundered into them.

"Save her!" he shouted. "She's under there. We were having a cup of tea . . ." His voice trailed off, and he sat on the kerb, sobbing.

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A rescue worker thrust a pick into an s hands. Antis, standing by the shattered remains of a kitchen cupboard, his forepaws deep in broken china, began to bark. Jan looked closely and saw five fingers moving in the rubble. Digging quickly, he uncovered a dazed and bloody woman.

"Good dog," the rescue worker said. "Bring him over here, will you? There's bound to be others. Lord, what a shambles!"

Jan followed the man to a pile of smoking plaster and shattered furniture. "Seek!" he ordered. Half-way up the heap Antis stopped, sniffing. An R.A.F. officer started to dig where Antis stood, and within a few minutes he had got a man out; he had been totally buried.

"Nothing like a trained dog for this job," the rescue worker said.

"He's not trained," Vlasta snapped impatiently. "He's just a damned good dog."

They continued working until two in the morning. When the rescue-squad leader finally passed the word that the job was done, the dog's coat was matted, his paws cut and bleeding from scrambling over the jagged wreckage.

"There's no more we can do here," Vlasta said. "Let's go back and have Antis attended to."

But Antis was straining at his leash again, dragging Jan towards a sagging brick wall.

"No more, boy," Jan said. "We've had enough—"

"Antis!" he shouted in the din. "Antis!" Vlasta flashed his light to where the wall had been. There was now only a head-high pile of bricks and timber. Instantly Jan was on his knees, flinging great chunks of plaster in every direction. Again he shouted almost hysterically, "Antis!"

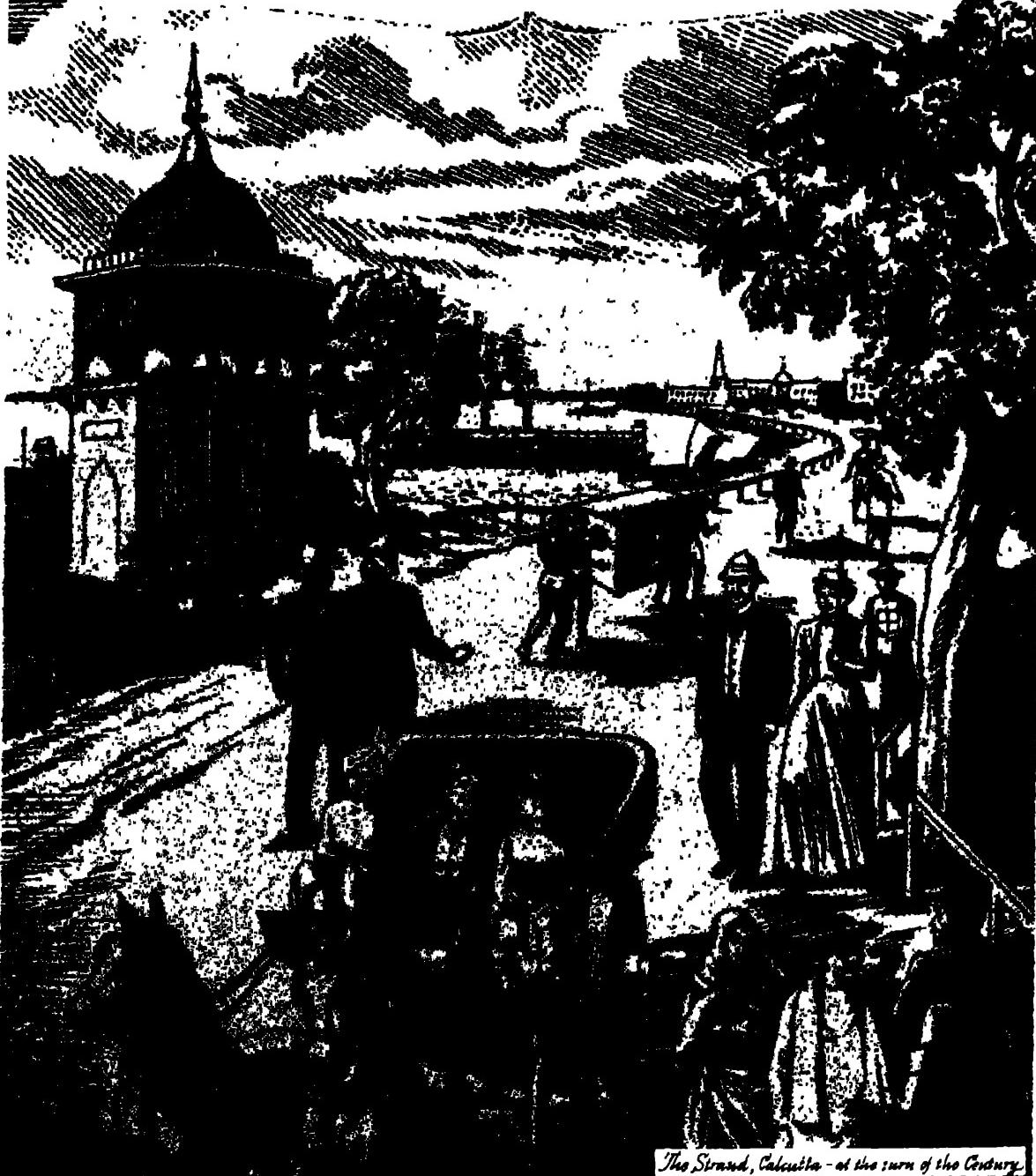
From somewhere behind the rubble came an answering bark. The men quickly broke through to a little room, knee-deep in debris. A woman, sprawled on her back under a mass of plaster, was dead. But in the far corner Antis stood by a cot; the child in it was still alive.

The rescue-squad leader was visibly moved. "You know, boy," he told Antis, "we just couldn't have done the job without you."

The Long Vigil

BY EARLY January 1941, Jan, Stetka and Josef had completed their flying-school and flight training and, with No. 311 Czech Squadron of Bomber Command, were posted to East Wretham for operational duty. The move reunited them with the other Czechs who had been training elsewhere, and gave them at long last a chance to get at the enemy. But it meant that Antis, for the first time, had to accustom himself to separations from Jan. For the night-bombing operations on which the squadron was soon flying often lasted from late evening until dawn.

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For weeks Antis was moody and dispirited. Then he made friends with the maintenance crew which looked after *Cecilia*, his master's plane, and seemed to adjust himself to the absences. The dog would accompany Jan to dispersal, see him aboard the Wellington, then retire to the maintenance tent which stood at the edge of the aerodrome. Once there, he would settle down for the night and not budge as long as the planes were out.

But some time before dawn he would suddenly rise and cock his ears, and the maintenance crew knew then that the squadron was returning. As soon as Antis discerned the particular pitch of *Cecilia's* propellers, he began to bound and prance excitedly—his "war dance," the mechanics called it—and then he would trot out to watch the planes come in and to greet Jan. The ritual never varied.

But one night in June, after Jan had flown on more than ten sorties, the mechanics noticed a sharp departure from routine. Shortly after midnight Antis became unusually restive. "What's the matter with him?" one asked. "Are we expecting visitors?"

"No," replied Adamek, the corporal in charge, "no Jerries about tonight." He spoke to the dog. "Antis, come here for a scratch—and calm down."

But the dog ignored him and went to the tent flap. Suddenly he lifted his muzzle and let out a long

piercing howl. Then he lay down outside, not resting, but with his head up, as if preparing for a long vigil.

At half-past one the first returning Wellington blinked her identification lights and rumbled down the runway. She was followed at regular intervals by other planes until all but *Cecilia* were accounted for. Two hours passed; there was still no sign of Jan's aircraft.

"No point in hanging about here," one of the mechanics finally said. "He'll have run out of fuel by now."

"We'll give it 15 minutes more," Adamek said. When the time was up and the plane had not appeared, the crew reluctantly decided to disperse for breakfast. "Come along, Antis," said Adamek. The dog would not move.

Just then the squadron's popular commanding officer, Lieutenant Josef Ocelka, drove up to the tent. An old admirer of Antis, he had promised Jan that he would look after the dog if Jan ever failed to return from operations.

"Any news of *Cecilia*, sir?" one of the mechanics asked, while Adamek struggled with Antis.

"Not yet. Give him a shove, Corporal," Ocelka suggested.

"It's no good, sir," Adamek replied. "He won't move until Jan turns up. I know him."

"So do I, dammit," Ocelka said. "Let's go. Perhaps he'll change his mind when he gets hungry."



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After breakfast, Adamek went back to the tent with a plate of liver. Antis ignored it, as he ignored the driving rain that had begun to fall. When Adamek saw that no amount of coaxing would move the dog, he spread a tarpaulin over him and left.

Late that afternoon Operations Room was informed that *Cecilia* had been hit by flak over the Dutch coast, but had managed to limp back to Coltishall R.A.F. station with only one casualty: air gunner Jan Bozdech was in Norwich Hospital undergoing treatment for a superficial head wound. The Czechs were elated at the good news. But no one could convey it to the dog.

All that night Antis stayed at his post. Next morning, at the time when the squadron normally returned from operations, he rose and paced about. An hour after dawn, when no plane had appeared, he began to howl disconsolately.

"He'll starve," Ocelka said, "and drive us crazy while he does. We've got to think of something."

It was the station chaplain, Padre Poucny, who provided the solution. Less restricted by official routine than the other officers, he went straight to the heart of the matter by telephoning the medical authorities at Norwich. Sergeant Bozdech was not badly hurt, he suggested persuasively as he explained the situation. Would it be possible to run him out for a short trip in an ambulance, and then board the

dog at the hospital for a few days? (A prolonged medical consultation followed.) Yes? It would be? Thank you so much.

And that was that. The ambulance arrived that afternoon, and the two inseparables went back together to Norwich Hospital. There both of them were outrageously spoilt by the nurses until Jan recovered.

"What the Eye Doesn't See..."

By the time Antis had kept his vigil during 30 of *Cecilia's* sorties, all the crew felt they knew his habits thoroughly. But one night shortly after the air-crew roll-call the dog disappeared. Although there was no trace of him anywhere, and it was unlike him to alter a long-established routine, no one was particularly concerned. Antis had long ago proved that he could take care of himself.

When the plane levelled off at 8,000 feet, Jan gave a last worried look at East Wretham aerodrome, now indistinguishable in the darkened English countryside. Then he put the dog out of his mind and concentrated on checking his guns.

"Navigator to wireless operator," the intercom crackled suddenly. "Can you hear me?"

Engrossed in his own duties, Jan only half listened to the reply. But the navigator's next words jarred him to full attention.

"Am I going round the bend, or do you see what I see?" he asked.

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'There was a flurry of incredulous profanity. Then "He must have got into the emergency bed by the flare-chute. Someone forgot to check it. Jan, open your turret door—we've got a stowaway."

Jan knew at once what had happened. He opened the hatch and, as nonchalantly as if it were an everyday occurrence, Antis crawled in and settled down between his feet.

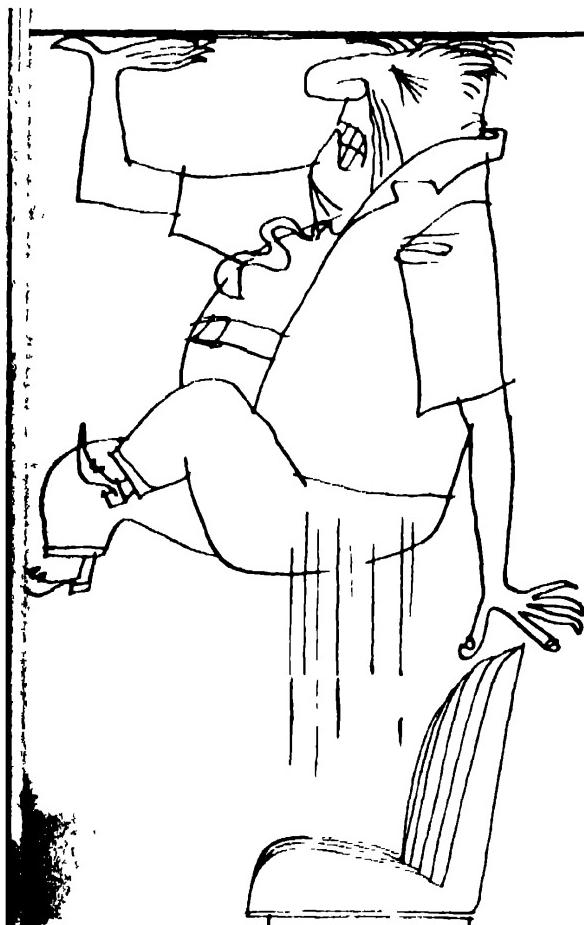
"You villain," Jan exclaimed. "We ought to drop you out with the bombs." But nothing could be done about it. The plane droned on, and Antis drifted off to sleep.

As they flew over the target a dense curtain of flak rocked the aircraft, but the dog stayed calm as

long as Jan appeared unmoved. In response Jan found himself forcing signs of encouragement despite the intensity of the barrage, and thus each drew strength from the other. Then in a few moments the danger had passed, and they were on their way home unscathed.

They had just disembarked when Ocelka drove up. Since it was against Air Ministry regulations to take an animal on operations, the men braced themselves for a sizzling tongue-lashing.

"How did you get on?" he asked coolly, casting a sidelong glance at Antis. The pilot, Jo Capka, briefly described the run and the heavy flak they had encountered. The crew



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shuffled nervously as the recital came to a conclusion.

"Heavy flak, eh? What do you think of that?" Ocelka asked, looking Antis squarely in the eye. "Don't you think these poor boys need someone to hold their hands?"

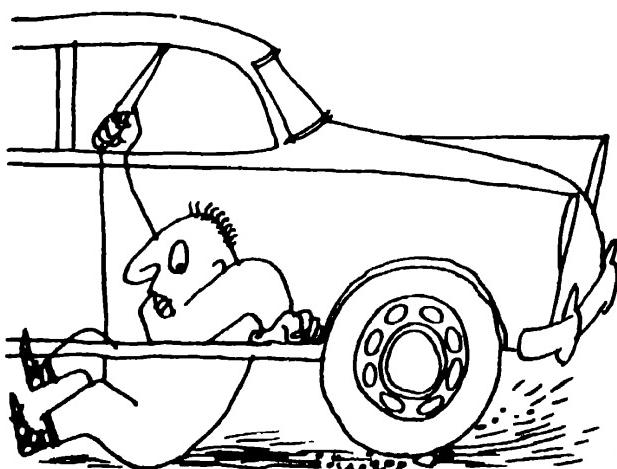
Jan could stand it no longer. "I can explain, sir," he began, but Ocelka cut him off.

"What the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve over," he said curtly. "I've enough trouble on my hands with two-legged beasts without looking for any from four-legged ones. Now let's get back to Operations and make out the reports."

From then on Antis was accepted

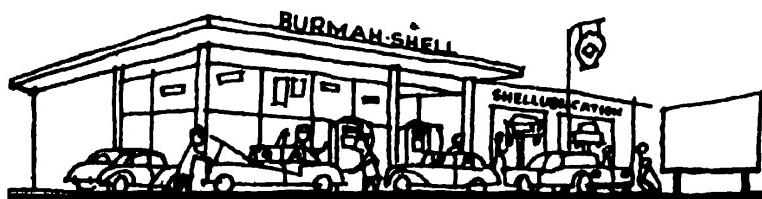
as a regular member of *Cecilia's* crew. His unruffled behaviour under fire was all the more welcome because the men were nearing the end of their standard tour of operational duty. This was always a time of increased tension for any air crew, for they all knew that more than one plane had gone down on its last trip. Unaware of their anxieties, Antis raced for the plane as if each sortie were a pleasure trip, and something of his *élan* communicated itself to the crew.

He began to amass quite a respectable operational record, and eventually sustained two wounds in the line of duty. The first occurred over Kiel when a fragment of



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shrapnel creased his nose and lacerated his left ear, which acquired a permanent droop. The second ended his flying career.

During an attack on Hanover, just as *Cecilia* was turning home-wards after releasing her bombs, a shell exploded directly beneath her, sending showers of fragments into the fuselage. The engines were unharmed, and no one reported being wounded; but when they reached East Wretham the undercarriage jammed and they had to do a pancake landing. Only as they were extricating themselves from the damaged aircraft did Jan discover that Antis had a three-inch shrapnel wound in his chest.

Jan rushed the dog to the station sick quarters, where he was stitched up and bandaged. Thereafter Antis was grounded and barred from the dispersal area. Much as the dog resented the restrictions, they were somewhat easier to bear because he did not know Jan was still flying. While *Cecilia* was being repaired the crew was allotted another plane and, since its propeller pitch was unfamiliar, Antis simply ignored it.

A short time later Jan completed his tour of 41 sorties (of which Antis had shared seven) and was relieved of further operational duty. He spent the remaining two years of the war, first as an instructor, then in flying on anti-submarine patrols. Antis revelled in their regular hours together and, when Jan was stationed in Scotland, reaped

honour for himself by winning a dog show. Once, in the Highlands, he ran away for five days with a wild female dog, but subsequently showed little interest in the responsibilities of fatherhood. The pups were left to run wild with their mother.

The Lengthening Shadow

THE FIRST years of peace were blissfully happy ones for Jan. When he returned to his triumphantly liberated country, he was given a captaincy in the Czech Air Force and eventually appointed to the Ministry of National Defence in Prague. Both he and Antis became well-known to the public, for Jan wrote three books about service life in the R.A.F. Almost every newspaper in Czechoslovakia carried tales of his war experiences with the dog.

When Jan married a golden-haired girl named Tatiana, Antis distinguished himself at the wedding by becoming entangled in the bridal veil. (He later made up for it by his steady devotion to Tatiana.) And when a son, Robert, was born to his idols in 1947, the baby became the dog's personal charge. At night he slept near the cot, alert in an instant if the child woke up or cried. The dog would then rise, steal to the side of the big bed and thrust his cold nose against the mother's bare shoulder. And if this failed to waken her he would drag the blankets away.

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On March 7, 1948, Jan Masaryk, Minister of Foreign Affairs and godfather to little Robert, telephoned from the Cernicky Palace.

"Come round and see me, Jan," Masaryk said. "I have a present for your boy."

As he put down the telephone, Jan knew that this summons might bring his life crashing about his ears. He had seen Masaryk only the previous day, so why should this good friend ask to see him again at this moment? There could be but one reason, and Jan approached the Cernicky Palace with dread.

"You are high on the Communist black list, Jan," Masaryk told him. "The blow can fall any time now. You must keep this completely to yourself. Even Tatiana must not know. You've got to get out of Czechoslovakia."

This, then, was the "present" for little Robert. But even that ruse had been necessary, since every telephone was tapped.

Acting through the Czech Communist Party, Soviet Russia was implacably taking over the country. As the cold war intensified, everyone who had had associations in the West became suspect, and for months Jan had been aware that his flat had been under surveillance. His friends knew it and no longer dared to visit him. The Defence Ministry was being packed with Communist informers, many of

whom spoke Russian. Recently two strange officers had been installed in his own department—ostensibly as trainees, but unquestionably spies.

Three days after Masaryk's warning was issued, it was grimly underlined by the fact that Masaryk himself was dead. According to the Communists, he had "jumped" from a Foreign Office window.

Jan faced an agonizing dilemma. He could not leave his wife and son while there was any possibility of a life for them together. But if he were imprisoned, they would be in a far worse position than if he fled. It was hard to know what to do, and for weeks he vacillated. Then one morning General Prachoska, of the Czech intelligence service, summoned him, and the decision was taken out of his hands.

"Sit down, Bozdech," the general greeted him. "Major Marek, my aide, would like to ask you a few questions."

"You are the author of these?" Marek began curtly, handing Jan three books and a folder of Press cuttings.

Jan nodded.

"And there have been broadcasts, radio plays, all glorifying the British?"

"I served in the R.A.F.," Jan explained. "My writing is only a record of my experiences, without political significance—"

"On the contrary," Marek interrupted. "This work is treasonable.



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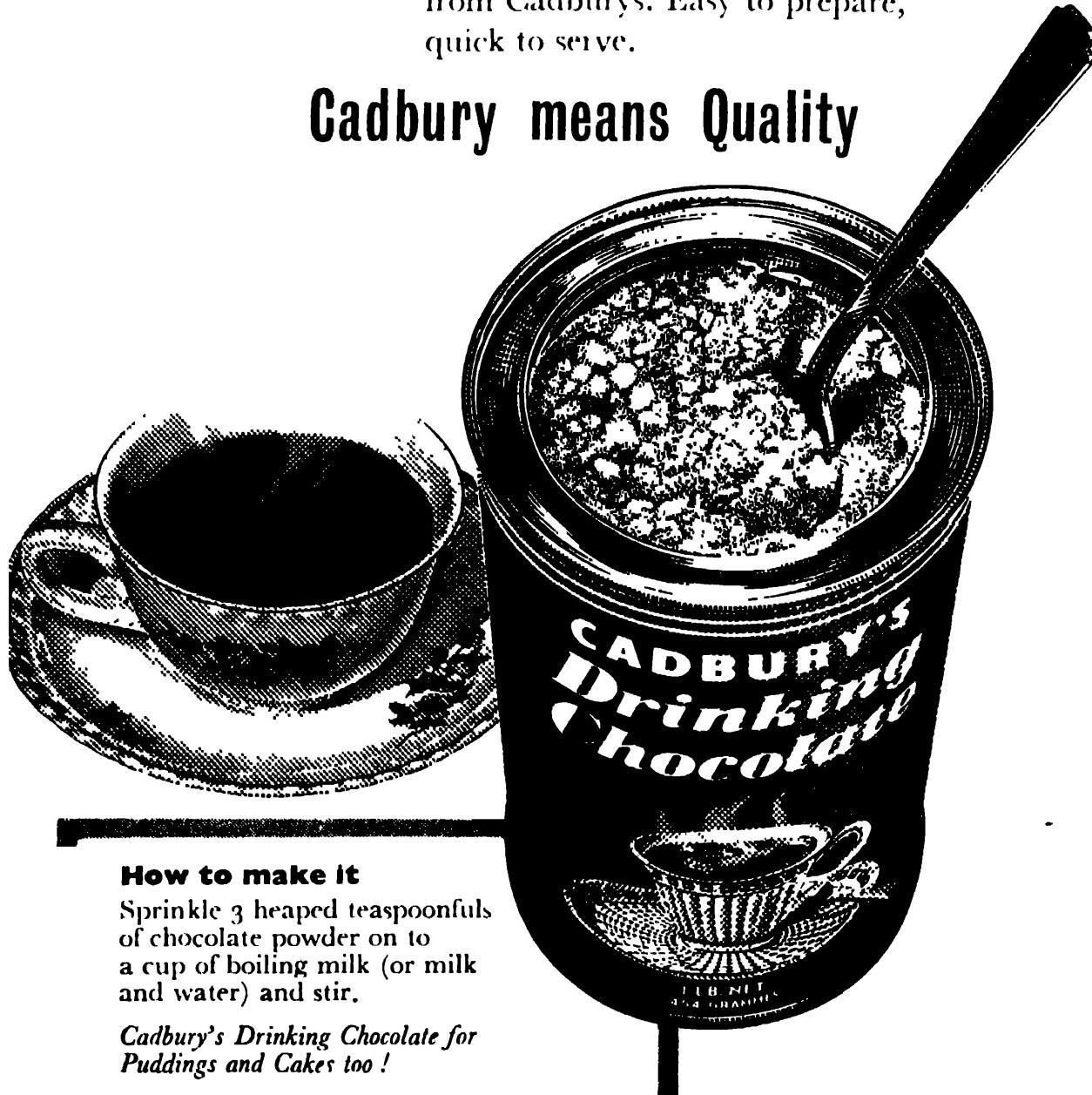
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If you continue writing, your attention will be directed to the Red Air Force only. That is an order." He paused. "And there is one other matter. You are a member of the Air Force Club?"

"Yes, sir," said Jan. The organization was often referred to as the "English Club" because of the high percentage of members who were ex-R.A.F. officers.

"We know that all sorts of opinions are openly expressed in this establishment, and we are interested in them. To put it bluntly, Captain, we want you to listen to, and if necessary encourage, criticism of the present regime. You will then report to this department the names of any members whose remarks indicate that they are enemies of the state."

Jan was aghast. But as he began to protest, Marek brandished a blue document that had been lying on his desk. "I have here a police warrant for your arrest, dated Friday. You have three days to make up your mind. Is that clear?"

The Underground Steps In

JAN DID NOT return home until late that night. Long after dark he walked the streets alone, desperately seeking some way out of the trap set for him. He would never spy on his friends; that much was sure. If he remained in his post and defied the Communists, imprisonment and death were almost certain. His course was plain. No option remained but to flee the country.

To his great surprise he woke the following morning with his mind refreshed and his nerves calm. Now that the long-dreaded blow had fallen, and his intentions were resolved, his problems seemed almost supernaturally clarified. He set off for the office at the usual time.

Some 50 yards from the Ministry of National Defence, a passer-by awkwardly blundered into him.

"Excuse me, Brazda," Jan said in embarrassment, recognizing the man as a casual acquaintance, an instructor at the Sokol physical training college.

"If you are in trouble," Brazda said in rapid undertones, "tonight at eight. The Café Pavlova Kavarna at Strahove. The password is, 'May I offer you a vodka?'"

Then, begging Jan's pardon for his clumsiness, Brazda went on his way. The machinery of the underground movement had begun to turn.

At eight that night, when he appeared at the Café Pavlova Kavarna, the machinery caught him up smoothly. A dapper little man led him to a small upstairs room where he was confronted by two other members of the underground, a student and an elderly man who had obviously once been a soldier. There were no introductions. The former military man, who was the leader of the group, wasted no time on formalities.

"Captain Bozdech," he said, "the deadline for your arrest is Friday." Jan was surprised at the accuracy of

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their information. "That gives us only one day to get you out of the country. It is not much time. You must make your decision quickly.

"You understand the risks, of course. If you are caught attempting to cross the frontier they shoot first and ask questions later. So you must go alone, and perhaps we can arrange for your family to follow later by a less dangerous route. Agreed?"

Jan's heart sank, but he nodded.

"Very well," the spokesman said. "Now here are your instructions. Listen carefully." And for the next five minutes the three anonymous agents outlined down to the smallest detail what Jan would have to do the following day. Then, with a warm *bon voyage*, they dismissed him.

Tatiana was asleep when Jan returned home that night. Looking at her face, sweet in repose, he recalled Masaryk's warning, "Even Tatiana must not know." Of course Masaryk was right, Jan mused as he turned out the light. Both for her safety and little Robert's it was best that he should slip off quietly like this. But next morning when he said goodbye to her, he found it almost impossible to keep his voice steady, and the closing of the door behind him was like a blow over the heart.

When he reached the office, he summoned his civilian clerk, Vesely. He had decided during the night that, risky as it might be, he would have to make one change in the

underground's careful plans. Antis would have to come with him. Otherwise, as Jan knew from long experience, the dog would stubbornly refuse to eat; and Jan simply could not condemn him to certain starvation.

"Vesely," Jan said, "I've an appointment for Antis at the vet's at 11 o'clock. Would you go round to my flat later and collect him? I'll give you my gloves so that he'll follow you."

"Very good, sir," Vesely replied, elated at the chance to get away from the wretched office.

Two hours later when his unwitting accomplice returned with the dog, Jan knew that the time had come. The escape was now to begin. As he went out of the door, he stopped for a moment casually. "I'll be back after lunch if anyone wants me," he said.

One of the Stalinist spies looked up from his paper work. "We'll hold the fort," he said sarcastically. "Take your time."

"Thanks," said Jan. "I will."

Antis Is Challenged

FOLLOWING the underground's instructions, he took a tram to the Vaclavska Namesti and went into the public lavatory there. When he asked a prearranged question, the attendant at once handed him a parcel containing a change of clothing. He was to travel as a peasant with a knapsack full of butter to sell.

The attendant kept Antis while

Jan changed in one of the toilets. Everything was complete, the sizes right—from the rough felt hat to the heavy boots; there were also a dozen packets of butter.

"You look a treat," the attendant muttered as Jan emerged and handed him a 500-crown note along with the parcel (which now contained Jan's smart air-force uniform). "I hope you get a good price for your butter."

It was 150 yards to the Wilsonova Station. But no one took the least notice of him as he clumped through the tumult of traffic in his strange new boots, entered the station and bought a ticket. The train came in and he and Antis climbed aboard. Six minutes later, still following instructions, he alighted at Smichov.

This was but the beginning of a long and circuitous course which eventually brought Jan to a certain farmstead where he spent the night. Next morning a taciturn driver concealed him, along with Antis, in the back of a two-ton van. After a long ride they stopped at a remote cottage in a heavily wooded area.

"This is Anton's," the driver said. "I leave you here."

"Who is Anton?"

"A forester. He will guide you over the border. I know nothing else about him."

As the van drove away a tall, deeply tanned man stepped out of the cottage.

"What can I do for you?" he asked evenly, his eyes on the dog.

As he had been told to do, Jan offered him a packet of a certain brand of cigarettes. The man turned it over in his hand ruminatively. Finally he said, "Why have you brought the dog?"

"Wherever I go, he goes too," Jan said.

Anton's face darkened. "Wherever you go, he goes," he repeated. "My God, some of you people! Do you think this is a picnic outing? One bark from him and we're dead. You'll have to leave him behind."

"Then I'd better start back," Jan said.

"You'll have a warm welcome. They'll have raised the alarm by now."

Jan realized this was true, for it was now Friday. But about Antis his mind remained stubbornly set.

"So you really want to risk your neck for the dog, eh?" Anton said.

"Well we'll see what Stefan says. He'll be coming with us."

He called into the cottage and in a moment a bearded, erect man emerged. Anton explained the situation to him, but the man said nothing, staring at Jan and Antis as if trying to recall something.

"Antis is trained," Jan said quickly. "He won't make a sound, and he may be able to help us."

"Antis," Stefan said. "That's it. I've read about you two and seen your picture in the papers. He can come as far as I'm concerned."

Anton shrugged, then smiled at Jan. "You'd have found it a long

walk back to Prague," he said. "But I like your spirit. You'll do. Now wait here, both of you."

He went into the house and returned immediately with two revolvers. "I hope we don't have to use them," Anton said, "but the positions of the observation posts are always changing. You never know."

Squatting, he began to trace a map on the ground with a stick. "Here," he said, pointing, "is our first obstacle, a forest about two miles deep. It's infested with patrols. We come out of the forest here," he indicated the spot, "then cross a small valley, which is also constantly patrolled. Then here is the German frontier, and half a mile past it, the village of Kesselholst. Once we're there, we're safe."

"We'll leave immediately. I want to reach the far side of the forest in daylight. Then we'll take cover and make the last dash across the valley after dark."

A Race With Death

A CAR carried them 15 miles to the edge of the forest, and early that afternoon they plunged into the matted undergrowth. Unavoidably they made a lot of noise, and as a precaution against being surprised by roving border patrols Jan sent Antis ahead with instructions to "seek."

Twice the dog stopped, growling a low warning when no other sound was audible, and seconds later the

men heard the faint, far-off sound of snapping twigs and hailing voices. They lay in the undergrowth without stirring until the patrols passed, then moved cautiously on. It was almost sunset when they finally reached the far side of the wood.

From its verge they carefully scanned the open valley that lay between them and Kesselholst. To their left was a narrow road and, running parallel to it, a turbulent river. No patrols or strongholds were visible. As the evening light waned and the lights in the village began to go on, Anton murmured, "All right, let's go."

They had covered only a short distance when they heard movement near by. Jan dropped to the ground beside his companions as four dim figures stole past them down the slope.

Without warning, two searchlights suddenly split the night, sweeping across the valley. Rocks, bushes and boulders seemed to leap out of the darkness as the lights passed, converging, separating, then pouncing simultaneously on their prey.

Four men, scarcely 50 yards from Jan, were caught scrambling frantically for the trees. Before they reached them, the machine guns of a strongpoint opened fire, and all four fell.

Two trucks then sped up the road, each carrying four men and a dog. As the men alighted to collect the

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bodies, one of the dogs began moving towards Jan and his companions. A low growl rose in Antis's throat. Jan pressed his hand round the animal's muzzle.

One of the guards noticed the wandering guard dog. "Come here, you," he shouted. The dog trotted obediently back to his handler, and within a few minutes the trucks drove off.

"We're lucky to be alive," Anton whispered. "The way I intended to take is blocked by a new post, and if those four hadn't passed us, we'd have walked right into it. We'll have to double back and take another route across the river."

They crept silently back to the wood and then spent a hellish hour struggling blindly through the close-set firs to the riverbank.

As soon as Jan stepped into the water, holding Antis by the collar, the current began to undermine his footing.

"Link hands," Anton said.

Jan clamped Antis's jaws on to the tail of his coat, and the four of them, clinging tightly to one another, edged their way towards the centre of the swift-flowing river. As the current swirled about their waists, Jan slipped on a loose stone, staggered and lost his grip on his companions' wrists. Immediately he was swept downstream, dragging Antis with him, until he struck a boulder and managed to grasp it. Recovering his balance, he saw that he had been carried into shallower

water, and he waded the few yards to the far shore.

Antis was still with him, but there was no sign of Anton and Stefan. He dared not shout. Kneeling beside the dog, he ordered, "Seck! Go seek!"

For several minutes there was no sound but the roar of the river. Jan wondered if he had been a fool to send the dog on such a hopeless errand—the current could carry a man 50 yards in a few moments. Then suddenly he felt a blow on the shoulder, and as he reached for his gun a voice beside him began to curse. It was Anton.

"Sorry," he said. "I was crawling and bumped you with my head. Thank God for the dog. We'd never have got back together without him. Do you think he can find Stefan?"

At an order from Jan, the dog again disappeared. It was some time before he returned, leading his bedraggled and exhausted quarry. "I was swept a long way downstream into a pool," Stefan explained. "But Antis found me. I think he saved my life."

After a moment's rest they pressed on, climbing towards a ridge that lay within a few hundred yards of the frontier. A dense mist shrouded the forest near its crest, and it became impossible to see a foot ahead. Antis ran from man to man, as a sheep dog handles his flock, guiding them and keeping them in touch with one another. But at the top of the rise Anton decided that it was

useless to continue while the mist obscured all landmarks, and the four settled down to await the dawn.

At first light they moved behind a giant boulder to plan their final dash across the border. Jan posted Antis on top of the rock as lookout. Since Anton had no idea what new posts they might encounter, they decided to cross the valley one at a time, and Anton broke a twig in lengths for lots, to see who would go first. As he extended his hand, Antis growled and leaped from the top of the boulder.

There was a clatter of stones, a stifled cry and savage snarling.

Gun in hand, Jan ran round the rock. Antis was straddling a soldier who lay sprawled on his back, his rifle useless beneath him. Anton sprang at him, his knife upraised.

"No!" Jan cried. Anton hesitated.

"Jan is right," Stefan said. "It would be murder."

"The swine deserves to die," Anton said, but he grudgingly got off the man's chest. Quickly they gagged him and lashed him to a tree, then ran down towards the valley.

At the edge of the wood they stopped abruptly. In the meadow



ahead, a single guard post, with telephone wires running from its roof, blocked their way. Helpless, they crouched in the undergrowth for almost an hour, watching the hut. There was no sign of movement. "Try the dog," Anton whispered finally, and Jan sent Antis to seek.

Antis trotted out and stood sniffing beside the closed door. Then he barked. There was no response.

"I think there was only one guard in there," Stefan said, "and now he's tied to a tree."

Jan was on his feet, shaking with excitement. "Let's go," he cried, and they sprang into the open field. Far off down the valley someone shouted, but the three men and the dog raced on, down the slope and across the stream at its base. Far behind them they heard a telephone jangling in the hut in the meadow, and the sound of a distant whistle reached them.

"On! On!" Anton cried.

Another open field lay before them and beyond, a wood. They ran for the sanctuary of the trees, and at last they knew that their feet trod German soil.

As soon as he had delivered his charges safely to the West German authorities, Anton bade them farewell.

He would return to Czechoslovakia and risk his life again to keep the escape route open for other proscribed men. "Pray God we meet again in happier times," he said in

parting. "I certainly proved wrong about the dog, didn't I? He was our salvation."

The Final Years

WITHIN A week after his arrival in West Germany Jan received heartening news from his homeland. A Czech refugee who had known him in Prague brought word that Tatiana and Robert had suffered no reprisals and were living quietly with her parents. After he received this report, he was convinced that his decision to flee Czechoslovakia had been the right one. He applied for re-enlistment in the R.A.F. and was accepted.

On this trip to England, however, there was no squad of loyal Czechs to smuggle Antis past the customs, and Jan had no choice but to surrender him to six months quarantine. Now a familiar difficulty arose. Upon re-enlistment Jan had reverted to the lowest rank in the service, and his entire salary would not cover the cost of the kennel fees. In desperation he applied for help to the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals, in London, submitting a full report on the dog's history.

The Society's response went far beyond Jan's expectations. Not only were the fees paid, but Antis's remarkable story was widely publicized. As a result, in March 1949, he was awarded an unprecedented tribute. He became the first non-British dog to receive the Dickin Medal—the Victoria Cross of the

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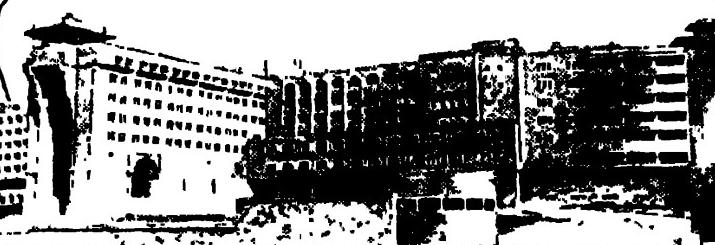
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animal world. In a moving presentation speech, Field-Marshal Lord Wavell cited Antis's "outstanding courage, devotion to duty and life-saving on several occasions while serving with the Royal Air Force."

"I am sure," Lord Wavell concluded, "that everyone will join with me in congratulating you on your award, Antis, and we wish you many years in which to wear it."

Actually there were to be few more years for him, but during that time he and Jan were closer than ever. Jan heard no more from his wife, son or parents, so Antis became his only family. As Antis's sight dimmed and his muzzle whitened with age, he could not bear even the slightest separation from his beloved master.

Each year, wherever they were posted, Jan performed an unvarying ritual on Christmas Eve. Beside a miniature Christmas tree, glittering with tinsel and artificial frost, he set out photographs of Tatiana, Robert and his

parents, thus preserving at least one tangible link with home. On Christmas Eve of 1952 Jan finished his small arrangement and went to bed early. Some time that night he awoke, conscious of a strange weight on his chest. Reaching out, he found that it was Antis, resting his head there.

This was most unusual. Once the dog had retired for the night he



We Delivered Our Own Baby

*Two hectic hours in the life of a young father,
who was later to tell the doctor, "It's a boy!"*

By GERALD MILLER, as told to Vivian Cadden

MARGE AND I moved in to our new house—on ambition and second-hand furniture—in November 1958, five months after we got married. We spent the next few months trying to get the place fixed up before the baby came, and we thought we had plenty of time. The baby wasn't due before the end of March.

On this night—it was February 15—somewhere about five in the morning, Marge started to roam between the bed and the bathroom. I remember wishing sleepily that she



would stop this dizzy round—getting up and clicking the light on, opening and closing doors, running the water and turning it off, then back into bed. After one of these trips I mumbled, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," she said. "I'm just restless and fidgety."

At 5:30 the lights went on again, and Marge announced that as she couldn't sleep she was going downstairs to make some coffee. I struggled out of bed and followed her. "I keep feeling as if I have

an upset stomach," she told me.

"I'm going to call the doctor," I said.

"At five-thirty in the morning?" she asked. "Don't be ridiculous."

She put the coffee on, then suddenly made for the bathroom again. "Perhaps you *had* better call the doctor," she said over her shoulder.

Marge had been to the doctor for her regular visit just a few days before, and everything was in order. She is not the fragile, complaining type. If she was making noises now, I thought, we'd better find out what was wrong.

I dialled the doctor's number. In a patient, tired voice he said that he thought he had better speak to Marge. She explained her discomfort to him. "Contractions?" he wanted to know.

"No, not contractions," Marge said. "There isn't really any pain. I just feel very hot and the baby feels very heavy."

The doctor said, "Why don't you come over to the hospital and have a check-up?"

Marge told me to get her clothes and a suitcase, which I did. I got my trousers on and gave Marge a hand stepping into her dress because she seemed shaky and uncertain. In a moment she let the dress slip to the floor and fled back to the bathroom. I heard her gasp, and when I flung the door open she was propping herself up against the washstand and there were tears in her eyes.

"It was a pain, Jerry—and I can

feel the baby. I'm so hot all over."

I wanted to lift her up and carry her, but she waved me away and said, "Jerry, ring the doctor again!"

I rang the doctor's number and left a message for him to call me back. Then somehow, in a wild frenzy, waiting for him to ring, I took the cleaner out of the cupboard and vigorously vacuumed the carpet. I'll never know why. Just before the phone rang, Marge called from the bedroom, "It's too late."

Then the doctor was on the phone, telling me to send for an ambulance to get her to the hospital. I did as he said. Then I ran to the bedroom.

Marge was lying uncovered on the bed. Our Irish setter was curled up, motionless but whining in sympathy. As I came through the door Marge was tossing and murmuring, "I'm so hot, so hot," and then she stiffened and gasped, "Jerry, the baby's coming!"

I saw him—the top of his head.

I ran to the cupboard, pulled out an armful of towels and spread them under Marge as best I could. Then I ran to the bathroom, damped a flannel and held it to her forehead. "Jerry, say a prayer that the baby will live," she cried.

I was praying—dear God, how I was praying! Marge said, "You'll have to help me, Jerry."

The head came out and then the shoulders, and the cord was wrapped round one shoulder. I pushed the cord aside without thinking,

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tarang...*

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just feeling that it was in the way and might strangle him. I was pleading, "What should I do? What should I do?" and spreading more towels--and suddenly the baby was there.

His face was up. His ears were folded forward, two flaps against his head. His eyes were closed and he had no eyebrows or eyelashes. He was bluish white and covered with sticky fluid, and he lay deathly still on the towel. I had a moment of sickening fear and panic. And then I lifted the baby in my right hand and held him upside down. He opened his mouth and cried and moved his arms, and I knew I was crying too.

Marge could see, as I held him up, that it was a boy. But we had known all along that it would be.

I laid the baby down and vaguely thought: there are things I must do. But I was paralysed with fascination. The baby was so small and he had no fingernails or toenails—just the slightest rim and indentation where they would be. One of his ears had unfolded and I gently turned the other one back. His head was perfectly formed. He was my son and he was beautiful. I think I would have just knelt there absorbing this wonder if Marge, urgent and insistent, had not brought me back to my senses.

"Wipe his face, Jerry," she said.

I could not take my eyes off him, but I shuffled towards the chest of drawers and managed to pull some

tissues from the top drawer. Marge said, "No! Take the gloves." I found them—a pair of long white cotton gloves. With Marge giving directions, I turned one glove inside out and wiped out the baby's mouth and his nose and his eyes.

Then I thought about the cord. I didn't know whether I had much time--whether I could wait or must tie it quickly. I took the laces out of my shoes and laid them on the bed, then looked round for scissors. There must be a dozen pairs of scissors in our house but I could only find one—the pinking shears.

Back at the bedside, I looked at the baby and at the shoelaces and at the pinking shears in my hand, and I couldn't bring myself to do anything, although Marge was encouraging me.

At this point the doorbell rang. It was the ambulance, two men in uniform. In their first-aid kit was a pair of clamps that looked like candle snuffers. The older man clamped the cord in two places and with fine, old-fashioned courtesy handed me a splendid pair of straight scissors with which to cut the cord. I found a fresh towel and wrapped the baby in it.

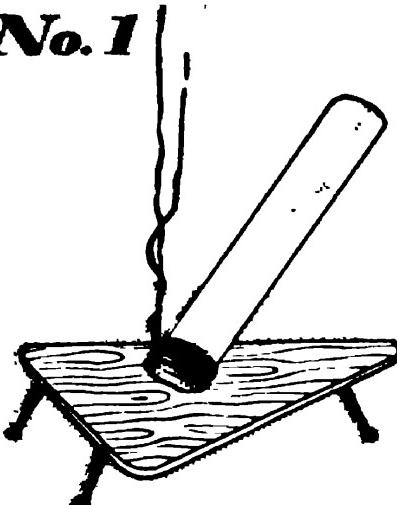
Both the men offered to take him, but I said, "No!" and Marge turned her head to look at me and smiled—her first smile since she had come down to put the coffee on just an hour before.

The men lifted Marge on to a stretcher and carried her out to the

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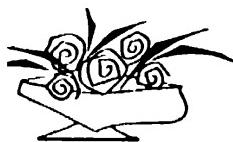
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ambulance. As far as I was concerned, sitting in the ambulance with the baby kicking and wriggling in my arms, the emergency was over.

At ten minutes past seven that morning Marge was sitting up in a hospital bed eating cereal and poached eggs; the baby was in an incubator and the doctor had pronounced them both fine. At long

last I was where a father belongs—in a hospital corridor with all the doors closed against me. Only later would the thought of all the unknown dangers, the mistakes I could have made or perhaps did make, hit me and make me break out in a sweat. At that moment I was living on elation. I had actually delivered our own baby, and I was the proudest man in the world!



Expertise

STATISTICS indicate that we have about all the experts we need. But there is a serious shortage of *inverts*.

An *invert*, unlike an expert, hasn't been tamed and trained and taught how it must be done. Thomas Edison once hired an expert, a graduate of the best engineering school. The first job Edison gave him was to determine the cubic contents of a light bulb. The expert measured the bulb wherever he thought it needed measuring, then sat down with his slide rule, his education and a batch of pencils. Hours later he came to Edison with his proud result.

The inventor looked at the figures and shook his head. "You're at least ten per cent off," he said. He then knocked a tiny hole in the end of the bulb, filled it with water, poured the water into a measuring flask and in two minutes had an exact measurement of the bulb's cubic contents. The expert was ten per cent out.

John Dunlop, a Scottish veterinary surgeon, was an *invert*. His son complained that the hard-rubber tyres on his bicycle gave him an awful jolting. Dad said he could probably fix that. He nailed some canvas on a wooden wheel to cover a flexible rubber tube, which he then inflated with a hand pump—and had a pneumatic tyre. The experts wrote lengthy articles explaining why the pneumatic tyre wouldn't work. Then another *invert* who didn't know any better put the things on his bicycle and beat the world champion in a race.

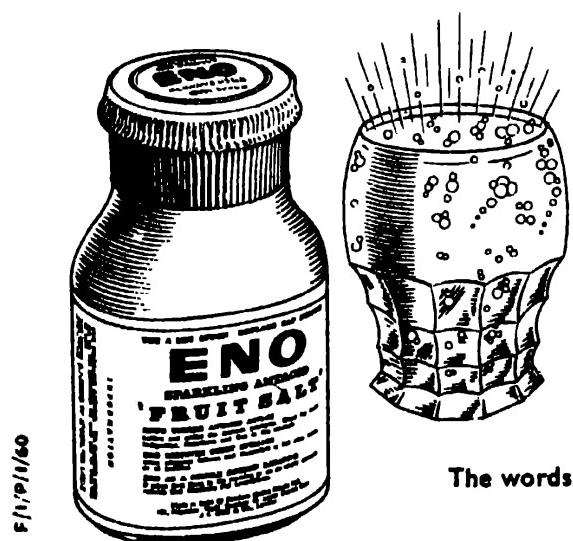
One serious fact about *inverts* is the difficulty of turning them out in large quantities. It's easy to train an expert, but an *invert* just sort of grows.

—Neil Clark

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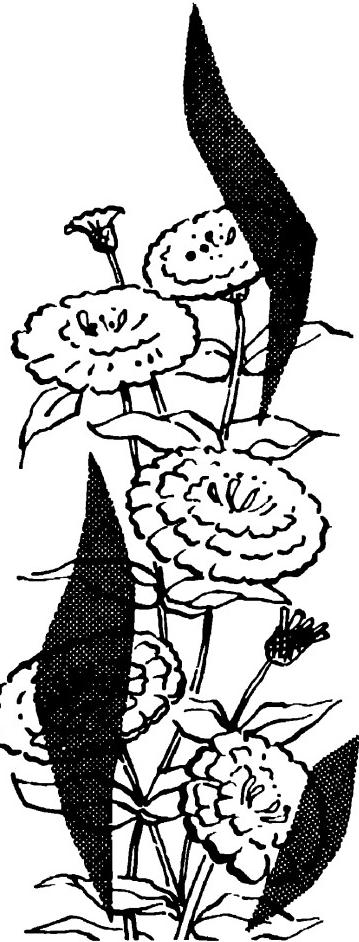
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LIFE'S LIKE THAT

THE AIRPORT was jammed with Friday-afternoon traffic, plus approximately 5,000 Catholic nuns who were leaving the city after a conference. One of the airlines announced the departure of a flight. The ticket agent, observing the long queue, realized there were too many passengers for the plane. "How many of the passengers are confirmed?" he asked. He realized his mistake when every nun raised her hand.

—R. W. Clay

THE LADY drove through the red lights and was motioned to the kerb by a policeman on the corner. Finding no place to pull up, she drove on to the next corner and made a U-turn to come back. A second policeman, seeing this illegal manoeuvre, waved her down. As she drove past him she called out, "Please wait your turn! There's one ahead of you down the street."

—F. A. Applegate

I WAS at home with flu last week when a removal van pulled up in front of the vacant house across the street and started unloading. My wife sat down by the window and watched, and from the slight agitation of the curtains at other windows I knew that our neighbours were watching too.

After about an hour, I heard my wife say, "Oh, look, the man is taking



a great big piece of white cardboard out of the van. I wonder what it is."

I wandered over to the window just in time to see the man solemnly hold up a sign reading: THAT'S ALL, LADIES.

—K. L. R.

I SHRANK down in my chair when a truck pulled up at the café and the driver got out and came in. He was the man I had unintentionally cut ir. on several miles back up the road. Fortunately, he took a seat at the far end of the counter, apparently not recognizing me. After he had finished his coffee and left, I asked for my bill. The waitress said the truck driver had paid my bill and also left me a note.

My face burned as I read the words on a paper napkin: "Please give me a ten-minute start." —E. H. Wagner

IN THE works canteen I overheard an office girl telling her friend about the awful cold she was getting and how miserable she felt.

"Why didn't you ask your boss to let you go home?" the other asked.

"I did," she snapped. "All he said was, 'Don't be alarmed, Miss Stratten. Anybody who doesn't feel ill in this weather just isn't healthy.'" —L. S.

AN EXPENSIVE car speeding down the main street of a small town was soon overtaken by a young motor-cycle policeman. As he started to book the woman behind the wheel for speeding, she said haughtily, "Before you go any further, young man, I think you should know that the mayor of this town is a good friend of mine."

The policeman didn't say a word, but kept writing. "I'm also a friend of the chief constable," continued the woman, getting more indignant each moment. Still he kept on writing. "Young man," she persisted, "I know one of your magistrates and the M.P."

Closing his notebook, the policeman asked pleasantly, "Tell me, do you know Bill Bronson?"

"Why, no," she admitted.

"Well, that's the fellow you should have known," he said, going back to his motor-cycle. "I'm Bill Bronson."

—Frank Graham

WHEN I answered the telephone at our hotel, a female voice said that she would like to make a reservation for Saturday night, the 12th of November. I asked if she would like a double or twin beds and was told that a double would be fine. Then I asked who was calling.

Quickly the answer came back,

"This is Miss Watson speaking—but when I get there on Saturday night, I'll be Mrs. Claypool." —J. C. McClure

WE WERE distressed to learn that our friendly general store was changing hands. The courtesy and ability of Boyle, the man who owned it, had made him beloved by all. Tired of the cold winters, he was moving south and had sold out to Crosby, a man who had been in the Merchant Navy for 30 years.

A few months later I walked into the store and there was Boyle behind the counter. After a joyful reunion I wanted to know why he wasn't still in the south.

"Didn't like it," he said. "Missed the people dropping in the store. I wrote to Crosby and bought it back."

"Where's Crosby?" I asked.

Boyle chuckled. "He's just signed up in the Merchant Navy—for the longest voyage he could find."

—H. E. W.

DAD DROVE my sister and her two-year-old to the station to catch a train for home. They arrived late, couldn't find a porter and learned that the lift wasn't working. Telling my father to "stay right there" with the luggage and paraphernalia, my sister dashed upstairs with the baby. A little while later she returned, unhurriedly, with a porter. My father was in an awful panic. "Don't worry, Dad," she said reassuringly. "The train won't go without me."

"How do you know?" he snorted doubtfully.

"Because," she said, giving him a farewell kiss, "I left the baby with the guard." —Joseph Archbald



Shimabuku, the Village That Lives by the Bible

By CLARENCE HALL

IT WAS early in 1945 when, as a war correspondent in Okinawa, I first came upon Shimabuku, the strangest and most inspiring community I have ever seen. Huddled beneath its groves of banyan and twisted pine trees, this remote village of some 1,000 people was in the path of the American advance, and so received a severe shelling.

But when an advance patrol

By basing its life—and its law—squarely on Christian precepts this tiny Okinawan community has triumphantly survived not only the ravages of war but the distractions of “progress”

swept up to the village compound, the troops stopped dead in their tracks. Barring their way were two little old men; they bowed low and

began to speak. The battle-hardened sergeant, wary of enemy tricks, held up his hand and summoned an interpreter.

The interpreter shook his head. "I don't get it. Seems we're being welcomed—as 'fellow Christians.' One says he's the mayor of the village, the other's the schoolmaster. That's a Bible the older one has in his hand. They seem to be asking for just one thing: a picture of Jesus."

The sergeant spat reflectively on the ground, then grunted, "Better call the chaplain."

The chaplain came, and with him a brace of correspondents. Guided by the two old men—Mojun Nakamura the mayor and Shosei Kina the schoolmaster—we cautiously toured the compound. We had seen other Okinawan villages, uniformly down-at-heel and despairing; by contrast, this one shone like a diamond in a dung heap. Everywhere we were greeted by smiles and dignified bows. Proudly the two old men showed us their spotless homes, their terraced fields, fertile and neat, their storehouses and granaries, and their prized sugar mill.

Gravely the old men talked on, and the interpreter said, "They've only met one American before, long ago. Because he was a Christian, they assume we are too--though they can't quite understand why we came in shooting."

Piecemeal, the incredible story came out. Thirty years before, an

American missionary on his way to Japan had paused at Shimabuku. He had stayed only long enough to make two converts (these same two men), teach them a couple of hymns, leave them a Japanese translation of the Bible and exhort them to live by it. They had had no contact with any Christian since. Yet during those 30 years, guided by the Bible, they had managed to create a Christian democracy at its purest.

How had it happened? Picking their way through the Bible, the two converts had found not only an inspiring Person on whom to pattern a life, but sound precepts on which to base their society. They had adopted the Ten Commandments as Shimabuku's legal code; the Sermon on the Mount as their guide to social conduct. In Kina's school the Bible was the chief literature; it was read daily by all students, and important passages were memorized. In Nakamura's village government, the precepts of the Bible were law.

Nurtured on this Book, a whole generation of Shimabukans had drawn from it their ideas of human dignity and of the rights and responsibilities of citizenship. The result was plain to see. Shimabuku for years had had no jail, no brothel, no drunkenness, no divorce; there was a high level of health and happiness.

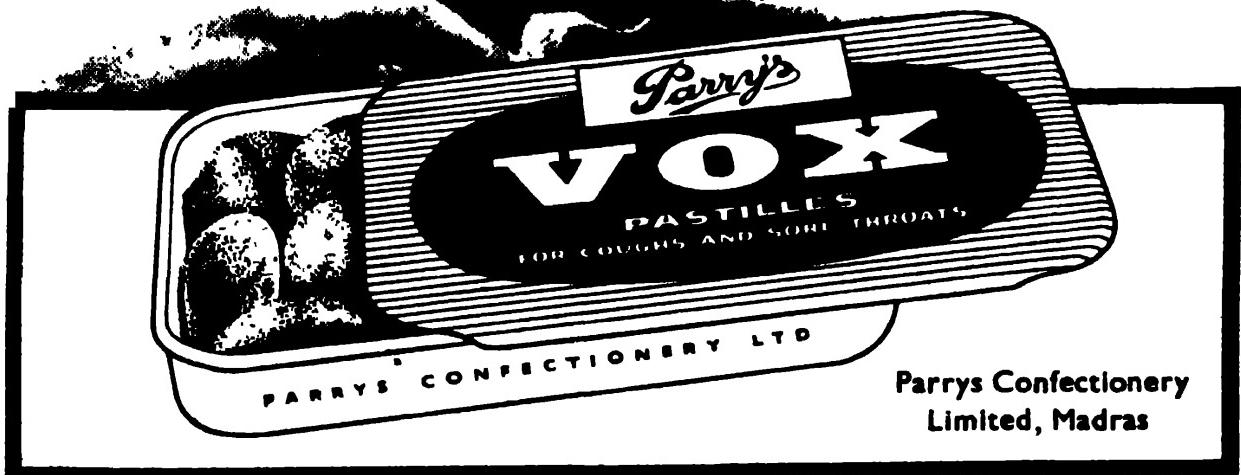
Next day, the tide of battle swept us on. But a few days later, during a lull, I requisitioned a jeep and a

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needs PROTECTION
INSIDE, too



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Japanese-speaking driver and went back to Shimabuku. Along the winding roads outside the village moved huge truck convoys and endless lines of troops; behind them lumbered armoured tanks and heavy artillery. But inside, Shimabuku was an oasis of serenity.

Once again I strolled through the quiet village streets, soaking up Shimabuku's calm. There was a sound of singing. We followed it and came to Nakamura's house, where a curious religious service was under way. Having no knowledge of church proceedings, the Shimabukans had developed their own. There was much Bible reading by Kina, repeated in sing-song fashion by the worshippers. Then came hymn-singing. The tunes of the two hymns the missionary had taught—"Fairest Lord Jesus" and "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name"—had naturally suffered some changes, but they were recognizable. Swept up in the hearty spirit of "All Hail the Power," we joined in.

After many prayers, voiced spontaneously by people in the crowd, there was a discussion of community problems. With each question, Kina turned quickly to some Bible passage to find the answer. The book's imitation-leather cover was cracked and worn, its pages stained and dog-eared from 30 years' constant use. Kina held it with the reverent care one would use in handling the original Magna Carta.

The service over, we waited as the crowd moved out, and my driver whispered hoarsely, "So this is what comes out of only a Bible and a couple of old men who wanted to live like Jesus!" Then, with a glance at a shell-hole, he murmured, "Maybe we're using the wrong kind of weapons to change the world!"

Time had dimmed the Shimabukans' memory of the missionary; neither Kina nor Nakamura could recall his name. They did remember his parting statement. As expressed by Nakamura, it was: "Study this Book well. It will give you strong faith. And when faith is strong, everything is strong."

Now, in 1945, explosive changes lay ahead, and Shimabuku would need strong faith indeed. A few days after I left the village, thousands of refugees poured in, swelling the little hamlet to ten times its normal population.

At first the villagers were stunned by the enormous influx; but they rose to the challenge when Nakamura looked up the appropriate Biblical passage and repeated it to them: "*I was a stranger and ye took me in.*"

A few weeks later an even more severe shock came: the U.S. high command, needing a staging area for the invasion of Japan, ordered Shimabuku to be bulldozed out of existence and its people moved to the arid north. The villagers were taken out by army trucks, with only



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such possessions as they could carry, and not until eight months later were they allowed to return—to find their idyllic little village nothing but rubble.

Patiently, Kina and Nakamura, with the help of sympathetic occupation officials, led the villagers in building the new Shimabuku. During the reconstruction, the Bible passage most read was Nehemiah's moving account of his rebuilding of Jerusalem:

"The God of heaven, He will prosper us; therefore we His servants will arise and build . . ."

RECENTLY, haunted by my wartime memories, I went back to Okinawa to see how it had fared since "civilization," in the form of the American occupation, came up like thunder to engulf it. I found Okinawa unrecognizable. Where once little villages slumbered in isolation, military housing developments now crowd the island's green slopes. Lacing the island are crowded, four-lane roads lined with modern shopping centres, supermarkets and endless miles of army warehouses. Adjacent to the huge air bases and other installations are officers' clubs, cinemas, golf courses, bathing beaches, radio and television stations.

I looked for little Shimabuku, once so remote that strangers seldom came, and I found it surrounded by "progress." Today the tiny village is hedged in on one side

by a multi-lane road buzzing with traffic, and on the other by a plush golf course. From every side modernity's more noisome accompaniments intrude upon it. A few hundred yards down the road is Koza, a big "recreational area" catering for servicemen, blazing with neon lights, crowded with dives, bars and night-clubs.

Yet these influences have not tainted Shimabuku. Physically surrounded, it remains spiritually remote. Its life is still centred on the Bible.

Most important in keeping it so is the lovely little church which the villagers have erected with their own hands. It includes a separate Sunday school building and social hall for young people and has a lively seven-day-a-week programme that makes Christianity the core of Shimabuku's society.

For keeping Shimabuku's rare spirit intact, the village's two grand old men take no credit. As Nakamura told me quietly, "You see, the missionary was right: if faith is strong, everything is strong."

As he spoke, my jeep-driver of 1945 was beside me again in memory. I could hear him whispering his amazement at what had come out of "only a Bible and a couple of old men who wanted to live like Jesus." And somehow his impulsive observation struck me now with fresh cogency: "Maybe we're using the wrong kind of weapons to change the world!"

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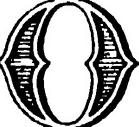
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THE GRAVE ROBBERS

By DAVID FREDERICK McCORD

UR MODERN crook is no up-start without background, but fruit of one of the finest family trees of the underworld, inheritor of a rich tradition. Go back a century and a half, or less, and you will find the strangest of his ancestors—the grave robber, racketeer in human flesh.

The laws in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries did little to provide the corpses needed by medical schools for dissection and study. Only the bodies of a few executed criminals were available, yet the schools were expected to teach young surgeons the skill that can never be learned from books. To supply the illegal demand, the grave robber arose. This bootlegger of bodies was patronized by the medical man as a more than ordinarily necessary evil, but was hated by the masses.

The old graveyard gangs were full of rogues who, now that they are no longer an active nuisance, seem grimly amusing. Ben Crouch—an Al Capone of the racket—was

a powerful, pockmarked thug with a weakness for noticeable clothes and jewellery. In 1817, this foppish plug-ugly developed what had been a sideline. Before the advent of the porcelain denture, the hand-me-down tooth was an article of commerce, and the grave robber the chief source of supply. With Jack Harnett, a junior member of his gang, Crouch followed the armies in Spain and France. After a battle they prowled over the field at night, pulling the teeth of the dead. They made a small fortune apiece.

In Edinburgh there flourished ghouls who were a film-casting director's dream of the type: Merrylees, Spune and Mowatt. Their fame endures because Merrylees cherished the project of selling his sister's body when she died. But, at the time of this bereavement, he was at odds with Spune and Mowatt over ten shillings and they tried to possess themselves of the remains first. Merrylees, however, was too much for them. Cannily he waited until they had his sister out

of her grave, then drove them off with a lively impersonation of a ghost, sheet-draped and howling. Later, in the same way, he scared them out of their cart, appropriated it, and in the dawn drove triumphantly up to the door of his surgical patrons with his wares.

Professional grave robbers encountered amateur competition. Some medical students, who balked at paying bootleg prices, did their own body snatching. When they had a body out of the ground they would strip off its shroud and dress it in a suit brought for the purpose. Two of them would then prop it up between them, crooking its stiff arms about their necks, and walk it off as if they were helping drunken friend.

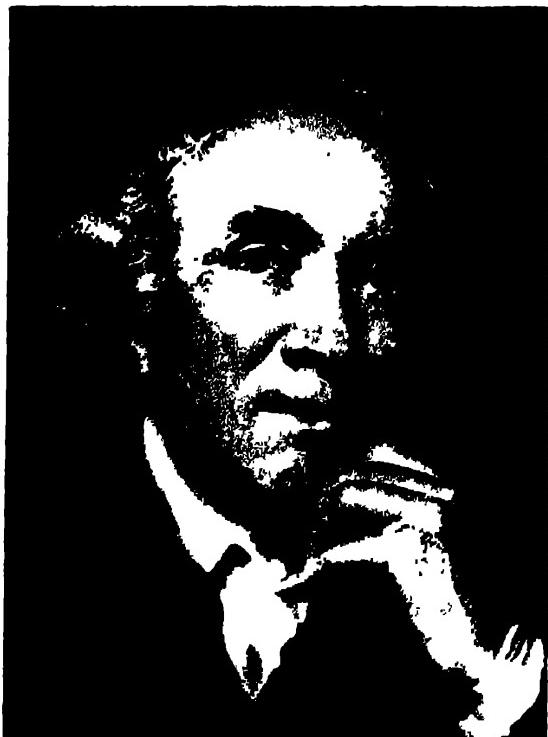
Even established surgeons sometimes gave active aid. There were deformed people, giants and dwarfs, whose peculiarities had to be studied if they were to be understood and, perhaps, prevented or cured in others. Their bodies after death were coveted by science; and some leading scientists were equal

to all manner of cozenage and brigandage to get hold of them.

A celebrated freak of the 1780's was Charles Byrne, the Irish Giant. One of the greatest surgeons of the time, John Hunter of London, wanted to dissect him. Byrne knew how important an anatomy he had; but he was a simple soul, uninterested in, even averse to, the advancement of science. He died in 1783, happily confident that, by arranging for burial at sea in a lead coffin, he had thwarted the surgeons. He left money for guards to watch over him until the funeral. But Hunter raised more — £500 — to bribe them. At the dead of night, the huge

cadaver was carried from the house and propped on the seat of a coach, with Hunter and his servant on either side to steady its stiff lurching. The coach rattled away, carrying poor Byrne to the very fate he had dreaded, and today his skeleton is in the Royal College of Surgeons in London, a monument to Hunter's scholarly banditry.

An amateur even more famous was Robert Liston, of Edinburgh,



John Hunter

hero of some of the best adventures of the period. He was fascinated by grave robbery, and dabbled in it from his student days onwards. His audacity and resourcefulness made him the idol of dozens of embryonic surgeons who imitated him.

A boy whose enormously enlarged head was of considerable scientific interest died and was buried near the Firth of Forth. Several surgeons tried openly to buy the body. Almost the entire body-snatching profession of England and Scotland appeared on the scene. But the villagers posted impressive and faithful guards each night. More adroit than the rest, Liston joined forces with Ben Crouch. Representing themselves as travellers, the pair drove casually into the village late one afternoon. They paused to chat to the innkeeper, then slipped into the churchyard at

dusk, just before the guards went on duty, and carried off the body under the combined noses of the villagers and their professional rivals, who, slaves to their night-time habit, had been active only when precautions were greatest.

As the public's terror of the body snatcher grew, he introduced an ultimate note of frightfulness—and efficiency—into his methods. In Edinburgh the enterprising Burke and Hare lured victims to their lodgings, smothered them (which left no marks of violence), and sold the bodies.

At last public indignation boiled over and in 1832 laws—long desired by the surgeons—were passed, legalizing possession of corpses for scientific purposes, and providing means of buying them openly. Thus one of history's most horrible rackets came to an end.



Child's Garden of Christmas

A FEW days before Christmas, I walked into the room where my small son was playing, just in time to hear him singing: "Ho-ly infant so tender-foot, ride . . ."

—Contributed by Tom Ham

WHILE the art class was setting up a Christmas scene in the school hall, one of the boys asked uncertainly, "Where shall I put the three wise guys?"

—James Corson

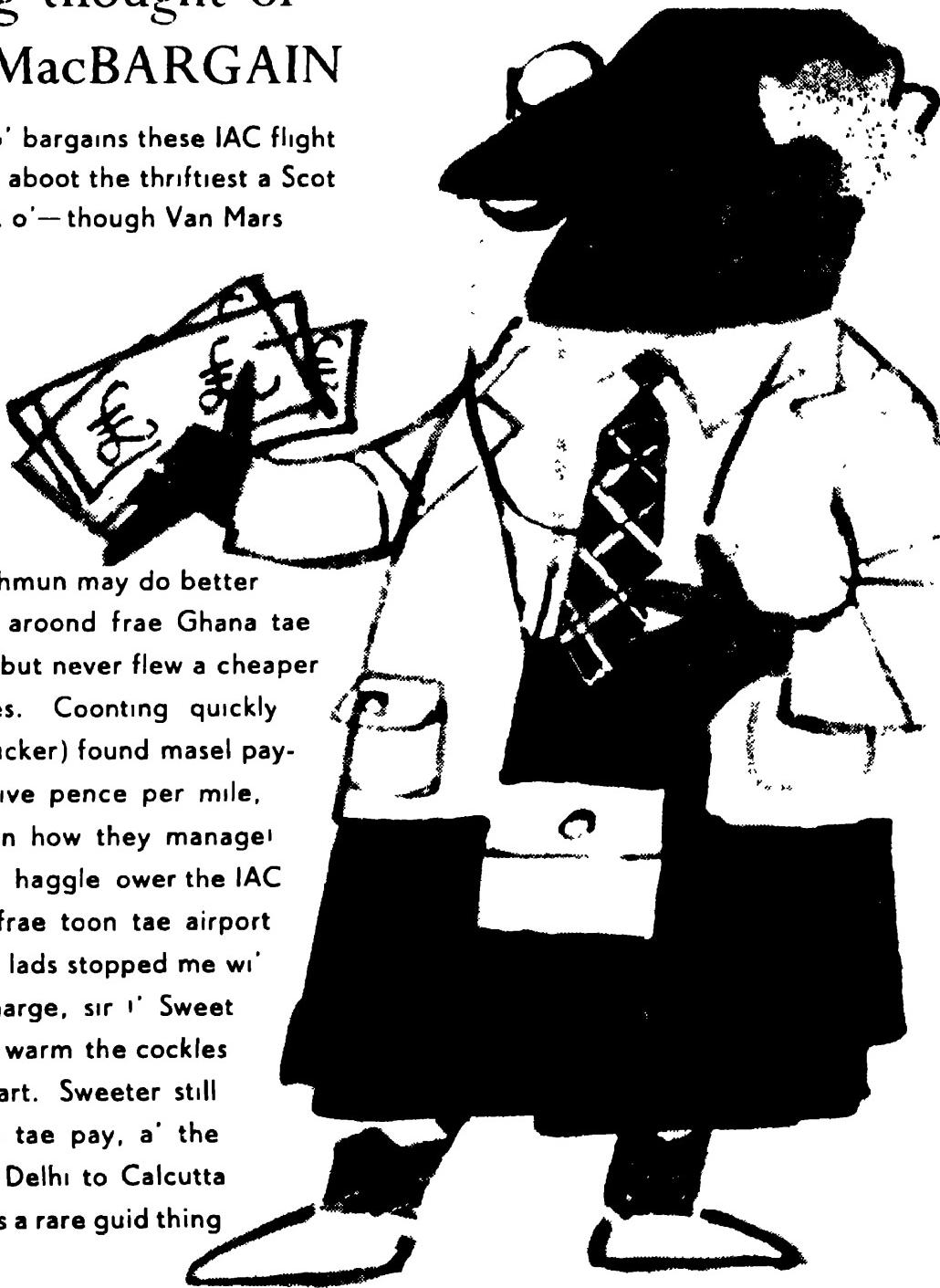
AFTER the Sunday School class had sung "Silent Night" and been told the Christmas story, the teacher suggested that her pupils should draw the Nativity scene. A little boy finished first. The teacher praised his drawing of the manger, of Joseph, of Mary and the infant. But she was puzzled by a roly-poly figure off to one side and asked who it was.

"Oh," explained the youngster, "that's Round John Virgin." —John Bills

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IT WAS Sir Winston Churchill's standing order that when he returned by train from a trip his dog Rufus should be brought to the station to meet him. Rufus was to be let off his lead to dash to his master and be the first to greet him.

One day I happened to be standing close by. Rufus ignored his master and came leaping all over me instead. Of course Sir Winston loved Rufus too much to blame him. Instead, he turned to me with a hurt look and said quietly, "In the future, Norman, I would prefer you to stay in the train until I've said hello."

—Norman McGowan, *My Years With Churchill*
(Souvenir Press, London)

WHEN visiting London, Mark Twain used to play billiards with Captain Mayne Reid, the novelist.

It was Reid's infuriating habit to chalk his cue, poise it, sight the ball very deliberately—and then rise up and ask Mark's opinion of some scene in *The Boy Hunters on the Mississippi*, or some other masterpiece by Reid. This he would do a dozen times a game.

"I don't *dislike* the old man," Mark said later, describing the experience,

"but I didn't do my duty by him. I should have taken him out in the back yard and killed him." —Robert Barr

LORD HOME, Britain's Foreign Secretary, was ill for many months during the war with tuberculosis of the spine. After one operation he lay encased in plaster for two years.

When he returned to politics he said that his operations had marked "the first time anyone has performed the impossible task of putting a backbone into a politician." —N.Y.T.

SOME YEARS ago, on a rush errand in the university library, I tore round a corner and bumped into a little old man, knocking him completely off his feet. I, a well-built five-foot-eight, hastily picked him up and with a quick apology was about to rush on my way when he stopped me, saying, "Now just a minute, young lady." With that he introduced himself and said he wanted to know the name of the charming young lady who could both sweep a man off his feet and help him to recover from it, all in a moment.

I had knocked over Albert Einstein.
—Contributed by Katharine Whitman

HOLLYWOOD tycoon Louis B. Mayer played golf occasionally—but not as other people play it. Mayer played golf with five balls going at a time and three or four caddies out locating the balls or trailing along with his clubs.

He saw no point in playing with just one ball. If you were going to take all that time and do all that walking you might as well make it worth-while.

—B. C. H.

A MAN WE know was invited to join U.S. Supreme Court Justice William Douglas on one of his travel expeditions. The justice, a veteran mountain climber, said he and Mrs. Douglas would go first to Nepal, where they would take a jeep. Soon they would transfer to horseback. After a while the going would be on foot. It would be a great experience, and if Mrs. Douglas could manage it our friend surely could, too.

"Me! All that walking?" exclaimed our man, who hadn't covered more than a city street on foot for years.

"Well, look," Douglas argued, pointing to a map. "The walking part is no farther than from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean!" —D.A.C.

A MOTHER took her children to the airport to see Eleanor Roosevelt arrive. Before the plane came in the mother gave them a thorough briefing on just who Mrs. Roosevelt is, and concluded, "She's a *very* great lady."

As the visitor disembarked, one of the children, a little girl, slipped away from her mother and trotted alongside Mrs. Roosevelt to the terminal, looking up at her face with interest. Returning to her mother, she remarked thoughtfully, "You know, I don't think she knows she's a great lady." —P. T.

LAST MAY, in a flat he was visiting for the first time, blind humorist James Thurber found that his chair was on fire. He called out, but his wife and their hostess were in other rooms, and before they could reach him, fast-billowing smoke and blazing curtains blocked their way. Meanwhile, Thurber had felt his way into a bathroom and quick-wittedly closed the door,

jammed a bath mat under it, opened the window and clapped a wet handkerchief over his face. Firemen arrived promptly and led him to safety.

Questioned about the experience, Thurber was in no mood for civil answers. Asked how blind he is, he replied, "Totally . . . and I'm awfully fed up with questions about it."

What kept him from panicking?

"If I didn't panic when I found out I was a human being, I'm never going to."

—Newsweek

THE GREAT Confederate general, Nathan Forrest, was well known for his lack of command of the English language, but his orders were none the less well understood and memorable. One day he was approaching an outpost when a messenger rode up with a dispatch which read: "I'm facing superior force in my front, on my right and my left flank. What shall I do?"

Forrest, who was near a sawmill, picked up a piece of wood, wrote one word on it and sent it back. That one word was "FITEM." —Louis Brownlow

REAR-ADMIRAL William Raborn, head of the U.S. Navy's successful Polaris project, gave the people he recruited for the project—and their families—a patriotic pep talk on the importance of their mission. Whenever anyone seemed to be slacking on the job, he was hauled before the admiral for "re-dedicating."

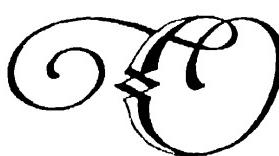
Remembering one of those emotional sessions, an officer says, "When I walked out, I knew I was ready to die for someone, but I didn't know—or remember—whether it was the admiral, the President, my mother, the head of the Boy Scouts, or who. But was I ready to die!" —Time



Success Story of "Little Women"

*Louisa May Alcott's dream
was to give her beloved family security and comfort,
but she gave them immortality as well*

By DONALD AND LOUISE PEATTIE



NE OF the world's most popular writers for girls wished all her life that she had been a boy. And Louisa May Alcott was called upon to play the part of a man. For her father, Bronson Alcott, was content to be, in his own words, "as poor as poverty and serene as heaven." It was

his second daughter who shouldered the burden of supporting the family. All her life she was a giver and a fighter, living for others.

Her first highly successful book, *Little Women*, not only made the Alcotts' fortune, but is still, almost a century after it was first published, one of the most popular girls' books ever written. Yet its author began

it with great misgivings; the idea of writing a book for girls was her publisher's. But once begun, the book all but wrote itself, for she was retelling the story of her own family—of herself, her three sisters and her devoted mother, known to the family as "Marmee"; only her father is changed—from a dreamy philosopher to an American Civil War chaplain. Meg of *Little Women* is her elder sister, Anna; Jo is herself, tall and brown and blunt, with rich long hair and grey eyes; Beth, the younger sister who dies, is Lizzie, who also died when young; and finally there is pretty little Amy, patterned after the artistic youngest Alcott girl, May.

How alive these characters still are to the American public was shown in 1958 when song writer Richard Adler produced a lavish television musical version of *Little Women*, in which Beth did not die. A shower of protesting letters rained upon producer, sponsor and the sponsor's advertising agency. Adler was attacked with such epithets as "butcher" and "mutilator." "Over at the agency," reported the *New York Times*, "there were memos, conferences and even something of a survey, which purportedly showed that 98 per cent of America remembers that Beth died." As the agency decreed: "When you tamper with people's childhood memories, you're in trouble."

This was only the latest in a long

list of television, stage and film versions of Louisa Alcott's classic. The fortune that has rolled into the pockets of those who have produced such versions are a biting contrast to the humiliating poverty of the author's young days.

The plight of the Alcotts was due to the ideas of Papa Alcott concerning "plain living and high thinking." He practised not only temperance but also vegetarianism. To slaughter animals for food, he maintained, was a barbarian practice, and no Alcott was allowed meat. It was said that he would eat only "aspiring" vegetables—those that grow upward rather than burrow into the earth. Often the family sat down to a dinner of no more than bread or porridge and apples.

Louisa was born in 1832 in Germantown, Pennsylvania, where her father kept a school; but in two years he moved on to Boston to teach. His ideas were a century ahead of the times. He not only taught the youngsters a gentle truth finer than the stork story, but even admitted a Negro girl to his classes. Little Louisa was eight when the last of his grumbling supporters withdrew, and the Alcotts moved to the old village of Concord, 20 miles from Boston.

When she was ten her father invited a lot of schemer-dreamers, even more fantastic than himself, to found a Utopian community with him. At this idealistic settlement, called Fruitlands, where everybody



"See what I started"

These human beings, I tell you, are strange creatures ; at least they are here in Assam. As you know, one day far back in 1889, I walked straight into the forest and stuck my foot into that sticky fluid—Oil. Nobody seems to credit me with the "discovery".



I remember the first oil well in Digboi was drilled in a clearing in the dense jungle. It was such a black spot that people were afraid

to go there (I did not mind at all !).

In the 1880s there were virtually no inhabitants for miles around, the heavy smell of oil making it too unpleasant to settle in the area. But today, Digboi is one of the best towns in Assam.



In the early days the people who worked in the area were given a daily dose of quinine to keep away that terrible disease—Malaria. (No quinine for me, even in those days—I'm tough !). Today, things have changed for these human



beings : Malaria carrying mosquitoes have ceased to exist in the Digboi area due to control measures.

Wherever these oilmen go they have a habit of changing the face of the place. They push back the jungle, make or improve roads and bridges, all to aid "communications" they say. (I don't like them, they give me sore feet—nothing like the jungle !)

Anyway, I have been seeing them around here for over 70 years now, since I first stepped into that pool of oil. I have been hearing the words "Assam Oil Company", "Oil Exploration know-how", "Accumulated experience", etc. ... These words all seem to go together.

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AOC/P/27



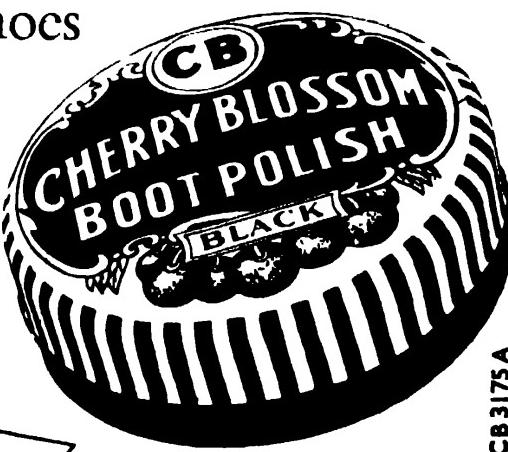
Well-groomed man— by the shine on his shoes

This man realises the importance of being well-groomed—down to the tips of his shining shoes. The shine comes from Cherry Blossom, the polish that gives a sparkling shine—easily, quickly.

*Available in Black, Dark Tan and
Light Brown shades.*

Shoes by Bata

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pooled his lack of money, the fields were to remain uncontaminated by manure, and no animal was to be required to labour in the service of man. When a visitor asked whether there were any beasts of burden on the place, Mrs. Alcott's grim answer was, "Only one woman."

Back in Concord after this misadventure in communal living, Louisa first began to show her literary powers, scribbling blood-and-thunder melodramas to be acted at home. Her first little book, *Flower Fables*, written at 16, was the outcome of her woodland walks with

a Concord neighbour, Henry Thoreau. The homely, blue-eyed hermit had time and patience enough for children; he showed Louisa and her companions the beauties of nature, and all her days she remembered the notes of his flute floating over the waters of Walden Pond.

Presently the Alcotts moved to Boston, where Mrs. Alcott undertook dismal charity work, and "Louy" and her sister Nan became school-teachers. After school, Louisa worked as a second maid, doing the laundry for two dollars a week. She also took the manuscript of

Orchard House, where Louisa May Alcott wrote "Little Women"



Flower Fables to a publisher, only to be told, "Stick to your teaching, Miss Alcott. You can't write."

If a sharper spur were needed, this was it. She retired to the garret and began to pour out a steady stream of high-flown tales. They sold, if only for five or ten dollars to begin with, and thus Louisa had already become a prop to her financially tottering family when the Civil War broke out.

The Alcotts heard its drums in Concord, where they had retired to Orchard House (which stands today as an Alcott museum). Louisa, wishing ardently that she were a young man who could shoulder arms, volunteered as a nurse and was summoned to a hospital near Washington.

She found it a decaying hovel, formerly a poor hotel, and now damp and fetid with the odour of gangrene.

The wounded from the Battle of Fredericksburg arrived in a ghastly flood. Louisa, untrained but unsparing of herself, tried to be all things to the poor fellows in her care. In moments snatched from helping them either to live or to die, she would write letters for them or read to them from her beloved Dickens. The work grew heavier when the matron fell gravely ill. Louisa's step dragged; she was never warm, and she coughed constantly. Her fever mounted. Pneumonia? Typhoid? Delirious, she could not leave her bed now and did not know, when

the anxious face of her father bent over her, whether he was real or a dream.

Somehow he got her home, as much a casualty of the war as any man with a bullet in him. For a long time she lay ill. But where unresisting little sister Lizzie had slipped over the edge, Louisa fought back to solid ground, and the love of life soon claimed her again.

And living, for Louisa Alcott, meant writing. The blood and thunder now were grimly real, and her voice deepened in the factual book called *Hospital Sketches*. Her experiences had made a soldier of her, and when a Concord company marched home she was at her gate to watch these comrades pass. But they halted just in front of her, and to a man they raised a rousing cheer for Louisa Alcott.

This was but one star-spangled day in a routine of writing and housework. She had paid her family's debts and put money by; but the Concord world was a narrow one, she felt, from which to draw colour and drama for her work.

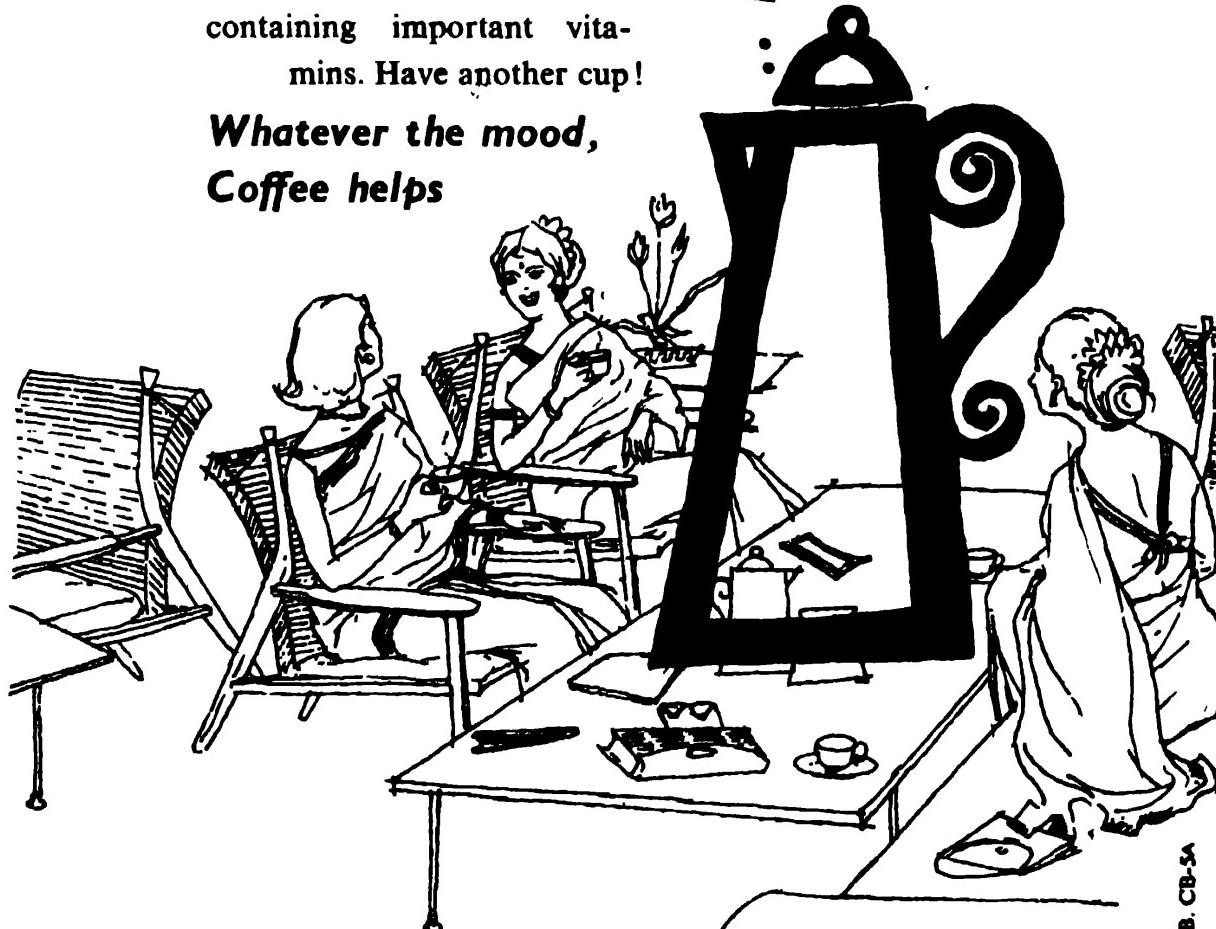
Yet fame and fortune were closer than she knew. One of her publishers suggested to her that she should write a book about girls for girls. Louisa privately thought that she would do better with a book about boys for boys. Her lack of enthusiasm for the project shows in her journal: "September, 1867—Niles, partner of Roberts, asked me to write a girls' book. Said I'd try."

Make the most of it when you're

settling down for a neighbourly chat. Serve coffee. It's always welcome. With good reason. No other drink has that delightful flavour. Never boil coffee—it kills the flavour.* Coffee heightens that pleasant feeling of relaxation. Stimulates conversation. Want it strong and black? With milk and sugar? Iced and creamy? Whichever way you like, it's a healthy drink containing important vitamins. Have another cup!

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HEARD THE LATEST? . . .



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She wrapped herself in her old "glory cloak," tied a scarf round her head to keep her hair from getting in her eyes when she got excited, and set to work. As her pen took charge of her, Louisa discovered that the beauty and terror of life are in all things, even the simple and everyday. Though written in the clear air of youth, *Little Women* is not merely a book for juveniles; it is a novel, constructed with masterly craft and honesty. She pictured the American home in all its warmth and freedom, and all the changes in living have not robbed the picture of validity even today.

Printing after printing rolled off the presses. The book crossed the ocean and in translation it swept Europe. From now on Louisa was to sell everything she wrote, and find herself begged for more than she could produce. In her journal she wrote: "My dream is beginning to come true."

That dream had never had herself in it. It had been born in cold and hunger, of the sight of her sisters in cast-off clothes, of her mother's worn face. To make her beloved family secure and comfortable was all that simple dream, and for it she had given up what other women count as the riches of life.

But as a middle-aged spinster she was a figure of triumph. Her fame she took with merriment and modesty. When celebrity hunters reached her doorstep, she would answer the door herself in an apron

to announce primly that Miss Alcott was not at home. But for the eager young she had always time and sympathy. When one young visitor remarked with frank disappointment, "But I thought you'd be beautiful!" nobody laughed more cheerfully than Louisa.

To the end of her days—writing, writing, writing—she unfailingly met the Alcotts' needs—for money, for strength and even for domestic tasks. When "Marmee" died, it was in Louisa's arms. When May, who had married abroad, died, too, it was to Louisa she left her baby girl. Always Louisa found, somehow, the new strength that was needed, though her own health was showing the price that she had paid for her dream come true. To her journal she spoke her tired heart: "Weariness keeps me from working as I once could, 14 hours a day." Still, through grief and illness, only a hopeful buoyancy bubbles up in her work.

But she knew that the last book was written. Bronson Alcott stood now on the threshold of the hereafter with that tranquil radiance that had always been his. In raw March weather, Louisa roused herself to pay him a last visit. And on the day he was carried to his grave, March 6, 1888, she herself was released from the burdens of her life and entered into the blithe immortality granted to one whose books are enduringly full of youth's warmth and laughter.

PEACE ON EARTH?

A distinguished American commentator reports the heartening opinions of the world's wise men on the most important question facing the West today

BY STEWART ALSOP

HOW GREAT is the danger of a third world war? Conversely, what are the chances of a long period of peace—or at least a period without major nuclear war?

This reporter has asked these questions of some of the wisest and most experienced men in London, Paris, Berlin and Washington. And everywhere, astonishingly, the answers have been essentially the same:

"There will be no great world war in the foreseeable future. And the present strange state of not-peace,

not-war may last for generations."

The wisest and most experienced of men can, of course, be very wrong. What is astonishing is their unanimity in the face of all the evidence which, by the standards of any previous epoch in history, would clearly suggest that a great war was not only inevitable but imminent. How is it that they do not believe there is really very much risk of war?

Ask one of the two or three dozen men who make policy for the Western alliance, and you are likely to get some such answer as, "Well, I suppose it's a matter of instinct."

Instinct, mind you, has its uses.

Some ten years ago I spent an unforgettable four or five hours with Winston Churchill at Chartwell, his country place. Stalin was then in his last terrible years of tyranny and, more even than today, every sign pointed to the danger of a third, world war. Churchill, musing on the world scene, acknowledged that this was so, comparing the situation to the late 1930's when Adolf Hitler was whipping the world towards Armageddon.

"And yet," said Churchill thoughtfully, "it is very odd. Then I *knew* there was going to be a great war. Today I do not feel a great war in my bones."

Despite a decade on the brink, the Churchillian feeling in the bones has proved correct, as so often before. With a good many of the West's policy-makers, the feeling that there will be no war is hardly more than a feeling in the bones—and their bones, of course, could prove less reliable than Winston Churchill's. But there are more solid reasons for believing that the third, and perhaps final, world war will not occur in the near future.

In examining these reasons, the place to start is inside the bald, bullet-shaped head of Nikita Khrushchev. One "Kremlinologist" holds that there is a rough parallel between the Soviet leader and the star of a play. Obviously the actor's interpretation of a leading role is vitally important. But it is the author who supplies the actor's

lines. At last May's abortive summit meeting in Paris, President Eisenhower, after listening to Khrushchev's tirade on the U-2, mildly remarked that the Soviets, after all, had done a lot of spying, too. "As God is my witness," Khrushchev cried, holding his podgy hands aloft, "my hands are clean and my heart is pure."

These lines were, in effect, written for him by the doctrine of Marxism-Leninism. For that doctrine teaches that whatever is done to promote the inevitable global triumph of Communism is good. Thus, by his own lights, Khrushchev's hands are clean, despite the fact that Soviet espionage is on the most massive scale known to history. His heart is pure, although he has been personally responsible for the deaths of tens of thousands of people, from Ukraine to Budapest. In Khrushchev's eyes, all that he has done has been done in Communism's noble cause, and is thus noble in itself.

By our standards this is a kind of madness. Khrushchev is ideologically mad, if you will, as Hitler was. But he is not insane in a clinical sense, as Hitler certainly was.

There is another meaningful difference between Khrushchev and Hitler. Whereas Hitler's "thousand-year Reich" had to be won by conquest in Hitler's own lifetime, there is no deadline for the global triumph of Communism. Khrushchev is not in a hurry.

**Skilled hands working with the touch of steel—steel weaving
in and out of fabric, making a pattern or sewing
together, steel fashions the clothes we wear.**

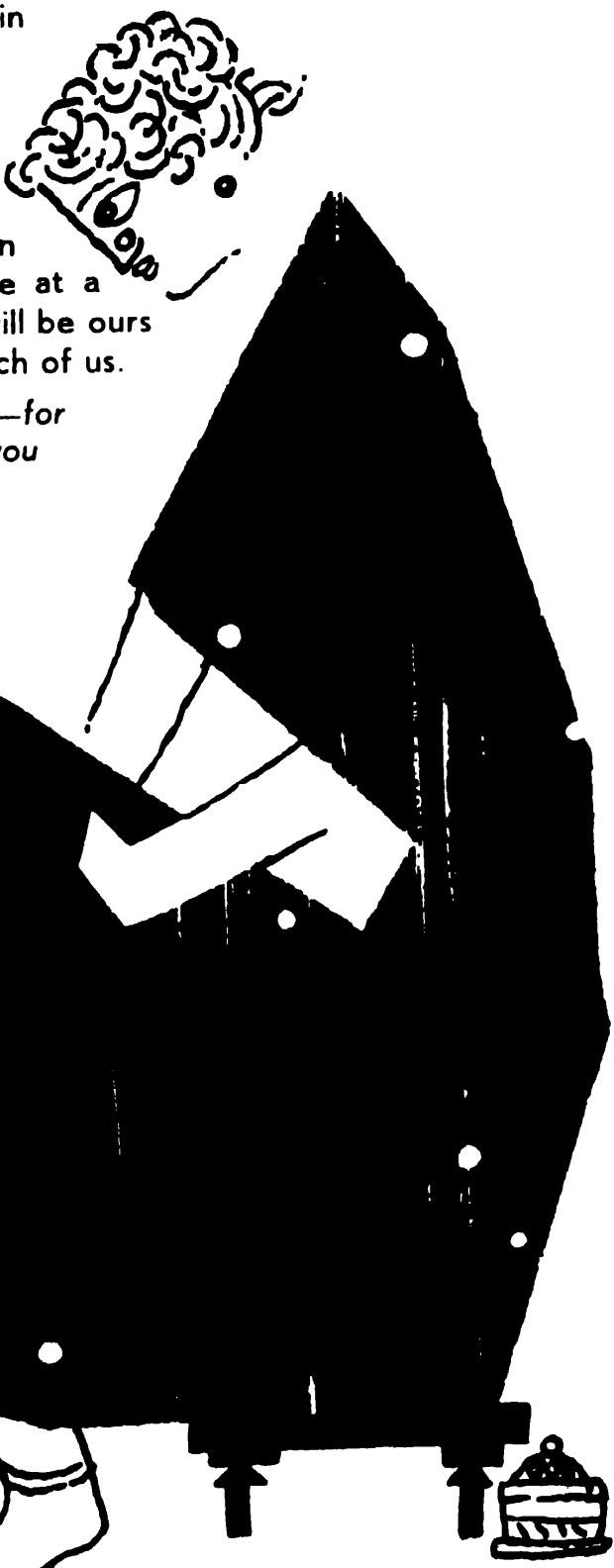
Fine needle to giant machinery in
modern cloth mills, much of the
textile industry's equipment is
shaped from steel—tons of steel
are required to produce the fabrics
which clothe our millions. Soon we
shall know abundance in an even
greater measure—the finest textile at a
price all can afford. Soon all this will be ours
as there is a little more steel for each of us.

Towards this end, IISCO is working—for
more steel to help you and you and you
—in serving you we help the
and that is our privilege

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CLOTHES
FOR YOU**

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LIMITED**

INDIAN  STEEL



These two differences between Khrushchev and Hitler were demonstrated dramatically soon after Khrushchev's spine-chilling Paris "Press conference" following the break-up of the summit meeting. There were good reasons for supposing that Khrushchev intended to carry out immediately his threat to sign a separate peace with the East Germans. The best reason is West Berlin itself, which Khrushchev once described as a "cancer in my throat." Anyone who wants to understand why should visit the Marienfelder refugee camp in a dingy suburb of Berlin, where the most recent arrivals from Communist Germany are housed. Some

3,500,000 refugees have come to West Berlin since the war. They flee because they can no longer bear the inhuman atmosphere of Communism.

Of course Berlin is a cancer in Khrushchev's throat; it makes lies of all his boasts. And what is more, the existence of free West Berlin makes it impossible for Khrushchev's German puppets, Ulbricht and Grotewohl, to consolidate fully their Communist regime. Eastern Europe in turn can never be fully consolidated in the Soviet empire until East Germany is stabilized. This is enough to suggest how glittering a prize West Berlin must be to Khrushchev.

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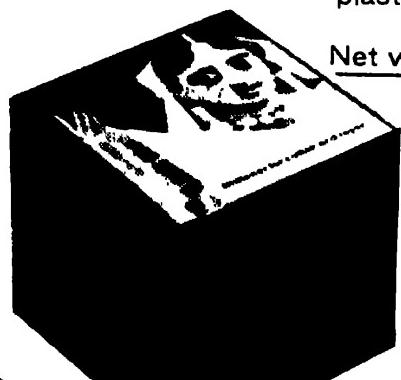
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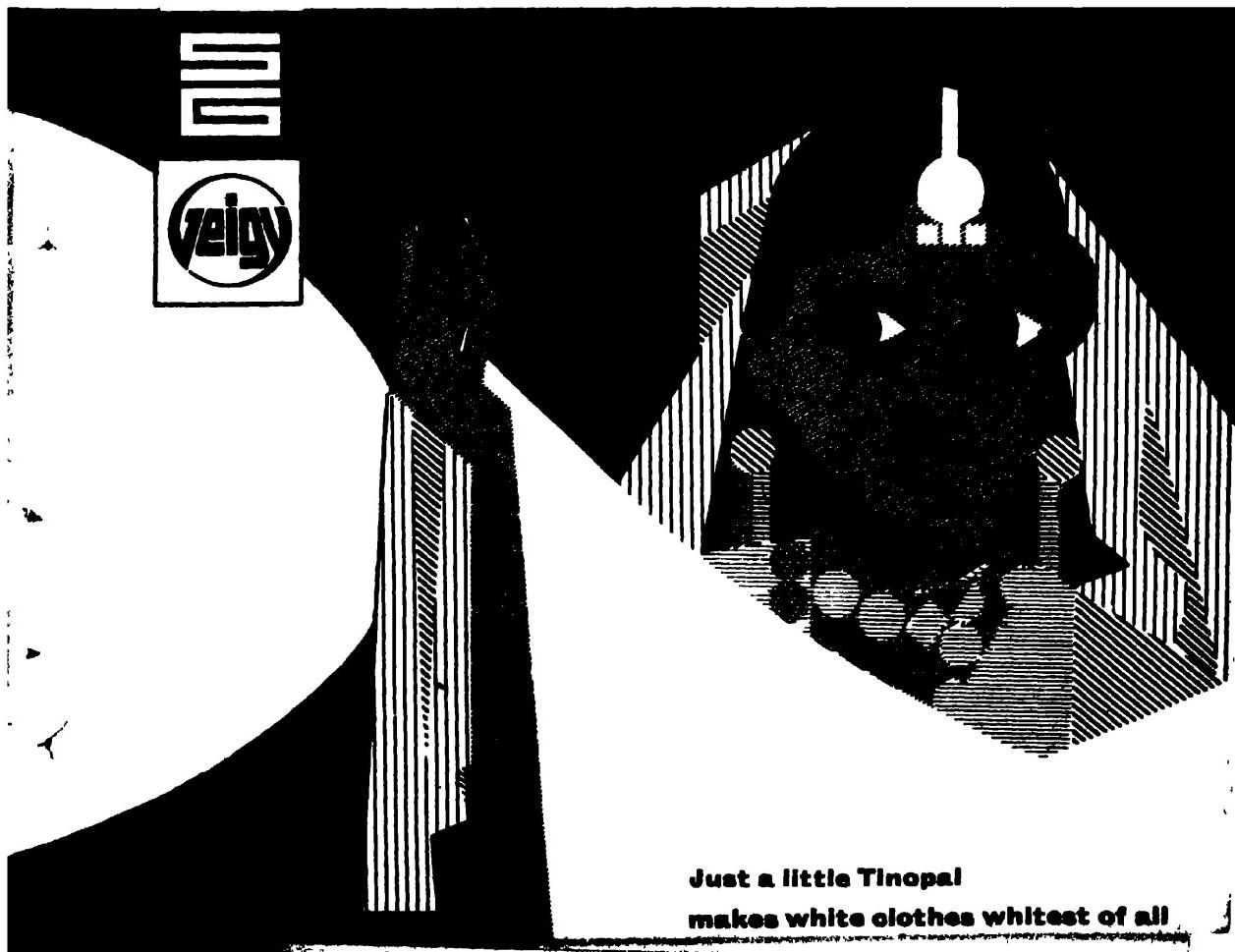
And yet the Khrushchev who visited Berlin turned out to be quite different from the Khrushchev of Paris a few days before. Now he was solemn, serious, soft-spoken, statesmanlike. The Berlin situation, he told a bitterly disappointed audience of East German Communists, should be allowed to "ripen" for at least "six to eight months." Why this new and milder Khrushchev?

In Berlin I got two overlapping answers to that question—one from a British Communist in the Soviet sector, the other from West Berlin's extraordinarily able mayor, Willy Brandt.

The British Communist, who went over to the East Germans some

ten years ago, is remarkably free-spoken for a Communist. He knew there would be no Berlin crisis, he said with a laugh, as soon as he saw the street signs being changed from "For an immediate peace treaty with the German Democratic Republic and a demilitarized West Berlin" to "For total disarmament for all the world." That was the tip-off that the line had changed, said the Englishman. But why had it changed? I asked.

Mr. K. realized, he said, that there was no chance of a deal on Berlin. He had promised to sign a separate peace with East Germany if the summit failed. But he didn't want to risk it, and the U-2 gave



him an excellent reason for not having any summit meeting at all. "So he has just put Berlin on ice."

But how long will it stay on ice? Mayor Brandt is one of those who think Berlin may be on ice indefinitely. What Khrushchev really wants, says Brandt, is a peace treaty with both Germanys, signed by all the great powers. "Then Khrushchev would say to the Poles and the Czechs, 'You must now accept for all time that Moscow is the place you belong to.'" Khrushchev, Brandt believes, is simply trying to use the threat of a separate peace with East Germany as a lever. But suppose the lever doesn't work, and Khrushchev then signs a peace treaty with his East German puppets? "He hands over rights which are not his to people not qualified to accept them. And what does he get? New dangers, perhaps another explosion."

Brandt is convinced that Berlin is a very tough nut for Khrushchev to crack. Theoretically, the East German Communists could strangle Berlin by cutting off access to the West.

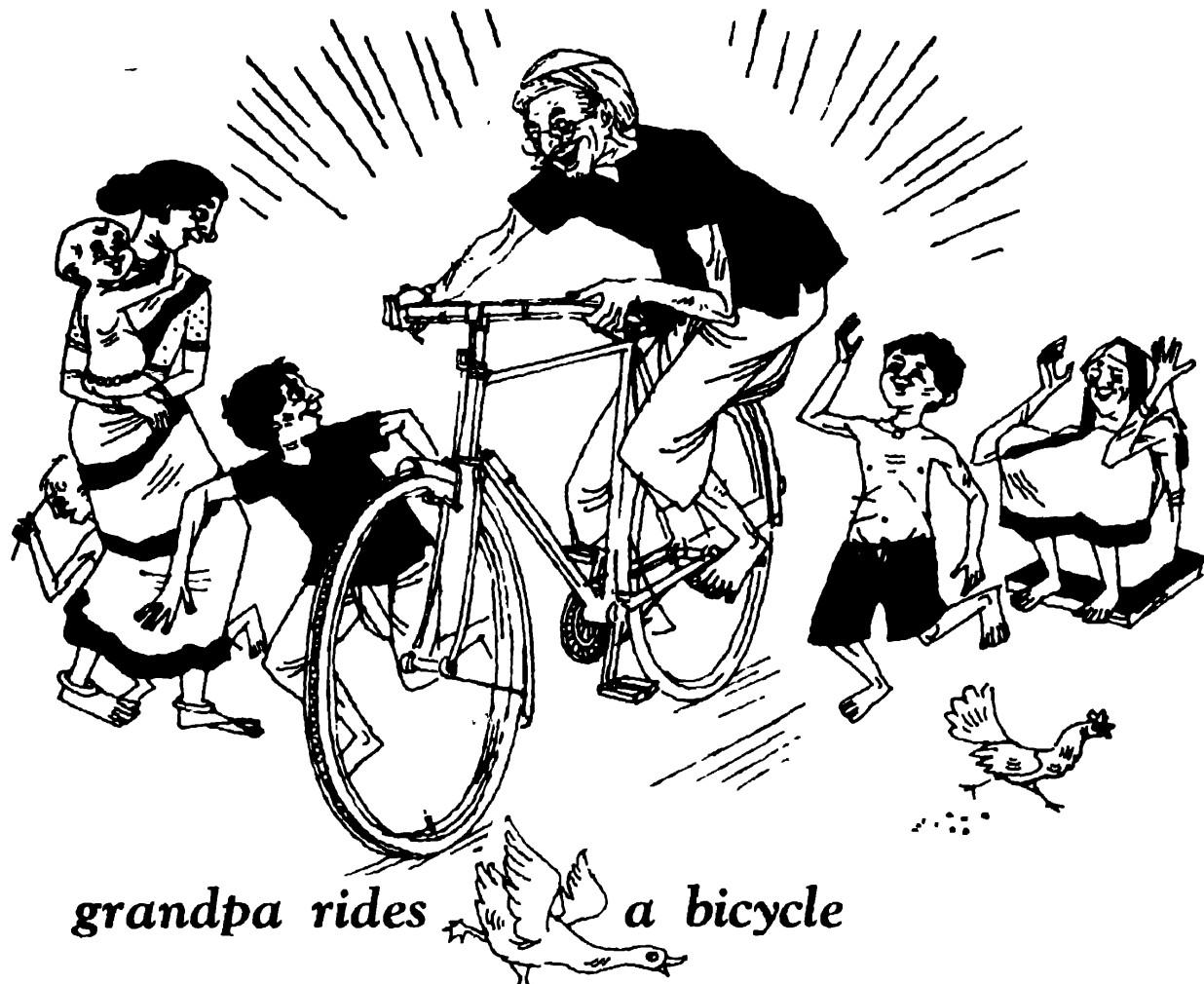
But might not the West start shooting before Berlin is strangled to death? Is Khrushchev, in short, ready to risk war? Western policy-makers answer that Khrushchev does *not* want to take any major risk of nuclear war—not consciously, not by design, not now.

* See "The U-2 Saga," The Reader's Digest, November 1960.

To understand their reasons, consider the famous U-2 flights.* They gave us a picture—quite literally—of Soviet military and industrial dispositions that more conventional espionage methods could never have provided. More important, they made a liar out of the Soviet scientist who once explained to an American colleague in Geneva why the Soviets would win the next war: "We know where your missile bases are, and you don't know where ours are." They thus robbed the Soviets of a strategic advantage which could be decisive.

For the present we do know where the Soviet missile bases are, and above all we know that the Soviet air defences are not invulnerable and that our bombers can get through to the targets recorded on the U-2's supersensitive films. Khrushchev knows this. That is the chief reason he does not want to risk a major war. It was essentially for the same reason that Winston Churchill had that feeling in his bones ten years ago. He told Britain's House of Commons at the time:

"Hopes of a speedy and splendid victory with all its excitement are now superseded by a preliminary stage of measureless agony from which neither side could at present protect itself. Moralists may find it a melancholy thought that peace can find no nobler foundations than mutual terror. But, for my part, I shall be content if these foundations are solid."



grandpa rides a bicycle

Our illustration is symbolic of a new urge that is sweeping our villages—the desire to own a bicycle, perhaps the most ubiquitous means of quick transport. Even grandpa, today, takes cycling in his stride . . .

Sixty years ago, however, it needed more courage to ride a bicycle than to marry! Enthusiastic pioneers formed clubs to popularise cycling, with Dunlop enterprise—which, in 1898, brought the first pneumatic tyres to India—shodding the earliest bicycles.

From the rudimentary efforts of those far off days, the bicycle has become a necessity for millions...providing cheap and comfortable travel, made possible by the invention of the first practicable pneumatic tyre by J. B. Dunlop.



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That "peace of mutual terror" is the peace we have today. It is quite unlike the genuine peace, based on a genuine world settlement, which the world has fleetingly known, notably in the nineteenth century. Barring a total overturn of the Communist system, we shall never know that sort of peace, nor will our children or our children's children.

You cannot make a genuine world settlement with those whose stated objective is to destroy everything you believe in. The peace of mutual terror is, moreover, a frighteningly fragile peace. It could be broken by miscalculation or by madness.

Yet the fact remains—under the sheltering terror of the nuclear weapons, the fragile peace has somehow remained unbroken for a long time now. The final clash between the hostile *blocs*, which history has taught us to expect, has not occurred. Perhaps, just perhaps, our fragile, frightening peace, which is after all very much better than no peace at all, will last for a long time.

If that "perhaps" is not to explode into the horror of a nuclear world war, certain conditions must clearly be met. Our bombers can get through today. But they, or their missile equivalent, must *always* be able to get through.

Nor is that all. Khrushchev must be genuinely convinced that our nuclear power will, if necessary, be used.

In the opinion of one of the best-informed men in Europe, we were

closer to war a few months before the summit than we have ever been. Khrushchev had concluded, he believes, that we would surrender Berlin rather than risk a nuclear war, and he therefore came within an ace of forcing the Berlin collision. He was only persuaded that the West might fight for Berlin as a result of his meeting with General de Gaulle in Paris last spring.

To this there is a corollary. History has not taken an about-turn. People are fighting one another today on an organized basis, as they have since history was first recorded, and as they will do in the time of our grandchildren's grandchildren. The lesson is clear. We must have what today we largely lack—the means to fight less-than-total wars with less-than-total weapons.

Finally, and perhaps in the long run most important, we must also find the means and the will to give poor countries and poor people a practical alternative to Communism.

Yet surely it is not impossible for these conditions to be met by the Western alliance, the richest and potentially the most powerful concert of nations in history. If they are met, in the judgement of the wise and well-informed men to whom I have talked since the Paris débâcle, it really is not too much to hope that there will be no global nuclear war in our lifetime, and perhaps for very much longer than that. Perhaps there will never be one.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LOST TOOTH

I am Maxillary Molar — Max to my friends and neighbours. And I belong to Mr B. I was meant to last him a lifetime; but here I am at a dentist's — being extracted! And I haven't lived half my age! I don't know whether to laugh or cry. Mr B screams with pain!

I was born when Mr B was eight years old, sixteen years ago. I grew up to be a shining white tooth. Whenever Mr B looked into the mirror, I shone with whiteness, like the rest of my brethren. We were a set of gleaming white teeth. And no wonder. Mr B cleaned us regularly, morning and evening — with a toothpaste, of course.

You probably use a toothpaste yourself. But which toothpaste? That's the point. I've just heard the dentist say to Mr B: 'Most toothpastes clean the teeth well; but that's not enough. A toothpaste must care for the gums, too. Do you know that unhealthy gums are the greatest single cause of tooth losses?'

A little laugh escaped Mr B.

'Gum troubles are no laughing matter, Mr B. They breed toxic matter in the mouth, which cannot but pass into the body. When this happens, stomach troubles and ill-health start.'

'Grruff!'

'Research has shown,' continued the dentist, 'that 9 out of 10 people suffer from gum diseases — without being aware of it! You are one of the nine, Mr B.'

'What can I do about it?' mumbled Mr B.

'Well, this is what I do,' the dentist said, picking up a phial from his shelf. 'We dentists use Sodium Ricinoleate for treating gum troubles.'

'Sodium Ricinoleate?' Mr B said, brightening up. 'That reminds me of Gibbs SR Toothpaste. I've read an advertisement where they say that only Gibbs SR contains Sodium Ricinoleate. What does it do?'

'It strengthens the gums and prevents their bleeding. And it neutralises the toxic action of bacteria in the mouth.'

The dentist's forceps have gripped me firmly — and ohh! there's no last straw left for me. Before I am dropped into the dentist's little bin, let me tell you why I relate my story. I want to help you save your teeth. Let them last you a lifetime, as they are meant to do! Let your own teeth chew your food all your days. Let them add sparkle to your smile all your life.

Down, down I go! (Clink!)

Now started the Gibbs SR habit! Hurray!

Mr B





BOOK OF THE MONTH

One Man and His Dog

from the book by
ANTHONY RICHARDSON

In recognition of his brilliant war record, Antis, the famous Alsatian, was presented with the Dickin Medal—the animals' V.C.—by Lord Wavell. Born on a battlefield, Antis flew on bombing raids in an R.A.F. Wellington, was twice wounded, and saved several lives during the Blitz. Antis was a great hero, but to his Czech master he was much more—as loyal and steadfast a friend as a man ever had

*Condensed from "One Man and His Dog," © 1960 by Anthony Richardson,
and published by Harrap, London.*



Jan Bozdech

The Man and His Dog

THE DEAFENING crash was followed almost at once by a long, grinding roar. The noise was terrifying, and the Alsatian puppy, reacting frantically, struggled to get to his feet. He fell over helplessly, uttering a tremulous cry. He was too weak from starvation to stand up.

The farmhouse which was his home lay in no man's land between the Maginot and Siegfried Lines. A few days earlier—it was now February 12, 1940—great thunderblasts of artillery had toppled its walls, killed his mother and litter mates, and sent the farm family scurrying for safety. The puppy had lain alone in the ruined kitchen ever since, cowering whenever the shelling recurred.

But that last blast had not been gunfire. It was the crash of a low-flying reconnaissance plane, followed

by an explosion of petrol and the roar of flames. A few minutes later two airmen from the French First Bomber - Reconnaissance Group, both lucky to be alive, spotted the ruins of the farmhouse. The pilot, Pierre Duval, had a bullet through his calf; so it was Jan Bozdech, observer-gunner, who strode forward to investigate.

As he stepped inside past the sagging kitchen door, revolver in hand, Jan heard the sound of quick, excited breathing.

"Put up your hands and come out," he ordered, covering a suspicious-looking pile of rubble.

There was no reply. With pounding heart, the airman finally came forward and peered over the debris.

"Well, I'll be damned," he said. Then he began to laugh.

Pierre hobbled in, trailing blood but still curious. "What is it?" he asked.

"I've captured a German," Jan replied. Reaching down, he lifted up the tawny Alsatian puppy. Although the animal was quivering with fright, it bared its milk teeth, snarled defiantly and even nipped at his hand.

"Here now," Jan said, stroking the base of the dog's ears, "you've just been saved from execution. I almost shot you, you know." Under this reassuring touch, the puppy relaxed in Jan's arms.

Up till now, a ground fog had protected the two crashed airmen

from German eyes. But this might lift at any time, and it would not be safe to try for the French lines until night. They settled down to wait.

The wounded Pierre rested in a chair and closed his eyes. Jan dug out his chocolate ration and offered a lump to the dog. It sniffed the morsel, but did not eat until Jan melted a piece over a flame and rubbed the softened chocolate on his fingers. Once started, the puppy happily licked the airman's fingers clean again and again. Then it snuggled into his arms and slept contentedly.

A Touch of Blackmail

USING ONE hand, Jan spread out a map on the floor and studied it. It showed a wood about a mile away. If they could make this, they should be in French territory. At six o'clock Jan shook Pierre awake. "It's dark," he said. "We'd better be getting on."

For a moment they studied the puppy, now sleeping peacefully on the floor. They couldn't take it along, for if it whimpered even once it might betray them. They left some of their rations beside a pan of water, and Jan propped the door sideways across the entrance so that the puppy could not follow. Then they stole away.

As they set off for the wood an exchange of gunfire broke out. They inched forward on hands and knees. Before they had moved 30 yards a magnesium flare burst almost overhead, brilliantly lighting the terrain,

and the two men flattened themselves instinctively. As the flare died away, Jan heard the noise he had been dreading—the frantic yelping of a puppy who knew he was being abandoned.

The animal would have to be silenced. Jan felt for his knife and, motioning Pierre to lie still, crept back. As he neared the farmhouse, he heard the puppy hurling itself



against the barrier he had braced across the entry. Two forelegs momentarily hung over the edge while the hind legs scrabbled desperately. Then the dog slipped back again.

Jan peered over the barricade, straight into the puppy's imploring eyes. He turned away. It was unthinkable to kill a dog with a knife. He searched the ground for a heavy stick with which to stun the animal, but there was none. Thinking of Pierre lying injured in the darkness, he began to panic; he must hurry. Then he heard an anguished whimper from the other side of the door.

"Oh, hell," he muttered, and the last shreds of his resolution snapped. Reaching down into the dark, he lifted the puppy and slipped it inside his flying jacket.

Mascot to the Czech Exiles

IT TOOK the two men almost seven tortuous hours to reach the fringe of the protective wood. Pierre, weakened by his wound, was at the limit of his endurance and even Jan collapsed, utterly spent.

During all this ordeal the puppy hadn't made a sound. But now he began to whine uncontrollably.

The noise roused Jan from near-sleep. "Be quiet," he muttered.

"Listen," Pierre said. "He hears something that we can't."

Then, like a pistol shot in the dark silence, a twig snapped and half a dozen figures emerged from the trees. Jan sprang to his feet, holding the dog with one hand and reaching

for his revolver with the other. But in the shifting moonlight he saw the uniforms of the French infantry. They had reached safety!

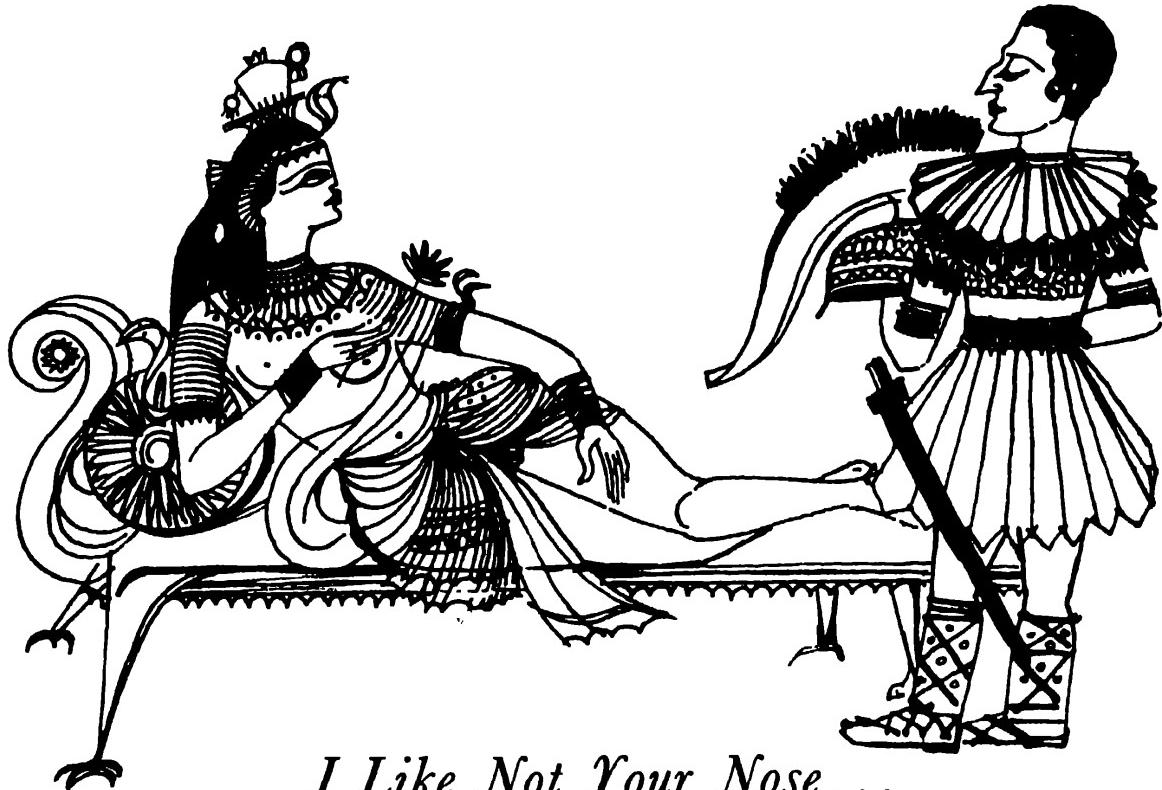
Using their rifles and a greatcoat to improvise a stretcher, two of the soldiers carried Pierre to the nearest blockhouse. Next day he was sent to hospital. And Jan, gently clutching the puppy, was driven back to his squadron base at St. Dizier.

Here he belonged to a particularly close band of seven Czech exiles. All seven had been members of the Czech Air Force before Hitler invaded their country. They had then escaped through Poland, joined the French Foreign Legion in Africa, and later been seconded to the French Air Force. All had the same fighting spirit, the same determination to strike back against the Germans at all costs.

Perhaps it was their very homelessness which made them so susceptible to Jan's puppy. They loved him at once, immediately adopted him as a mascot, and after some discussion named him "Antis" after the A.N.T. bombers they had flown in Czechoslovakia. As Joshka, a slight, curly-haired youth from Moravia, commented, "The name should be unique, short and typically personal for our dog."

"My dog," Jan corrected. But he assented to the name.

Every night Antis slept in the blockhouse, at Jan's feet. As the weeks passed he flourished and grew and, being lovingly instructed,



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and intelligent, he learned to shake hands with each of his friends. No one knew just how much he understood this symbol of unity, but in time the dog's loyalty would be tested to the utmost. Antis was to go through a great deal with these men.

All for One, and One for All

FRANCE TASTED defeat that spring when Hitler's panzer divisions drove south with demoralizing speed. The squadron fled from one threatened aerodrome to another until the day Paris fell. Then it was assembled for the last time. "Gentlemen," the adjutant announced solemnly, "the unit is disbanded. Now it is every man for himself. May God be with you."

The seven Czechs held a council "We came here to fight, not to run away," said Vlasta, the senior member of the group. "I suggest we stick together, try to get to England and carry on from there."

There was no dissent. Within 15 minutes the seven had piled all their possessions on to an ancient cart and, perching Antis on top of the load, joined the stream of refugees fleeing southwards. And, because they were both determined and lucky, some two weeks later they found themselves in the small Mediterranean seaport of Sète. From there they made their way to Gibraltar.

Once the British authorities had satisfied themselves about the Czech flyers' credentials, all seven were

appointed to the Royal Air Force and ordered to proceed on the trawler *Northman*, bound for Liverpool. They were going to England at last!

There was, however, one small problem: no dogs were allowed on board. Regulations absolutely forbade it. A wedge of Czechs smuggled Antis up the gangplank under a raincoat and spirited him into the stokehold. Jan loyally remained with the dog, spreading a blanket on the grimy coal.

On the second day out, the *Northman's* engines broke down, and all passengers were ordered to transfer to another vessel. Hurriedly the Czechs divided Jan's baggage among themselves so that there would be room to conceal Antis in his kit-bag. All went well until they reached the deck of the new ship, where Jan paused momentarily to shift the weight of the bag.

"Move along, please," the ship's interpreter remarked curtly, and at the sound of the strange voice the kit-bag wriggled perceptibly. As it did, Jan lost his grip on the cord enclosing its neck. Immediately Antis thrust his head through the opening and looked out—straight into the astonished eyes of the British officer of the watch. The seven Czechs all stood as if paralysed.

"Hullo," said the officer with a grin, "a stowaway! Well, let the poor beggar out; you'll have him suffocating." He released the cord

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and Antis dropped to the spotless deck, shaking a cloud of coal dust around him like a satanic halo.

"Now get him below and give him a bath before the captain sees what a bloody mess you've made of his deck," the officer said, turning away to check off another group of transferees. As they crowded aboard, Jan was pushed along in a daze, with Antis trotting at his heels.

The rest of the trip was made in

luxury—real bunks, clean laundry, wash-bowls in the cabins. Antis, given his freedom, regained his vitality and glossy coat.

But as they approached Liverpool the airmen received devastating news. According to English law, all animals had to be quarantined in port for six months; animals whose owners could not pay the kennel fees would be destroyed. All the money the Czechs had among them would not ransom Antis for more than three weeks.

But resourceful men have coped with greater problems than this. And by now the Czechs were seasoned conspirators.

At two o'clock on the afternoon before disembarkation all animals were rounded up. Minutes later Jan and an interpreter were summoned before the captain. "You've not handed over your dog," the captain said severely. "Where is he?"

"I don't know." Which, at that very moment, was technically true.

"You realize that this is a very



serious offence?" the captain enquired.

"I've done nothing, sir," Jan replied. "I just haven't seen the dog."

They searched the ship, peering into corners and racks, cabins and hatches; they flung open lockers and lifted containers. No Antis. At five o'clock they gave up.

When the ship docked at Liverpool the next evening, Jan and Vlasta wangled the job of overseeing the unloading of the detachment's baggage. After the last of it had been stacked in the cargo net, they carefully placed a large, oddly shaped kit bag stencilled "Jan Bozdech" on top of the pile.

Within the hour the bags were stacked neatly on the platform at Liverpool Central Station, Jan's still on top of the heap. Three minutes before their train steamed in, a platoon of soldiers marched up, halted and ordered arms. A rifle butt struck the bag labelled Bozdech, and a loud yelp of protest arose.

Immediately the military police converged on the pile. The Czech detachment, always eager to help, joined in the search, heaving the baggage about and passing Jan's bag from hand to hand under cover of the general confusion until it was well clear of the suspected area. Surreptitious yelps with an imperceptible Czechoslovakian accent also misled the pursuers. When the air-men's train arrived, the police gave up in disgust. Fifteen minutes later

the eight comrades were on their way to their first camp in the United Kingdom. It was July 12, 1940.

Antis Sounds the Alert

FOR MEN who had been on active operational duty, going back to flying school was irksome. At Cosford, and then at Duxford R.A.F. station, the Czechs spent many exasperating hours poring over a book called *Fundamentals of English*. This was an impossible language which was spelt one way and pronounced another, and they almost welcomed the sporadic German air attacks which disrupted their studies.

Jan devoted his spare time to training Antis. He was no expert handler, and treated the animal simply as though he were a fellow human being; Antis responded with the most devoted and intelligent obedience. He quickly mastered all the standard commands, learned to close doors when ordered to, and unfailingly fetched Jan's gloves when his companion got ready to go out.

While Jan was in class, Antis stayed with the armourers. He developed an unusual ability to detect enemy aircraft, and was always minutes ahead of the camp's air-raid warning system. When the Germans came in at treetop level, this system was of little use. But Antis, the armourers claimed, invariably alerted them in time to take cover.

Jan was sceptical, for he had

always been in class at the start of the raids. But one night, when he was studying in his bunk, Antis suddenly woke up and trotted to the window, ears cocked. There was no sound except the hiss of rain, but the dog walked to the door and stood there pointedly.

"Don't be silly," Jan said. "There's nothing out in this weather. Go and lie down."

Antis whined persistently. Then, seeing that Jan had no intention of moving from the bunk, he flattened his ears reproachfully and lay down. Half an hour later Joshka looked in as he came off duty from the Operations Room.

"Thick out," he said. "I wouldn't

have been up there tonight for anything. I'll bet the German who came over was lost."

"Tonight?" Jan asked. "I didn't hear anything."

"About half an hour ago," Joshka said. "Very high. We were plotting him just over 15 miles away when he turned back."

"Well, I'll be damned," Jan said, and by way of apology reached down and rubbed Antis's ears. The dog had been right all the time.

In the autumn, when the Czechs were transferred to Speke, five miles from Liverpool, Antis's peculiar ability became very important. Liverpool was a major target, subject to massive bombardment. The

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dog's warnings were uncannily accurate, and the men came to depend on him to alert them whenever the immediate area was threatened.

Rescue in the Ruins

ONE NIGHT when Jan and Vlasta were returning from the town, the dog began to whine just as they neared a massive archway beneath the Speke viaduct. Over Liverpool, the air was ribbed with searchlights and the horizon blinked with exploding bombs; but as yet there had been no warning siren.

"They *must* be coming this way," Jan said as the animal's whine grew more insistent. "Come on, let's take cover under the archway." Almost

immediately they heard the approaching engines. The first bomb burst just as they flung themselves under the protection of the viaduct.

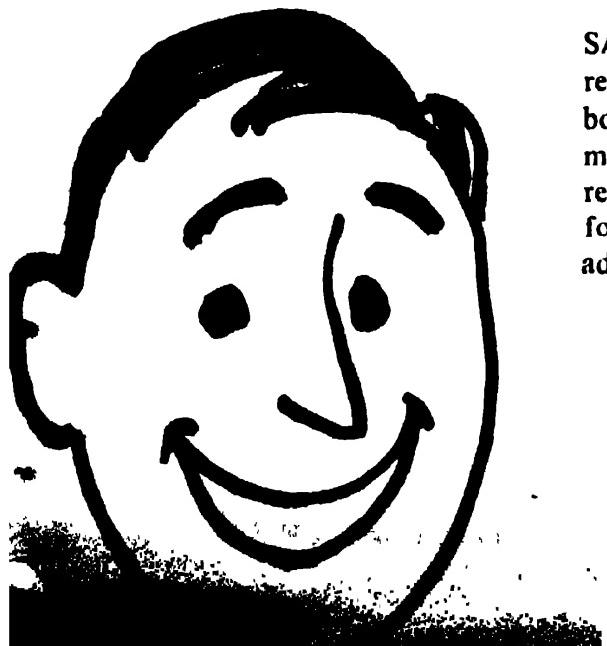
Now explosion followed explosion. Where there had been a neat row of houses beside the viaduct there was only rubble. A long silence ensued, and then suddenly someone began to scream.

"Come on," Vlasta yelled. "We've got to get them out."

They ran into the street. A man with blood spurting from a mangled arm blundered into them.

"Save her!" he shouted. "She's under there. We were having a cup of tea . . ." His voice trailed off, and he sat on the kerb, sobbing.

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A rescue worker thrust a pick into an s hands. Antis, standing by the shattered remains of a kitchen cupboard, his forepaws deep in broken china, began to bark. Jan looked closely and saw five fingers moving in the rubble. Digging quickly, he uncovered a dazed and bloody woman.

"Good dog," the rescue worker said. "Bring him over here, will you? There's bound to be others. Lord, what a shambles!"

Jan followed the man to a pile of smoking plaster and shattered furniture. "Seek!" he ordered. Half-way up the heap Antis stopped, sniffing. An R.A.F. officer started to dig where Antis stood, and within a few minutes he had got a man out; he had been totally buried.

"Nothing like a trained dog for this job," the rescue worker said.

"He's not trained," Vlasta snapped impatiently. "He's just a damned good dog."

They continued working until two in the morning. When the rescue-squad leader finally passed the word that the job was done, the dog's coat was matted, his paws cut and bleeding from scrambling over the jagged wreckage.

"There's no more we can do here," Vlasta said. "Let's go back and have Antis attended to."

But Antis was straining at his leash again, dragging Jan towards a sagging brick wall.

"No more, boy," Jan said. "We've had enough—"

"Antis!" he shouted in the din. "Antis!" Vlasta flashed his light to where the wall had been. There was now only a head-high pile of bricks and timber. Instantly Jan was on his knees, flinging great chunks of plaster in every direction. Again he shouted almost hysterically, "Antis!"

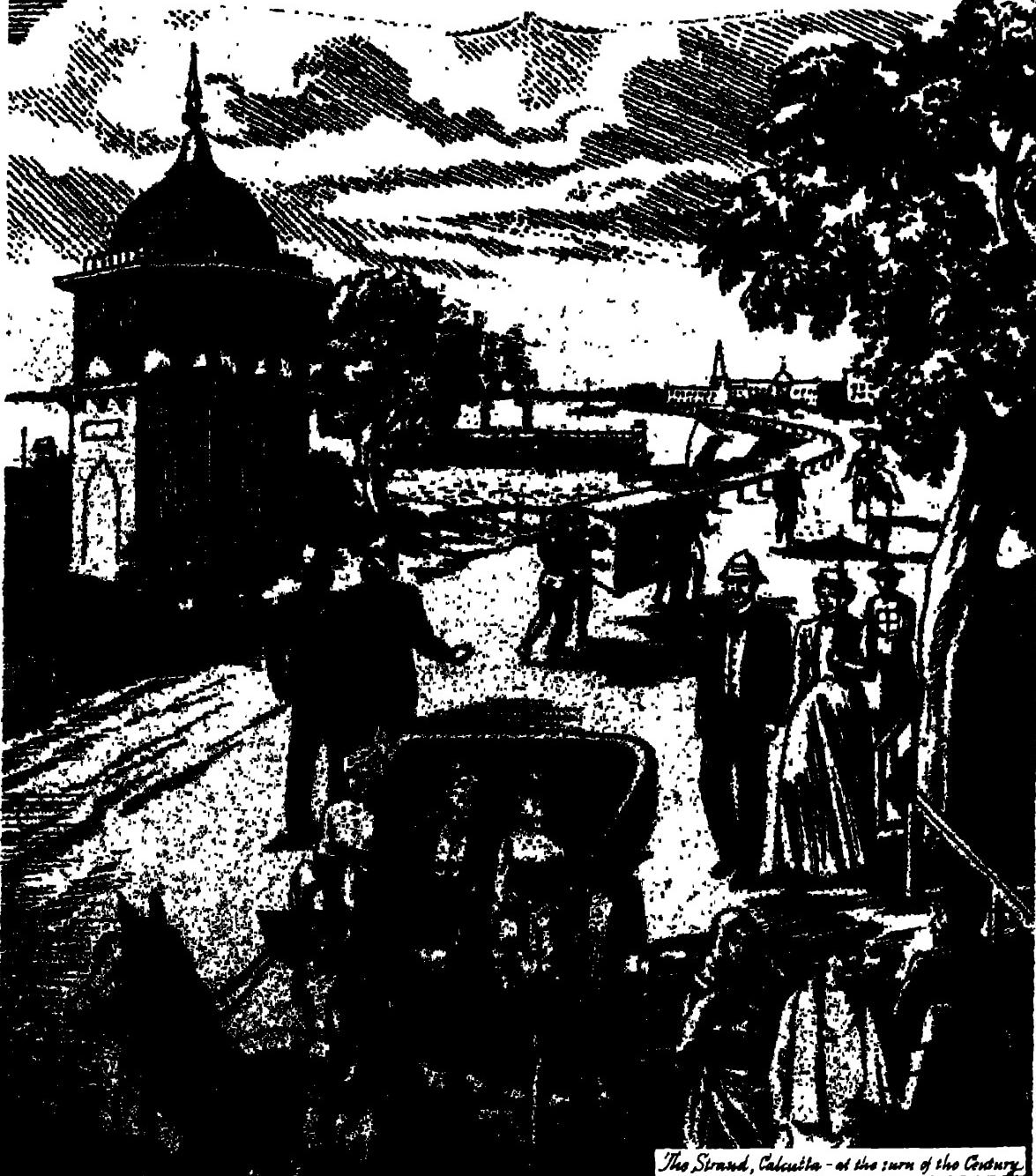
From somewhere behind the rubble came an answering bark. The men quickly broke through to a little room, knee-deep in debris. A woman, sprawled on her back under a mass of plaster, was dead. But in the far corner Antis stood by a cot; the child in it was still alive.

The rescue-squad leader was visibly moved. "You know, boy," he told Antis, "we just couldn't have done the job without you."

The Long Vigil

BY EARLY January 1941, Jan, Stetka and Josef had completed their flying-school and flight training and, with No. 311 Czech Squadron of Bomber Command, were posted to East Wretham for operational duty. The move reunited them with the other Czechs who had been training elsewhere, and gave them at long last a chance to get at the enemy. But it meant that Antis, for the first time, had to accustom himself to separations from Jan. For the night-bombing operations on which the squadron was soon flying often lasted from late evening until dawn.

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For weeks Antis was moody and dispirited. Then he made friends with the maintenance crew which looked after *Cecilia*, his master's plane, and seemed to adjust himself to the absences. The dog would accompany Jan to dispersal, see him aboard the Wellington, then retire to the maintenance tent which stood at the edge of the aerodrome. Once there, he would settle down for the night and not budge as long as the planes were out.

But some time before dawn he would suddenly rise and cock his ears, and the maintenance crew knew then that the squadron was returning. As soon as Antis discerned the particular pitch of *Cecilia's* propellers, he began to bound and prance excitedly—his "war dance," the mechanics called it—and then he would trot out to watch the planes come in and to greet Jan. The ritual never varied.

But one night in June, after Jan had flown on more than ten sorties, the mechanics noticed a sharp departure from routine. Shortly after midnight Antis became unusually restive. "What's the matter with him?" one asked. "Are we expecting visitors?"

"No," replied Adamek, the corporal in charge, "no Jerries about tonight." He spoke to the dog. "Antis, come here for a scratch—and calm down."

But the dog ignored him and went to the tent flap. Suddenly he lifted his muzzle and let out a long

piercing howl. Then he lay down outside, not resting, but with his head up, as if preparing for a long vigil.

At half-past one the first returning Wellington blinked her identification lights and rumbled down the runway. She was followed at regular intervals by other planes until all but *Cecilia* were accounted for. Two hours passed; there was still no sign of Jan's aircraft.

"No point in hanging about here," one of the mechanics finally said. "He'll have run out of fuel by now."

"We'll give it 15 minutes more," Adamek said. When the time was up and the plane had not appeared, the crew reluctantly decided to disperse for breakfast. "Come along, Antis," said Adamek. The dog would not move.

Just then the squadron's popular commanding officer, Lieutenant Josef Ocelka, drove up to the tent. An old admirer of Antis, he had promised Jan that he would look after the dog if Jan ever failed to return from operations.

"Any news of *Cecilia*, sir?" one of the mechanics asked, while Adamek struggled with Antis.

"Not yet. Give him a shove, Corporal," Ocelka suggested.

"It's no good, sir," Adamek replied. "He won't move until Jan turns up. I know him."

"So do I, dammit," Ocelka said. "Let's go. Perhaps he'll change his mind when he gets hungry."



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After breakfast, Adamek went back to the tent with a plate of liver. Antis ignored it, as he ignored the driving rain that had begun to fall. When Adamek saw that no amount of coaxing would move the dog, he spread a tarpaulin over him and left.

Late that afternoon Operations Room was informed that *Cecilia* had been hit by flak over the Dutch coast, but had managed to limp back to Coltishall R.A.F. station with only one casualty: air gunner Jan Bozdech was in Norwich Hospital undergoing treatment for a superficial head wound. The Czechs were elated at the good news. But no one could convey it to the dog.

All that night Antis stayed at his post. Next morning, at the time when the squadron normally returned from operations, he rose and paced about. An hour after dawn, when no plane had appeared, he began to howl disconsolately.

"He'll starve," Ocelka said, "and drive us crazy while he does. We've got to think of something."

It was the station chaplain, Padre Poucny, who provided the solution. Less restricted by official routine than the other officers, he went straight to the heart of the matter by telephoning the medical authorities at Norwich. Sergeant Bozdech was not badly hurt, he suggested persuasively as he explained the situation. Would it be possible to run him out for a short trip in an ambulance, and then board the

dog at the hospital for a few days? (A prolonged medical consultation followed.) Yes? It would be? Thank you so much.

And that was that. The ambulance arrived that afternoon, and the two inseparables went back together to Norwich Hospital. There both of them were outrageously spoilt by the nurses until Jan recovered.

"What the Eye Doesn't See..."

By the time Antis had kept his vigil during 30 of *Cecilia's* sorties, all the crew felt they knew his habits thoroughly. But one night shortly after the air-crew roll-call the dog disappeared. Although there was no trace of him anywhere, and it was unlike him to alter a long-established routine, no one was particularly concerned. Antis had long ago proved that he could take care of himself.

When the plane levelled off at 8,000 feet, Jan gave a last worried look at East Wretham aerodrome, now indistinguishable in the darkened English countryside. Then he put the dog out of his mind and concentrated on checking his guns.

"Navigator to wireless operator," the intercom crackled suddenly. "Can you hear me?"

Engrossed in his own duties, Jan only half listened to the reply. But the navigator's next words jarred him to full attention.

"Am I going round the bend, or do you see what I see?" he asked.

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'There was a flurry of incredulous profanity. Then "He must have got into the emergency bed by the flare-chute. Someone forgot to check it. Jan, open your turret door—we've got a stowaway."

Jan knew at once what had happened. He opened the hatch and, as nonchalantly as if it were an everyday occurrence, Antis crawled in and settled down between his feet.

"You villain," Jan exclaimed. "We ought to drop you out with the bombs." But nothing could be done about it. The plane droned on, and Antis drifted off to sleep.

As they flew over the target a dense curtain of flak rocked the aircraft, but the dog stayed calm as

long as Jan appeared unmoved. In response Jan found himself forcing signs of encouragement despite the intensity of the barrage, and thus each drew strength from the other. Then in a few moments the danger had passed, and they were on their way home unscathed.

They had just disembarked when Ocelka drove up. Since it was against Air Ministry regulations to take an animal on operations, the men braced themselves for a sizzling tongue-lashing.

"How did you get on?" he asked coolly, casting a sidelong glance at Antis. The pilot, Jo Capka, briefly described the run and the heavy flak they had encountered. The crew



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shuffled nervously as the recital came to a conclusion.

"Heavy flak, eh? What do you think of that?" Ocelka asked, looking Antis squarely in the eye. "Don't you think these poor boys need someone to hold their hands?"

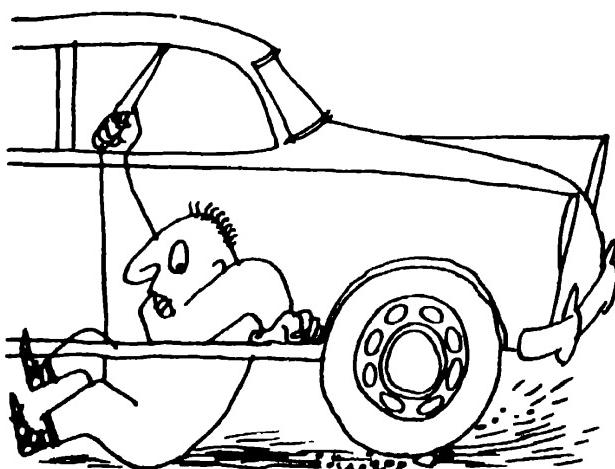
Jan could stand it no longer. "I can explain, sir," he began, but Ocelka cut him off.

"What the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve over," he said curtly. "I've enough trouble on my hands with two-legged beasts without looking for any from four-legged ones. Now let's get back to Operations and make out the reports."

From then on Antis was accepted

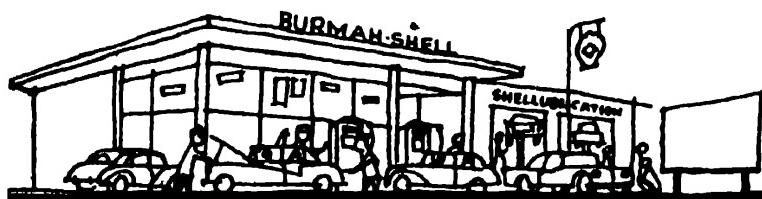
as a regular member of *Cecilia's* crew. His unruffled behaviour under fire was all the more welcome because the men were nearing the end of their standard tour of operational duty. This was always a time of increased tension for any air crew, for they all knew that more than one plane had gone down on its last trip. Unaware of their anxieties, Antis raced for the plane as if each sortie were a pleasure trip, and something of his *élan* communicated itself to the crew.

He began to amass quite a respectable operational record, and eventually sustained two wounds in the line of duty. The first occurred over Kiel when a fragment of



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shrapnel creased his nose and lacerated his left ear, which acquired a permanent droop. The second ended his flying career.

During an attack on Hanover, just as *Cecilia* was turning home-wards after releasing her bombs, a shell exploded directly beneath her, sending showers of fragments into the fuselage. The engines were unharmed, and no one reported being wounded; but when they reached East Wretham the undercarriage jammed and they had to do a pancake landing. Only as they were extricating themselves from the damaged aircraft did Jan discover that Antis had a three-inch shrapnel wound in his chest.

Jan rushed the dog to the station sick quarters, where he was stitched up and bandaged. Thereafter Antis was grounded and barred from the dispersal area. Much as the dog resented the restrictions, they were somewhat easier to bear because he did not know Jan was still flying. While *Cecilia* was being repaired the crew was allotted another plane and, since its propeller pitch was unfamiliar, Antis simply ignored it.

A short time later Jan completed his tour of 41 sorties (of which Antis had shared seven) and was relieved of further operational duty. He spent the remaining two years of the war, first as an instructor, then in flying on anti-submarine patrols. Antis revelled in their regular hours together and, when Jan was stationed in Scotland, reaped

honour for himself by winning a dog show. Once, in the Highlands, he ran away for five days with a wild female dog, but subsequently showed little interest in the responsibilities of fatherhood. The pups were left to run wild with their mother.

The Lengthening Shadow

THE FIRST years of peace were blissfully happy ones for Jan. When he returned to his triumphantly liberated country, he was given a captaincy in the Czech Air Force and eventually appointed to the Ministry of National Defence in Prague. Both he and Antis became well-known to the public, for Jan wrote three books about service life in the R.A.F. Almost every newspaper in Czechoslovakia carried tales of his war experiences with the dog.

When Jan married a golden-haired girl named Tatiana, Antis distinguished himself at the wedding by becoming entangled in the bridal veil. (He later made up for it by his steady devotion to Tatiana.) And when a son, Robert, was born to his idols in 1947, the baby became the dog's personal charge. At night he slept near the cot, alert in an instant if the child woke up or cried. The dog would then rise, steal to the side of the big bed and thrust his cold nose against the mother's bare shoulder. And if this failed to waken her he would drag the blankets away.

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On March 7, 1948, Jan Masaryk, Minister of Foreign Affairs and godfather to little Robert, telephoned from the Cernicky Palace.

"Come round and see me, Jan," Masaryk said. "I have a present for your boy."

As he put down the telephone, Jan knew that this summons might bring his life crashing about his ears. He had seen Masaryk only the previous day, so why should this good friend ask to see him again at this moment? There could be but one reason, and Jan approached the Cernicky Palace with dread.

"You are high on the Communist black list, Jan," Masaryk told him. "The blow can fall any time now. You must keep this completely to yourself. Even Tatiana must not know. You've got to get out of Czechoslovakia."

This, then, was the "present" for little Robert. But even that ruse had been necessary, since every telephone was tapped.

Acting through the Czech Communist Party, Soviet Russia was implacably taking over the country. As the cold war intensified, everyone who had had associations in the West became suspect, and for months Jan had been aware that his flat had been under surveillance. His friends knew it and no longer dared to visit him. The Defence Ministry was being packed with Communist informers, many of

whom spoke Russian. Recently two strange officers had been installed in his own department—ostensibly as trainees, but unquestionably spies.

Three days after Masaryk's warning was issued, it was grimly underlined by the fact that Masaryk himself was dead. According to the Communists, he had "jumped" from a Foreign Office window.

Jan faced an agonizing dilemma. He could not leave his wife and son while there was any possibility of a life for them together. But if he were imprisoned, they would be in a far worse position than if he fled. It was hard to know what to do, and for weeks he vacillated. Then one morning General Prachoska, of the Czech intelligence service, summoned him, and the decision was taken out of his hands.

"Sit down, Bozdech," the general greeted him. "Major Marek, my aide, would like to ask you a few questions."

"You are the author of these?" Marek began curtly, handing Jan three books and a folder of Press cuttings.

Jan nodded.

"And there have been broadcasts, radio plays, all glorifying the British?"

"I served in the R.A.F.," Jan explained. "My writing is only a record of my experiences, without political significance—"

"On the contrary," Marek interrupted. "This work is treasonable.



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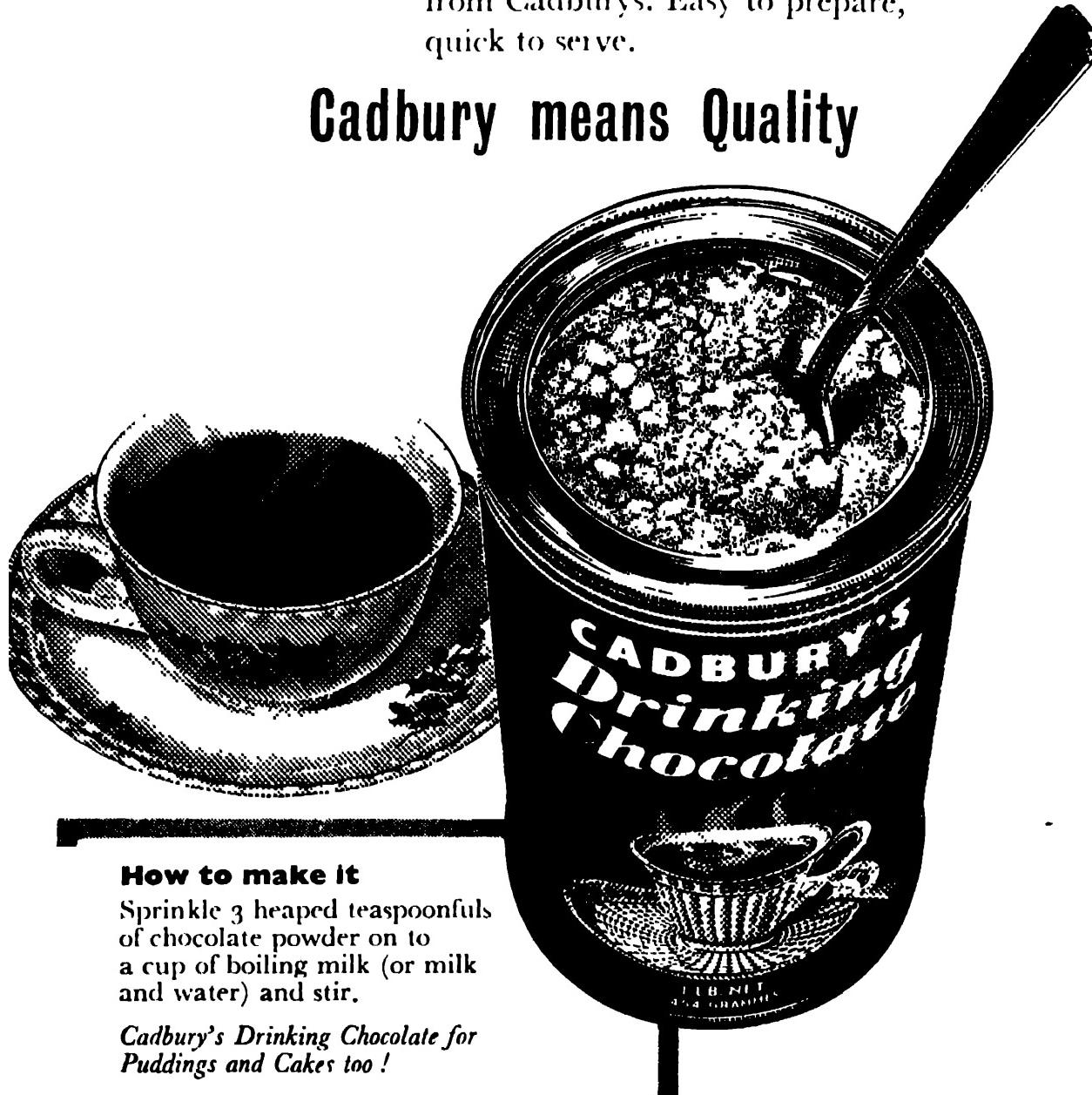
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If you continue writing, your attention will be directed to the Red Air Force only. That is an order." He paused. "And there is one other matter. You are a member of the Air Force Club?"

"Yes, sir," said Jan. The organization was often referred to as the "English Club" because of the high percentage of members who were ex-R.A.F. officers.

"We know that all sorts of opinions are openly expressed in this establishment, and we are interested in them. To put it bluntly, Captain, we want you to listen to, and if necessary encourage, criticism of the present regime. You will then report to this department the names of any members whose remarks indicate that they are enemies of the state."

Jan was aghast. But as he began to protest, Marek brandished a blue document that had been lying on his desk. "I have here a police warrant for your arrest, dated Friday. You have three days to make up your mind. Is that clear?"

The Underground Steps In

JAN DID NOT return home until late that night. Long after dark he walked the streets alone, desperately seeking some way out of the trap set for him. He would never spy on his friends; that much was sure. If he remained in his post and defied the Communists, imprisonment and death were almost certain. His course was plain. No option remained but to flee the country.

To his great surprise he woke the following morning with his mind refreshed and his nerves calm. Now that the long-dreaded blow had fallen, and his intentions were resolved, his problems seemed almost supernaturally clarified. He set off for the office at the usual time.

Some 50 yards from the Ministry of National Defence, a passer-by awkwardly blundered into him.

"Excuse me, Brazda," Jan said in embarrassment, recognizing the man as a casual acquaintance, an instructor at the Sokol physical training college.

"If you are in trouble," Brazda said in rapid undertones, "tonight at eight. The Café Pavlova Kavarna at Strahove. The password is, 'May I offer you a vodka?'"

Then, begging Jan's pardon for his clumsiness, Brazda went on his way. The machinery of the underground movement had begun to turn.

At eight that night, when he appeared at the Café Pavlova Kavarna, the machinery caught him up smoothly. A dapper little man led him to a small upstairs room where he was confronted by two other members of the underground, a student and an elderly man who had obviously once been a soldier. There were no introductions. The former military man, who was the leader of the group, wasted no time on formalities.

"Captain Bozdech," he said, "the deadline for your arrest is Friday." Jan was surprised at the accuracy of

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their information. "That gives us only one day to get you out of the country. It is not much time. You must make your decision quickly.

"You understand the risks, of course. If you are caught attempting to cross the frontier they shoot first and ask questions later. So you must go alone, and perhaps we can arrange for your family to follow later by a less dangerous route. Agreed?"

Jan's heart sank, but he nodded.

"Very well," the spokesman said. "Now here are your instructions. Listen carefully." And for the next five minutes the three anonymous agents outlined down to the smallest detail what Jan would have to do the following day. Then, with a warm *bon voyage*, they dismissed him.

Tatiana was asleep when Jan returned home that night. Looking at her face, sweet in repose, he recalled Masaryk's warning, "Even Tatiana must not know." Of course Masaryk was right, Jan mused as he turned out the light. Both for her safety and little Robert's it was best that he should slip off quietly like this. But next morning when he said goodbye to her, he found it almost impossible to keep his voice steady, and the closing of the door behind him was like a blow over the heart.

When he reached the office, he summoned his civilian clerk, Vesely. He had decided during the night that, risky as it might be, he would have to make one change in the

underground's careful plans. Antis would have to come with him. Otherwise, as Jan knew from long experience, the dog would stubbornly refuse to eat; and Jan simply could not condemn him to certain starvation.

"Vesely," Jan said, "I've an appointment for Antis at the vet's at 11 o'clock. Would you go round to my flat later and collect him? I'll give you my gloves so that he'll follow you."

"Very good, sir," Vesely replied, elated at the chance to get away from the wretched office.

Two hours later when his unwitting accomplice returned with the dog, Jan knew that the time had come. The escape was now to begin. As he went out of the door, he stopped for a moment casually. "I'll be back after lunch if anyone wants me," he said.

One of the Stalinist spies looked up from his paper work. "We'll hold the fort," he said sarcastically. "Take your time."

"Thanks," said Jan. "I will."

Antis Is Challenged

FOLLOWING the underground's instructions, he took a tram to the Vaclavska Namesti and went into the public lavatory there. When he asked a prearranged question, the attendant at once handed him a parcel containing a change of clothing. He was to travel as a peasant with a knapsack full of butter to sell.

The attendant kept Antis while

Jan changed in one of the toilets. Everything was complete, the sizes right—from the rough felt hat to the heavy boots; there were also a dozen packets of butter.

"You look a treat," the attendant muttered as Jan emerged and handed him a 500-crown note along with the parcel (which now contained Jan's smart air-force uniform). "I hope you get a good price for your butter."

It was 150 yards to the Wilsonova Station. But no one took the least notice of him as he clumped through the tumult of traffic in his strange new boots, entered the station and bought a ticket. The train came in and he and Antis climbed aboard. Six minutes later, still following instructions, he alighted at Smichov.

This was but the beginning of a long and circuitous course which eventually brought Jan to a certain farmstead where he spent the night. Next morning a taciturn driver concealed him, along with Antis, in the back of a two-ton van. After a long ride they stopped at a remote cottage in a heavily wooded area.

"This is Anton's," the driver said. "I leave you here."

"Who is Anton?"

"A forester. He will guide you over the border. I know nothing else about him."

As the van drove away a tall, deeply tanned man stepped out of the cottage.

"What can I do for you?" he asked evenly, his eyes on the dog.

As he had been told to do, Jan offered him a packet of a certain brand of cigarettes. The man turned it over in his hand ruminatively. Finally he said, "Why have you brought the dog?"

"Wherever I go, he goes too," Jan said.

Anton's face darkened. "Wherever you go, he goes," he repeated. "My God, some of you people! Do you think this is a picnic outing? One bark from him and we're dead. You'll have to leave him behind."

"Then I'd better start back," Jan said.

"You'll have a warm welcome. They'll have raised the alarm by now."

Jan realized this was true, for it was now Friday. But about Antis his mind remained stubbornly set.

"So you really want to risk your neck for the dog, eh?" Anton said.

"Well we'll see what Stefan says. He'll be coming with us."

He called into the cottage and in a moment a bearded, erect man emerged. Anton explained the situation to him, but the man said nothing, staring at Jan and Antis as if trying to recall something.

"Antis is trained," Jan said quickly. "He won't make a sound, and he may be able to help us."

"Antis," Stefan said. "That's it. I've read about you two and seen your picture in the papers. He can come as far as I'm concerned."

Anton shrugged, then smiled at Jan. "You'd have found it a long

walk back to Prague," he said. "But I like your spirit. You'll do. Now wait here, both of you."

He went into the house and returned immediately with two revolvers. "I hope we don't have to use them," Anton said, "but the positions of the observation posts are always changing. You never know."

Squatting, he began to trace a map on the ground with a stick. "Here," he said, pointing, "is our first obstacle, a forest about two miles deep. It's infested with patrols. We come out of the forest here," he indicated the spot, "then cross a small valley, which is also constantly patrolled. Then here is the German frontier, and half a mile past it, the village of Kesselholst. Once we're there, we're safe."

"We'll leave immediately. I want to reach the far side of the forest in daylight. Then we'll take cover and make the last dash across the valley after dark."

A Race With Death

A CAR carried them 15 miles to the edge of the forest, and early that afternoon they plunged into the matted undergrowth. Unavoidably they made a lot of noise, and as a precaution against being surprised by roving border patrols Jan sent Antis ahead with instructions to "seek."

Twice the dog stopped, growling a low warning when no other sound was audible, and seconds later the

men heard the faint, far-off sound of snapping twigs and hailing voices. They lay in the undergrowth without stirring until the patrols passed, then moved cautiously on. It was almost sunset when they finally reached the far side of the wood.

From its verge they carefully scanned the open valley that lay between them and Kesselholst. To their left was a narrow road and, running parallel to it, a turbulent river. No patrols or strongholds were visible. As the evening light waned and the lights in the village began to go on, Anton murmured, "All right, let's go."

They had covered only a short distance when they heard movement near by. Jan dropped to the ground beside his companions as four dim figures stole past them down the slope.

Without warning, two searchlights suddenly split the night, sweeping across the valley. Rocks, bushes and boulders seemed to leap out of the darkness as the lights passed, converging, separating, then pouncing simultaneously on their prey.

Four men, scarcely 50 yards from Jan, were caught scrambling frantically for the trees. Before they reached them, the machine guns of a strongpoint opened fire, and all four fell.

Two trucks then sped up the road, each carrying four men and a dog. As the men alighted to collect the

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bodies, one of the dogs began moving towards Jan and his companions. A low growl rose in Antis's throat. Jan pressed his hand round the animal's muzzle.

One of the guards noticed the wandering guard dog. "Come here, you," he shouted. The dog trotted obediently back to his handler, and within a few minutes the trucks drove off.

"We're lucky to be alive," Anton whispered. "The way I intended to take is blocked by a new post, and if those four hadn't passed us, we'd have walked right into it. We'll have to double back and take another route across the river."

They crept silently back to the wood and then spent a hellish hour struggling blindly through the close-set firs to the riverbank.

As soon as Jan stepped into the water, holding Antis by the collar, the current began to undermine his footing.

"Link hands," Anton said.

Jan clamped Antis's jaws on to the tail of his coat, and the four of them, clinging tightly to one another, edged their way towards the centre of the swift-flowing river. As the current swirled about their waists, Jan slipped on a loose stone, staggered and lost his grip on his companions' wrists. Immediately he was swept downstream, dragging Antis with him, until he struck a boulder and managed to grasp it. Recovering his balance, he saw that he had been carried into shallower

water, and he waded the few yards to the far shore.

Antis was still with him, but there was no sign of Anton and Stefan. He dared not shout. Kneeling beside the dog, he ordered, "Seck! Go seek!"

For several minutes there was no sound but the roar of the river. Jan wondered if he had been a fool to send the dog on such a hopeless errand—the current could carry a man 50 yards in a few moments. Then suddenly he felt a blow on the shoulder, and as he reached for his gun a voice beside him began to curse. It was Anton.

"Sorry," he said. "I was crawling and bumped you with my head. Thank God for the dog. We'd never have got back together without him. Do you think he can find Stefan?"

At an order from Jan, the dog again disappeared. It was some time before he returned, leading his bedraggled and exhausted quarry. "I was swept a long way downstream into a pool," Stefan explained. "But Antis found me. I think he saved my life."

After a moment's rest they pressed on, climbing towards a ridge that lay within a few hundred yards of the frontier. A dense mist shrouded the forest near its crest, and it became impossible to see a foot ahead. Antis ran from man to man, as a sheep dog handles his flock, guiding them and keeping them in touch with one another. But at the top of the rise Anton decided that it was

useless to continue while the mist obscured all landmarks, and the four settled down to await the dawn.

At first light they moved behind a giant boulder to plan their final dash across the border. Jan posted Antis on top of the rock as lookout. Since Anton had no idea what new posts they might encounter, they decided to cross the valley one at a time, and Anton broke a twig in lengths for lots, to see who would go first. As he extended his hand, Antis growled and leaped from the top of the boulder.

There was a clatter of stones, a stifled cry and savage snarling.

Gun in hand, Jan ran round the rock. Antis was straddling a soldier who lay sprawled on his back, his rifle useless beneath him. Anton sprang at him, his knife upraised.

"No!" Jan cried. Anton hesitated.

"Jan is right," Stefan said. "It would be murder."

"The swine deserves to die," Anton said, but he grudgingly got off the man's chest. Quickly they gagged him and lashed him to a tree, then ran down towards the valley.

At the edge of the wood they stopped abruptly. In the meadow



ahead, a single guard post, with telephone wires running from its roof, blocked their way. Helpless, they crouched in the undergrowth for almost an hour, watching the hut. There was no sign of movement. "Try the dog," Anton whispered finally, and Jan sent Antis to seek.

Antis trotted out and stood sniffing beside the closed door. Then he barked. There was no response.

"I think there was only one guard in there," Stefan said, "and now he's tied to a tree."

Jan was on his feet, shaking with excitement. "Let's go," he cried, and they sprang into the open field. Far off down the valley someone shouted, but the three men and the dog raced on, down the slope and across the stream at its base. Far behind them they heard a telephone jangling in the hut in the meadow, and the sound of a distant whistle reached them.

"On! On!" Anton cried.

Another open field lay before them and beyond, a wood. They ran for the sanctuary of the trees, and at last they knew that their feet trod German soil.

As soon as he had delivered his charges safely to the West German authorities, Anton bade them farewell.

He would return to Czechoslovakia and risk his life again to keep the escape route open for other proscribed men. "Pray God we meet again in happier times," he said in

parting. "I certainly proved wrong about the dog, didn't I? He was our salvation."

The Final Years

WITHIN A week after his arrival in West Germany Jan received heartening news from his homeland. A Czech refugee who had known him in Prague brought word that Tatiana and Robert had suffered no reprisals and were living quietly with her parents. After he received this report, he was convinced that his decision to flee Czechoslovakia had been the right one. He applied for re-enlistment in the R.A.F. and was accepted.

On this trip to England, however, there was no squad of loyal Czechs to smuggle Antis past the customs, and Jan had no choice but to surrender him to six months quarantine. Now a familiar difficulty arose. Upon re-enlistment Jan had reverted to the lowest rank in the service, and his entire salary would not cover the cost of the kennel fees. In desperation he applied for help to the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals, in London, submitting a full report on the dog's history.

The Society's response went far beyond Jan's expectations. Not only were the fees paid, but Antis's remarkable story was widely publicized. As a result, in March 1949, he was awarded an unprecedented tribute. He became the first non-British dog to receive the Dickin Medal—the Victoria Cross of the

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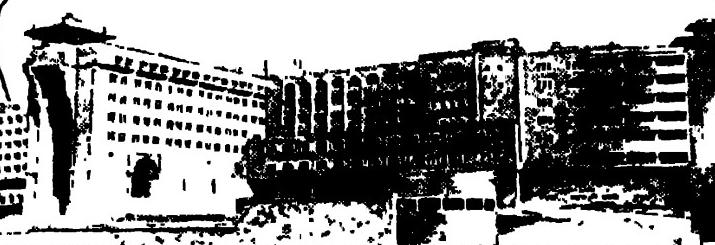
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animal world. In a moving presentation speech, Field-Marshal Lord Wavell cited Antis's "outstanding courage, devotion to duty and life-saving on several occasions while serving with the Royal Air Force."

"I am sure," Lord Wavell concluded, "that everyone will join with me in congratulating you on your award, Antis, and we wish you many years in which to wear it."

Actually there were to be few more years for him, but during that time he and Jan were closer than ever. Jan heard no more from his wife, son or parents, so Antis became his only family. As Antis's sight dimmed and his muzzle whitened with age, he could not bear even the slightest separation from his beloved master.

Each year, wherever they were posted, Jan performed an unvarying ritual on Christmas Eve. Beside a miniature Christmas tree, glittering with tinsel and artificial frost, he set out photographs of Tatiana, Robert and his

parents, thus preserving at least one tangible link with home. On Christmas Eve of 1952 Jan finished his small arrangement and went to bed early. Some time that night he awoke, conscious of a strange weight on his chest. Reaching out, he found that it was Antis, resting his head there.

This was most unusual. Once the dog had retired for the night he



could be depended upon to stay on his blanket until morning.

"What's the matter, Antis?" Jan asked. "Go back to bed now, old boy."

Jan heard a tremulous sigh, then the scrabbling, uncertain sound of the dog's paws on the floor, then the sound of a falling body.

Instantly Jan switched on the light. Antis was lying on his side, unable to rise. Jan carried him to his bed and began to massage his legs, continuing the treatment at intervals all that night. By noon of the next day Antis managed to stand, but he was too weak to follow his master outside, and Jan stayed with him during the camp's Christmas festivities. From his window he could see the lights in the mess and hear the sound of laughter and

singing, and twice friends looked in to suggest that Antis might be left for a while. Jan thanked them, but stuck to his vigil.

He sat by the table with the Christmas tree on it and took up Tatiana's photograph. She looked radiant in her wedding dress, and he remembered how Antis had become entangled in her veil when they left the church. Now across at the mess they were playing "Silent Night," and Jan remembered other Christmases in other camps. The room was full of ghosts: Karel and Joshka, Ocelka and Ludva; scores of them trooped in. And soon Antis would be with them.

It seemed to Jan that 100 years had passed since the day—12 years ago—when he found that small puppy in no man's land. THE END

Times have Changed

*H*ERE are a few rules with which an American nineteenth-century girls' school ensured that there would be no Jezebels within its gates:

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—Gerald Kennedy



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By WILFRED FUNK

THE FOLLOWING words and phrases, many of them borrowed from French or Latin, should be in everyone's vocabulary. Tick the word or phrase that you believe to be *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on page 16.

- (1) **rapport** (ră por')—A: gossip. B: sympathetic relationship. C: discord. D: sharp noise.
- (2) **meritorious** (mĕr i tor' i us)—A: blame-worthy. B: well known. C: worthy of praise. D: boastful.
- (3) **sanctum**—A: ratification. B: hypocrite. C: good deed. D: private room.
- (4) **simulate**—A: to hide away. B: behave foolishly. C: imitate. D: excite or arouse.
- (5) **billet-doux** (bil' ā doo')—A: love letter. B: small change. C: formal invitation. D: statement of money due.
- (6) **akin**—A: subordinate. B: serving to help. C: pointed. D: of similar nature.
- (7) **jargon**—A: humour. B: crudeness. C: gibberish. D: wordy style.
- (8) **clangor**—A: fright. B: noisy ringing. C: loud demand. D: complete confusion.
- (9) **en masse** (ahn mass')—A: in a body. B: angry. C: fat. D: sacred.
- (10) **levity** (lev' i ti)—A: keen wit. B: ready repartee. C: frivolous gaiety. D: falsehood.
- (11) **quid pro quo** (kwid' prō kwō')—A: puzzle. B: something for nothing. C: proposition. D: one thing in return for another.
- (12) **validate** (val' i date)—A: to confirm. B: criticize. C: make void. D: praise.
- (13) **coup d'état** (koo' dā tah')—A: secret meeting. B: sudden seizure of power. C: imprisonment. D: victory celebration.
- (14) **utter**—A: empty. B: hopeless. C: foolish. D: absolute.
- (15) **interim** (in' ter im)—A: temporary. B: unending. C: secret. D: friendly.
- (16) **fatuous** (fat' ū us)—A: blank. B: silly. C: pompous. D: helpless.
- (17) **au fait** (ō fā')—A: conversant. B: extreme. C: self-reliant. D: weary.
- (18) **supine** (sū' pine)—A: limber. B: lying on the back. C: bent over. D: doubtful.
- (19) **in toto** (in tō' tō)—A: impatiently. B: strongly. C: entirely. D: bluntly.
- (20) **deride** (de ride')—A: to overcome. B: sever. C: deduce. D: mock.

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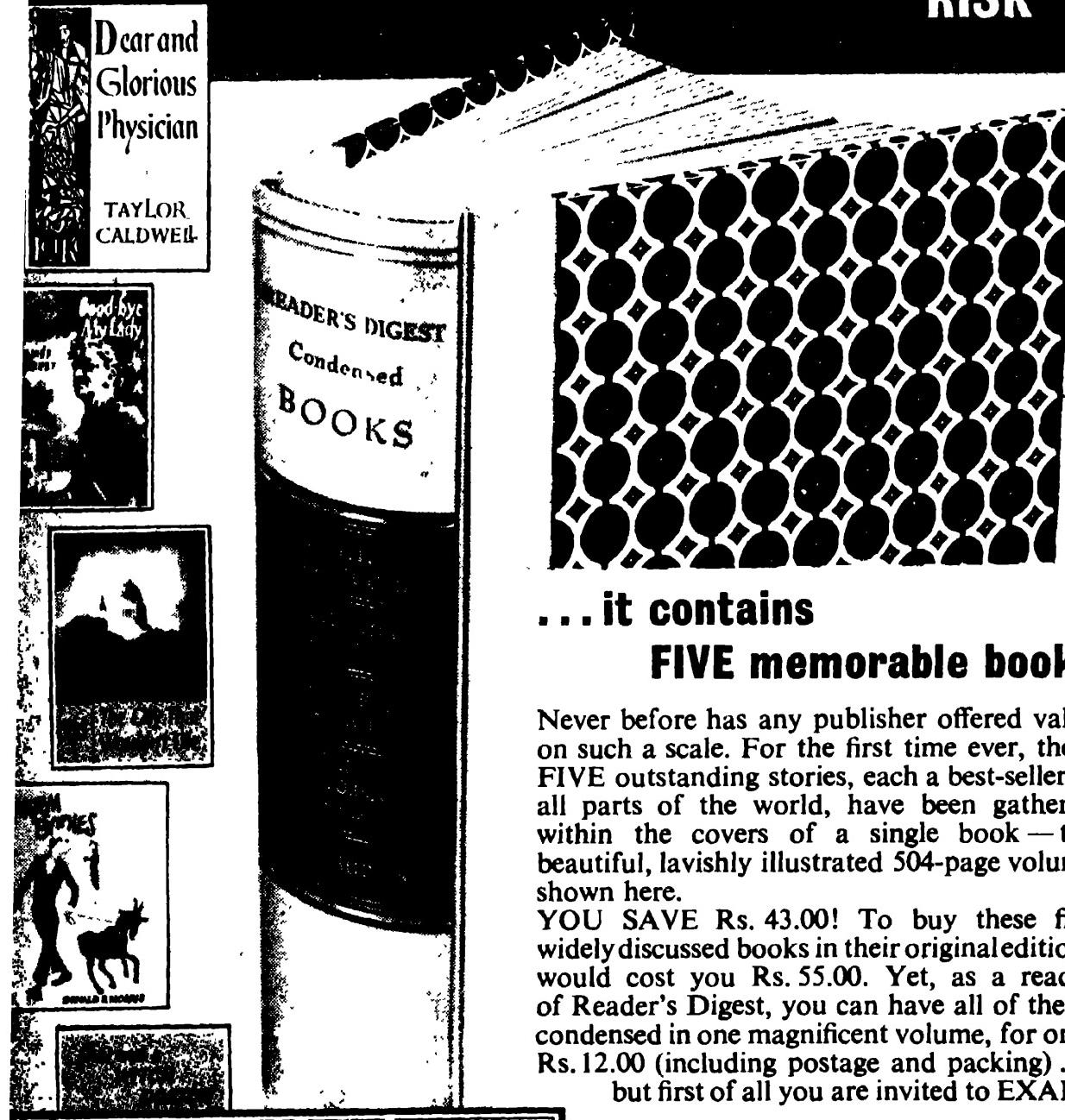
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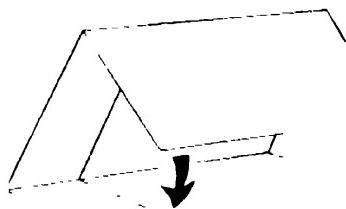
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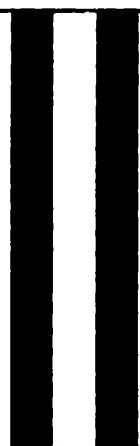
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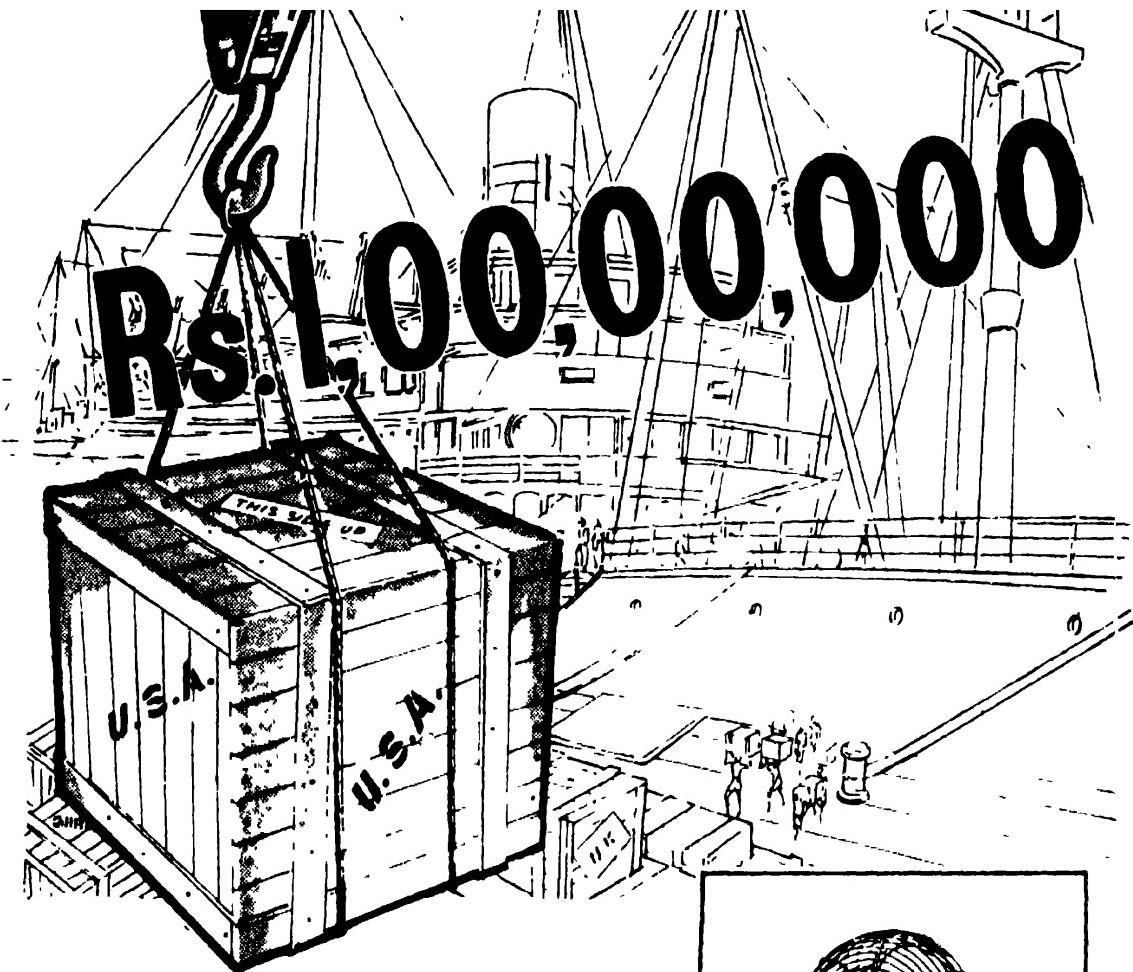
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Answers to the quiz on page 7

- (1) **rapport**—B: Sympathetic relationship; especially, a relationship characterized by harmony, accord, conformity; as, to establish *rapport* among the committee members. French, “affinity, harmony.”
- (2) **meritorious**—C: Worthy of praise, deserving of honour; as, an award for *meritorious* service. Latin *meritorius*, “that which earns.”
- (3) **sanctum**—D: An especially private room where one is not to be disturbed; as, “His study was his *sanctum*.” Latin *sanctus*, “sacred, inviolable.”
- (4) **simulate**—C: To imitate; feign or pretend; as, to *simulate* interest. Latin *simulare*, from *similis*, “like.”
- (5) **billet-doux**—A: Love letter. French *billet*, “note,” and *doux*, “sweet.”
- (6) **akin**—D: Of similar nature; as, drama *akin* to reality. Old English *a-*, “of,” and *cyn*, “kind, sort.”
- (7) **jargon**—C: Gibberish; confused and unintelligible speech; by transference, technical speech or cant; as, medical *jargon*. Old French *jargon*, “gibberish, chatter.”
- (8) **clangor**—B: Noisy ringing; sharp metallic sound; clang; as, the shrill *clangor* of the alarm. Latin *clangere*, “to cry, peal.”
- (9) **en masse**—A: In a body; all together; in a mass; as, “The students descended on us *en masse*.” French.
- (10) **levity**—C: Frivolous gaiety; lack of seriousness or gravity; as, to treat a solemn occasion with *levity*. Latin *levitas*, from *levis*, “light.”
- (11) **quid pro quo**—D: One thing in return for another, usually of like value; equivalent; as, to receive a *quid pro quo*. Latin, “something for something.”
- (12) **validate**—A: To confirm; as, to *validate* the accuracy of the report. Latin *validus*, “strong.”
- (13) **coup d'état**—B: Sudden seizure of power; usually, a bold action that overthrows an existing government. French, “stroke of state.”
- (14) **utter**—D: Absolute; complete; total; as, *utter* nonsense. Old English *uttera*, original comparative of *ut*, “out.”
- (15) **interim**—A: Temporary; occurring for an interval, or meanwhile; as, an *interim* plan. Latin, “meanwhile, in the meantime,” from *inter*, “between.”
- (16) **fatuous**—B: Silly; stupid; foolish; as, a *fatuous* remark. Latin *fatuus*, “foolish.”
- (17) **au fait**—A: Conversant; to be aware of. French, “to the point.”
- (18) **supine**—B: Lying on the back; also inactive, indifferent, listless. Latin *supinus*.
- (19) **in toto**—C: Entirely; wholly; altogether; as, “The plan is wrong *in toto*.” Latin, “in the whole.”
- (20) **deride**—D: To mock; laugh at; make fun of contemptuously. Latin *deridere*.

Vocabulary Ratings

20–19 correct.....	excellent
18–16 correct.....	good
15–14 correct.....	fair



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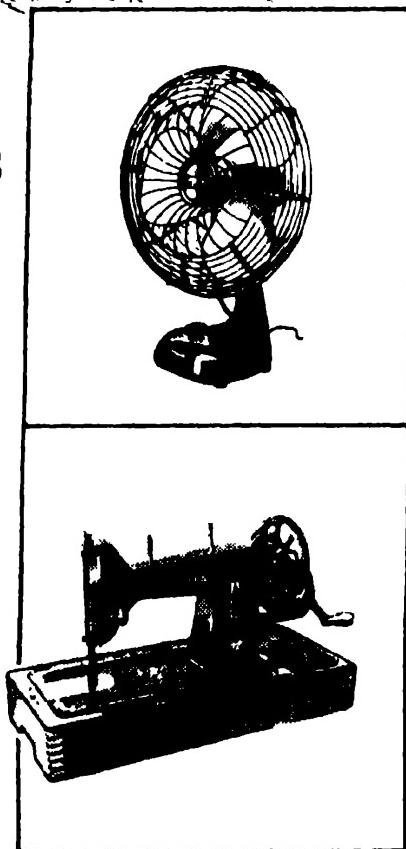
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MARCH 1961

QUESTION TIME IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

BY CHARLOTTE AND DENIS PLIMMER

Is the right honourable gentleman aware that a 14-year-old girl is in the company of adult women prisoners who are awaiting trial on such grave charges as murder?"

An angry Member of Parliament was on his feet in the House of Commons. He demanded the immediate transfer of the girl from a women's prison to a detention centre for juvenile offenders. It was a significant spectacle: the entire elected assembly of Great Britain

One of the most useful and dramatic devices employed by any democratic people, the Parliamentary Question guards individual liberties and keeps the British Government perpetually on its toes

was turning its attention to a single child.

To the legislators, however, the issue was more than one child's

welfare; it was justice itself. And within 24 hours, thanks to the unique institution called "Question Time," justice was done. The girl was transferred, and a pledge was given that with the new building programme for juvenile homes no child need ever again be exposed to hardened adult criminals.

Question Time is the expression of Britain's never-ceasing battle to protect the freedom of the individual citizen. Hugh Gaitskell calls it ". . . a powerful safeguard without which the bureaucracy would be much more careless."

How does Question Time work? For about an hour each week-day except Friday, any member of the House of Commons may question any government minister, including the Prime Minister, on any subject that falls within the minister's responsibility.

The practice brings all officials under the relentless scrutiny of Parliament, Press and public; a single question can cause a minister to resign. Not only can it lead to new laws; it can inaugurate entirely new lines of thought.

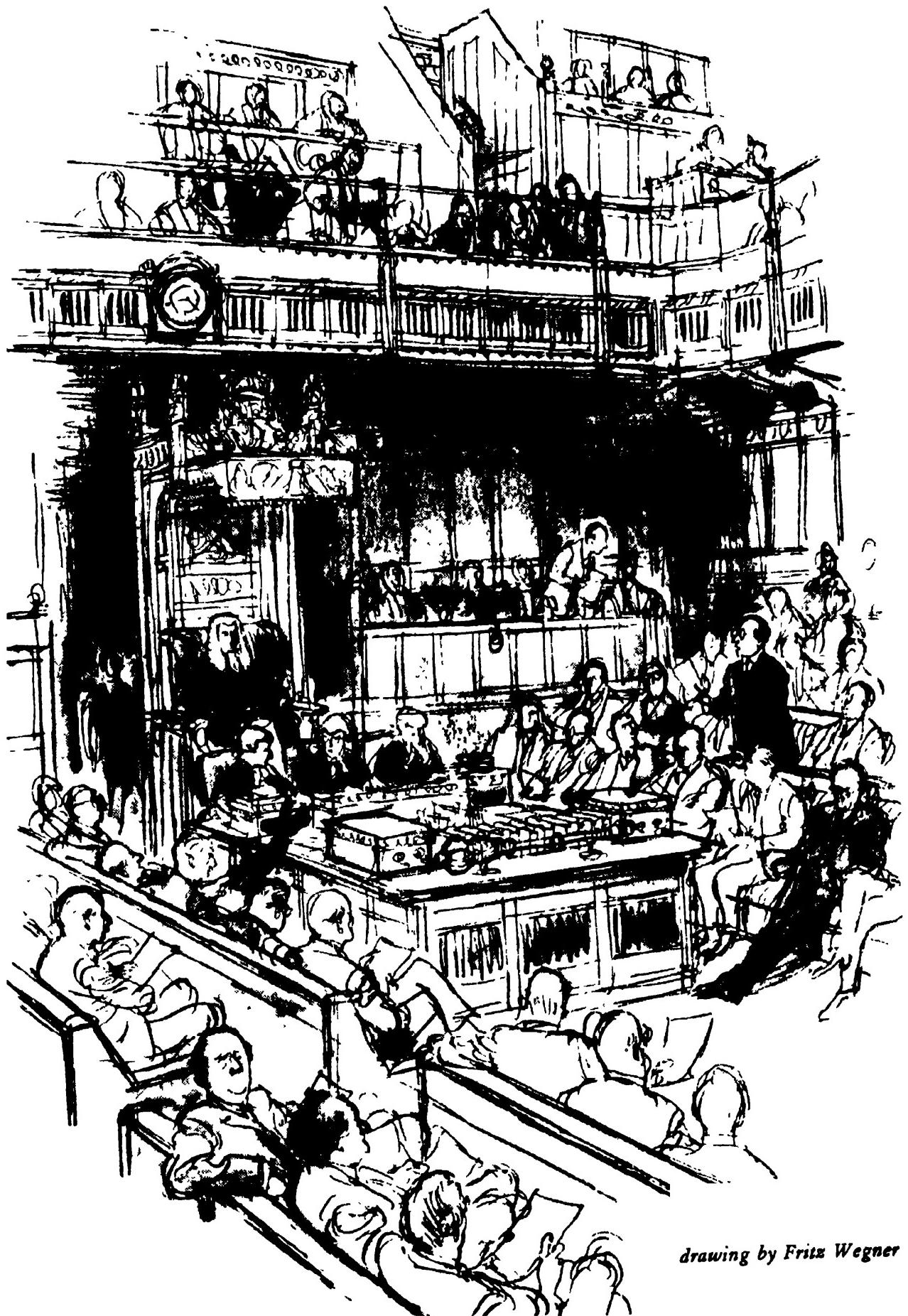
A year ago, to angry cries of "Colour bar!" the government was asked why African airmen in Her Majesty's service had been excluded from a Kenya leave centre. The reason given was that the property was privately owned and the lease contained a discriminatory clause. "A scandal and an outrage," cried the Opposition.

Less than six weeks later a Defence Ministry representative announced that the system had been overhauled and that now "no racial discrimination is exercised against service personnel in any leave centre administered by the service departments."

In 1955 a Parliamentary question virtually blew the roof off a major ministry. A tract of Dorset farmland, Crichel Down, had been forcibly bought for use as a practice bombing range just before the war. After the war the Air Ministry, without consulting the wishes of the former owners, had bestowed the land on the Ministry of Agriculture, which had rented it out to a hand-picked model farmer.

For years one of the former owners had tried unsuccessfully to buy his land back. At last he turned to his local M.P., whose question in Parliament led to a public investigation. Official carelessness and dissembling were revealed in a white light. As a result, four Civil Servants were severely censured, and the Minister of Agriculture resigned.

Among the great freedoms under the Common Law, the greatest of all—the freedom to live unhampered by the threat of police intimidation and arbitrary arrest—has always received particular attention at Question Time. In 1959 when a London policeman was shot dead while attempting to arrest a German-born alien, Günther Podola, on a blackmailing charge, a wave of



drawing by Fritz Wegner

indignation swept the country. Yet when the case came up at Question Time it was not to attack the man whose brutal crime was beyond all doubt and who was later hanged, but to defend his rights.

In a marathon battering of questions, Members pinioned the Home Secretary: Had Podola been beaten up by the police when he was captured? Was he held incommunicado before the murder charge was made? Was he denied the right to see a lawyer? One M.P. declared that "unless even the most unpopular man in the country is given his full rights, our justice is in danger."

The House was at its most vigilant in 1928 when a series of irate questions launched what has become a classic probe into the methods of grilling a witness behind the walls of Scotland Yard. A London magistrate had dismissed a case against a noted economist and former M.P.; the charge was immoral behaviour with a 22-year-old girl. In the investigation that followed, the girl was brought to the Yard for questioning. Later she accused the investigating police of threats, indecent suggestions, refusal to permit a policewoman to stay in the room during the questioning, and refusal to allow her to inform her mother of her whereabouts.

Expostulated a future Prime Minister, Ramsay MacDonald, during Question Time: "Does the Home Secretary think that this method of getting evidence is a step for which

he has no responsibility?" Within six days a tribunal was appointed to examine the case. Loopholes were found to exist in the laws covering the questioning of witnesses, and a whole new set of procedures was established to protect the rights of the subject.

Almost anything goes at Question Time. During a single week this past year Members wanted to know why unemployment-insurance payments had been delayed in Scotland; why a defective fan belt had been kept in use until it caused a mine disaster; why the government was detaining Mau-Mau prisoners in Kenya without trial; why a certain toll bridge had not yet been freed of tolls. They wanted to know about progress in low-cost housing; about protecting the very old and the very young from road accidents; about what was being done to recruit much-needed teachers.

Some M.P.'s have established a large part of their reputations through Question Time. An outstanding questioner is Gerald Nabarro, Member for Kidderminster, whose particular target is the maze of purchase tax. Thanks largely to his steady interrogatory barrage, the tax on many items has been reduced or eliminated. Through other questions, Nabarro has been responsible for laws to reduce smog, to provide adequate warmth in factories and, more recently, after five children had been burned to death, for new legislation guaranteeing

minimum safety standards for drip-feed oil heaters.

Apart from the British Commonwealth, there are facsimiles of Question Time in France, Norway and West Germany. No one knows for certain when Question Time began. By 1855, however, an M.P. questioned the "melancholy disaster which occurred at the Battle of Balaclava"—later known, through Tennyson's poem, as "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Why, the Member wanted to know, had the charge been ordered "under circumstances which precluded the possibility of success"? His angry query so shook the front bench that, before nightfall, the government had been defeated.

As questions proved their strength, Members asked them more and more. Nowadays the daily average entered on the books is between 90 and 100, of which about 80 are "starred"—marked by the questioner with an asterisk for an oral answer.

But, usually, only about 50 oral answers can be squeezed into the allotted time. The remaining questions are deferred or answered in writing, as are the unstarred ones.

Every question must conform to strict rules, of which the Speaker and the officers of the House of Commons are the interpreters. Each must be directed at the minister responsible—who gets two days' advance notice if an oral answer is sought. It must seek information or press for action. It must not be a speech in disguise, seek an opinion, query the day-to-day running of the nationalized industries, touch on a member's private life or his non-official utterances, or reflect on the Royal Family.

"Why is it," we asked Emanuel Shinwell, a Member of 40 years' standing, "that Question Time always plays to packed houses?"

"I think," he replied, "that it reflects the national character. We tend to resist authority. We like a question that castigates the government, no matter what party is in power. Often the formal debates are just so much pocket fluff. Question Time is the guts of the Commons."

Says Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, "In a concentrated and highly-focused form, you could not have a better illustration of the principles and practice of democratic government than Question Time."

Condensed from The Atlantic Advocate



To MEET the challenge of hard times a Frenchman changes his government, an Englishman pays higher taxes, the Russian switches his propaganda line, and an American part-exchanges his old car for a new model.

—Harold Coffin



HOLD FAST TO WONDER!

BY ELIZABETH BYRD

Beauty is all around us, and we can learn to develop our awareness so that each day of our lives holds moments of deep delight

AFTER THREE weeks of near-fatal illness in hospital I was allowed to sit up, and a nurse wheeled me over to a window.

"There's no view," she said apologetically. "Just a dingy courtyard."

It was a narrow, stone enclosure darkening with dusk. I saw the top of a parked ambulance; a row of dustbins; a cat, tail high, silhouetted against the fading light; the tarnished leaves of a grimy street-tree, rooted in cement.

From her viewpoint the nurse was right; the scene was dingy. But to me, after my brush with death, it was achingly beautiful. I promised myself, passionately, that never again would I take such things as

the grace of a cat or the symmetry of a tree for granted.

Of course, once I was back at home in my normal routine I couldn't hold on to the depth of sensation I felt then. But I have learnt that by making a conscious effort it is possible to keep the mind and the heart alive to the daily wonders of life.

A 40-year-old woman told me, "I've never had trouble with insomnia, not even under great stress, because when I was little my mother played a wonderful game at bedtime. She would remind me of some happy or beautiful thing I had seen during the day and ask me to describe it—perhaps the sun on a field

of buttercups, the jewel tones of sunset or the floppy prance of a puppy. Through the years I've developed a storehouse of such memories which I summon up at will. For instance, last night instead of worrying about present problems as I went to sleep, I re-created out of the past a misty, leaf-blown road and the fragrance of wet honeysuckle."

When we are young the world is fresh and new. You realize this when you see a child stroke a kitten, watch a grasshopper, smell a flower, taste a sweet, or listen to birdsong.

Even the youngest children are receptive to music. Kathy, my five-year-old neighbour, dramatically illustrated the truth of Einstein's statement: "Imagination is more important than knowledge." Kathy is lively and merry, with a chronic inability to sit still. But one day when she dropped in I was playing Debussy's "La Mer" on my gramophone, and asked her to listen for a few minutes, explaining briefly that the music described the moods of the sea. To my surprise she shut her eyes and sat quietly. She said, "I hear waves . . . and deep down there are great big fishes with red tails . . . Now I hear a storm . . ." Intuitively, she had plunged deep into the very heart of the music.

Most adults can't take this imaginative plunge so easily. For as we grow older our sense of wonder diminishes, and with it much joy.

This loss is needless. A sensitive

appreciation of the beauties of our environment can be held for life.

The Oriental understands this, and has brought it to a peak of gracious living. In Japan, guests are invited to a party to watch the young new moon, or to celebrate the birth of roses in the garden. A friend of mine once went to the office of a Kyoto businessman and was kept waiting for five minutes. A secretary apologized for her boss. "Please understand, a blossom on his desk has just opened, and he must contemplate it."

The Chinese philosopher Lin Yutang wrote: "All human happiness is sensuous happiness. The partition separating flesh from spirit is extremely thin, and the finest emotions and greatest appreciations of spiritual beauty cannot be reached except with our senses."

Even the simplest experiences can become intensely happy, and thus memorable. When I was 12 I went on a hike. The day was hot and we were desperately thirsty. After an hour we came to a farmhouse with an old, vine-covered well. On the well's rough cheek lay a long-handled dipper. That drink of cold water was ecstasy, and through some childish wisdom I said to myself, "*Never forget this moment.*"

To this day a drink of cold water when my throat is parched summons up the sights and smells of that moment 30 years ago—the golden rod and the perfumes of pine and fallen apples.

Julian Garrett, an American broadcaster, tells of an experience near Sapporo, Japan, soon after the war. He had made reservations at an inn and when he arrived, hot and dusty, he was welcomed by a maid who gave him an icy-damp towel fragrant with crushed mint leaves. The innkeeper had secured the services of a renowned artist to arrange flowers in his room.

"Against a pale grey wall was a magnificent scroll," Garrett says. "Below, in a low bowl, were three green branches and one exquisite white blossom. The whole effect was so simple and graceful that it still remains vivid after all these years. 'What a pity,' I said to the innkeeper. 'Tomorrow these leaves and

this blossom will wither, and a great work of art will be lost.'"

A Japanese journalist overheard him, and in a story for the local paper wrote: "But the work of art *will* endure--at least as long as Mr. Garrett lives!"

The English poet John Cowper Powys would have understood. He wrote:

"Can anyone deny that there is an organic link, potent, magnetic, psychic-chemical, binding together all existence? Nothing grows upon the earth, nothing flies through the air or swims in the sea but it is linked by some subtle magnetic link to the lonely life of our soul. Life in us at moments of awareness overcomes death; good overcomes evil."

Between the Acts

ASKED the secret of his success as an actor, Alfred Lunt explained, "I speak in a loud clear voice—and avoid bumping into the furniture."

—Bennett Cerf

SOPHIA LOREN: "Everything I've got I got from eating spaghetti."

—C. C. P.

IN response to a comment on his clowning artistry, comedian Red Skelton admitted, "I've got the sixth sense—but I don't have the other five."

—Time

COMMENT by film star Zsa Zsa Gabor: "I don't take gifts from perfect strangers—but then, nobody's perfect."

—Earl Wilson

"I LOVE all blondes," confessed actor George Lee, "no matter what colour their hair is."

—Matt Weinstock

COMEDIAN Ukic Sherin recalls his childhood: "At school everybody hated me because I was too popular."

—E. W.



Left wall of the Hall of the Bulls

The Painted Caves Where Art Began

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

Inside the hills at Lascaux in southern France there is magnificent evidence that as long as 17,000 years ago man was a sensitive, perceptive being, eager and able to record the wonders of the world around him.

To see the prehistoric cave paintings at Lascaux, in the hills of south-western France, my wife and I had to wait half an hour. A group of tourists had gone into the cave ahead of us, and it could only hold about 50 people. I turned to the man who was to be our guide.

Reproductions from "Lascaux," published by Skira, with the permission of the Caisse Nationale des Monuments Historiques in France.

"Is it true," I asked, "that a boy from Montignac found this cave when he explored a hole made by an uprooted tree?"

The guide nodded.

"Does he still live in Montignac? If so, we'd like to meet him."

"You have already met him," the guide said. "I am he."

That was how we met Marcel Ravidat who, in 1940, at the age of 18, discovered some of the richest and oldest prehistoric paintings now known. The Lascaux pictures are calculated to have been drawn over a period of years at least 170 centuries ago! Critics have said that of all prehistoric art so far discovered no era has given us greater painters of animals than did this Magdalenian Age. On the walls of their caves the Magdaleniens (so called because the first record of these people was found near the ruins of La Madeleine in the Dordogne area) painted with breath-taking power, colour and mastery.

Marcel Ravidat told us of his discovery. "I was walking with my dog when I noticed a hole made by an uprooted tree. A few days later, I returned to the hole with three friends. We enlarged it, and I dropped through it to the floor of a cave some 18 feet below. I lit a few matches and saw beautiful paintings on the walls. Somehow I managed to climb out, glad to be in the open again.

"The following day my friends and I came back, this time bringing

lanterns. We all crept down and, when we raised the lanterns, what we saw on those stone walls was unbelievable. Snorting bulls, galloping horses, bison, deer. Later, we reported our find to Abbé Henri Breuil, one of the world's great authorities on cave art. In the 20 years since then, hundreds of thousands of people have come to see the cave."

There are nearly 40 caves in the Périgord area around Lascaux and along the Dordogne River. Most of them have drawings so faded as to be almost invisible. But the Lascaux paintings look as fresh as if they had been finished last week.

When Ravidat took us down into the cavern, I saw what measures the French Ministry of Fine Arts has taken to preserve the paintings. The cave is sealed off from the outer air by three great metal doors placed at different landings on a steep stone staircase. They open one at a time, so that no draught ever enters. The subterranean art gallery, now ventilated and lit electrically, remains remarkably dry.

When you step off the lowest stair you cannot help catching your breath. You think, "Nothing like this could have been done 17,000 years ago!" Yet archaeologists have so dated the paintings. You are in a cavern some 15 feet high, 30 feet wide, perhaps 90 feet long. Along the rocky, uneven walls of the first chamber, and even on its ceiling, you see the beasts with which prehistoric man lived: great bulls,

horses, two cows, a bear and deer.

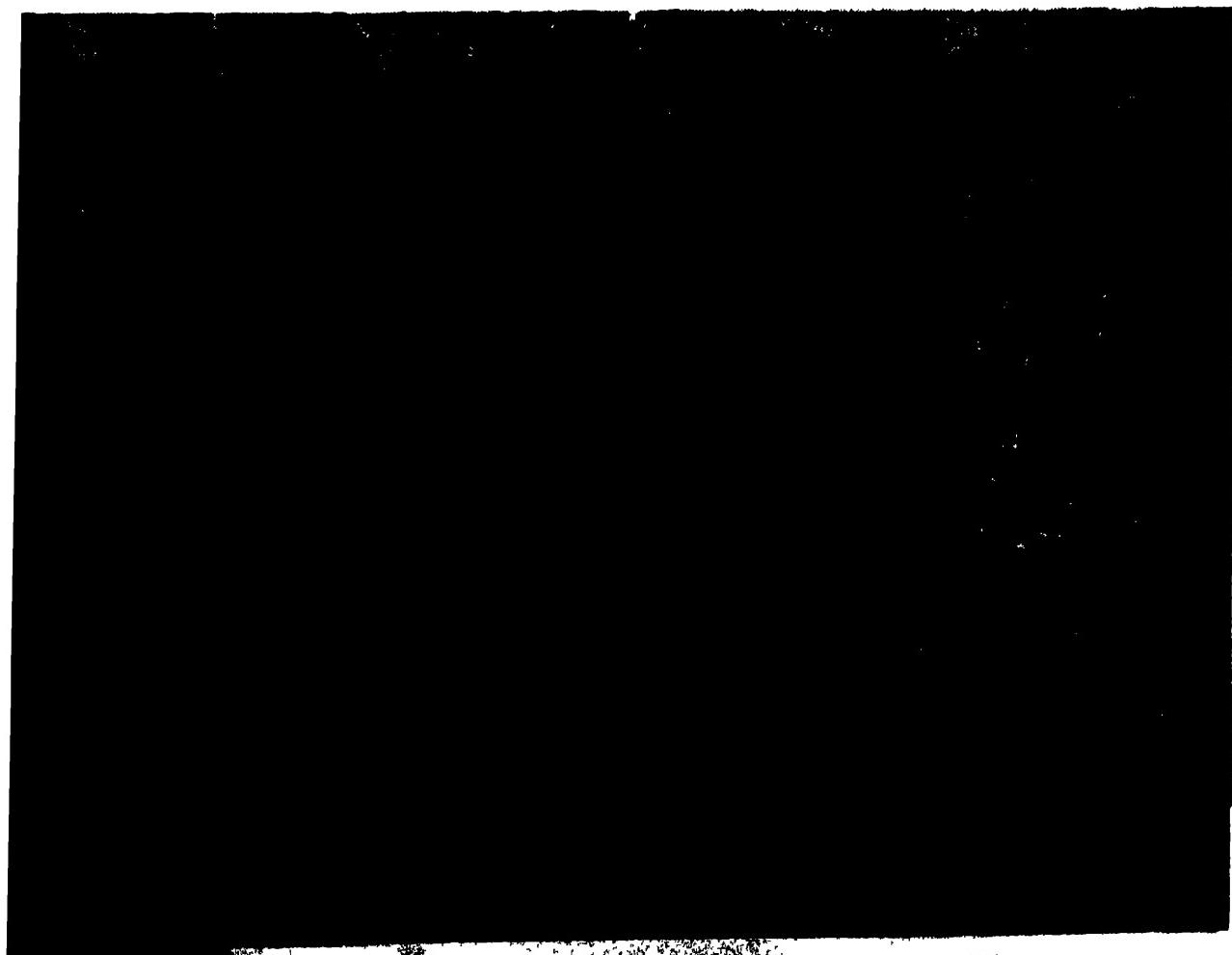
Because the bulls predominate in this chamber, it is known as the Hall of the Bulls. There are huge black bulls and brown bulls, one almost 18 feet long, some superimposed on others. A few look so fierce that you can almost hear them snorting. The colours are awesome: brick-reds, chrome-yellows, ebony-blacks. Wisely, the hidden electric illumination is soft and dim as must have been the light in which the paintings were created.

One glance at these paintings shows that even 17,000 years ago the human being had come a long way

from our concept of primitive man. The people who painted these animals were no half-apes; they were sensitive artists, with keen and sympathetic perception. Working with crude tools and simple pigments, they left proof that great art does not necessarily relate to the so-called intellectual attainments of civilization. It rises out of basic human emotion, and this is timeless.

A second compartment runs off at right angles to the Hall of the Bulls. Here you find numerous horses—large and small, galloping and browsing, black and roan. For me, however, the most remarkable sight

Two Bison



was the line of deer heads far up the jagged stone wall.

These antlered heads are life-size and obviously belong to animals swimming across a river. Those at the right, in midstream, keep their noses raised high. Those at the left are emerging from the water, for their noses come lower and lower as they climb the bank. With a few simple lines the artist has caught grace, gentleness, swift movement.

A third chamber is a continuation of the Hall of the Bulls. You enter through a narrow aperture. Here stands the most brutal bull of all—a muscular, threatening monster whose eye (craftily painted inside a small hole) seems to blaze out at you, full of rage and hatred.

The ancient cave-man's preoccupation with animals has been discussed by every archaeologist who has studied the pictures. The man of this era, scholars explain, relied almost solely on hunting for his food. Either he killed animals or his family starved. Moreover, when he wasn't hunting, he and the animals had to exist side by side. Nothing could have been more important to him than animal life, so his keen interest in it is not surprising.

The late Hendrik Willem van Loon posed other questions. "Were these prehistoric paintings, done with such infinite care and giving proof of such very careful observation, part of man's earliest religious exercises?" he asked. "Were these dark caverns places of worship,

some sort of ancient temple where the elders of the tribe came together to produce magic formulae and to bewitch the animal images in order that the hunter might be successful in his search for food?"

Some viewers believe that the drawings were used as visual aids to teach young hunters where to strike their prey. They cite a number of pictures showing the animals' vulnerable spots pierced by arrows.

Whatever the purpose of the art, one thing is indisputable: the artists achieved vigorous and lifelike effects. And, quite apart from his artistic ability, Magdalenian man clearly knew how to produce a long-burning light. How else could he have worked with line and colour in underground blackness? He was something of a carpenter, too—skilful enough to erect crude scaffolds which would enable him to paint on the ceilings of the caves. Above all, he had the intelligence to produce paints (from oxidized minerals mixed with animal fats, water, and perhaps egg whites, blood serum and vegetable sugars) which were destined to retain their brilliance for thousands of years. So he was a scientist as well as an artist.

The perfection of the Lascaux paintings endows prehistoric times with grandeur, and today we see in them the true origins of the art of modern man. To the beholder they emphasize once again the truth of Shakespeare's comment: "What's past is prologue."

This Is The Third World War

We are in the midst of the Third World War now, say the authors of the important book on which this article is based. The Communists are winning because they know they are in it. The Free World is losing because it is not sure whether it is at war or at peace.

The book, Protracted Conflict, was written by four experts on Communist strategy. It is one of the most penetrating analyses of Communist strategy and tactics ever set forth. To read it is to see clearly that our greatest failure to date has been our failure to understand Communism as a method. Says Dr. Henry Kissinger, of Harvard: "Protracted Conflict should be read by everyone who wishes to understand the nature of our danger."

*Condensation-Synopsis by MAX EASTMAN
from the book "Protracted Conflict"*

WITHIN FOUR decades Communist power has grown from a gleam in Lenin's eye to the absolute domination of nearly a thousand million people. One of the principal reasons for the enormous gains has been the Communists' ability to conceive of the struggle for power in larger dimensions than their opponents.

Communist theory holds that the

whole world is a battlefield upon which opposing forces are locked in a titanic contest of indefinite duration.

To the Communists, this does not mean all-out military action—until success is certain. The Communist strategist of global, protracted conflict varies the mode of his approach —military, para-military, political, psychological, technological and

economic—and suits each approach to place and time.

The Communists are scoring victories in the Third World War because they know they are in it. The Third World War was not openly declared by the Communists in 1946. Nor was a state of war recognized by the West. If it had been, probably none of the positions forfeited since then would have been abandoned without determined resistance. That we are still not conscious of having suffered defeats does not make our appalling defeats less real. On the contrary, the measure of success of Communist strategy is that the Reds have gained control of regions hitherto firmly held by the Western powers—without provoking a counter-attack by the West.

Inexorably, bit by bit, more pieces of the Free World are lost. The West has been willing to give a round and take a round, but the result has been a steady loss of power. Whenever the West has won a round, as in Korea and Jordan, it was in defence of the *status quo*. When the Communists won a round, as in Czechoslovakia, China and Indo-China, they gained access to ground previously closed to them.

To the Communists, what we call peace is merely war conducted by other than military means. Thus war, to them, whether fought with military hardware or with non-violent, political and psychological instruments, is a single thing.

"Hot" and "cold" are simply phases of intensity in the same war.

This is not a mood, or a passing state of mind, or a burst of nationalistic enthusiasm which we can assume will die away. It is a conviction and a life-programme dictated by the secular religion revealed by Karl Marx. It promises the Communists ultimate victory in this conflict, no matter how protracted it may be. Delays are inevitable, defeats are taken in their stride, because—to them—the final outcome is sure.

Until this fact is grasped, there can be no understanding of the continual "crises" through which we are passing, and there can be no counter-strategy that will have any lasting effect. Our strategy must be planned to the scale, not of years but of decades. We must view each clash, whether of arms or argument, not as an isolated incident, but as a phase of the total struggle. To the Communists, the aim of the argument, as of the armaments, is not truth or agreement, but always and only a further step towards victory. And we must remember, as the Communists do, that there is no decisive defeat or victory except the last.

Another thing we must realize is that the weapons used by the Communists are of unlimited variety. They see weapons where the West sees only the instruments of human aspiration or of peaceful international relations. The United Nations, for example, from its very

beginning has been regarded by the Communists as a weapon. Thus also, diplomacy, science, journalism, art, finance and economics are used by the Communists as weapons; all of them, together with propaganda, espionage, sabotage, subversion, are integrated in their foreign policy.

Even the latest discoveries in psychology are converted by them into weapons in the protracted conflict. In their propaganda they have applied Freudian techniques to induce a guilt complex in the West about such things as wealth, armament, foreign bases, former colonial possessions, in order to paralyse the West's will to take a firm stand anywhere.

This policy of protracted conflict became apparent during the First World War, when Lenin abandoned the Allies and made a separate peace with Germany at Brest Litovsk. He ceded 34 per cent of Russia's population, but he was only trading space for time as part of his long-term strategy. It was not peace he was making, but a strategic retreat from one of Communism's enemies in the conflict already foreseen with all of them.

Even then the struggle was, in his conception, as it is now in fact, a global war in which nations are mere "salients" to be reduced, and continents mere "flanks" to be turned. His chief contribution to the strategy of the conflict was to advise undertaking the overthrow of the capitalist governments of the

West by backing up nationalistic revolts of their colonies. He rested the assurance of ultimate world victory on the immense populations of China and the Far East. The road to London and New York, he is reported to have said, lies through Peking. Stalin carried out this policy to the letter, and our failure to understand it has cost us half Asia.

Even during the Second World War when Russia, for her own survival, was compelled to side with the Allies against Germany, she never for one moment forgot that she was at war with both contending powers. When the war entered its final phase, Stalin saw a golden opportunity in Central and Eastern Europe. He disdained the chance to negotiate armistices with the indigenous governments of the former Nazi satellites. Instead, the Soviets sought, even at the risk of delaying their westward military advance, to create a political vacuum in each of the countries—a vacuum which could later be filled by a Communist provisional government.

The best documented incident in this truly Machiavellian strategy occurred in Poland. As the Russian Army approached Warsaw in July 1944, the Soviet radio repeatedly urged the underground army of Polish patriots in the capital, led by General Bor-Komorowski, to rise up and fight the Nazis. But when the Poles launched their insurrection, the Soviet forces immediately

brought their offensive to a standstill outside Warsaw and waited patiently while the Nazis liquidated General Bor's 40,000 men. Then the Red Army resumed its advance, "liberated" Warsaw and established the hand-picked Lublin Communist government in power.

How different the map of the world would look today if the Allied leaders had been aware of the Communists' master plan! At the conferences of Moscow, Tehran, Yalta, Potsdam and after, Stalin, while collaborating in the defeat of Germany, was also waging a protracted war against his allies. In plain language, Churchill, Roosevelt, Truman and the rest were played for mugs by the wily Georgian because they did not understand, or could not believe in, the devious policy that was guiding every smile, every move that Stalin made.

The Soviets are masters of the indirect approach. They apply local pressure to nibble away Western positions. The pressure is increased gradually, so that the enemy remains uncertain as to its full dimensions and is not provoked into committing his full capabilities to the struggle. It may begin with an arms shipment to, say, Egypt, followed by the dispatch of Soviet technicians. This tactic of the gradual challenge encourages temporizing by the democracies.

Also, the Communists discerned long ago how the legalistic preconceptions of the West could be turned

to their advantage. The nations of the West have usually gone to war only after fastening precise legal blame on the culprit government responsible for violating international law. Therefore, the Communists present their challenges indirectly or by proxy.

At the same time the Communists project an exaggerated image of their military strength. The West, inundated with reminders of Soviet nuclear-missile prowess, is made to believe that any effort on its part to seize the tactical initiative will lead to general war. Thus it is as dangerous to overestimate Communist power as to underestimate it.

We are temperamentally ill-prepared for a protracted conflict with a remote terminal point and an indeterminate outcome. Yet we cannot escape the challenge. The question that faces us is how to reconcile the ethos of a society that has come to take its possessions for granted, and has elevated individual security to its principal goal, with the necessity to take risks in order to safeguard the security of our world as a whole.

Whether we can muster the requisite determination and preparedness will depend upon our recognition of the basic facts of the world today.

We are in the midst of a world revolution; we are locked in a mortal conflict with the Communist system for mastery of that revolution; it will end only in total victory or total defeat.



The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

BY CHARLES HENRY HAMILTON

*Managing editor,
Richmond, Virginia, News Leader*

A DOOR slammed. The hum of voices and the clatter of typewriters faded to a chill silence. I looked up to see our famous editor, of whom I'd heard so much, standing by the news editor's desk waving a copy of the early edition of the *News Leader*.

It was June 1926, and I was a cub reporter just down from university. I took a good look at Douglas Southall Freeman.

He was about five feet ten inches

tall, rather stockily built, already bald though he was only just turned 40. He had a broad face cast in strong lines, and blue eyes peered through steel-rimmed glasses. Now those eyes were stern.

"Sowers, *who* wrote this piece?" he boomed at the news editor. Without waiting for a reply, he went on, "Is it possible for anyone to write about Edgar Allan Poe and not know how to spell his name?"

Sowers, a stricken look on his

scholarly face, reached for the paper helplessly. I felt stricken, too. Sowers said quickly, "It was a new man, Doctor—Hamilton. He's been here only a day or so."

Dr. Freeman glanced round, and I got the full impact of his cold stare. "And he spells it Edgar A-l-l-e-n Poe?"

He spun on his heel and left.

Sowers sighed. "Let that be a lesson to you, Hamilton. With Dr. Freeman around, we have to get things right."

Although my introduction to "the Doc" was inauspicious, the better I got to know him over the years, and the more I learned about the inner warmth beneath the austere surface, the more I marvelled.

Hard work through incredible hours was Freeman's formula, adopted early in life. When he died in 1953, he had compressed four full-time careers—editor; historian and biographer; educator; broadcaster and lecturer—into his 67 years, and he had attained worldwide fame.

Single-handed, during most of 35 years, he produced a scholarly, thought-laden editorial page six days a week. His book *R. E. Lee* won the Pulitzer Prize for biography in 1935. His *George Washington* won further Pulitzer honours, posthumously.

He was rector of the University of Richmond for 16 of the 25 years he served on the board of trustees. He was a professor at Columbia

University's Graduate School of Journalism from 1934 to 1941.

In 1925 he started a twice-a-day, 15-minute news broadcast, and he made his last broadcast on the day that he died. On Sundays he had a half-hour inspirational programme called "Lessons in Living," aimed largely at house-bound people. Radio polls showed that 63 per cent of the listening public in the Richmond area tuned in to get his views. He was in such demand as a public speaker that he finally raised his fee to 1,500 dollars to cut down on invitations.

How could one man do all this? Over the big clock in his office was a sign which provided a key to his way of life: TIME ALONE IS IRREPLACABLE. WASTE IT NOT. The sign was a source of quiet amusement to the newspaper staff because "irreplaceable" was mis-spelt. Some of the staff said the Doc was just too thrifty to waste money on a new sign; others thought he simply didn't want to take the time to attend to it. No one knew the answer, but Douglas Freeman always knew how to put his time to good use.

He entered the University of Richmond at 15, graduated at 18 and at 22 obtained his Ph.D. in history from Johns Hopkins University. When, in 1915, at the age of 29, he became editor of the *News Leader*, he received an assignment he had dreamt about. A New York book publisher, Charles Scribner, asked him to do a biography of

Robert E. Lee. He agreed, but only if he could do the work thoroughly. Nineteen years later he delivered his life of Lee, in four volumes, to the publisher's son.

"Outside writing by a newspaperman is primarily a matter of forgoing other things," he once said. "He cannot do his day's work, share all the social activities that others enjoy and still have time for historical research or literary work. If he wants the leisure that unhurried composition and painstaking revision demand, he must pay the price."

With iron discipline, he cheerfully paid the price. He devised a daily working schedule that stretched over 17 hours. Every minute was planned, but he operated so methodically that he never seemed hurried. He simply made sure that as the sands of time passed through his hour-glass, each grain meant an advance in his programme.

He cut out smoking early in his adult life because he found it took slightly more than eight hours a week. He set aside at least 14 hours each week for literary composition. He kept account of his time in a small ledger, in his meticulous handwriting, and he knew to the minute how much time he devoted to his various books. If he had to make a speech, or had important guests in his home, he took care of his work in advance.

His normal schedule called for a 3.15 a.m. start each day, a light,

self-prepared breakfast and arrival at the office at 4.40. After reading the agency reports and the morning paper, he settled down to produce the day's editorials—an average of almost three columns. The writing finished at about 7.58, he would walk leisurely across a cat-walk to the radio station, arrive on the dot of eight and discuss the day's news for 15 minutes.

If the news was unimportant, he would say so promptly. "Good morning, ladies and gentlemen," he would say. "If you have anythin' to do, just go ahead and do it—there's nothin' in today's news worth disturbin' you about. But did you happen to see the dawn today? Even for Virginia, it was somethin' special . . ." and so on, for 15 minutes, while a huge audience hung on his words.

At 8.17 he was back in his office to greet the managing editor, news editor and key newsmen for a 15-minute conference. Next he went over the proofs of the day's editorials at his desk. Then came a trip to the composing room, where he personally saw to it that the editorial page was correct. After this came the day's mail, dictated replies, and a visitor or two. Sometimes there were conferences with the *News Leader's* publisher; he had both deep respect and affection for the man he called the "Big Boss," John Stewart Bryan.

Shortly before noon the news desk briefed him on all important

local news—and off he strolled to the microphone again. By then he had been on the job for eight hours. He wound up any stray details at the office, went home for lunch, then dropped off to sleep "just long enough to lose consciousness." He awoke refreshed, and concentrated on his literary labours until six o'clock.

Then came the only time normally allowed for his family—dinner with his gracious and charming wife and the children, two girls and a boy. By eight o'clock he was usually in bed, in his own small room adjoining a study on the third floor of his stately white-columned home.

When he began his seven-year job as a university professor of journalism he taught all day one day a week, did his editorial page and his literary work in advance, and worked out what looked like a practical plan for commuting by air. He was grounded by bad weather one night, however, and lost four hours—so he transferred his allegiance to the railways.

Freeman's tight schedule gave him some unusual problems. During the war, when he wanted to avoid using petrol, he worked out a plan to get a lift to town with a baker who had to be on the job early. For two years the man picked up Dr. Freeman promptly at 5.20 each morning. Then the baker was called up and Dr. Freeman had to make other arrangements. But he

did not forget the baker. He wrote to him every week, and later arranged for a college education for his daughter—a story which did not come out until after Freeman's death.

Busy as he was, Dr. Freeman was always ready to help his colleagues. In 1938 he asked me to visit him one night at his home. By that time I had absorbed most of the duties of the job of managing editor, since that editor had also become assistant general manager. The management thought I might brood over my lack of title. It was up to Dr. Freeman to explain to me why I was not to be given the title of managing editor.

He went over my career thoroughly, strong points and weak. I felt as if an X-ray were peering into my innermost thoughts. Telephone manners, always important with the Doc, came in for special attention. He indicated that I was too brusque around deadline time; I was likely to bark into the telephone, like a news editor in a film. It also distressed him that I was a little diffident with top executives. I did not drop in for friendly chats. In short, I received a good but kindly going-over, so that, later, I called it a "soul-searching session."

I was so impressed with Dr. Freeman's skill in pointing out spots where I could improve that I thought the idea ought to be spread. Before long I started my own soul-searching sessions with younger

members of the staff. Later, lecturing at the American Press Institute, I passed on the plan to 200 newspapers. It is impossible to say just how much "soul-searching" has resulted from my talk with Dr. Freeman in 1938.

His help to his colleagues sometimes took financial form. When the daughter of a senior reporter was to be married, the Doc knew that the reporter had had hard luck and was not ready for the expense of a wedding. So he announced that he loved the good times engendered by a wedding and asked for the privilege of holding it at his home. There it was held—in the spacious setting of the Freemans' beautiful gardens.

Recreation, as such, never entered Dr. Freeman's head. There was a time, in his early life, when he sailed a boat at week-ends with his family and did some swimming. And in later years he liked to work in his garden. But his chief recreation was always his work.

Many of us on the newspaper thought there was a trace of "ham actor" in the Doc that perhaps satisfied any need for recreation. One affectation was a mandarin hat—a black silk skull-cap—which he brought back from China in the late '40's. He wore it perched on the back of his head at the office. "No hair, and my head gets cold," he explained solemnly.

He especially disliked whistling in a newspaper office, and office

boys soon learned never to whistle while on their rounds. During one period Freeman was bothered by a whistler whom he was unable to identify. Finally one day as he heard the carefree miscreant approach, he rushed to his door, leaped into the corridor and grabbed the offender by the neck. He found himself looking into the startled face of Bill Christian, then managing editor.

The use of nouns as verbs also offended him. When he saw such words as "hosted" or "contacted," he would immediately seethe. On the *News Leader* we finally gave up use of the word "claim" because it was so hard to use correctly. "If you mean 'maintain,' or 'assert,'" said the Doc, "why not say so?"

Only once did I argue a point. The Doctor had complained about the use of a word. "But, Doctor, I looked it up in the dictionary, and it's all right there," I said.

He looked at me for a long moment. "Son, sometimes the dictionary is wrong."

He maintained a steady correspondence with many famous military figures during the war years. His *R. E. Lee* and his lectures on military history at the U.S. Army War College had made him a near-legendary figure to service leaders. Many generals told him that they read his books after going to bed, a fact which he found amusing. "You know," he drawled one day in his editorial conference, "I guess,

I may have done a great deal of good in this war. I'll bet I have put more generals into sound sleep than all the doctors in the army."

Dwight Eisenhower, speaking in Richmond in 1952, said: "The first man in the United States who ever got me to thinking seriously about a possible political career was Dr. Douglas Freeman. In 1947 he came to my office and earnestly urged that I go into politics."

Earlier Eisenhower had said, "I am such an admirer of Dr. Freeman that I am always disposed to conform instantly to any suggestion he makes."

On June 13, 1953, a coronary attack felled the Doc. By then he had retired as editor to devote his full time to writing. Although he had suffered a few pains in his chest that day, characteristically he had

shrugged them off. He did his daily broadcasts, mulched his rose garden, began some work on the sixth volume of *Washington*. When the pains grew worse, doctors were summoned. Dr. Freeman joked with them and told them they had to keep him alive to finish *Washington*. Before he could be moved to hospital, he died.

As I try to compress into a few pages the life and lesson of this iron-disciplined yet warm-hearted man, I can see the kindly twinkle that would come into his eyes at any mention of hard work. I seem to hear him say, "Boy, just remember that most of this world's useful work is done by people who are pressed for time, or are tired, or don't feel well. There's only one way to get a job done—just shove your belly up against it and *do it*."

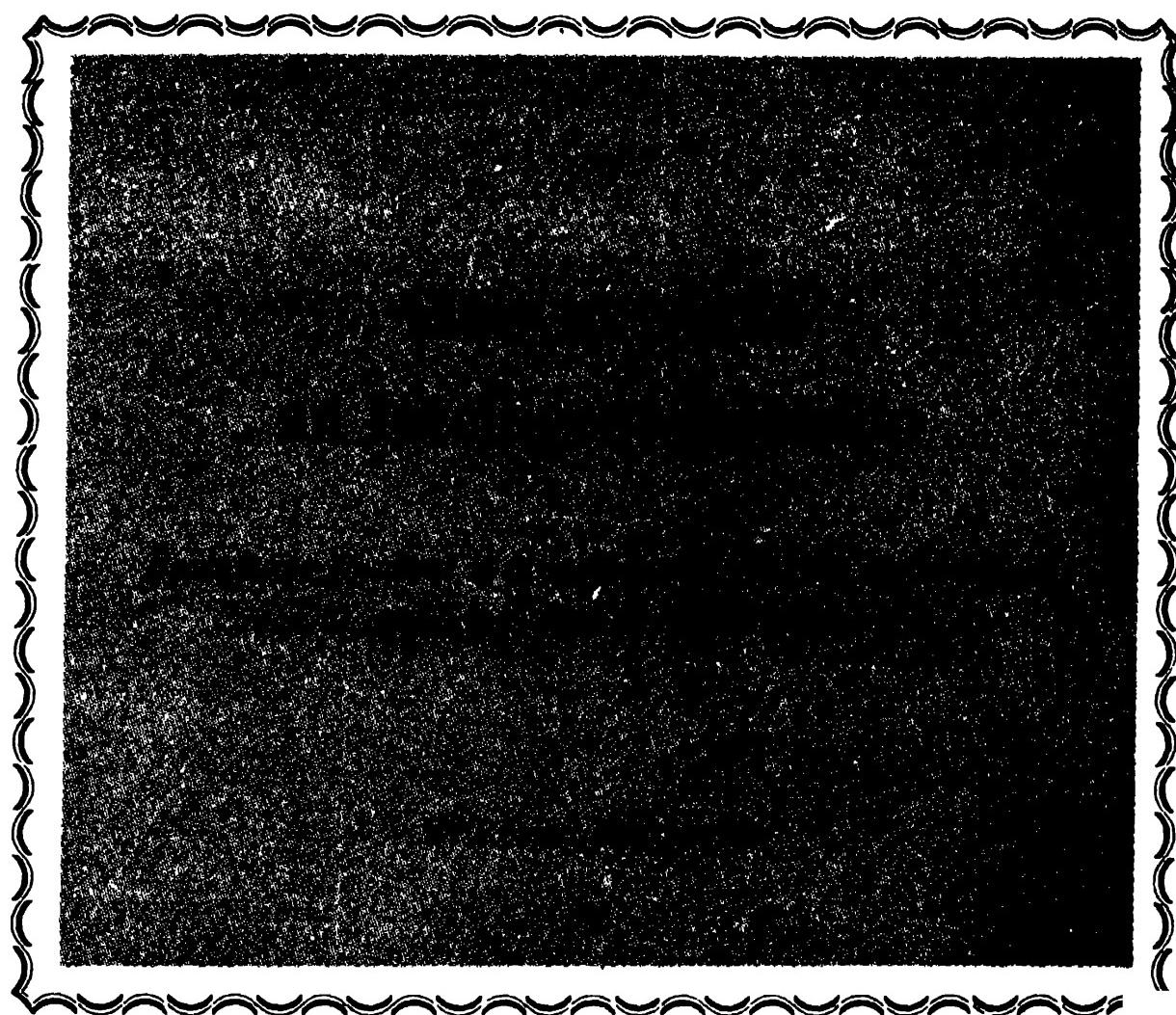
Time Turned Upside Down

THE MUSINGS that flow from serene detachment are ever welcome among the frantic preoccupations of our world. Therefore we read with pleasure a letter in the London *Times* from a country parson who notes that it is now possible to see the date—1961—upside down.

The clerical correspondent goes on to ask if anyone can tell him how soon it will again be possible to read time reversed. The *last* time that happened must have been 1881, and the time before that perhaps 1691. But the future holds no such proximate figures. Indeed, a hasty calculation suggests that not until the 61st century will we have that opportunity, to wit, in 6009.

Time turned upside down, the world turned upside down—it is not such a big step to Positive Thinking, or to moralistic melancholy either. And what a wonderful idea for a number in a musical revue.

—Nicholas King



MOST OF US have marched up to some crossroads in our lives: whether or not to get married, to change jobs, to choose this or that career—and have experienced the awful feeling of not knowing which route to take. Worse still, many of us have known what it is like, after a paralysing wait, to start down one road with the sinking sensation that we've picked the wrong one.

What makes us decide things

badly, when we "know better"?

What is it that sometimes stalls our decision-making machinery entirely?

The schoolboy who sits with his pencil wavering between Yes and No in an examination may be baffled by the difficulty of the question; or he may simply be reduced to a blue funk by the pressure of taking an exam.

A young woman in the throes of indecision over a marriage proposal

may be trying to weigh the pros and cons of a tangled life situation; or she may be panicked by the thought of marriage itself.

Foolish decisions and indecision are the consequence not only of the complexity of the world about us but of the complicated crosscurrents of the world within us.

There is, then, no ABC for decision-making, or we would all be executives. But there are a few guide-lines that have helped others and can help us.

Marshal the Facts. A lot of mental anguish can be avoided if we do what a good executive does with a problem that can't be settled: send it back for more data. Dale Carnegie once quoted a distinguished university dean as saying, "If I have a problem that has to be faced at three o'clock next Tuesday, I refuse to try to make a decision about it until Tuesday arrives. In the meantime I concentrate on getting all the facts that bear on the problem. And by Tuesday, if I've got all the facts, the problem usually solves itself."

Just gathering facts won't solve hard problems, however. "The point is to marshal them in good order," says Lieutenant-General Thomas Harrold, commandant of the U.S. National War College. "In the army we train our leaders to draw up what we call an Estimate of the Situation. First, they must know their objective. Unless you know what you want, you can't

possibly decide how to get it. Second, we teach them to consider *alternative* means of attaining that objective. It's not often that a goal, military or any other, can be realized in only one way. Next we line up the pros and cons of each alternative, as far as we can see them. Then we choose the course that appears most likely to achieve the results we want. That doesn't guarantee success, but it does prevent us from going off on a half-baked hunch that may turn out to be disastrous."

Meanwhile, beware of misusing the fact-collecting process. Sometimes we go on getting advice, assembling more and more facts without coming to any clear conclusion. We may merely be waiting for the "right" fact to rationalize a decision that we have already made.

An executive of an employment agency tells of a young man who couldn't make up his mind whether or not to take a job that involved moving to another town. He kept coming back for more and more information until one day he learned that the company had had a tough time during the '30's and nearly closed down.

That clinched it. With obvious relief the young man "reluctantly" turned the job down.

"Actually," the employment official comments, "it was clear that he didn't want to move. But he had to find a 'fact' to make his decision respectable in his own eyes."

When we reach this point, it is time to stop fact-collecting.

Consult Your Feelings. Psychiatrist Theodore Reik once asked Sigmund Freud about an important decision he had to make.

"I can only tell you of my personal experience," Freud replied. "When making a decision of minor importance, I have always found it advantageous to consider all the pros and cons. In vital matters, however, such as the choice of a mate or a profession, the decision should come from within ourselves. In the important decisions of our personal life, we should be governed, I think, by the deep inner needs of our nature."

We can usually tell when a decision accords with our inner nature: it brings an enormous sense of relief. Good decisions are the best tranquillizers ever invented; bad ones often increase our mental tension. When we have decided something against the grain, there is a nagging sense of incompleteness, a feeling that the last knot has not been pulled out of the string.

The Right Time. The old maxim that we should sleep on big decisions is based on the fact that our behaviour is affected by our passing moods. Everyone knows that the boss is more likely to make lenient decisions when he's in a good mood, and that it's no time to ask him for a rise when he comes into the office glowering. We do well to take account of our emotional temperatures

before we put important decisions on our *own* desks.

We should know when *not* to make a decision. "In surgery," says a doctor, "one often studies a situation for days or even weeks until one feels reasonably confident to go ahead. Time itself is an essential component of many decisions. It brings uncertain situations to a head. Premature decisions are the most dangerous a person can make."

Consciously postponing a decision --deciding not to decide—is not the same as indecision. As the author of a book on business leadership put it, "The fine art of executive decision consists in not deciding questions that are not now pertinent, in not deciding prematurely, in not making decisions that cannot be made effective and in not making decisions that others should make."

Many of the most involved and difficult decisions are best not "made," but allowed to ripen. Facts accumulate, feelings gradually jell, and other people take a hand in the situation. By holding ourselves back we give complicated situations a chance to work themselves out—and sometimes we save ourselves a great deal of exhausting and useless brain-cudgelling.

You Can Make It Flexible. Too many of us find decisions painful because we regard them as final and irrevocable. "Half the difficulties of man," Somerset Maugham has written, "lie in his desire to answer

every question with yes or no. Yes or no may neither of them be the answer; each side may have in it some yes and some no."

There is much more "give" in most decisions than we are aware of. Franklin D. Roosevelt was a great believer in making flexible decisions. "He rarely got himself sewn tight to a programme from which there was no turning back," his Secretary of Labour, Frances Perkins, once said.

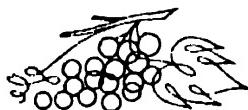
"We have to do the best we know how at the moment," he told an *aide*. "If it doesn't turn out right, we can modify it as we go along."

The Final Ingredient. In making genuinely big decisions, we must be prepared to stand a sense of loss as well as gain. A student who hesitates between a lifetime as a teacher or as a businessman, a talented

young girl trying to make up her mind between marriage and a career—both face choices in which sacrifice is involved, *no matter what they do*.

It helps to talk such decisions over with others—not only because another person's opinion may illumine aspects of the dilemma that we may have missed, but because in the process of talking we sort out and clarify our own thoughts and feelings. After this, meditation, reflection—letting the problem stew in its own juice—can also help. But in the end, after talk and thought, one final ingredient is essential. It is courage.

"One man with courage makes a majority," said a philosopher, and this was never more true than in the election of our minds, where the one vote we cast is the deciding one.



Vive la France!

IN A contest held at Vichy for the best love letter, first prize went to a bill for a mink coat—marked "Approved" and bearing the donor's signature.

—*Réalités*

A FRENCHMAN, having fallen on hard times, sold his gallery of famous paintings to avert bankruptcy, but kept his wine cellar. "But what else?" he told friends. "A man can do without art, but not without culture."

—*W.N.*

A LONDON newspaper carried an advertisement reading, "Father of three sons desires a daughter. Can anyone send suggestions?" More than a thousand answers were received, including an American's advice to "keep trying," a Canadian's to "ask Mr. Dionne," and a Frenchman's solicitous offer: "Can I be of help?"

—*A. L.*



AT AN inquiry investigating air-training accidents, we were all set to hear the usual complicated excuses that would prove the cadet pilot blameless. But to our surprise, the first cadet explained his accident with amazing conciseness.

"Sir," he said, "I ran out of airspeed, altitude and ideas simultaneously."

--BRUCE McCAMISH

A NEWLY-COMMISSIONED ensign in the U.S. Naval Reserve was puzzled when a sailor saluted as they passed in the street and said, "By your leave, sir." Feeling rather ridiculous but wanting to learn the proper etiquette, he asked the sailor to repeat what he had said.

"By your leave, sir," he replied.

"What am I supposed to say?" the ensign asked.

"Please, sir," the sailor quavered, "they only taught me my part."

--JAMES MESSER

THE "OLD SWEAT" mess sergeant detested fancy cooking and fancy cooks. He continually harped on the superiority of plain food plainly cooked. But

one brash young army cook, who had just finished his training, asserted that a little dressing up would improve any dish.

"I suppose *you* could improve the taste of plain table salt!" sneered the old mess sergeant.

"That's easy, Sarge," the young cook retorted. "Just sprinkle it lightly over a tender steak!" --MINTON MARSH

OUR 18-YEAR-OLD son, home on leave after his initial training, had been telling us about some of the difficulties he had encountered at first. Then he grinned wryly and said, "You know, after I made up my mind just to let the Navy have its own way about everything, I didn't have a bit of trouble."

--MRS. RICHARD KOUNS

A ROAD SIGN, warning motorists that they are approaching an army camp, reads: "PLEASE DRIVE SLOWLY. DON'T KILL YOUR SOLDIERS."

But what really catches the motorists' attention is the bold crayon scrawl beneath, obviously the sentiment of some browbeaten recruit: "BE A BIG-GAME HUNTER. WAIT FOR AN OFFICER!"

--JESSICA DREASEN

MY COUSIN, an ex-army type, was discussing the high cost of travel, when I reminded him how lucky he was that the government had paid his fare to Africa and Italy.

"Well," he replied, "I *thought* it had. But since I've returned home and started paying taxes, I know it was a case of travel now and pay later."

--M. A. L.

A YOUNG wife with her first baby was flying out to join her husband, stationed in Japan. Because of engine trouble they had to transfer to a second military transport in Hawaii. This plane was far more Spartan than the first, and the new mother asked a member of the crew in some consternation, "How am I going to warm the baby's bottle?"

"Sit on it, ma'am," he advised. "Give it a hundred miles, and it will be just about right."

—MRS. R. D. MCWETHY

THE COMMANDER of our small unit during the war decided that we needed an obstacle course to combat the inactivity and boredom. The course was soon completed, with walls to climb, ditches to jump, barrels to crawl through and so forth. On the day of the grand opening the C.O. was discussing the schedule with the sergeant, who seemed somewhat uneasy. "Don't you like the schedule?" asked the officer.

"Yes, sir," replied the sergeant. "But I think you should know that some of the boys did the course last night."

"So?" asked the C.O.

"Sir," said the sergeant slowly, "they did it in a truck."

—WILLIS BRENTON

WHEN Admiral Arleigh Burke, Chief of U.S. Naval Operations, was a rear admiral commanding Cruiser Division Five off the coast of Korea in 1951, one of his jobs was to furnish fire support for the most advanced U.N. and Korean troops. However, he spent much of his time ashore in the front lines rather than aboard his

flagship. Asked about this by a friend, Burke replied:

"During the last war an army lieutenant heard rifle fire from behind a line of tents and strolled over to investigate. He found a sergeant busily blazing away at a home-made target. The lieutenant examined the target carefully, but failed to observe any hits. 'I don't see any holes in the target, Sergeant,' he said. 'Where are your bullets going?'

"'Boss,' said the sergeant, 'I don't know where they're going, but they're leaving *here* with a hell of a bang!'

"I don't want to be like that sergeant," concluded Admiral Burke. "I want to know where my bullets are going!"

—KEN JONES

MY HUSBAND, a military policeman, was patrolling the area around Kaesong in Korea. In a small village he found the townspeople milling around, very disturbed about something. Through his interpreter my husband learned that some troops, driving through the village, had killed a chicken. Expressing regret for the incident, my husband reached into his pocket for some Korean currency to pay the owner of the chicken, when the interpreter stopped him, saying, "But, Lieutenant, this was not just a chicken. This was the only rooster in town!"

—LELA TURNBULL

DURING a coffee break, the conversation turned to whether women dress to please men or to please other women. Most of us agreed that they dressed to please men. But a sergeant ended the discussion when he declared, "They don't have to dress to please *me!*"

—D. T.

The Shocking Story of American Boxing

This forthright report from the United States highlights the prize-ring's bloody toll of death, maiming and madness

By JAMES STEWART-GORDON

ON JUNE 20 last year, in his last few seconds as world heavyweight boxing champion, Ingemar Johansson lay stretched out on the canvas at New York's Polo Grounds. Blood streamed from his mouth and his

legs twitched convulsively. In a neutral corner, waiting, stood the challenger, Floyd Patterson.

Johansson had gone down after a stunning left hook by Patterson, falling rigidly with his hands still in a posture of defence.



The convulsions continued for one minute 55 seconds. After that he remained inert for eight minutes. Lifted to his corner and helped on to his stool, he remained inert for eight minutes more, during which time his head moved back and forth and his eyes—glazed, unfocused, unseeing—kept sweeping over the crowd. Back in his dressing-room, it was half an hour before he could mumble that his name was Johansson and that he came from Goteborg, Sweden.

To fans watching the fight it had been a thrilling bout, and the diagnosis was simple: Patterson had knocked Johansson kicking. But to doctors in the audience, Johansson's condition indicated something more: his convulsions looked like the classic symptoms of brain damage.

No one will ever know how close Johansson came to death or disablement that night. But boxing is, literally, a murderous sport. If Johansson had died at the Polo Grounds, there would have been no reason for surprise.

Eleven days before the championship fight, Tommy Pacheco, 19 years old, died after a bout in New York with Benny Gordon for a 300-dollar purse. Dr. Milton Helpern, chief medical examiner of New York City, who conducted the post-mortem, reported that Pacheco died of complications following a torn blood-vessel in the brain, despite expert surgical treatment.

Nor was Pacheco's the only recent boxing death. On December 6, 1959, Manuel Toro Palomares, a professional lightweight, died in Mexico City after losing in eight rounds to Pepe Montes. On April 17, 1960, Charles Mohr, a University of Wisconsin student, died after an inter-collegiate championship match. On April 27 last year Mickey Goluboff, an 18-year-old inmate of a Wisconsin reformatory, was killed in a supervised recreational fight. The toll of these tragedies makes it clear that death in the ring, far from being unusual, is on the contrary shockingly commonplace.

Pointing this up is the seldom-told tale of boxers who have died after fights with champions. Ezzard Charles, once a heavyweight champion and now barred from boxing by the Texas Boxing Commission, knocked out Sam Baroudi. Baroudi died next day. Two men died after fights with Bob Fitzsimmons. Frankie Campbell died after his fight with Max Baer. Jimmy Doyle died the day after a bout with Sugar Ray Robinson.

What, precisely, is a knock-out? Dr. Ernst Jokl, author of the authoritative *Medical Aspect of Boxing*, describes the knock-out as a concussion of the brain, produced when a highly sensitive area of the brain stem, the *substantia reticularis*, is injured. In severe cases like those of Tommy Pacheco, Jimmy Doyle, Lavern Roach and hundreds of others, a critical haemorrhaging

in the brain tissues also took place.

Even more commonplace than death in the ring is the ever-lengthening line of battered, punch-drunk human beings so enfeebled physically or mentally that they are a permanent burden on their families or on the public. Dr. Daniel Sheehan, chief medical consultant to an insurance company, says: "Repeated heavy blows to the head, as in boxing, result in serious damage to the higher centres of the brain, such as the cortex. And after one such brain trauma the chances are large that it may be repeated or worsened, unless the fighter stays out of the ring for a year or more."

The stories of boxing's victims make tragic reading. There are many like Carmine Vingo, who 11 years ago fought Rocky Marciano, later to become heavyweight champion. It was a bad match, but Vingo needed one payday, one good fight, to make enough money to furnish a flat and marry Kitty Rea, a local girl. He'd had a few professional fights and shown that he liked to wade in, taking two punches to give one. So he was a perfect foil for Rocky.

The match took place in New York's Madison Square Garden on December 30, 1949—the day after Carmine's 20th birthday. At her parents' home Kitty Rea waited with a birthday cake. At 10.30 Vingo's cousin, who had gone to the fight, came in.

"Carmine won't be home right

away," he said. "He had to go to hospital. Marciano hurt him bad."

Kitty went to the hospital and found that Carmine was indeed badly hurt. He was in a coma. Marciano's club-like rights had given him a massive cerebral haemorrhage. As a result his entire left side was paralysed and one eye blinded.

Today Vingo has recovered as much as he is ever going to. He and Kitty are married, and recently I talked to her.

"How is Carmine?" I asked.

"He can walk now, but he's what you would call clumsy. He still can't see all the way with his left eye. If people don't know him they think he's bad-tempered—he didn't used to be that way but I guess he can't help himself." (Carmine can't support himself, either. After he and Kitty were married, she went to work in a factory.)

In addition to possible death or mental crippling, another fate is in prospect for many fighters: blindness. Henry Armstrong, once a triple champion; Jimmy Carter, once a lightweight champion; ex-champion Speedy Dado; ex-champion Vince Dundee; Gene Hairston (also a deaf mute); ex-champion Frankie Genaro—all have suffered partial or total loss of sight.

A few years ago Dr. Jokl made a survey of 185 boxers. He found "a frightening preponderance of such long-term injuries as double vision, ataxy, aphasia, headaches, gait difficulties and central-nervous-system

anomalies. There were frequent psychiatric symptoms, such as loss of intelligence, violent aggressiveness and depression." He says: "While a few fortunate boxers may escape serious brain damage, most are not so lucky. Cerebral trauma is almost invariably the boxer's lot. These injuries to the brain do not heal."

Why are boxers in such condition allowed to fight? American local athletic commissions, appointed to oversee the physical well-being of fighters, are too often lax in their obligations. In many cases fighters who have been critically injured have been allowed to fight again, either because of improper examinations or for the specious reason that "denial of a licence would keep this man from earning a living."

Rudell Stich, barred in Illinois because of failing vision, was allowed to fight in Kentucky. Hurricane Jackson, barred from fighting in New York because of suspected brain damage, has recently been fighting outside the State.

Fight managers are always eager to book a "crowd-pleaser"—a fighter willing to absorb punches. This eagerness—plus the televising of prize-fights—has made it possible for everyone to watch, in his own home, the dissolution of a

human being. To please a crowd hungry for blood, fighter after fighter has been sent into the ring to be slaughtered even though his manager knew he didn't stand a chance. The records of these poor wretches make sickening reading. Johnny Cockfield: lost 54, won 2. Sam Shumway: 79 fights in 66 months, knocked out 43 times. Oscar St. Pierre: knocked out 27 times. Johnny Parvia: fought 43 times, knocked out 30 times. Nat Hines: fought 23 times, won once, knocked out 10 times, died three days after the last K.O.

Some time this year Floyd Patterson and Ingemar Johansson are scheduled to meet once again for the heavyweight boxing title. After their last fight Johansson said he did not see the first blow that knocked him down, and he did not remember the second blow that knocked him out.

Dr. Herbert Olivecrona of Stockholm's Serafimer Hospital, one of Europe's leading brain surgeons, after noting Johansson's condition at the end of the last fight, stated: "Johansson would be a fool to fight again in less than a year." We can only hope that their return bout will not see another name added to the list of boxing's tragic victims.

Spiritual Guidance

*A*SKED to buy a ticket for a church benefit, a man said, "Sorry, I won't be able to attend. But my spirit will be there with you."

"Good," said his friend. "Where would you like your spirit to sit?"

—L. N.

My Pride, My Joy, My Little Girl

By JIM BISHOP *Author of
"The Day Lincoln Was Shot,"
"The Day Christ Died," etc.*

E WERE dreamers, my mother and I. We would sit on the beach, digging our toes into the heavy, wet sand, and watch the big, slow breakers come curling in, green and white, and we would dream. I was ten. She was 34. I dreamed that I wanted to own a house by the sea. She dreamed that she wanted real diamond ear-rings.

She was a short, plump woman in those days. She had a calm, exquisite face and a straight nose with a tiny tilt on the end. There was

Jim Bishop is a master storyteller. He writes from the heart—as these delightful essays bear striking witness

bronze in her hair. I was short, shorter than my younger brother John, and I had black hair and slit eyes. We used to sit and dream, and watch John and little Adele race each other up and down the beach.

In my dream, I owned a big, beautiful house behind the sea wall. I could sit on my imaginary front porch and see the big ocean liners—the *Leviathan*, the *Berengaria*, the *Olympic*—as they sailed by, loaded with rich people who were always laughing and gay. In my imaginary house, servants went around with silver trays loaded with bars of chocolate and jelly beans and ice cream.

Jenny Tier Bishop didn't really know how to dream well. She dreamed of small ear-rings, about half a carat apiece. Her ears had been pierced long before by her mother, and she knew that if she

Condensed from "Spirit of My Very Best," © 1960 by Jim Bishop



ever got those ear-rings she would not lose them. So she told me.

Her dream came true first. On her next birthday my father gave her the ear-rings. He was a police officer, a big man and a bright one. I remember that he did not like other men to look at my mother.

Mother wore the ear-rings only when she was dressed to go out. When matters didn't go well for our family, she said that she did not need a new dress as long as she had the ear-rings. In the Depression things were bad. We always had food on the table, but the city was paying my father partly in scrip. I didn't miss the ear-rings for quite a while.

But they were gone. And when I grew up, my mother showed me a pawn ticket and said that some day she would get the ear-rings back. She worried that she would forget to pay the interest on the ticket. And, one year, she forgot. And she lost the ear-rings.

She didn't complain. Mother wore cheap clip-on ear-rings, and all of us forgot about her dream. Each of us three got married and had children, and the years flipped off the calendar like dry leaves from a lawn.

It is exactly 42 years since we started to dream together. Jenny Tier Bishop is 76. She is no longer plump. She is tiny and thin; she says that her stick is her best friend and she will not go anywhere without it. Sometimes she gets mixed up

in the names of her grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Four years ago I brought her and my father down to my home at Sea Bright. I showed her my house on the sand dunes. It wasn't a big house. It was small. But it was behind the sea wall. There were no servants, but there were some jelly beans in a coffee canister. Mother said it was a real nice place.

I gave my mother the tiny felt box, and her hands shook and she laughed at her own nervousness.

"John," she said, "help me with this. I'm so clumsy."

Dad opened the box and told her that they were beautiful. "Real beautiful," he said.

She kissed me and rumpled my hair. She was always a crier anyway. She screwed the ear-rings in tight and said, "Now, how do I look?" And we told her she looked fine. She couldn't see them herself. She was blind..

Children—One of the Joys of Life

CHILDREN, I think, make a man more of a man. The first pram makes the normal male more manly, more responsible, more cautious, more virile, more understanding. Looking back, I can see that I was a boy before that first one.

Elinor and I had four—all girls. Now I have two, and Elinor has gone to join the other two. The first was born in October 1931. We had been married a year and a half, and somebody forgot to tell us that not

all women who are pregnant have babies. We had the layettes in pink and blue, the bath, special soaps, oils, thermometers, nappies, rattles,—everything was ready.

The doctor was with Elinor some time. Then he came out and I said, "Well?" He said, "Let's take a little drive." I said, "Is something wrong?" He shook his head. On the drive he told me that Elinor had had a little girl prematurely, and that the baby was stillborn.

I couldn't believe it. The shock hit ego, pride, love, confidence; I felt numb. Everybody had babies. I was 23. She was 21. We were healthy. What did he mean—born dead?

My reaction was to give up. "Okay," I said when Elinor got home. "Let's forgot about it. No more babies." I found out later that this was wrong. She wanted children. She doted on babies. The doctor saw Elinor outside a shop, cooing over a strange infant in a pram.

"You know what?" he told me. "You have a superficial brightness that can fool some people, but underneath you're empty. You're a boy dressed like a man. She wants babies. She has to go through all the trouble, all the hopes and despair; but you're the quitter. This, my friend, is against the laws of God."

I got some books on the subject. I studied. We decided to have children. Nothing happened. We

traipsed from doctor to doctor, from one specialist to another. Nothing was wrong, they said.

Nothing wrong? I was in a panic. Something was wrong with me. I just knew it. She assured me that something was wrong with her. Then came the second pregnancy. We prayed our way through this one.

In July 1935, the baby was born. It was a cute little girl with dark, wet ringlets and fat arms. She lived four hours. There was an emergency christening, and she was named Mary Bishop.

After that I was a controlled maniac. Elinor, back at home, took to crying over nothing.

We tried again. In 1937 the third baby was on its way. Now I was afraid to care. We didn't even like to discuss it. In July we started on a holiday in a new car. During the drive Elinor felt a pain. We found a doctor. She had been in bed exactly 31 minutes when a girl was born. Alive. Healthy. Screaming, crying. Blonde hair. Her name became Virginia Lee.

Today she is married. She is 23 and has three children. She is happy and healthy and confident.

In 1943 our fourth baby was born. She is Gayle Peggy, the tomboy who tells me what tie to wear with what suit.

Looking backward, over my shoulder, I can see that it is the young wives who, unobtrusively, bring up their husbands. They

marry boys and make men of them. My mother carried me so far; Elinor took me the rest of the way. Babies completed my education.

My Pride, My Joy, My Little Girl

THE SCHOOL bus sighs to a stop. No cars pass it. They wait. A youngster gets aboard. She exchanges loud greetings with 30 other children. They sprawl, rather than sit. The conversation is boisterous, insulting and thoroughly friendly. School has started.

The girl is mine. Her name is Gayle. She is 13, as wilful as a filly under a halter for the first time. The hair is dark, the eyes hazel, the body slender and barely beginning to bud. She is still half a head shorter than her mother. She prefers dungarees to dresses and regards her married sister, Ginny, as a sissy.

The bus moves along the inner edge of the sea wall. It passes the shops, turns right and stops at the red-brick school. It is a good school. From 8.30 a.m. until 3 p.m. Gayle will be under the discipline of Mrs. Helen Young Sawyer.

Like scores of millions of other children, her ears will be assaulted with knowledge from now until the end of term. A little of it will stick. A lot of it will be vague the day after it is absorbed. Some of it will never be understood.

Gayle doesn't like school. She looks forward to leaving as a convict looks forward to parole. She is fairly well behaved and tries to do as she

is told; but to her, homework is drudgery.

To me, she is the most lovable thing in the world. To her sister, she is a pain in the neck. To Rocky, our Alsatian, she is the one person who can run your ears off and who will tease you and wrestle with you and pretend to be angry with you.

She is easily moved to pity by anyone in distress. By the very same token she has the quickest temper I've ever known. No one bridles faster than she. At the hint of a detracting remark she will go off to her room and play records.

If you want anything—a cup of tea, a sweater, or just the lights turned off—no one can beat her at bouncing to her feet to get it. When her grandmother was ill, it was Gayle who tore herself away from the television set to get the glass of water with three ice cubes, or to run upstairs and help Nanny to the bathroom, or to run to the shops for the second or third time, or to lie on the bed beside her grandmother and relate the latest gossip from school.

She is impossible, she is wonderful. She is not a little girl, not a big one. She is as innocent as an infant and as wise as an old shrew, as good as a saint and as mean as a tomcat.

Her biggest pride is that, in emergencies, she does not panic. If Nanny slices her finger instead of the steak, it is Gayle who stops staring at it in horror and runs to the medicine chest, and she knows

exactly how to clean the wound, fix a dressing and phone for a doctor. She laughs at her grandmother's fears, but she will not go to bed at night unless Nanny kneels beside her. They say their prayers together.

I pray that I am included in them.

"Real Shook"

It is possible to understand teenagers if you know their language. A few years ago, I learned that all references to me were accompanied by a nod in my direction and the word "square." Sometimes it was accomplished silently, by holding the fingers of both hands together to form a hollow rectangle. Now I have a glossary.

Some time ago a woman's magazine published a little article called "Hot-Rod Terms for Teenage Girls." I'm hardly a teenage girl, but I read it anyway. After this, when Gayle comes in with her friends and raids the refrigerator and sits munching biscuits with them, I can listen without having the dread feeling that I am lost in Mau-Mau country.

A hot rod is a stripped-down car. It is also called, I learn, a bomb, a draggin'-wagon and a screamer. A convertible is a rag top. A sleeper is an innocent-looking hotted-up car.

Tyres are called skids or hides. White walls are called snowbalis. Hub-caps are spinners and flippers. Chrome ornaments are goodies. Too much chrome is referred to as spaghetti. The engine is called the mill.

A four-cylinder car is a banger. A V-8 engine is a bent eight. Chrome exhausts are called stacks, pipes, duals or Hollywoods. A double-ignition system is known as a flame-thrower.

The car's grille is a fireplace. A car with long-tail exhausts is a trumpet. If the driver races his engine and tries to impress the local girls with squealing brakes, he is known as a squirrel.

One of the terms missing from the magazine glossary is the one my daughter uses to describe our white convertible. It is known as a moon canoe. Others, too, are missing. An ambulance that passes a hot rod is a meat grinder. A party is a blast, or jive time. A young man caught walking or riding a bicycle is a juvenile.

White shoes are fruit boots. Pancakes are collision mats. When a girl declines a boy's invitation, she says, "Later for you, Jake." One who is a profound thinker has static in the attic. A boy is a cool cat. A slick chick is a girl. A wart is a boy who tries to steal his best friend's girl. A girl who is permanently dizzy is a mixed chick.

I sat up in bed one night studying this list. By 2 a.m. I was asleep, saying my prayers in jive. I wasn't worried. God understands everything.

The next afternoon the girls trooped in and fell, exhausted, on the good chairs. They gave me a respectful and mechanical smile

and went prattling off on an oratorical jam session about a beauty contest recently staged in town. According to them, the judges need new bifocals. One of the winners, they insisted, takes ugly pills.

On my way out, I said as casually as possible, "I'm taking the rag top to town to get some snowballs." Gayle looked at me. So did Petra Welch and Valerie Will and Charlotte Rose.

"You're going to what the what?" my child said. I repeated the message. Gayle looked worried. She studied the others and asked innocently, "Do you know what he's talking about?" They shook their heads.

Gayle shrugged. "I love him, but he's real shook," she said.

"Just a Little Lipstick, Dad"

GINNY leans back and says that from now until after the baby is born, she thinks that Charlie ought to spoil her. He is a big, gentle redhead, and he grins as he pretends to strangle her. Ginny, in mock warning, yells, "The baby!" and he stops. Gayle, watching the horseplay, says, "All the girls in my class use lipstick."

My family is growing up.

Ginny says that Gayle should be allowed "a little bit of lipstick." I say not. The child is not 15 yet. "Your mother didn't permit you to use—"

"I know. But I had more interest in my appearance."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Gayle is still tomboyish. She's in jeans more than dresses. If you allow her to wear a little lipstick and get her a nice hairdo, she'll be more feminine."

"Some day you're going to say something that makes sense to me—"

"All right, Dad. When you were 14 or 15, didn't Grandpa let you have long trousers? After that, didn't you pay more attention to the crease in your suit and didn't you comb your hair and polish your shoes?"

"Lipstick. Your mother would have a fit."

"No, she wouldn't. I know what Mummy would want."

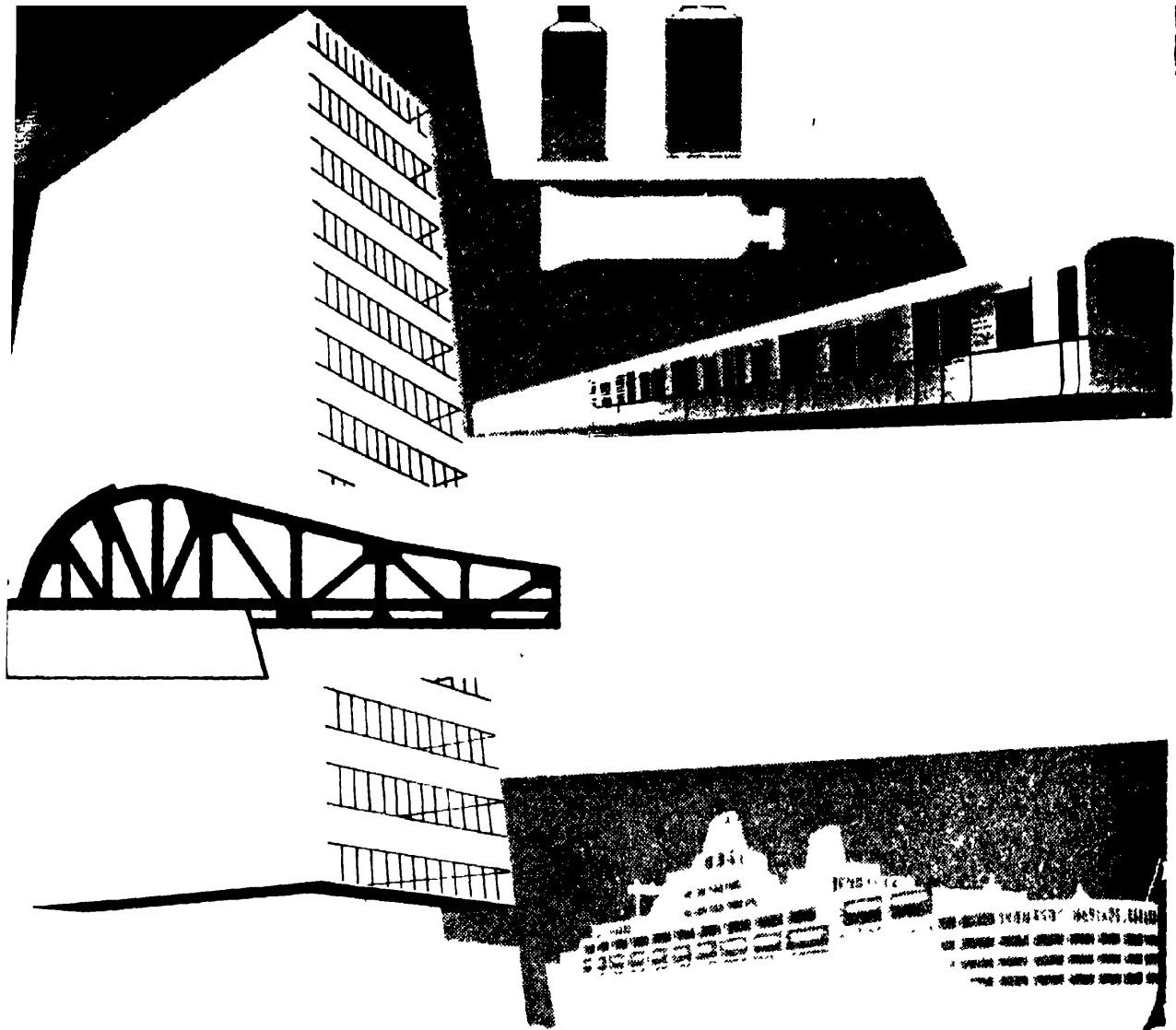
In the end, I said okay to the smear of lipstick and a hairstyle with the ends curled up a little.

Ginny decided that she had better get this done before I changed my mind, so she and Charlie and Gayle drove off to the village.

The kids came back. I looked up. Gayle stood smiling behind a little bit of lipstick. I swallowed hard. "Great," I said. "You look wonderful."

She did, too. And I know, as sure as sunrise that there is some boy with a runny nose who is just waiting to grow up so that he can steal Gayle away from me.

When that time comes, I will just have to put on a silly frock coat and hand her over. This is merciless to men, who cannot weep.



LIGHT FANTASTIC S. OF ALUMINIUM

Once more precious than gold, this versatile metal is today finding a surprising variety of new uses

By ALLEN ANDREWS

AMONG THE jungle of welding arcs, riveting pistols and travelling cranes in a Birmingham factory recently, there stood six gleaming new passenger trains. Each 20-ton coach was built to carry ten tons of rush-hour humanity, and was cased entirely in aluminium. The trains were part of a 589-coach order placed with Metro-Cammell for London's Underground.

An aluminium railway coach

costs up to 15 per cent more than a steel one, but the economies resulting from the use of aluminium more than make up for the higher price. An aluminium train needs no paint and, because aluminium is one-third the weight of steel, the train can operate with about 12 per cent less power.

The aluminium railway coach is but one example of the new things being done with this metal, once thought of chiefly in terms of aircraft or pots and pans. Teams of British scientists pioneered research to show that aluminium superstructures on large ocean-going liners can not only permit valuable improvements in design but also achieve a ten-per-cent fuel economy. Two new ships, the Orient's *Oriana* and the P. & O. *Canberra*, each have 1,100 tons of aluminium in the superstructure. In consequence, the 42,500-ton *Oriana* has an extra deck that allows her to carry 500 more first-class and tourist passengers. Her cleaner lines are made possible by the use of aluminium, give her a speed of 27½ knots—and cut a week off the Australia run.

Aluminium's non-rusting quality makes it ideal for bridge-building. The first aluminium bridge in the world, a 90-foot span carrying a railway track and a road, was erected in the port of Sunderland in 1947; soon afterwards a similar bridge was opened in Aberdeen. Even where engineers build conventional steel bridges, they use aluminium for the

exposed fittings. Already, aluminium railings are installed on one in ten of all large British bridges and many authorities are turning to rust-proof aluminium road signs.

The road transport industry is now using more than 20 per cent of all the aluminium consumed in Britain. In 1939 the average British car contained five pounds of the metal; the 1960 cars averaged 35 pounds. Last year none of the cars had aluminium grilles—this year they are on 11 of the 33 basic models produced by Britain's Big Five manufacturers. Aluminium body-work is a feature of the largest cars, while most British models today have aluminium clutch housings, gear boxes and pistons. Aluminium engines are here, too—in Rolls-Royce, Lotus Elite and Aston Martin cars; soon they will be in mass-produced models. An aluminium engine gives more cylinder capacity for less weight, permits lighter and more economical supporting structures, wheels, brakes and tyres—thus greater operating economy.

Another revolution is now shaping up: aluminium cans. They have been used for years in Scandinavia and Switzerland to package food. Although tin-plate steel has a price-advantage over aluminium, the packaging industry in Britain is now producing aluminium containers for cosmetics, toothpaste and motor oil; the reason is that aluminium's versatility enables containers to be stamped out in unconventional

shapes that make for appealing display and faster product sales. Half Britain's bottles and jars have aluminium caps, and aluminium foil is used to wrap butter, cigarettes, soup powder and chocolate.

Aluminium's most exciting new strides can be seen in many of the new tall buildings that have gone up in recent years. The metal's advantages of lightness, strength and non-corrosiveness are capped by the ease with which it can be handled. One of London's newest "skyscrapers," Castrol House in Marylebone Road, has an aluminium and glass tower 168 feet high. Its pre-assembled aluminium cladding was erected at fantastic speed: the whole of the tower block was walled at the rate of two floors a week. One of the most ambitious aluminium building projects is at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where the corporation is constructing 19 blocks of 12-storey flats. Aluminium frame units make up two-thirds of the external wall of each block.

Aluminium is nosing its way even into the most traditional forms of building. Because of its very much lower cost, it has recently been applied to church roofs in place of lead. The re-roofing of the chapel at Eton College has been carried out in aluminium and it is expected to endure indefinitely.

Britain has only one primary producer of aluminium, the British Aluminium Company, which began operations in 1897 and has three

plants in Scotland. The bulk of the country's requirements, however, are imported because aluminium production requires immense supplies of cheap electricity. It is more economical for Britain to get the ingot from low-cost producers, such as Canada, than to use steam-raised electricity for smelting at home. Ghana, with its large reserves of aluminium ore, is now planning to build a smelting plant using the hydro-electric power generated from the harnessing of the Volta River.

From the imported ingots a dozen large enterprises manufacture plate, sheet, strip, tube and other semi-finished aluminium products, while a multitude of foundries make castings for individual industries.

Peacetime demand today exceeds Britain's consumption of aluminium during the peak of the Second World War. Its soaring popularity is due mainly to the metal's amazing versatility and the continual search for new alloys and processes to capitalize on its properties. Aluminium is an excellent conductor of heat and electricity, a good reflector of light and radiant heat, non-sparking when struck, non-magnetic and non-toxic. By alloying and heat processing, its tensile strength can be increased tenfold. It can be worked by every known metal-working process. For example, aluminium can be rolled so thin that ten layers equal only a single sheet of newspaper—cigarette

packets use this very thin foil, often alone and sometimes laminated to paper. And it can be cast, extruded, forged and drawn.

One-twelfth of the earth's crust is aluminium. It is found combined with other elements, principally in ore called bauxite (one of the first such deposits was found at the town of Les Baux in France). By crushing, grinding, treating chemically and heating, bauxite ore is turned into "alumina," a white powdery material resembling face powder.

Sir Humphry Davy, the British chemist, was the first to realize that this powder might be converted into a metal. He named it *aluminum** in 1807, though he could not isolate it from alumina.

A Danish professor produced the first metallic aluminium in a laboratory in 1825, but for decades the metal remained a curiosity. It sold for £7 an ounce in 1852. Napoleon III had forks and spoons made of aluminium for his most honoured guests; lesser guests had the gold and silver service.

Thirty years later, Paul Héroult, an 18-year-old student at the Paris

* By 1812 the termination *-um* had come into use in Britain: it harmonized better with the names of other elements—*sodium*, *potassium*, *magnesium*.

School of Mines, had to interrupt his studies to take over the metallurgical works that his father had bequeathed to him. He used some of the equipment there to toil away at his overriding enthusiasm: to find a way to produce aluminium cheaply.

The crux of his problem was to find something in which he could dissolve alumina without the danger of short-circuiting the electrolyte. In 1886 he produced metallic aluminium by dissolving alumina in molten cryolite and then passing an electric current through the solution; the solvent sank just quickly enough not to clog his electrodes; this electrolytic reduction process, refined and modified, is to this day the one used the world over. Charles Martin Hall, a young American from Ohio, discovered the same process in the same year. Neither knew of the other's work until applying for patents. Hall got American rights, Héroult rights in France and some other European countries.

By 1893, when Alfred Gilbert's cast aluminium statue of Eros was unveiled in Piccadilly Circus, the price of the metal had dropped from 4s. an ounce to twopence. Aluminium was on its way.



A MAGAZINE editor tried to lure a reigning Hollywood beauty into writing her memoirs. "Okay," she replied. "Submit an outline and a couple of sample chapters, and I'll be glad to consider it." —Bennett Cerf

Laughter the best medicine

A FAMILY I know that has been living in rather cramped quarters recently moved into a larger house. The other day I saw their ten-year-old son. "How do you all like the new house?" I asked.

"Oh, we like it a lot," he said. "I have a room of my own, and my sisters each have rooms of their own." There was a pause. Then he added, "But, poor Mum—she's still in with Dad." —Contributed by Mrs. C. L. Crenshaw

ON HIS WAY to London to assume his post as executive officer of the Anglican Communion, Bishop Stephen Bayne was asked how he felt about his new duties.

"Well," he said, "I am rather like a mosquito in a nudist camp. I know what I ought to do, but I don't know where to begin." —*Time*

MY FATHER once reared a young wolf. It did nicely in captivity, so my father advertised for people interested in training the animal.

Two applicants arrived: an attractive young woman and a grizzled, weather-beaten old man.

Father first asked the girl to demonstrate her skill with the wolf. She immediately stepped into the cage and uttered a few soft words. The wolf trotted up to her and started nuzzling her bare legs.

Astonished, my father turned to the elderly man and asked, "Can you do that?"

"You're damn right!" snapped the old man. "Just get that wolf out of there."

—Stan Greene

TWO TEDDY boys found themselves in a museum of modern art—probably to get out of the rain—and stopped short in front of an extremely modern abstract painting. One lad grabbed the other's arm in a panic. "Let's get out of here quick," he said, "before they say we did it."

—Bennett Cerf

A WOMAN telephoned a friend and asked how she was feeling. "Terrible," the other woman said. "My head's splitting and my back and legs are killing me and the house is a mess and the children are simply driving me mad."

"Listen," the caller said, "go and lie down. I'll come over right away and cook lunch for you and clean the house and take care of the children while you get some rest. By the way, how is Sam?"

"Sam?" the complaining housewife asked.

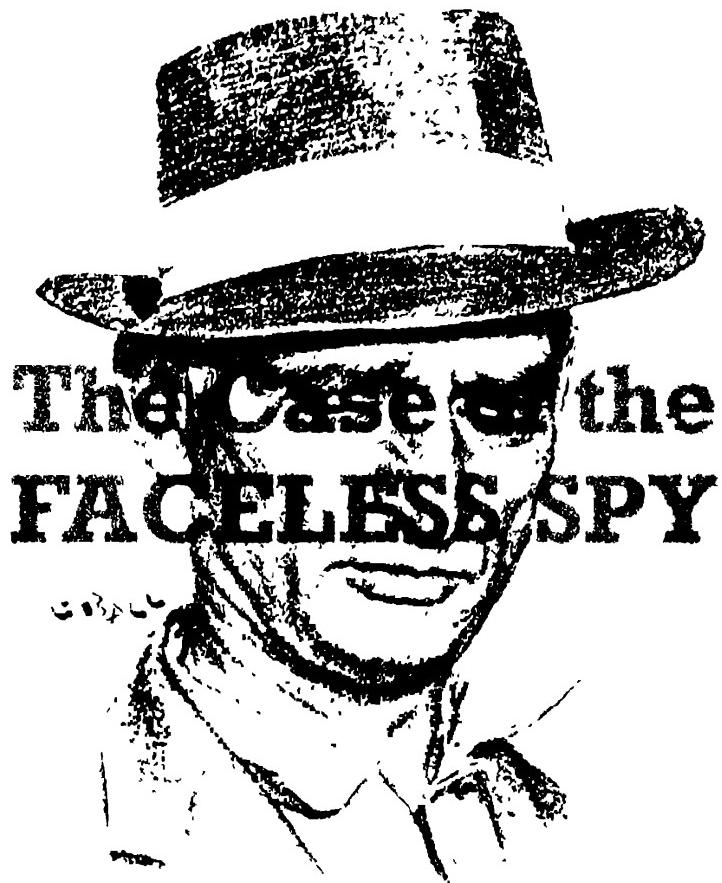
"Yes, your husband."

"My husband isn't named Sam."

The first woman gasped. "Heavens, I must have the wrong number!"

There was a long pause. "Then you're not coming?" the other woman said.

—Joe McCarthy



By J. EDGAR HOOVER
Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation

IN JANUARY 1954, a sign outside the seedy-looking building at 252 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York, announced a new tenant: Emil R. Goldfus, photographer. Clients climbing to his fifth-floor quarters found a man of about 50. He had thin grey hair, was five feet ten inches tall and of medium build. The face was not one you would notice in a crowd, unless you looked straight at the piercing eyes behind the horn-rimmed glasses.

*Had it not been for one small, incantious slip, this top Soviet agent might still be in business . . .
A true mystery thriller from the files of the FBI*

Clients had no cause to complain about the quality of Goldfus's work; he was a photographer of genuine competence. What those who visited his studio could not have known

was that these drab premises housed a choice collection of modern espionage equipment. In addition to a powerful short-wave radio, there were cipher pads, cameras and film for producing microdots, plus a curious assortment of innocent-looking articles: pens, pencils, cuff links, a shaving brush, ordinary bolts, each with a hollow cavity. These were handy items in which to conceal and transport tiny pieces of microfilm which contained stolen secrets that Goldfus's employers desperately wanted.

Goldfus was not, of course, the photographer's true name. He was Colonel Rudolf Ivanovich Abel, a master spy in the Soviet Union's State Security Service, who had been directing an espionage ring in the United States since his illegal entry by way of Canada in 1948. His subordinates knew him only as "Mark." His operation had been so discreet that the FBI was unaware of Mark's existence—until his nemesis came along.

Abel's nemesis turned out to be Lieutenant-Colonel Reino Hayhanen, also of the Soviet State Security Service, who had gone to the United States as a spy in the autumn of 1952. From 1954 onwards, he worked under Mark's supervision. Then, in April 1957, Hayhanen was summarily recalled to Moscow. Had his work failed to satisfy his superiors? While it was impossible to anticipate what might be waiting at home, 37-year-old

Hayhanen, having been in Soviet intelligence since 1939, knew what happened to agents in disgrace.

Some time during his sea voyage to France, Hayhanen came to a decision. He went straight to the U.S. Embassy in Paris and said, "I am an officer in the Soviet intelligence service. For the past five years I have been operating in the United States. Now I need your help."

The price of such help is confession and co-operation. Hayhanen willingly provided both. He was flown back to New York, and on May 10 he was interviewed by FBI agents. What he told them started agents on a score of different searches. The principal concern was to find Mark with the shortest possible delay. Hayhanen's description fitted no Soviet agent then known. Where Mark lived and worked, Hayhanen did not know.

Hayhanen's assignment in the United States had been to report on all new military installations and to recruit agents among foreign nationality groups. His code name was "Vik," and he generally communicated with Mark by leaving messages in one of a series of "dead drops" in New York: a lamp-post in Fort Tryon Park; a metal fence post on Seventh Avenue near Macombs Bridge; various spots in Central Park and Brooklyn's Prospect Park. The two men put chalk marks on a certain fence in Central Park to inform each other when a drop was to be visited and which one.

Hayhanen's first face-to-face meeting with Mark took place in a cinema. Hayhanen had been instructed to wear a blue-and-red striped tie and to smoke a pipe. Mark spoke to him, and after that they had several meetings—in underground stations, in crowded streets.

Hayhanen told the FBI about one message he had planted that might have led to his undoing. For a time he and Mark used a hole in a flight of steps in Prospect Park as a drop. The break in the steps had been noticed by park employees, and some time after Hayhanen left his message, maintenance men slapped cement into the hole. Had they cleaned it out first they would have found a hollow bolt, inside which was concealed a sliver of microfilm.

Since Hayhanen did not receive a reply to this message, he feared that it was never picked up. When the cement patch was dug out on May 15, 1957, FBI agents found a hollow bolt two inches long and a quarter of an inch in diameter which contained Mark's answer: "Nobody came to meeting either 8 or 9th as I was advised he should. Why? Should he be inside or outside? Is time wrong? Place seems right. Please check."

Before long, interrogations revealed Mark's one slip which was to lead us to the master spy. One night, when Hayhanen had been in urgent need of photographic material, Mark had conducted him to

a room in Brooklyn where he kept supplies. Where was it? Hayhanen could not remember the address, but the room was on the fourth or fifth floor, and the building was somewhere around Fulton and Clark Streets, he thought.

Agents swarmed over this area and presently their search centred on 252 Fulton Street, where photographer Goldfus had his fifth-floor studio. But the studio was closed. From other tenants, agents learned that Goldfus had disappeared in late April—about the time Hayhanen was sailing for France.

There seemed a good chance that Goldfus was the man, so a surveillance was set up near the building. On May 28 agents saw a man resembling Hayhanen's description of Mark sitting on a bench in the park directly opposite the Fulton Street address. He gave the impression that he was waiting for someone. At 6.50 p.m. he left. The agents decided not to follow him. "If that's Mark," they reasoned, "he'll come back."

They watched the area for two weeks and, meanwhile, daily checks were made on all the drops as well as on the fence in Central Park. There were no messages. Finally, at 10 p.m. on June 13, the surveillance detail saw lights go on in Goldfus's studio. At 11.52 the lights were put out, and presently a man resembling the one they had observed in the park stepped from the entrance. This time he was followed down

Fulton Street, into the underground station, and aboard a train for Manhattan. When he got off, agents trailed him to the Hotel Latham on East 28th Street.

A photograph of Goldfus which they had taken with a hidden camera was shown to Hayhanen. "You've found him," he nodded. "That's Mark."

Goldfus was registered at the Hotel Latham under the name of Martin Collins. For eight days he was kept under surveillance while agents tied together the loose ends of the investigation. Then, on June 21, he was arrested on a warrant charging him with illegal entry into the United States and failure to register as an alien.

Abel's hotel room contained many more tools of his espionage trade, including dummy containers and false identity papers. He would discuss none of his intelligence activities either then or later. But he admitted that he was Rudolf

Ivanovich Abel, a Soviet citizen. He was indicted as a spy and tried in federal court during October 1957. The major charge: conspiracy to transmit U.S. defence information to the Soviet Union. Lieutenant-Colonel Reino Hayhanen was one of the principal witnesses against his former chief.

On October 25 the jury announced its verdict: guilty on all counts. On November 15 Abel was sentenced to 30 years' imprisonment. He appealed, but on March 28, 1960, the U.S. Supreme Court upheld the decision.

One incautious act—taking Hayhanen to Fulton Street—had placed in jeopardy all the perfect crimes Abel had committed. Without that scrap of direction to guide the search, he might have pursued his treachery indefinitely. As it turned out, just 41 days after the FBI learned of his shadowy existence, they had trapped Colonel Rudolf Ivanovich Abel, master spy.

Cold Comfort

OUR FRIEND Henry, a woodsman, recently told us about a city man he took on a fishing expedition. He was a big fellow, Henry said, over six feet tall and weighing about 17 stone, but he was a greenhorn in the woods. He and Henry paddled several miles up a lake. Then they cached their canoe at the mouth of a stream and continued on foot through dense undergrowth and over slippery rocks, fishing the pools as they went.

As the hours passed, the city man began to show signs of anxiety. "Henry," he said at last, "what would you do if I broke a leg way up here? How would you get me out?"

"Well," Henry drawled, "I took out a deer from right about here last year. Big buck he was. Weighed 'bout the same as you, I guess." Then, as the city man began to relax, he added, "'Course, I took him out in three pieces."

—L. T.

The Best Advice I Ever Had



BY ELSA SCHIAPARELLI
Internationally known fashion designer

Y FATHER and I were standing at the top of a church tower in a small Italian town not far from our home in Rome. I was wondering why he had brought me there.

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"Look down, Elsa," he said. I summoned the courage to peer down at the village below, with its central square and the complicated surrounding pattern of twisting, turning streets.

"See, *carissima*," Father said gently. "There is more than one way to the square. Life is like that. If you can't reach your destination by one road, try another."

Now I understood why I was there. Earlier that day I had begged my mother to do something about the dreadful lunches my sister and I were served at school, but she had refused to take my complaint seriously. When I appealed to Father for help, he declined to intervene. Instead, he brought me to this high tower to give me a vivid lesson in the value of an open, questing mind. By the time we reached home I had hatched a plan.

At school the next day, I secretly poured my lunch soup into a bottle, brought it home and cajoled the cook into serving it to Mother at dinner. The plan worked perfectly. She swallowed one spoonful and spluttered, "The cook must have gone mad!" My sister and I quickly confessed, and Mother announced firmly that tomorrow she would plead our case at school.

In the years that followed I have often seen how resigned acceptance of an apparent impasse can lead to failure or defeat, while an imaginative and venturesome search for an

alternative route can lead to success.

It was such an alternative route that led round a seeming road-block in the path towards my first small success as a designer. I had come to Paris to storm the world of fashion, but I couldn't interest the *maisons de couture* in my sketches. Then one day I saw a most unusual sweater, worn by a friend. It was plain in colour, but its distinctive stitch, hand-knitted by an Armenian woman who had brought her native peasant craft to Paris, gave it an interestingly solid look. Suddenly I envisaged a daring pattern integrated into such a sweater, and with the thought came an even more daring idea: if no *couturier* would buy my designs, why not make and sell a Schiaparelli design on my own?

I drew a bold black and white butterfly-bow pattern and took it to the Armenian woman. She knitted it into a sweater. The result, I thought, was sensational. To put it to the test, I wore it to a luncheon where the fashion-conscious set of Paris would be gathered. To my great pleasure, it caused something of a furore. The representative of a large New York store wanted 40, to be ready for delivery in two weeks. I accepted the order and walked out of the restaurant on a cloud.

My cloud evaporated abruptly, however, when I stood before my dark-haired, gentle-eyed source of supply. It had taken her almost a week to knit a single sweater. Forty

sweaters in two weeks? Impossible! Having experienced success and failure in a single afternoon, I walked dejectedly away. Suddenly I stopped short. There *must* be another road. This stitch did require special skill, but surely there must be other Armenian women in Paris who had mastered it.

I retraced my steps. My talented artisan was dubious but helpful when I outlined my plan. We became veritable detectives on the trail of Armenians who had come to Paris when the Soviets swallowed up their country. One friend led to another until at last we tracked down 20 women who could manage the intricate stitch. And, by deadline, the first shipment from the newborn house of Schiaparelli was *en route* to the United States.

From that day a steady stream of clothes, accessories and perfumes flowed from the headquarters I had established in the Place Vendôme. I found the world of fashion gay and exciting, full of challenge and adventure. But that world changed overnight when the Nazis occupied Paris. I left my salon and went to America on a lecture tour which helped to raise money for medical supplies for the children of the unoccupied zone of France. Then, two months later, travelling home again —another roadblock.

In the United States, the Quakers, with whom I had worked on this project, had entrusted to my care 60,000 dollars' worth of vitamins to

be delivered to French children. Now, in Bermuda—the first port of call on our zigzag course to avoid enemy submarines—an over-zealous customs official refused to allow the continued passage of supplies to a country half-occupied by the enemy.

I pointed out that vitamins are perishable, that these were to be distributed by the neutral Quakers—a guarantee that they would not fall into Nazi hands. My plea was met with a stubborn shrug. Unhappily I watched dockers unload the wooden boxes.

As we put to sea again, I found that my mind wouldn't let go of the problem. *Was* there some other route to the square? I poured out my story of frustration to a newspaperman on board, not realizing that he would be moved to cable the situation ahead. By the time we reached Lisbon, my plight had been turned into world news! There, the British Ambassador asked me for full details—and, in a matter of hours, the channels were being cleared for the delivery of my priceless vitamins.

At the end of the war I returned to Paris and the house of Schiaparelli. Getting together a collection was not always easy. One summer, when

I was preparing my winter showing, my sewing girls were called out on strike. Just 13 days before the showing, I found myself left with only one tailor and the forewoman of the sewing room.

Here, I thought, is the test of all tests for Father's advice. Where is the way out this time? I pondered and fumed, certain that we would have to call off the event. Then it dawned on me: Why *not* present the clothes unfinished?

The tailor, forewoman, mannequins, salesgirls and I all worked at fever pitch. And exactly 13 days later, right on schedule, the Schiaparelli showing took place.

What a presentation it was! Some coats had no sleeves, others only one. Many of our creations were still in the muslin-pattern stage, with sketches and pieces of material pinned to them to show what colours and textures they would eventually have. But in terms of orders and publicity, that unorthodox showing was a great and gratifying triumph.

Father's wise words had guided me successfully once again—as they continue to, every year of my life. There *is* more than one way to the square—always.

The Reason Why

THERE are eight reasons why a woman buys something: Because—her husband says she can't have it; it will make her look thin; it comes from Paris; the neighbours can't afford it; nobody has one; everybody has one; it's different; and *because*.

—Mrs. E. L. R.

My Friend Jack—the Gentle Giant

*The circus called him
“the tallest man in
the world”; but all
he ever wanted
was to be like
everybody else*

By DEAN JENNINGS

JACK EARLE was the kind of man you could look at for a long time and not believe your eyes. He was eight feet six and a half inches tall, dwarfing all ordinary men. When he spread his huge arms they spanned seven feet four inches and looked like outriggers on a fisherman's boat. His bony hands, wider than ping-pong bats, could easily span two octaves on a piano;



Jack and his agent in circus days

the pipe he smoked was so big that it looked like a bucket. There were eight yards of cloth in each of his suits, and his fingers were so thick he had to use a pencil to dial a telephone number.

Jack Earle was a real giant in a Lilliputian world, and for 14 years he was a freak in the Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey Circus —hating himself and the people

*An earlier account of the life of Jack Earle, written by Dean Jennings, appeared in
The Saturday Evening Post*

who gawked at him. But he was also a giant of high courage and unquenchable will, who wanted to get out of the sideshow and be like ordinary men. He did, too. It was a prodigious effort, but he beat the odds and cleansed himself of the corroding hate.

I first met Jack some 20 years ago at the San Francisco Press Club, where he caused a memorable stir among reporters who thought they had seen everything. He stepped out of the lift, ducking his great head from long habit, and ambled into the lounge with the stiff, awkward gait of a giraffe. He had a sharp, craggy face with a nose like a boat-hook, and he looked down at you shyly through large shell-rimmed glasses. His handshake was gentle, as though he knew he could easily crack your fingers.

Jack had just arrived from Australia, where, after tormenting weeks of indecision, he had resigned from the circus. A wine company had offered him a job as salesman, and Jack had accepted it with misgivings. He was almost agonizingly shy, and his deep fear of ridicule and staring eyes made him shrink from people. But he also suffered from a terrible hunger to live a normal life, and he was determined not to go back to the lonely bondage of the sideshow.

So he went to work, and a spectacular début it was.

The first day, canvassing small shops in the North Beach district of

San Francisco, Jack strolled into a small Italian delicatessen. A tiny woman behind the counter took one wild-eyed look, and started yelling for help.

Her husband, black moustache bristling, ran from the back room and bravely faced the colossus who stood there dumbly, business card in hand.

"Awright, awright!" the shopkeeper cried. "I take one-a case anyting you got, thenna you scram."

Jack wrote out an order for one case of brandy and backed out in confusion. Later he learned that he had mistakenly gone into a shop that wasn't on his list at all. "Oh, I was a great salesman," he told me with a chuckle. "People bought cases and cases of stuff out of sheer fright."

Occasionally he would come to my country home, and he was the sensation of the neighbourhood. He would arrive in a vintage car which had been rebuilt to fit his sprawling frame. The front seat had been removed, and Jack drove from the back seat, gripping a steering wheel that had been lengthened 19 inches. "It's not easy," he said wryly, "but at least I save on theft insurance. Nobody else can drive it."

The car was a stopper, but the real marvel was Jack Earle himself. When word spread that he was coming, every child for a mile around somehow got the news and hid behind bushes and trees near the house. Even the neighbourhood

dogs sat quietly with their ears back and did not bark as they always did when other strangers came.

Jack had an almost eerie sense about these curious effects. He told me once that no dog ever barked at him and even vicious ones came up to lick his hand—and he knew there were children hiding near by, though he could not see them.

"C'mon out, I know you're there," he would call softly. "Time for a story from Uncle Jack."

They would then emerge, like little animals venturing out of the woods at dusk, and would make a ring around him. And he would tell strange and enchanting stories about Uranus, Pecos Bill, Goliath, Paul Bunyan and other giants. Jack's long arms and weaving fingers fashioned imaginary rivers, mountains and roads that led into the sky and the castles of the giants, and they were all good giants, who would not harm a child.

Long afterwards I learned that Jack often turned up, unasked and unannounced, at orphanages, children's hospitals and other places, to bewitch sick or lonely children with his happy legends. And when he left them, he was often so ill or tired that he could barely get into his car; but he knew they would never be afraid of a giant again.

Jack Earle, as he once said bitterly, never had a real childhood of his own. He was born in Denver on June 23, 1906, and weighed only four pounds. But when he was seven

his arms and legs suddenly began to grow like a wild vine, and within two years he was more than six feet tall. At ten, still growing, he had to have his clothes made to measure.

Now, towering over classmates in school, Jack began to suffer wounds. There was never a day without cruel taunts; the boys called him Giraffe, Old Highpockets, or Ichabod Crane; they tripped him up and played tricks on him. His anguished parents, Isadore and Dora Ehrlich, who had two other sons of average height, went from doctor to doctor in a desperate search for some magic potion to stop him growing.

By the time he was 13 Jack was already seven feet tall. He dreaded each new day when, facing a mirror, he could almost measure the relentless upward stretching of his bones. His enormous shoes were now costing 25 dollars a pair, and he began buying socks by the gross, because the manufacturer wouldn't make his huge size in any lesser quantity.

To earn a living Jack went to work in Hollywood. He made 48 pictures for Century Comedies with popular Baby Peggy and other child stars. He was on holiday at home in El Paso, Texas, where his family had moved, when the circus came to town. He wandered through the sideshows, where one of the attractions was Jim Tarver, billed as the tallest man in the world. Jack and his friends bought tickets, and inside the tent there took place one of the most embarrassing moments in

circus history. The astonished customers needed only one incredulous look to see that this country boy was a foot taller than the professional giant. "I had a guilty feeling about making Jim Tarver look silly," Jack said. "I backed out and went home."

The following day a Ringling agent arrived at the Ehrlich home and offered Jack a permanent job. Two weeks later in New York, he reported to Clyde Ingalls, director of the circus sideshow department. Ingalls dressed him up in black-leather knee boots with lifts in the heels, flaring breeches striped with gold braid and a double-breasted coat with gold epaulets and buttons. To exaggerate his height further, they gave him a fur busby that teetered precariously 16 inches above his head. On the opening night Jack Earle was a formidable and frightening giant indeed.

But in his heart he was still a boy, unbearably self-conscious about his long, snaking arms and club-like hands, and painfully aware that people stared at him as though he were some monster.

As he stood on the platform that first night, nauseated, frightened and hating the people lined up outside, a small voice floated up from below: "Hey, Jack!" He looked down and recognized Harry Doll, the famous midget.

"Welcome, Jack," Doll said. "And take it easy. Remember, there are more freaks in the crowd than there are up here."

The midget smiled, and Jack smiled back. Together they turned to face the enemy.

There was no single precipitating event that impelled Jack to leave the circus. But there were hundreds of exasperating little sores—the brats who banged his shins to see if he was on stilts, the wise guys repeating the same silly remark: "Jack, how's the weather up there?" There were the endless shuttlings back and forth across the country in the Ringling private train with the other freaks, the smutty questions about his private life.

Once, in Tennessee, he forgot himself and aimed a single punch at a tormentor. The blow broke the man's jaw. The circus settled with the victim, but Jack moped about it for weeks, convinced that he was losing his protective sense of humour.

There was also an ominous thought he had never mentioned to anyone—the certain knowledge that he would be lucky to live another 10 or 12 years. He was 34 in 1940, and had already used up more years than nature gives most victims of giantism. "I was in pretty good shape," he told me, "but I was already having some minor troubles and I was pretty sure things would get worse. Frankly, I wasn't afraid of death; but I didn't want to die in a tent. Most of all, I wanted to be on the outside—free—and there wasn't much time."

Jack worked for the wine company for almost 12 years. Starting as

a salesman, he was soon made a special representative for the firm, and contributed dozens of ingenious merchandising ideas. In this new world of business he met thousands of people, called on them in their offices and homes, and joined them in new-found laughter and happiness.

"Why, you know people are glad to have me around," he grinned. "I can wash windows without having to climb up on a ladder, and I'm handy for dusting mouldings, which most housewives can't reach."

Hidden talents flowered like plants long robbed of sunlight and water, and he shared them with his friends. He learned public speaking and sold thousands of dollars' worth of war bonds. At Christmas he was the most impressive Santa Claus of all, and many patients in hospital wards heard him sing carols in a fine, clear voice.

He mastered the art of portrait photography, studied sculpture and wrote poignant little verses, in which he mirrored the mingled

sadness and joy of what he called his rebirth. Towards the end, when serious kidney troubles and other physical problems sent him to hospital for the fourth time in a vain search for relief, Jack took up water-colour painting to pass the time. He painted with a sure, delicate touch—quickly, as though there would be no tomorrow. When each picture was done, he would get it framed and give it to some grateful friend.

The last time I saw him, not long before his death in July 1952, he presented to me a large water-colour he had done on a deserted beach near my home. There were three seagulls high in flight over a still and bleak stretch of sand. There was a beach umbrella and an empty sand bucket near by; perhaps this was the parting symbol of his life, as though a child had wearied of the sand play and had been swallowed by the frothing sea. Now and then, when the sun is far down in the sky, I look at the painting. And I say to myself, softly and humbly: "Hi, Jack—how's the weather up there?"



Opportune Moments

LORD HERTFORD was once asked what he would do if he saw someone cheating at cards.

"What would I do?" he replied. "Bet on him, of course." —Darrell Huff

THE DESSERT at a luncheon was a concoction of meringue, whipped cream and hundreds of calories. As the waitress served her a generous portion, one guest remarked, "My clothes will never fit after I eat this!"

"Well, ma'am," said the waitress, "I also do sewing and alterations."

—Mrs. H. W. S.

*The little-known story of a farsighted gift that
could influence the whole world*

Ike's Favourite Birthday Present

BY WILLIAM RIVERS

As PRESIDENT Eisenhower's 63rd birthday approached in 1953, Pennsylvania friends decided that they wanted to give him a truly memorable present. Their first thought was some Early American furniture for the Eisenhowers' new Gettysburg home. But the President's brother, Dr. Milton Eisenhower, after discussing the proposed gift with Mrs. Eisenhower, suggested to the well-wishers that something symbolic of his brother's deep interest in world understanding — perhaps an international scholarship — would make Ike happiest.

Surveying the existing exchange programmes, the Pennsylvanians found one astonishing gap. There

was a wide range of fellowships available for foreign students, but for men who were already half-way up the ladder in business, the professions and government in the underdeveloped countries the programmes were decidedly limited. The majority of them allowed the visitors only a brief look at their "opposite numbers" in America and the barest sort of glimpse of the country itself.

So the Pennsylvanians carefully worked out a programme which they hoped would give those who might some day lead their countries a real opportunity to understand the United States. They called it Eisenhower Exchange Fellowships, Inc., and presented it to Ike during a

birthday-eve celebration on October 13, 1953.

The President was greatly moved. In accepting the gift, he said, "This could well be the most meaningful thing that has happened in our time."

Already the Eisenhower words seem to have been prophetic.

Consider the experience of Enrique Edwards Orrego, who was among the first 13 Eisenhower Fellows in 1954-55. Edwards was a young businessman from Chile, a country whose industrial emergence dated back scarcely two decades. At the time he was assistant manager of ASIMET, the trade association of metal producers.

The young Chilean travelled 15,000 miles in the United States, interviewed scores of business leaders, studied the policies and practices of the mightiest American trade associations. Throughout his ten-month visit he sent reports back to Chile. By the time he returned home, some of his recommendations were already in force, and not long afterwards he was made director of ASIMET. Since then Edwards has plunged into Chilean politics and won election to his country's Congress.

Or take Emir Aslan Afshar, of Iran, an Eisenhower Fellow the following year. He was well-regarded in his post at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, but his chance for real leadership in his troubled country was not conspicuously bright.

Afshar spent his ten-month fellowship travelling, talking to people in all walks of life, quietly observing the American system. Then he went home to Iran—a nation precariously situated between the Soviet Union and the Free World—and gave his countrymen a new slant on an old bugbear.

"The world is convinced that the United States is a capitalistic country," he said. "It *is*. But capitalism in America is very different from the kind the Communists disparage. In America, capitalism is a living philosophy which has grown up under the basic tenets of a democratic society and form of government."

The people gave Afshar a chance to prove that Iran could benefit from the things he had learnt. He was elected to parliament, and his constituency in Maragheh soon became a kind of model. He reorganized its electric power and water supply, and brought a large fruit-drying plant to the city. In 1957-58 he served as Iranian delegate to the Economic and Financial Committee of the United Nations General Assembly. He was later appointed Civil Adjutant of His Imperial Majesty the Shah.

Most important, Afshar convinced fellow members of parliament that Iran needed capital to make her strong, and thus pushed through a law guaranteeing all foreign investments there. He also founded the Panj Corporation to

lure investors. Almost immediately French capital went into improving ports on the Persian Gulf. A Dutch investment group has expressed interest in putting up 50 million dollars for developments in one of the poorer provinces.

One possible result of Afshar's zeal came in January 1959, when a Soviet "Friendship Pact" delegation of super-salesmen arrived in Tehran, confident that they were about to win an ally. Two weeks later they left—defeated.

All the Eisenhower Fellows who have visited the United States to date are now laced through the top structures of business and government in 40 countries (ranging alphabetically from Afghanistan to Yugoslavia). Like Afshar and Edwards, two other men have won election to their countries' legislatures. Another became a governor, and almost all the others have been promoted in their jobs.

One explained that the fellowship adventure seems to fire them with ambition. "We worked hard long before coming to the United States," he said, "but this experience awakens great possibilities. We want our countries to get things done—and the place to get them done fastest is in government or business."

A Brazilian-in-a-hurry, José Pederira de Freitas, linked politics and business in his post-fellowship career. A construction specialist, de Freitas mainly looked forward to

seeing the great dams of the United States.

He saw and marvelled at the giant structures, but the young Brazilian went so deeply into the economic system which produced them that he returned home with even grander visions for his country than the great dams. He was made director of the board of the powerful Bank of Brazil, which is responsible for general credit policies that have a broad effect on Brazil's growth. Here he remains, after a three-month interruption during which he ran a hard but unsuccessful race for the governorship of Bahia.

Muhammad Ayub was a joint secretary in the Ministry of Finance of Pakistan seven years ago. After returning from his fellowship, he became not only chairman of the Bank of Bahawalpur but a director of PIDC (Pakistan Industrial Development Corporation), the country's remarkably successful industrial promotion agency which is already credited with having implemented industrial development projects totalling nearly 190 million dollars. PIDC has pioneered in combining public initiative with private enterprise in its projects.

The success of the Eisenhower Exchange Fellowships can be traced to the careful framing of the programme, based on a thorough study of the successes and mistakes of many other international exchange plans. The Fellows, mostly in their 30's and 40's, are painstakingly

selected by a committee of three citizens of each country invited to take part in the programme for that year, and two resident Americans. There is no set pattern for the study and travel of those who are chosen; they shape their own programmes. Usually they have enough time—9 to 11 months—to get the feel of living in America, and all are urged to bring their wives.

Each year, when the Fellows arrive, they first report to Fellowship headquarters in Philadelphia, where executive director J. Hampton Barnes and his assistants have already begun the work that will open important doors for them. The majority of the visitors know in general what and whom they want to see, and Barnes, a former newspaper publisher whose enthusiasm for the programme is boundless, is usually able to arrange almost any interview or tour.

For the short period that they are in Philadelphia, Barnes also makes some appointments for them but usually finds that they go on from there on their own. In the autumn of 1958, for instance, he asked Carlos Gonzalez-Fernandez, a rotund, gregarious workers' lawyer from Argentina, how he was doing. The little Argentinian answered matter-of-factly: "Well, I have a luncheon date tomorrow with the mayor of Philadelphia, the governor of Pennsylvania and Princess Grace of Monaco."

Barnes used to arrange a group

trip to meet Eisenhower; then the Fellows would fan out over America, delving into their particular interests—oil production, textile manufacturing, labour problems, banking and investment, electrical-supply systems, regional planning.

The experiences of the Iranian, Emir Aslan Afshar, are a fair guide to what the Fellows learn about America—and the things they see. Afshar and his wife drove more than 16,000 miles across 34 states, visiting 22 educational institutions, five great dams and nearly 100 farms, businesses and government agencies.

"I was the guest of one of the biggest ranchers in Arizona and also enjoyed the hospitality of a humble Negro family in San Antonio, Texas," he said. "I visited factories employing from 300 to 650,000 workers, and spent a day in one of America's smallest factories which had only two workers."

Everywhere the Afshars sought out those who could give them an unbiased picture of life in the United States: the foreigners who had been in America less than ten years. "Recognizing me as a foreigner," Afshar said, "their first question was, 'How do you like America?' and, without waiting for my answer, they invariably said, 'Is it not a fine country?'"

A former Iranian who was working in the Omar Khayyám Restaurant in San Francisco impressed the Afshars. He had only been in the

United States since 1949, but he had saved enough to visit his relatives in Iran and to open his own restaurant when he returned to America.

"Naturally," the man said, "I had to work hard. Perhaps if I had worked as hard in Iran I would be rich, too--I don't know. But the atmosphere over there is not so conducive to work; over here it is a pleasantly accepted aspect of the American design for living."

As he left for his homeland,

Afshar observed: "America has convinced me of one thing. I know that only as we educate our people for agriculture, industry and business shall we succeed in the modern world. In America I have come to realize that people must be trained for progress and economic success."

Then, in a phrase that has become almost the slogan of the Eisenhower Exchange Fellowships, he said, "When you develop people you have something permanent."

When in Rome . . .

IN ITALY a man often pays tribute to a pretty girl with a playful pinch. Art Buchwald tells the story of an American woman in the Via Veneto in Rome who complained to a traffic policeman that a man had pinched her. The policeman asked her to point out the offender. When she did, he said, "It's all right. I know the man. He's okay."

FROM Italy, where duelling is not quite dead, comes the story of a police sergeant who got an excited phone call: "*Signor Ufficiale!* The law is about to be broken. A duel will be fought at ____"

"*Sì, sì, I know,*" the police sergeant cut in. "The other man's already phoned me."

—Bernard Valery

Monastic Orders

WHEN my friend and I paid a visit to a monastery, the elderly monk at the information desk handed us a descriptive pamphlet. As my friend glanced at it, his mouth suddenly dropped open in surprise. "This must be a mistake!" he exclaimed. "It says the monks rise each morning at 3 a.m."

The monk at the desk smiled. "It's definitely a mistake," he said. "But it's true."

—Contributed by Max Richardson

A UNIVERSITY professor once had a chat with a French monk who bemoaned the fact that his order was not as famous as the Jesuits for scholarship or the Trappists for silence and good works. "But," he added, "when it comes to humility, we're tops."

—Leonard Lyons



LIFE'S LIKE THAT



OUR INTERVIEWER was conducting a job-attitude survey for a large department store. While the employees were filling in the questionnaires, he noticed that one attractive girl was looking perplexed. He asked her if he could be of any assistance.

"Yes," she said. "This question, 'Does your immediate supervisor take an interest in you?'—do you mean during working hours or afterwards?"

—THOMAS NASH

AS WE turned off the main road at about 2 a.m. and headed through the mountains we immediately ran into dense fog. To make matters worse, the familiar road evaporated into detours round construction sites of a new motorway. Creeping cautiously up a side road, we felt it turn into ruts. Since by now we could barely see the bonnet of the car, we stopped. I thought I saw a sign ahead and, getting out of the car, I groped my way towards it. When I reached the sign, I struck a match. In spite of our predicament, I burst out laughing. The sign read, "Fire Warning: put out that match!"

—J. K. RIPPET

I CALLED on an elderly friend of my mother who had moved from her big old family house into a flat.

As I looked round I asked, "Miss Jane, do you still have your cook?"

"Gracious, no," she said. "She'd never be happy in this kitchen."

"But I won't compromise my standard of living," she added briskly. "Every night when I set the table for myself in the dining-recess, I place the bell beside my plate. When I want something, I ring for it—then I go and get it."

—LOUISE MORRISON

IN THE market for a car, my son-in-law expressed surprise that some of the new, light models were practically as expensive as much bigger ones.

The salesman bristled and said, "If people want economy cars—they'll have to pay for them!" —ERNEST OSBORNE

I ASKED an acquaintance who came from Harmony, Minnesota, how the town had acquired such a nice name.

"By accident," she said. "It was a nameless settlement of a few houses; then more people moved into the area. The citizens called a meeting to decide on a name. Although many were suggested, no agreement could be reached and the discussion became heated and noisy.

"Disgusted by the way things were going, one man jumped up, pounded the table and shouted, 'Gentlemen, please! Let us have harmony.'

"To his amazement, everyone seized on the word and shouted back, 'Yes! Let's have *Harmony!*'" —H. S.

*"The speech of angels"
has an incomparable power
to refresh and strengthen*



Music Has Charms

By GEORGE MAREK

Vice president Radio Corporation of America

THAT MORNING, I was sure the end of the world had come. My boss had sacked me, and, with the pessimism of youth, I was convinced that I would never find another job. I was marked for failure (I was 19 years old.) That evening I had a date to meet a friend to hear the New York Philharmonic. Job or no job, I decided to go.

At first, as I sat there, the music merely lapped against the stone wall of my anxiety. But with the final item on the programme, the First Symphony of Brahms, I began to

listen in earnest. As the music reached me, I reflected that I had heard the symphony often before, that I was probably to hear it often again under different conditions—and that it always had been, and would be in the future, the same satisfying music. It did not change; only I did. I was impermanent; the symphony was permanent. I drew comfort from this.

I measured the event of the day more calmly. Was it as important as all that? Couldn't I do something about it? As I walked home, the dull

blanket of despondency weighed less. Somehow I would manage to find another job.

Since then, I have often marvelled at the power that lies in music to raise the spirits, to comfort shaken nerves, to serve as a rope on which hope can lift itself. I am, of course, not the first to marvel. Most of us remember Congreve's "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." Horace spoke of music as "the healing balm of troubles." "I feel physically refreshed and strengthened by it," said Coleridge. Even Goethe, who was not particularly musical, said that music made him untold "like the fingers of a threatening fist which straighten, amicably."

Music may be used in two different ways. The first way is the road taken by the music lover. He need not be able to tell a fugue from a fandango. But to him, the hearing of music is an experience that grips his mind and tears at his heart. He cannot remain indifferent.

How does one become a music lover? There is but one way: listen to music! Only direct experience, not study or explanations or any sort of prop, will lead you to music.

I have two suggestions for the beginner. First, listen to the *same* composition often, until you can respond to it emotionally. Do not expect to encompass a symphony at first hearing. And do not be discouraged or feel guilty if, while listening to an unfamiliar symphony, your attention wanders. Initially,

absorb from it as much as you can—and coast through the rest. There will come a time when the clouds roll away and the landscape lies clearly before you. In music, the familiar is the enjoyable. Don't dart from one composition to the next. Stay with it!

Second, choose—in the beginning, at least—romantic music. This is repertoire that begins with Beethoven and ends with Sibelius and that, in its wide orbit, includes the most popular works—those of Schubert, Brahms, Dvořák, Tchaikovsky, Verdi, Wagner, Berlioz and a dozen other composers of the nineteenth century. Such music, with its rich colouring, its exuberance, its sweetness, its exciting oratory, makes an immediate appeal.

But it is not safe to predict what *you* will like. Some people tend to respond more easily to Chopin and Puccini than to Handel or Haydn. Yet your experience may differ. I know one woman whose enthusiasm for music flared when she became acquainted with the works of Scarlatti and Vivaldi. She happens to be very modern in her tastes, and possibly these early eighteenth-century compositions counterbalanced them.

Of all the arts, music is the freest. Most music does not "mean" anything—except in its own world and on its own terms. But because it has little to do with what we call real life, because it is free of the weekday, it can effectively take us away

from our own lives, from our nine-to-five worries. Because music travels on winged feet, it can make us forget where the shoe pinches.

The other way of using music is as background accompaniment—like a warm bath which induces a drowsy reverie. You hardly listen to what you hear, any more than you consciously listen to the surf of the sea. Almost any kind of music can be used for such a purpose, though most people prefer a smooth blend of sound.

In factories, such music helps to relieve the boredom of routine labour. So it does in the home: women mix the sound of violins with the sound of the washing

machine. Mental processes—creative or calculating—seem to be aided as well. El Greco hired musicians to play for him as he painted. Many men, thinking out their problems, like to have the radio or record-player going. Background-music records help to calm nerves and assuage fatigue. John Oldham, the seventeenth-century English satirist, dropped his doubts when he wrote:

Music's the cordial of a
troubled breast,
The softest remedy that grief
can find,
The gentle spell that charms our
care to rest
And calms the ruffled passions
of the mind.

Hospital Treatment

As I started my first round of hospital visits to our ailing church members, I reminded myself to speak encouragingly to each patient. My first visit was to an elderly woman who was sitting up in bed and looking so well I was sure she would be dismissed from the hospital soon. Cheerily I began, "Well, you don't look as if you'll be here much longer."

—Contributed by C. Lamb

A HOSPITAL superintendent had cautioned the nurses against discussing the merits of the staff doctors in the presence of others. Soon after the lecture he overheard one of the nurses answering a phone call from a man whose wife needed hospital care. The man evidently asked if there were doctors connected with the hospital.

"Yes, we have three," the nurse replied. "But I can't recommend any of them."

—Contributed by W. S. A.

THE NERVOUS patient being wheeled towards the operating room asked the nurse, "What did you say was the name of my surgeon?"

"Dr. McInnes," blithely answered the nurse. "But he does so many operations that we call him 'Mack the Knife.'" —Contributed by Allen Malberg

*Freeze-Drying, a British development,
is "the greatest break-through in food preservation
since the invention of the tin can"*



By JAMES STEWART-GORDON

RECENTLY in the diet kitchen of an experimental factory run by the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food in Aberdeen, Scotland, I ate a delicious meal of steak, French fried potatoes, and peas, followed by raspberries—all of which had been stored for 20 months without refrigeration or preservative. The food, which had been kept in hermetically sealed plastic and aluminium foil wrappers, had been drained of its water content without changing its chemical composition by a striking new process of food preservation called Accelerated Freeze-Drying, created by a team of British scientists.

Unlike the dehydration methods used during the war, freeze-drying does not turn food into nondescript masses of grey powder. The food retains from 95 to 100 per cent of its original flavour, and when soaked in water it resumes its original shape.

The process makes it possible to store fresh food in any climate without refrigeration and for a virtually unlimited length of time. For these reasons, and because of the great reduction in bulk and weight of freeze-dried foods, A.F.D. products have been used by more than 200 expeditions in jungles, deserts and mountains, including those led by Sir Edmund Hillary and Sir Vivian Fuchs. For family use, a housewife

could store a month's supply of this food on an open pantry shelf.

Dried, the steak in Aberdeen looked like a sponge; it was as light and porous as a piece of lava. When put on the scales, it registered slightly under four ounces.

"How much did it weigh before it was processed?" I asked.

"Half a pound," I was told.

One of the girls in the diet kitchen put the steak in a small dish of cold water. In seconds the steak began to look like a *filet mignon*. As its cells filled with water, haemoglobin, which was still present in the dried steak, united with the water and formed fresh blood that began to turn the water pink. In less than two minutes the steak, now plump and red, was taken from the water and weighed again. It weighed half a pound.

The girl brushed both sides of the steak with butter (to prevent the added water from boiling away again) and grilled it for four minutes on each side. "Here," she said. "Try it." I did. It tasted as good as any steak I have ever had. "This is fantastic," I said. "It is, isn't it?" she said with a smile.

The list of fresh foods prepared successfully by the Aberdeen factory covers a range of more than 100 items. Accelerated Freeze-Drying can handle anything from artichokes to zebra steaks. Aberdeen has also successfully freeze-dried cooked dishes, such as roast beef, and steak and kidney pie, which need only five

minutes in hot water to reconstitute.

In his London office, Dr. Rex Barnell, of the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food, who was largely responsible for the original work on A.F.D. refused to concede that the process was fantastic. "Just applied science, you know," he told me.

"How good would you say Accelerated Freeze-Drying is?"

"Well, as to that," said Dr. Barnell reflectively, "you might say it is the greatest break-through in food preservation since the invention of the tin can."

In the United States, companies such as General Foods and Armour are now in the process of constructing or converting factories to use the new process or variations of it. General Foods is building a factory which will make it possible for mothers to get envelopes of frozen baby foods that can be mixed with cold water to make instant fresh spinach, carrots, *purée* of peas and dozens of other foods. Armour, already preparing steaks and chops for U.S. Army field rations, is getting ready to market freeze-dried hamburgers and other meat products for the housewife.

Wilson and Co. is now making and marketing dehydrated beef and chicken which, packed in polythene bags, is sold to sportsmen and hunters for complete instant meals. In England, Unilever has marketed a line of food featuring spaghetti, beef curry and minced beef dinners.

For the past four years, Liana Foods of Texas, a shrimp-processing company, has been selling its dehydrated shrimps to hospitals, restaurants and schools and will shortly put them in supermarkets. H. J. Heinz in Pittsburgh and General Mills in Minneapolis are also pushing plans to invade the field of convenience foods opened up by Aberdeen's work.

Accelerated Freeze-Drying makes it possible to condense enough carrots into a two-ounce package to make 16 servings when water has been added.

Other foods with higher water content are even more spectacular. Cabbage, for example, is almost 90 per cent water. Given the accelerated freeze-drying treatment, 80 pounds of cabbage leaves shrink to a tin about the size of a flat tin of salmon and weighing $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.

Dried foods can be shipped and stored at less cost than either fresh or frozen foods because of their light weight and because costly refrigerated transport and storage is not required. When water is added, 100 pounds of freeze-dried shrimps swell up to 500 pounds of fresh shrimps.

The present surge of interest in dehydration goes back to the war, when one of Britain's greatest difficulties was the importing of fresh food.

Each year Britain imported, in food, over 400 million tons of water which took up badly needed space in

the attenuated merchant fleet. Various methods of eliminating water from eggs and meat were tried—and the results are remembered with horror by all who ate them.

At the close of the war, British scientists began to comb Hitler's crumbled empire for new ideas and products. In one of the units were Professor A. W. Scott, of Glasgow University, and Dr. Rex Barnell.

In a Norwegian fishing village, Scott found a dehydration cabinet, made in Denmark, which incorporated an entirely new idea. The primitive machine consisted of hollow steel chambers, sealed to create a vacuum which could dry fish relatively quickly.

The fish was not very palatable, but a British team was sufficiently interested to go to Norway to examine the device.

At that time no one wanted to hear about the wartime possibilities of dehydrated foods. But by 1948, with food rationing still in force, the Government decided that research into dehydration should be resumed. One of the first steps was to re-examine the Danish process. Accordingly, an experimental factory was set up, incorporating the vacuum idea.

At first the results were little more than the Scandinavians had been able to produce. Food could be dried, but it was tasteless. Finally, a new cabinet was designed. About the size and shape of a 1,000-gallon oil tank and holding half a ton of

food, it was strong enough to withstand exceedingly low pressures. The fish was first frozen so that the moisture in it was transformed into ice crystals. Then, as the air was pumped out of the cabinet, the ice was "sublimated," or vaporized, passing off as a gas without going through the intermediary liquid stage. Dropped in water, the freeze-dried fish became fresh again. But the process was not economical—it took from 24 to 36 hours.

In 1955, after four years of work, a method was discovered for transferring heat to the food as the vacuum was applied. This made it sublimate more rapidly. Improvements followed with exciting frequency.

The scientists began trying out a variety of foods. The results were excellent and uniform. Field trials were conducted on a large scale by the British Army and the Royal Navy. The food met with an acceptance which was a far cry from wartime experience.

Delegations of manufacturers and government officials were soon pouring into Aberdeen, and now equipment factories are in operation

in almost every European country. In London, Stuart Lefever, production manager of Vickers-Armstrongs, the engineering group, told me: "We are prepared to build complete freeze-drying factories anywhere in the world, and guarantee that they will work." Their first project is a £1 million plant for the Irish Sugar Company, which will specialize in vegetables and fruits when it goes into operation this year.

Possibly the greatest impact came in the United States. The Army Quartermaster Corps expects that this new type of ration will supplant current field rations within the next few years. In the armed forces, the future of freeze-dried foods is obviously bright; in the home it is probably even brighter.

To critics who say housewives will be slow to accept this new advance, freeze-dry spokesmen reply that food habits can be changed radically in a short time and point to the widespread use of instant coffee as an example. The housewife has already accepted instant coffee, instant cake-mixes, and so on. Why not instant everything?

No News

*G*LANCING through a local paper in America, I came upon almost identical obituary articles, one right after the other, for two different men—both of whom were reported as having "passed away suddenly" on the same day. Curious, I wrote to the editor asking if any unusual circumstances attended the double demise of the two men. Penned at the bottom of my returned query was this terse reply: "Not to us. They just shot each other."

—Contributed by T. E. Daniels



I Was Trapped Into Living

In the shadow of death a tormented young doctor found meaning and promise in life

BY DR. LOUIS BISCH

TAKING HIS degree should be one of the most exciting events in a young man's life; but for me it was a time of torment. I knew that my parents were anxiously waiting for a decision—a decision I couldn't bring myself to make.

At the breakfast table that morning my mother put down her coffee cup and said, "You haven't told us your plans for the future, dear."

Plans for the future? I had none—except continued escape from responsibility and contact with the world. I wanted to remain safe within the ivy-covered walls of a university.

I said, "I thought that perhaps I could study in Europe for a year..."

My parents exchanged a look of dismay. "Louis, this business of collecting degrees has got to stop," my father said. "It's time you put your knowledge to work."

He was right, of course. After four years at university I had studied medicine for another four years. I received my M.D., but still I remained at school, and on this day I was to receive my Ph.D. Here I was a doctor twice over, yet incapable of taking up a career.

My problem was that I was painfully shy. This had been an agony all my life, not only for me but for my parents who had done everything they could to get me over it. But most of the things they did made it even worse. Typical is what happened on my tenth birthday.

I had spent the afternoon at our

A PIONEER in popular psychiatry, Dr. Louis Bisch is the author of seven books on the subject. Until his retirement in 1959, he was professor of neuropsychiatry at New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital. Now in his 70's, he looks back on his life "with humble satisfaction" at having been able to do something for others.

neighbourhood library, as usual, and when I went home around five o'clock there was a sudden explosion of shouts and cheers. Mother had arranged a surprise party. As a dozen boys and girls handed me presents, I stood speechless.

Seeing my misery, Mother put her arm round me and said, "Darling, this is your birthday, a time to be happy and have fun with your friends."

But I knew, and all the boys and girls present knew, that they weren't my friends at all. I didn't have any friends. These were only neighbourhood acquaintances who had been brought here to carry out a ghastly masquerade. I endured the next two hours in tongue-tied agony.

During the following years my mother took me for consultation to the family minister, the family doctor and finally the family lawyer. Their advice did me no good at all.

When I entered university I was as shy as ever. But now I was grown up. It was time, I told myself, to overcome this handicap. I would force myself to go in for extra-curricular activities. I decided to join the debating society. The self-assured men I had seen at debates were just as I wished to be.

At the door of the debating-room I paused a moment—and that was fatal. Inside I heard someone telling a sophisticated anecdote and when he finished there was a burst of appreciative laughter. My heart sank.

I could never be witty. I did not belong in that urbane group. Sick with defeat, I turned away from the door. I made no further attempts.

When I graduated, the editors of the yearbook put under my picture the words: "Let others scramble for their dignities and dollars." My classmates thought me a snob who lived in an ivory tower. They had no conception of the pain that dwelt with me in that tower. But at least I had my books and my studies and a protected life. And so I stayed on at university.

Now my worried father was saying, "It's not only that we think you should get out in the world and work, but I'm afraid we just can't afford to send you abroad to study."

I looked at his lined face and felt a stab of guilt. He was an artist, a portrait painter, and the living he made was precarious. Yet somehow he had financed ten years of college for me. How dared I ask for more?

I mumbled, "Of course, Father. I'm sorry I mentioned it. I . . . I must hurry over to the lab now. I still have a little more to do on my experiment for my thesis. I promised it would be completed by noon. I'll see you later."

As I went out into the street I was seized by a deep depression, and I thought: *I wish I were dead!*

When I reached the laboratory, the door was locked. Round the corner came Ulrich, the caretaker. "You must have forgotten that today's a holiday, Doctor," he said.

"Yes, I know, but I have about two hours' work to do on my experiment. I'll need to take the solutions into the refrigerator."

"Golly, Doctor." He scratched his head. "I'm driving to the country and I can't wait to lock up after you. My substitute is in the basement. I think he's been drinking, but I suppose we can trust him to lock up. I'll help you carry your beakers to the cooler."

The cooler was a huge walk-in refrigerator in which comparative anatomy specimens were stored. The shelves held jars of small pickled animals, birds, fish, reptiles. The windowless room had no ventilation, and the cold, dank air was heavy with the odour of preserving fluids. It was a place of death.

Ulrich propped open the heavy door with a wedge, then carried in the glass beakers. He said, "When you leave, Doctor, just kick out the wedge and the door will close and lock itself. But you'll have to get the relief caretaker to lock the front door. Sorry to leave you, but you'll have company." He pointed towards a far corner and I saw for the first time a long table with a sheet draped over it. Under that sheet, unmistakably, was a human body.

"A suicide," Ulrich continued. "They fished him out of the river this morning and the police are storing him here. They found a note about a love affair. But he was a doctor. Can you imagine a doctor committing suicide?"

Ulrich shook his head, said goodbye and left me alone. I applied myself to my work but my mind kept gravitating towards the body in the corner.

Suddenly, without my consciously willing it, I was standing beside the table and looking at the muffled outline of the human figure.

I knew what was there—all the nerves and muscles and joints—and I knew how they worked. Yet they were a mystery, too. The spark of life that animates them—there was the mystery, the precious possession. The complex mechanism of his fingers could hold a brush to paint a picture; the broad muscles of his back and legs could lift him up a mountainside; the lenses of his eyes let him see a summer cloud; the labyrinth of his ear brought him a bird song in the hush of a pine forest—all because of that spark of life. How could he bring himself to extinguish it?

With a shock, I remembered that on this very morning *I* had wished for death. *I* could have been this corpse on the table. There was a label fastened to the wrist. He was a doctor, all right, and he was exactly my age. His name had a slightly foreign sound as I whispered it. I repeated it again, and again.

Suddenly there came a flash of self-revelation. I knew the reason for my shyness!

My father, Otto Bisch, was German and had been born in Alsace-Lorraine; my mother, Dorothea

Louise, was French. All my childhood I had felt inferior to children whose parents were not foreigners. As a man I had come to understand my parents' goodness and worth; but the habit of feeling inferior, and the shyness that grew out of it, had remained with me.

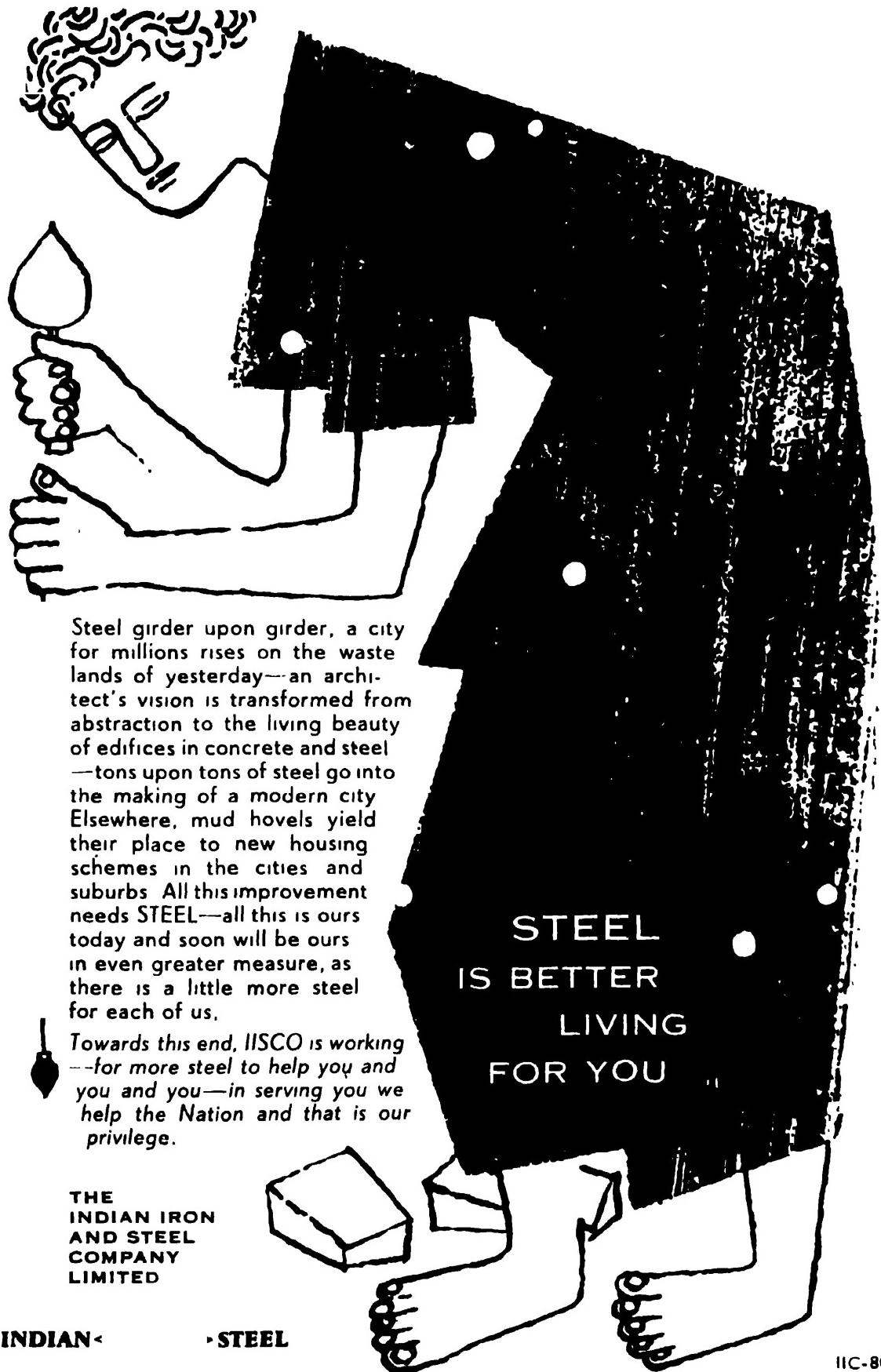
I saw it all clearly: my shyness—like all shyness—was nothing more than self-centred fear. For years I had been so much involved with myself and what people would think of me that I had been unable to think of others. My shyness, I realized, was merely selfishness—and could be banished only by sincere, active sympathy for others.

Now that I understood the cause, I could cast off this shadow! My heart beat with excitement and eagerness as I turned to leave.

But there was no door—only four solid walls. I closed my eyes and opened them again and looked carefully, with forced calmness. Yes, there was the door after all, but it was closed.

The wedge had slipped. I walked quickly to the door and grabbed the knob to open it. It was locked. In panic I began to pound on the door and shout.

Then I remembered Ulrich's remark about his replacement, probably drunk in the basement by now. There was no help for me. How ironic, I thought: just when life begins to have some promise, it is ended. Perhaps this is my punishment for refusing to participate in



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life while I had it. Perhaps this is retribution for wishing I were dead.

"But I didn't mean it!" I cried.
"Oh, God, I didn't mean it!"

The sound of my cracked voice startled me, drove me into a frenzy. I threw myself at the heavy door, again and again, until my strength was gone and I slumped sobbing to the floor. In time a welcome numbness began to creep over me.

Three days later I opened my eyes in a white hospital room. Bending over me were the dear, worn faces of my father and mother. "You had a close call," the doctor said from the other side of the bed. "Ulrich was worried about his substitute. He came back to check up and found you."

Good old Ulrich. I tried to speak but my mother laid her fingers on my lips. I put her hand aside and said, "I'm all right."

"You've had pneumonia," the doctor said, "and you're not out of the wood yet."

He didn't understand what I was trying to say to my parents. "I'm all right now," I repeated. "Everything has cleared up. I'm going to practise. I want to meet people and know them and help them. I'm going to be a psychiatrist."

Thus was my mind made up about my career. I've been a psychiatrist for 40 years now and it has been a good and rewarding life. And whenever a despondent patient says to me that he wishes he were dead, I tell him my story.

Its moral? Simply this: each day is a fresh beginning, and deep within us we know this is true. That is why no man really longs for death, no matter what he says.



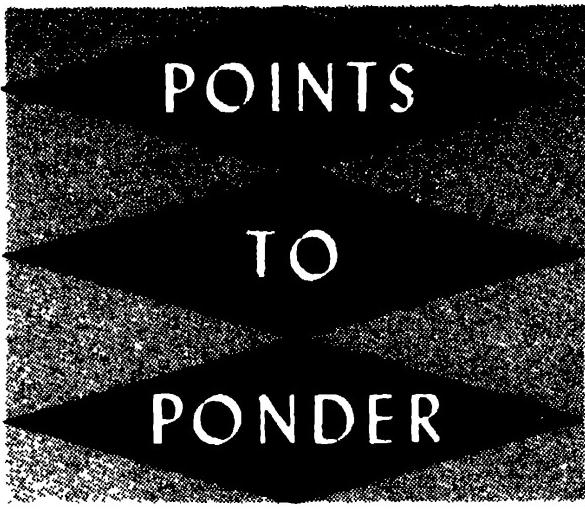
Spring Fevers

THIS IS the season of indecision for the boy who worked at odd jobs to earn money for a gift for his girl friend and now realizes he has the exact amount needed for that cricket bat he's been wanting. —J. B.

THE CHAP who promised himself all the winter that he'd walk to work when the weather improved has compromised by putting his car on the far side of the car park. —D. L.

HOUSEWIFE to neighbour: "I can always persuade my husband to start on the heavy work in the garden by suggesting that he's probably getting too old for it." —*The English Digest*

AS ONE who has just paid for a load of topsoil, I can vouch for this: There may be some things that are dirt-cheap, but dirt isn't one of them. —Sylvia Bremer



DRIVING a car is supposed to be pleasure. In a recent poll, 88 per cent of the people interviewed agreed that it is. But it is a peculiar form of pleasure. In many respects a car fulfills the same function as that drug which the upright Dr. Jekyll took to transform himself into the diabolical Mr. Hyde. A man will queue for hours to buy tickets for a football match, but bristles with impatience at every red light. He doffs his hat whenever he meets a woman he knows, but narrowly misses running over a housewife who does not cross the street fast enough for him. He keeps a sharp eye on his family's vocabulary, but swears like a trooper at any driver who gets in his way.

—*Réalités* (English edition)

Wilbur McFeeley:

It is not necessarily the well-adjusted man who makes the world a better place. Certainly Jesus was poorly adjusted to the society in which He lived and moved, but He gave the world such mature insights into human nature that we have not yet grasped their full significance.

Maurice Maeterlinck:

"We do not know each other yet," wrote to me one whom I hold dear above all others. "We have not yet dared to be silent together."

Blair Fraser:

Half the troubles of the Free World are caused by politicians either refusing to admit they have been wrong, or refusing to act for fear of being wrong again. In both cases the effect is a kind of paralysis. If public men would only concede that they have made mistakes in the past which they now propose to correct, and that they will inevitably make more in the future, they would be able to get a lot more done. They would also be protected against the occupational hazard of thinking themselves infallible.

Benjamin Franklin:

God grant that not only the love of liberty but a thorough knowledge of the Rights of Man may pervade all the nations of the earth, so that a philosopher may set his foot anywhere on its surface and say, "This is my country."

Andrew Greeley:

Contemplation is a casualty of the modern way of life. We simply do not have time for it. We read poetry as we would a detective story. We listen to opera, chamber music and symphonies while we do the morning dishes or prepare income-tax statements. We visit art museums as we would tour the countryside. Our nation has so much leisure time that it has a "leisure problem," and yet it lacks the essential leisure of contemplation.

Phillips Brooks:

To keep clear of concealment, to keep clear of the need of concealment, to do nothing that he might not do in the middle of the square at noon-day—I cannot say how more and more that seems to me to be the glory of a young man's life. It is an awful hour when the first necessity of hiding anything comes. The whole life is different thenceforth. When there are questions to be feared and eyes to be avoided and subjects that must not be touched, then the bloom of life is gone. Put off that day as long as possible. Put it off for ever if you can.

Eugenia Sheppard:

The legend is that all women love clothes, but my guess is that a door-to-door, early-morning canvass, when women are most likely to tell the truth, would turn up some pretty mixed reactions these days. Lots of sheer unadulterated love of clothes went out of the picture along with the little dressmaker and the long hours of co-designing and collusion at home. Clothes today are a weapon, a symbol, even a nuisance to be shopped for as fast as possible.

Harry Golden:

Think only in terms of the magnitude of the universe, and only then will you have the proper perspective. We work hard, we think hard and we worry hard—all "for the children." And one day the son will be sitting in the bosom of his own family, and he will say, "My father was rather a tall man." And if you are floating somewhere in the ether you will say, "Is that all I get out of it? Is that all I get for the times I got up in the middle

of the night to get a doctor when he was sick?"

Of course that is all you get out of it. And this is good. Reverence for the past is important, but the past must not lay too heavy a hand upon the present and the future. It is good to work hard, think hard and worry hard—for the children, for ourselves; and if, years later, all you get out of it is, "My mother was a good cook, too," just think of it as a bonus. Let us not worry about our obituaries. Let us only hope and pray that our children survive us.

Charlton Ogburn in *The Marauders*:

Among the things we learned while fighting in Burma was that, even in times of hunger for food, a hunger for music and books persisted. Art, you might think, would do little for a faint heart. Yet, when you read the poetry of *Hamlet* or hear the music of Handel's "Largo" amid the wild dark hills, you find that it transcends hunger and sickness and fear. If art cannot fulfil our yearnings and aspirations, it can voice them with an eloquence that ennobles our cause. A great expression of literature, painting or music is like the sun when it breaks through the clouds to transfigure a wearisome landscape in a golden light. Bringing a heightened awareness of experience, it brings also a sense of the triumph of the human spirit, and perhaps because of the harmony of its own vision seems to testify to the underlying oneness of all things in which is our immortality.

—Hodder & Stoughton, London

Dag Hammarskjöld:

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Country of My Heart

The Southern Appalachians are more than mountains; they are a way of life—one of the earliest in America

BY DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

MANY MILLIONS of years ago, in the springtime of the world, the North American continent creased into a wrinkle like a smile and the Southern Appalachians arose. Other mountains may wear caps of glaciers; many are bleak—treeless and wind-whipped. But the Appalachians of the Eastern United States are liveable and lovable.

There are no others quite like them, so deep in forest that you are never out of sound of rustling leaves or whispering needles, so laced with streams that the murmur of running water is almost always with you.

98

And wherever you go there is a pervading odour of lichen and fern, of pine and mushroom, with wood smoke reeking through it from cabins in the laurel.

This is the country of my heart. It is the country where I was young and where I first found my love of nature. I can remember every detail that I ever knew in the Southern Appalachians—the fragrance of each kind of flower, all the many sorts of trillium, the clove-scented pine saps that grow beneath the leaves, and the shy people.

The older mountain people have led isolated lives in their coves

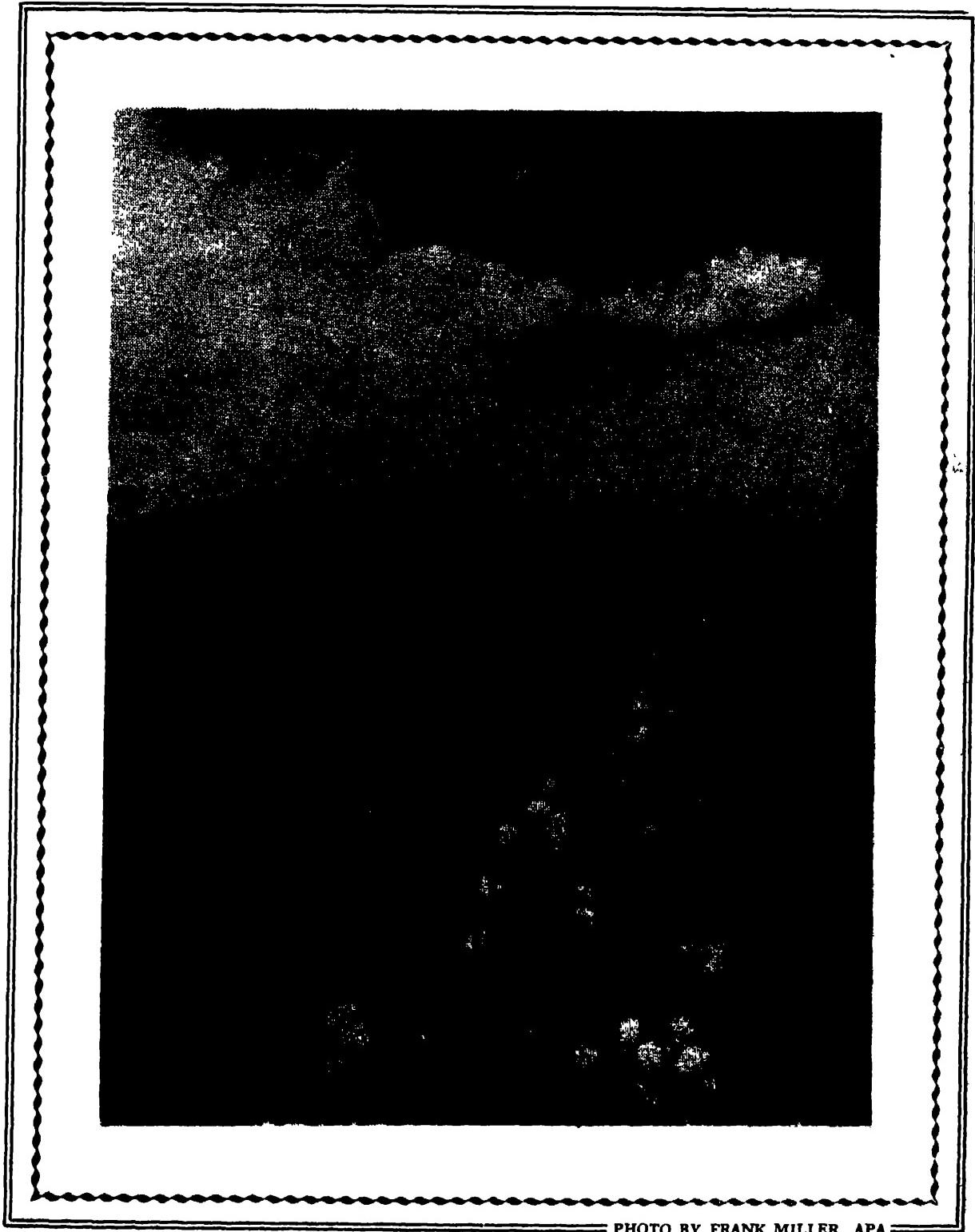


PHOTO BY FRANK MILLER, APA

(small headwater valleys) and do not mind it, since they have all good things and require no gadgets. I once found myself in Happy Valley,

Tennessee, and I never saw a happier place—children splashing in the creek for turtles and pretty-stones just as I used to, a happy landscape

with a slow horse-drawn plough passing across it, and in a doorway a woman watching, babe on her hip. I met an old codger and asked him if I was on the way to Rainbow Fall. "Reckon you might be," he admitted. "They used to call it waterfall. Now they call it Rainbow Fall." And he went on, shaking his head over this "fotched on" (outlandish) name.

The many waterfalls of the Southern Appalachians are not sensational. But the beauty of a waterfall is not to be measured in its height or volume. It lies in the hypnotic music, in the purity of the water, in the absence of parking areas and litter. I know some white cascades falling amidst hemlock and beech which still have no name and are seldom visited except by the flashing redbird, the talkative chat and the eerily carolling water thrush. And every Appalachian waterfall has a setting of maiden-hair which shakes off the spray continuously. For ever the spray sets foamflower and meadow rue to trembling, and the big rhombic leaves of trillium to drumming.

These, of all the mountains of North America, were the first to be seen by white men. On a May day in 1540 Hernando De Soto and his Spanish *conquistadores* in their glittering armour came looking for gold. He had landed in Florida, and as he pushed north-west the Red Indians he met always said that it was the next tribe farther inland

which had the gold. As De Soto extracted this information under torture, he had no choice but to believe it and start his weary columns marching again. That's how he came to see, first of white men, the misty wall of the Blue Ridge rising against the soft sky.

The next white men to come were English traders from the Virginia coast. Settlers came at last, after 1704, mostly Scottish-Irish. Their chief port of entry was Newcastle, Delaware, where they picked up from the Swedish colonies the idea of the log cabin. They settled the whole land from the foot of the Appalachians in the east to the valleys of the Shenandoah and the Tennessee on the west. These were the future mountaineers, a people still dwelling in the deep coves of the Appalachian ranges.

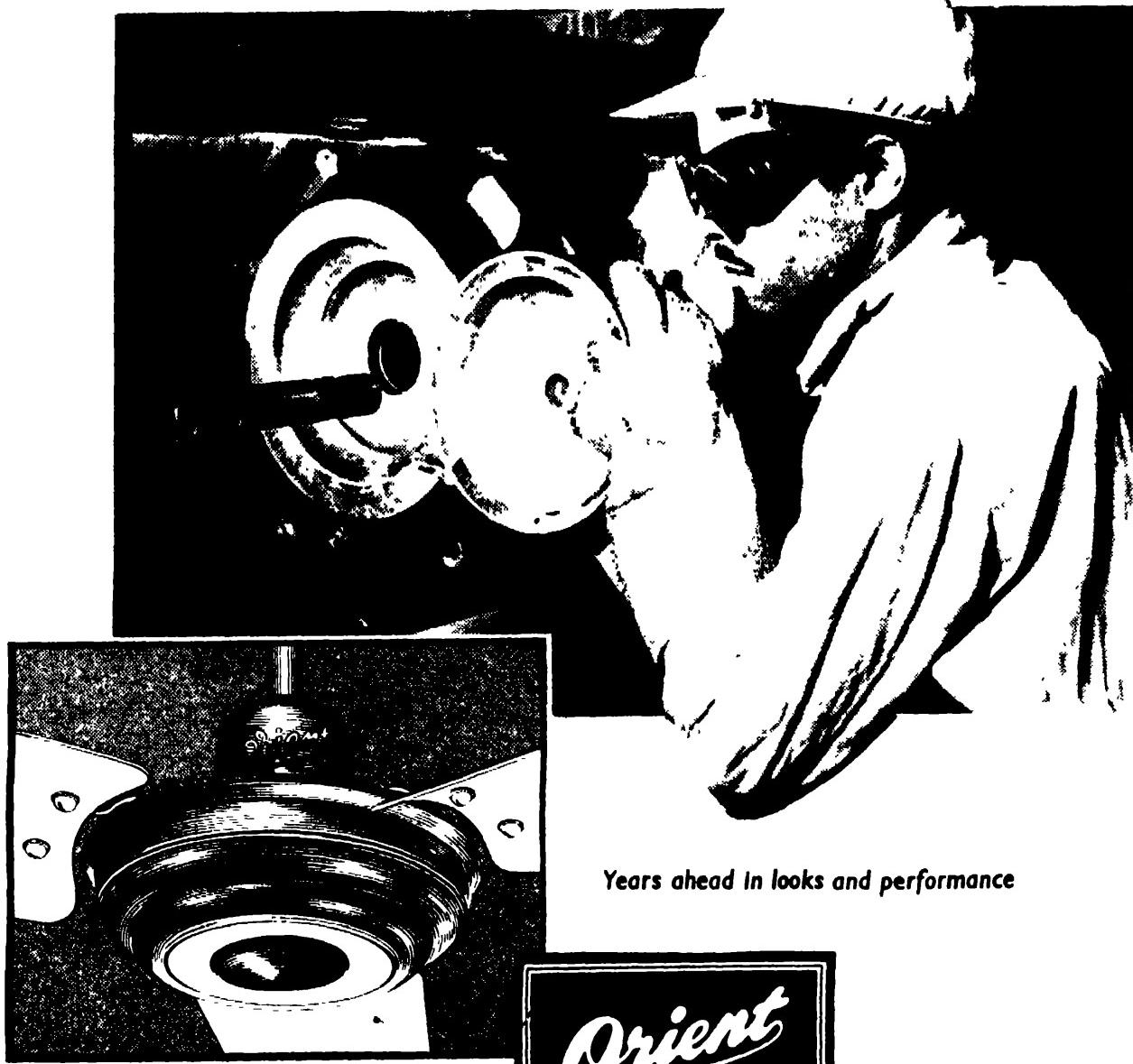
The settlers brought with them the Bible in one hand, a rifle in the other. They did not stop to convert the Cherokees; they drove them from their lands, all but a small band that hid out on what is now the borders of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. They are today a pathetic remnant, who sometimes have to wear Sioux head-dresses so that tourists will know they are Red Indians.

From their old country the pioneers brought also the ballads of Scotland, Ireland and England. "Barbara Allen" is preserved as an antiquity in *The Oxford Book of Scottish Verse*, but in these Southern

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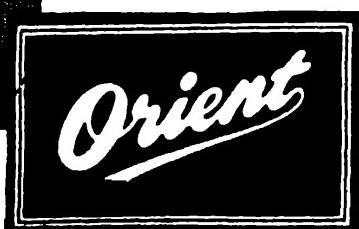
One of the new techniques Orients have adopted is pressure die casting—a technique which is used for the first time in the country for producing a fan body and rotor. This leadership in technique is typical of Orient's progressive Engineering—this is the chief reason why Orient Fans have such a remarkable performance and incomparable finish.

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mountains it is a folk-song known to every schoolchild. To these ballads (usually doleful or fatalistic) the Southern highlander has added his own. It's hard to forget the plaint of the wife in one such song:

No shoes on my feet, no hat on
my head,
And babies sprawling all over the
bed.

From the British Isles the women brought the spinning-wheel, not the little wheel with which the *Mayflower* was apparently burdened, but the high spinning-wheel. The wool for the spun thread was dyed with native dyes, from oak bark, walnut, yellowroot, sumac, and scores of others discovered by long experiment. Then, on the slow hand-loom, the women wove the old patterns like the Tudor Rose and the Whig Rose, and new ones that the flora presented to their eyes.

The pioneer menfolk carried with them two dangerous old customs. One was the clan feud. The cause was usually forgotten, but the feud was kept alive by vengeance. Firing from ambush was considered fair play; women of an enemy clan were not immune. I remember one fierce feud in my own childhood. The Hendersons and the Chatfields were feuding and when, allegedly, old Chatfield killed a Henderson, the sheriff put the Chatfield family off the land where they had been squatters. I remember it because it took away Melissa

Chatfield, the only playmate on my mountain top.

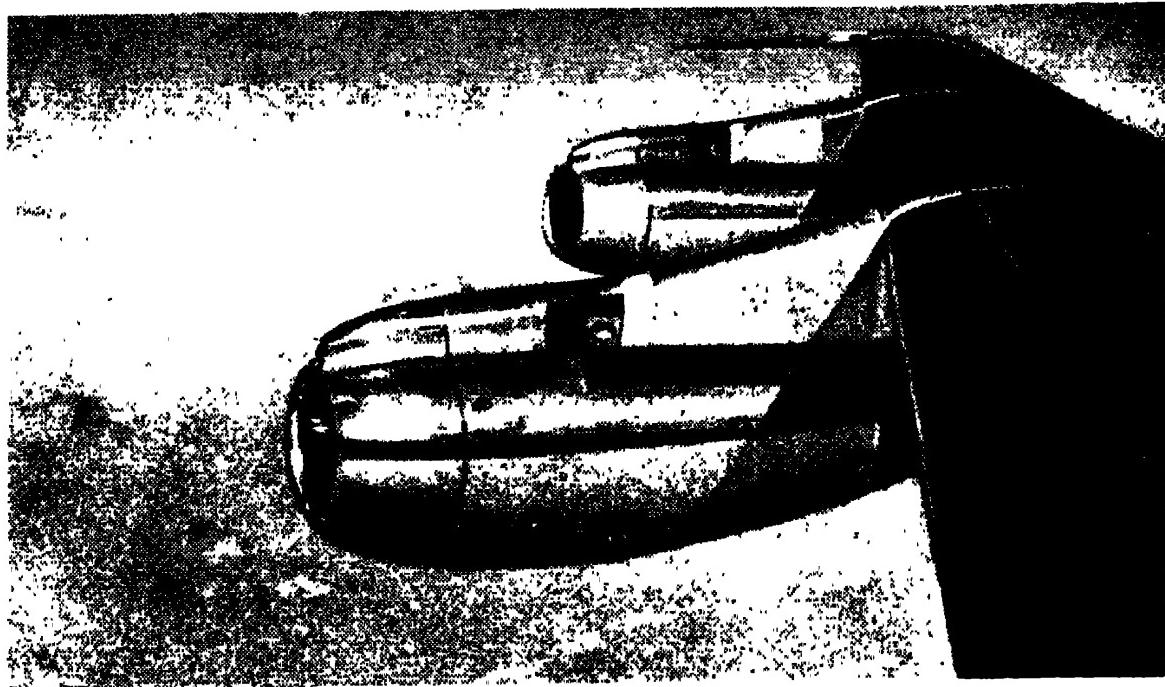
The other perilous import was the fanatical conviction that a man had a right to distil his own whisky, revenue law or not. I always used to see a plume of smoke rising from "Dark Corners," which possessed the great advantage of being situated precisely on the state line that divides the two Carolinas. If a North Carolina sheriff raided you, you just took one step into South Carolina and you were safe from everybody except federal agents; some of those were shot on sight.

In my college days I was collecting botanical specimens on the state line when a man cradling a rifle suddenly cast his suspicious shadow upon me. All mountain people ask you what you are doing because they are curious and interested. I told him that I was gathering plants for Harvard.

"Who's he?" asked the sentry of the still that I knew could not be far off. "John Harvard," I explained, "was a benevolent Yankee who died in the year 1638." The sentry smiled. "You're just yarbin' it," he said, "and don't try to fool me no more."

I was, in a manner of speaking, "yarbin' it"; that is, I was collecting herbs, or "yarbs," for their value, though not to sell as the mountain people do. They gathered ginseng—"sang" they call it—whose bifurcated root looks like the rough image of a man. By the ancient

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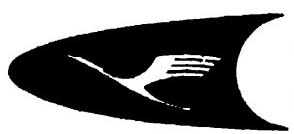
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doctrine of signatures (a liver-shaped leaf is good for your liver, a heart-shaped leaf for your heart) this underground manikin is good for whatever ails mankind. That is what the Chinese believed, at any rate, and why they bought it quantity, having exhausted their own resources. The mountain people had, indeed, more than 90 per cent of all the wild plants which yield real, not fictitious, drugs. These were collected in summer, like the "sang," and sold in bulk to men who went round picking them up at country stores. In winter the Southern Appalachians supply Christmas fern, and above all the beautiful bronze and green galax leaf. So that "yarbin' it" became a leading industry.

Mountain people are not easy to get to know. They wait for you to speak first, but unlike city folk they expect you to speak. They love to ask you questions but don't like it if you question them too much. Like all pioneer people they are hospitable; I have knocked at many a cabin door, as it came on to darken on my walking trips, and asked to be taken in. It is not the best of manners, though, to ask this of wife or daughters; best wait till you can

speak to the head of the house. He will not refuse you.

The mountain houses that I knew were very clean, and the people much more moral than the normal run of folk. Courtship usually had to be carried on in sight of the whole family or at least some adult member. Marriage was supposed to be for life, and divorces were rare. Child brides I never heard of—not among mountain folk. Children were brought up to a politeness that our own youngsters might find taxing. The welcome on the hearth is the warmer for the quickness by which a blaze can be kindled; this is because the kindling is splinters of fat or lighter pine, full of turpentine.

From this region with its high birth-rate the young people scatter far and wide. "Hillbillies?" These clans have produced such men as Abraham Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson.

Poor the mountain folk may be in the things of this world. It is a "doing without" kind of poor—to use their own idiom. It is no poverty of spirit or inheritance. And they claim as their own one of the fairest provinces in all America, the country of my heart.

Artfelt Comment

A LITTLE boy stopped in front of an abstract painting at an art exhibition. "What's *that*?" he asked his mother.

"It's supposed to be a cowboy and his horse," she explained.

"Well," asked the boy, "why isn't it?"

—Bennett Cerf

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Fiction Feature

The Star

*A touching short story that comes close to
the secret of happiness*

BY ARTHUR GORDON



HERE's a question that you ask the famous when they are obviously on their way to the top, and so I asked it. "How did you get started?" I said. "Who or what provided the necessary push?"

She gave me a quizzical look. She wasn't really pretty, but she had a merry sort of face. "That," she said, "is a stock question. But never mind; I can give you an answer. We'll have to go back about 15 years, though."

"That's all right," I said. "Have we got time?"

"We have about five minutes," she said. "That'll do."

And, as we stood there in the chilly dampness, this is what she told me.

In those days she lived in the twilight land between childhood and adolescence, and she didn't like it much. She was eight years old, she was as awkward as a newborn colt, and when she looked in the mirror, which was as seldom as possible, all she could see was a pair of enormous eyes and a lot of bands on her teeth. She was shy; she was lonely; she was convinced that she was hideous. Her name was Margaret, but everyone called her Maggie.

To make matters worse, she had a sister named Sybil who seemed to be everything she was not. Sybil was 16, blonde and cunningly streamlined. She had decided opinions, and on this particular wintry afternoon

she was voicing one of them loudly. "Oh, Mother," she wailed, "do we have to take Maggie? She's only a child and she can't even skate!"

"The Bancrofts asked her, dear," their mother said. "It won't do you any harm to have her there."

Sybil brushed back her honey-coloured hair. "But Larry is taking me! It's all arranged. He——"

"He can take you both," their mother said in tones that Sybil recognized as final. "Heavens, it's only an afternoon skating party!"

Sybil gave her sister a baleful glance. "You needn't worry," said Maggie in a small voice. "I'll sit in the back seat and not say a word . . ."

He came at three o'clock, tall, lithe, the best athlete in the school. He was 17, but he seemed older; there was a kind of quiet assurance about him. Sybil explained in tragic tones that they would have a passenger. Larry smiled. "That's all right."

They went down the snowy path to the street, Sybil on Larry's arm. Maggie stumbling along behind like a lost puppy. Sybil opened the rear door for her sister. Larry raised one dark eyebrow but said nothing.

They drove to the lake near the Bancrofts' house. The lake was a sheet of magnificent black ice under the grey December sky. Already 20 or 30 skaters were swooping and spinning over the polished surface, their cries thin and sweet in the frosty air.

Larry laced Sybil's skates for her. He offered to lace the pair that Maggie had been given for Christmas, but she refused. She would just watch.

She stood, small and alone, feeling her fingers and toes grow numb.

The skaters circled like bright birds, their runners making rhythmic, whirring sounds. Watching them, she felt a longing that was almost like physical pain, a longing to be as graceful as they were, as beautiful, as free.

Larry must have been watching her, for suddenly he came over. He looked down at her. "How about having a try?"

She shook her head, mute and miserable.

"Why not?" he persisted. "It's fun."

"I'm no good at it."

"So what?" He sounded surprised.

She stared at her mitten hands. "My father says that anything worth doing is worth doing well."

He did not say anything for a moment.

Then he knelt, unlaced his skates, slipped on his shoes. "Come on —let's go."

She looked up at him, startled. "Go? Go where?"

"Over there behind that point of trees. Bring your skates."

"Oh, no," she said. "I couldn't. Sybil—"

"Never mind Sybil." His hand was under her elbow, strong and insistent. Incredibly, she was walking beside him through the silver dusk. She said feebly, "Don't you like Sybil?"

"Of course," he said. "I like her a lot. I like you, too."

Around the point was a little cove, frozen, secluded, quiet. "This will do," he said. "Put on your skates."

"But I—"

"Put 'em on. I'll lace 'em for you."

He laced hers and then his own. He held out his hand. "Come on, Maggie."

She shook her head, her eyes full of tears. "I can't. I'm afraid."

He said gently, "I'll tell you why you're afraid. You're afraid because you're lonely. I know, because I was lonely once. Afraid to try things. Afraid of not doing things well. Afraid of being laughed at. But finally I found out something."

She stared up at him, puzzled, confused.

It was so quiet that she could hear her heart beating. Around them the sentinel pines stood black and motionless. Above the pines, the first star gleamed.

"It's funny," he said. "I couldn't tell this to Sybil. I didn't think I could tell it to anyone, but I can to

DO YOU EVER SEE!

Get away from the water. Wash away dirt with SURF. (fronts, towels, yes, laundry).

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you. What I found out was very simple. It's that no one is ever really alone. Even when there's no other person around there still must be someone. Someone who made you and therefore cares what happens to you. Someone who will help you if you do the best you can. So you're never alone. You *can't* be alone, no matter what you do. That's the secret of happiness, of doing things well, of everything." He held out his hand again. "Come on, Maggie," he said.

She got to her feet and stood wavering. But then his right arm was around her waist and his left hand held hers. He said, "All right, now; just relax. Slide your left foot forward, and push with the right. That's it. Now slide the right, and push with your left. Fine! Now once more . . . and again . . . and again . . ."

That was the story she told me, in five minutes or less. Then the lights went out in the big arena, the music

blared, the spotlight caught her as she left me standing on the runway and flashed across the ice on glittering skates to meet the members of the troupe who came spilling out of the other runway. The crowd roared as the rink became a whirling kaleidoscope of colour and rhythm and movement. The greatest ice show on earth, they called it. I suppose it was.

I saw her husband standing in the darkness a few yards away, watching, as he did every night. I moved up and stood beside him.

He gave me a quick smile, but all his attention was out on the ice. "She's wonderful, isn't she," he said—and it was a statement, not a question.

I looked at his face, so eager and proud. A reporter isn't supposed to feel much, but somewhere inside me there was a little, unaccustomed glow.

"Both of you are, Larry," I said. But he wasn't even listening.

Title Deeds

JAMES MICHENER confesses that he has been a jealous man ever since he heard of a Latin-American author who thought up this perfect book title: *Complete Works, and Other Stories.*

—Maurice Dolbier

THROUGH the years a number of books have been brought out which contained only blank pages. In 1929, for example, there appeared—appropriately enough for the year of the Stock Market crash—*What I Know About Wall Street After 14 Years' Experience.*

—Quote

A WOMAN journalist writing a book about her world tour with Eisenhower, says she has the ideal title: *Forgive Us Our Press Passes.*

—Walter Winchell

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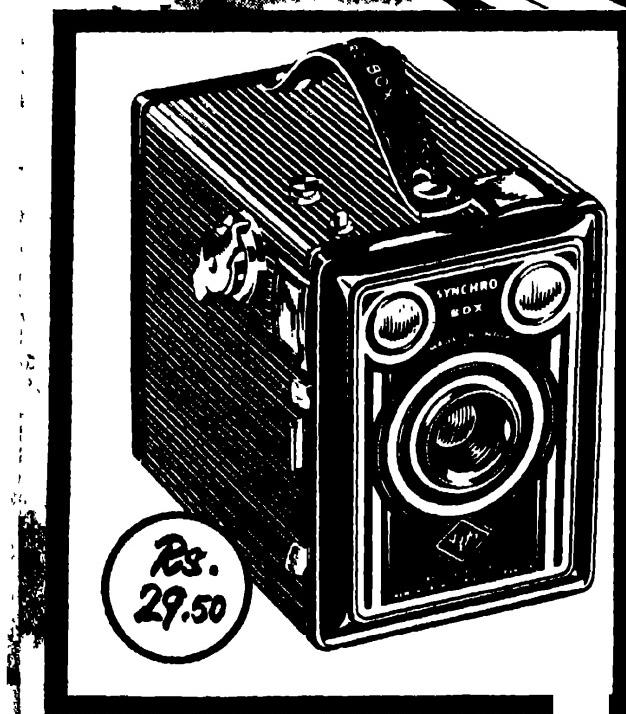
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Personal Glimpses

ERNEST MARPLES, Britain's Minister of Transport, told students at his old school that he once steamed open an envelope containing his report card, even though he knew it was wrong to do so. He said he then found in the attic of his home an old report card of his father's and handed both cards to his father at the same time. He added: "That was the start of my political career." —U.P.I.

LEOPOLD GODOWSKY, the composer, was subject to insomnia. His son, who lived with him until his marriage, was a sound, heavy sleeper. When the father was having a particularly bad night, it was his amiable practice to enter his son's room, shake him vigorously and exclaim, "What's the matter, my poor boy? Can't you sleep either?"

—Bennett Cerf

THE LATE Monsignor Ronald Knox, famous for his translation of the Bible, was revered for his wit as well as his wisdom.

One morning on his way to London from Oxford by train, he sat down next to an elderly lady. Opening his copy of *The Times* to the crossword puzzle, he sat for a few moments staring at it. His companion, perhaps

aware that *The Times* puzzle is reputedly the world's most difficult, asked "Would you like a pencil, Reverend?"

"No, thanks," replied Knox. "Just finished."

—John McAleer

BACK in the '20's, Robert Frost, the poet, arranged a series of readings by various famous poets, including Carl Sandburg. The Chicago poet stayed with the Frosts, and when he retired to his room somebody asked, "What's Carl doing? Preparing for his lecture?"

"No," drawled Frost. "He's standing by his mirror fixing his hair so that it will look as if a comb had never touched it." —Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant

WHEN U.S. Admiral Hyman Rickover met the Soviet Prime Minister, Khrushchev asked, "Are you the admiral who's always talking about preparing for war with Russia?" To which the admiral replied, "Are you the Mr. Khrushchev who's always talking about attacking the United States?"

—Betty Beale

GEORGE Washington Carver, the great Negro scientist, lost his life savings in the crash of an Alabama bank. Told he was 70,000 dollars poorer, Dr. Carver said mildly, "I guess somebody found a use for it. I was not using it myself."

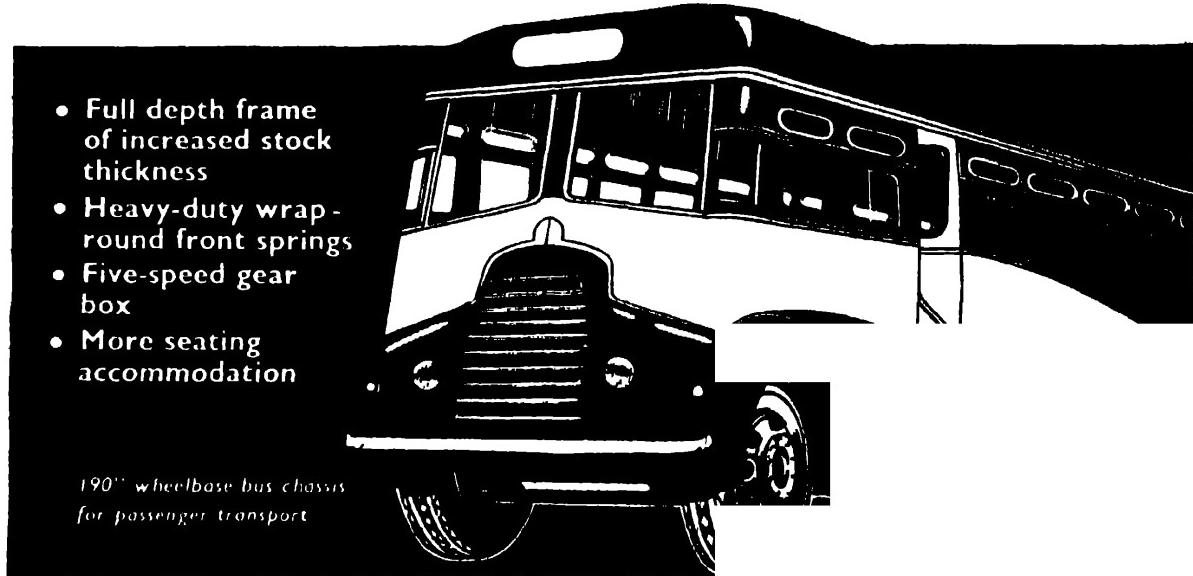
—A. Nicholas

SAM HOUSTON, a lusty Texan here, joined the Baptist Church at the insistence of his third wife. After Houston had been immersed, the preacher said, "Your sins are now all washed away." To which Sam replied, "God help the fish." —Frank Tolbert



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SURVIVAL

*This is the story of a nightmare . . . of a group of men lost at sea when a Japanese destroyer sliced their motor torpedo boat in half. It is also the story of man's indomitable will to live. It was first published in *The Reader's Digest* in September 1944 as a tribute to the courage and sense of responsibility of the boat's young skipper, Lieutenant John Kennedy . . . now President of the United States*

By JOHN HERSEY

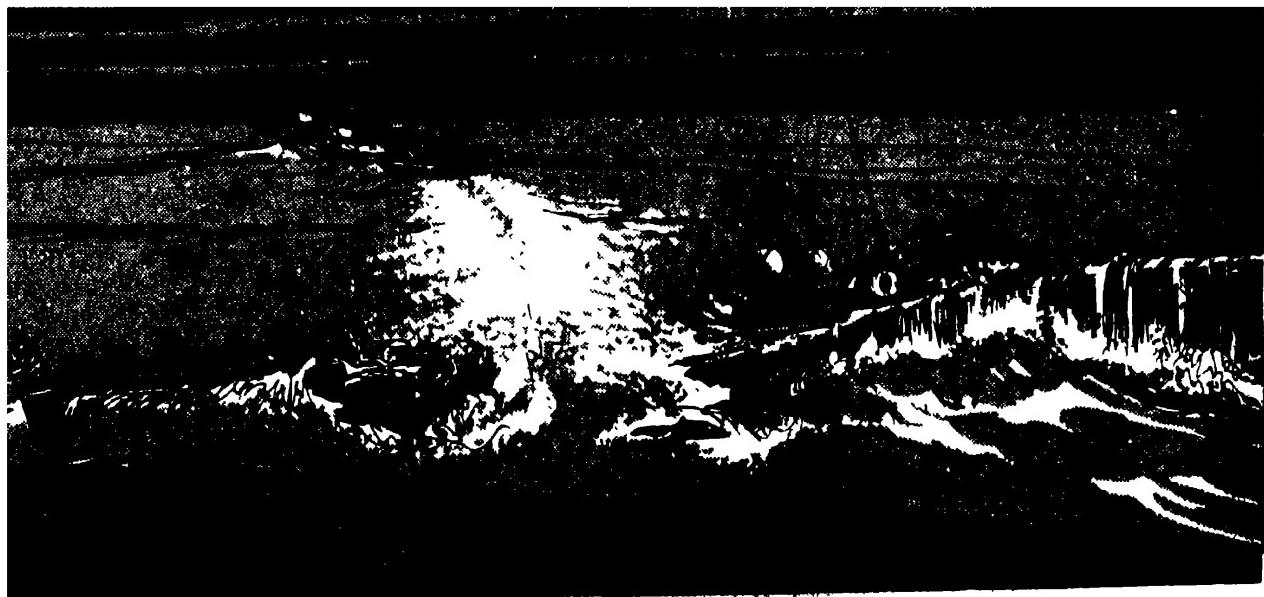
Author of "Into the Valley" and "A Bell for Adano"

MOTOR torpedo boat PT 109 was out one starless night patrolling Blackett Strait in the mid-Solomons. At about 2.30 a.m. the skipper, Lieutenant John Kennedy, was at the wheel and he saw George Ross, up on the bow with binoculars, point into the darkness. The man in the

forward machine-gun turret shouted: "Ship at two o'clock!"

Kennedy saw a shape and spun the wheel to turn for an attack, but the motor torpedo boat, running on only one of her three engines, so as to make a minimum wake and avoid detection from the air, answered too sluggishly. The shape

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Lieutenant John Kennedy

became a Japanese destroyer, cutting through the night at 40 knots and heading straight for the PT 109. All hands froze to their battle stations as the destroyer crashed into the boat and cut her right in two. Kennedy thought, "This is how it feels to be killed." In a moment he found himself on his back on the deck, looking up at the destroyer as it passed through his boat.

Only McMahon, an engineer, was below decks. He was thrown painfully against a bulkhead. A tremendous burst of flame came back at him from some of the fuel tanks. He put his hands over his face, drew his legs up tight, and waited to die. But he felt water hit him after the fire, and he was sucked far downwards as his half of the boat sank. He began to struggle up through the water. Over his head he saw a yellow glow—

petrol burning. He broke the surface and was in fire. He splashed hard to keep a little island of water round him.

Johnston, another engineer, had been asleep on deck. The collision dropped him overboard. The destroyer's turbulent wake took him down, turned him over and over, and thumped on his ribs. The next day his body was black and blue.

The undamaged watertight compartments forward kept Kennedy's half of the boat afloat. The destroyer rushed off into the dark. There was an awful quiet: only the sound of petrol burning.

Kennedy shouted, "Who's aboard?"

Feeble answers came from three seamen, McGuire, Mauer and Albert; and one officer, Thom.

One by one the survivors in the water answered Kennedy's hails: Ross, the third officer; Harris, McMahon, Johnston, Zinsser, Starkey, seamen. Two did not answer: Kirksey and Marney, seamen.

Harris shouted from the darkness, "Mr. Kennedy! Mr. Kennedy! McMahon is badly hurt."

Kennedy, who had been in the Harvard University swimming team five years before, dived in and swam to McMahon and Harris, a hundred yards away, and then took McMahon in tow and headed for the boat. A gentle breeze kept blowing it away from the swimmers. It took 45 minutes to make what had been an easy hundred yards. On the

Now!

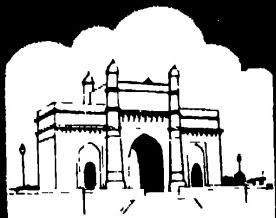
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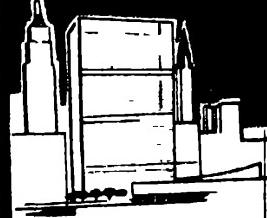
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way Harris, who had hurt his leg, said, "I can't go any farther." Kennedy said to Harris, a fellow Bostonian, "For a guy from Boston you're certainly putting up a great exhibition, Harris." Harris complained no more and he got to the hull. Then Kennedy swam from man to man, to see how they were doing. All were wearing life-jackets. Those who couldn't swim had to be towed back to the wreck by those who could. It took nearly three hours to get everyone aboard.

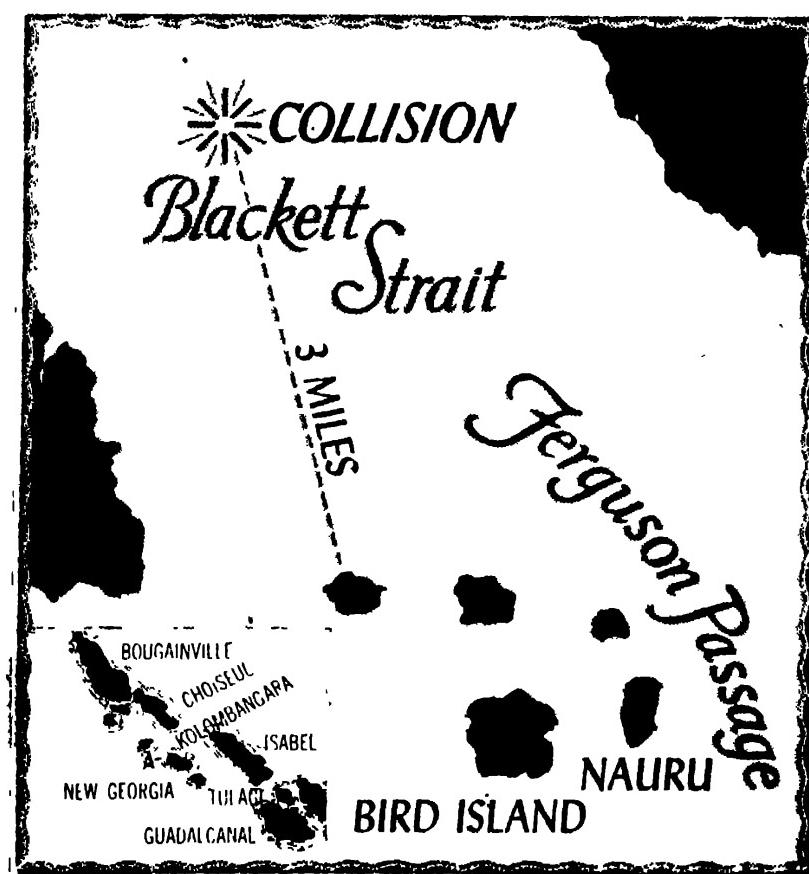
The men stretched out on the tilted deck. Some collapsed into sleep. The others talked about how wonderful it was to be alive.

When it got light the men saw, three miles to the north-east, the

monumental cone of Kolombangara Island; there, they knew, 10,000 Japanese swarmed. To the west, five miles away, they saw Vella Lavella; more Japs. To the south, only a mile or so away, they could actually see a Japanese camp on Gizo. Kennedy ordered his men to keep low so that no moving silhouettes would show against the sky. The listing hulk was gurgling and gradually settling.

McMahon, horribly burned, and Johnston, who coughed continually from petrol fumes that had got into his lungs, had to have room to lie down. Kennedy ordered the other men into the water, and went in himself. All morning they clung to the hulk. They cursed war in general and motor torpedo boats in particular. At about ten o'clock the hulk heaved a moist sigh and turned turtle. McMahon and Johnston had to hang on as best they could.

It was clear that the remains of the boat would soon sink. Kennedy said, "We will swim to that small island," pointing to one of a group three miles to the south-east. "We have less chance of making it than some of these other islands here, but



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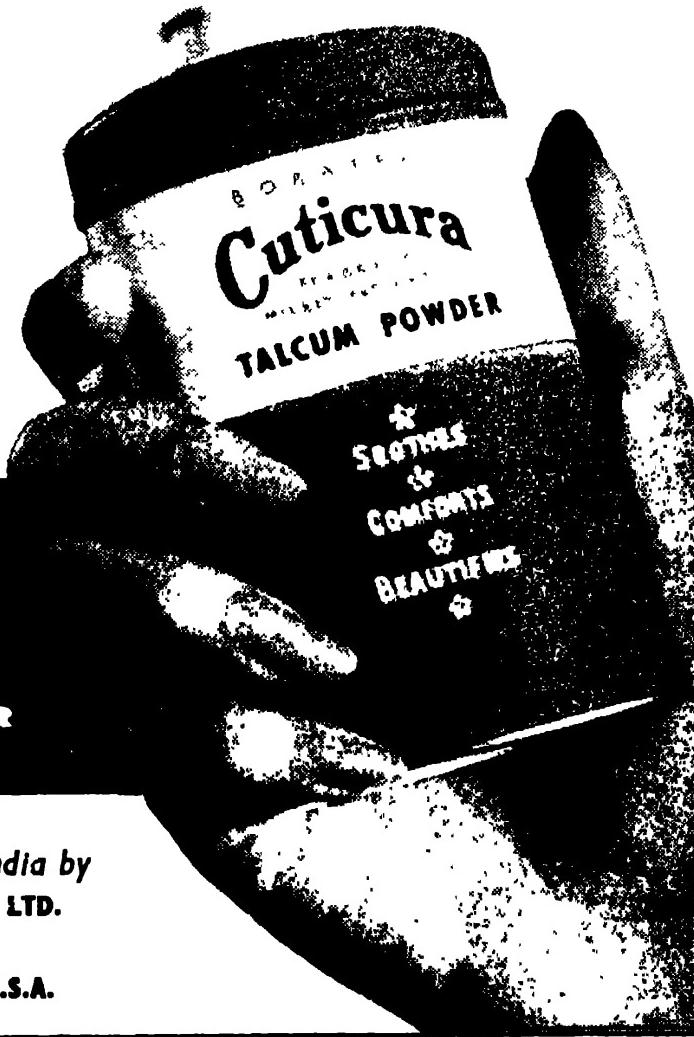
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there'll be less chance of Japs, too." Those who could not swim well grouped themselves around a long timber which had been knocked loose by the collision. They tied several pairs of shoes to it, as well as the ship's lantern wrapped in a life-jacket to keep it afloat.

Kennedy took one end of a long strap on McMahon's Mae West in his teeth and swam breast stroke, towing the helpless man. The salt water lapped into his mouth through his clenched teeth, and he swallowed a lot.

It took five hours to reach the island. It was only a hundred yards in diameter. Kennedy lay down, exhausted. He had been in the sea, except for short intervals on the hulk, for 15½ hours. His stomach was heavy with the salt water he had swallowed. But he kept thinking. Every night for several nights, on their way to action, the torpedo boats had cut through Ferguson Passage. It was just beyond the next little island. Perhaps . . .

He stood up. He took a pair of shoes, put a rubber lifebelt round his waist, hung a .38 revolver round his neck on a lanyard. He took his trousers off. He picked up the ship's lantern, a heavy battery affair, still wrapped in the life-jacket. He said, "If I find a boat, I'll flash the lantern twice. The password will be 'Roger,' the answer will be 'Willco.'"

It took Kennedy half an hour to swim to the reef round the next

island. Now it was dark. He blundered along the uneven reef in water up to his waist, making his way like a slow-motion drunk, hugging the lantern. He cut his shins and ankles on sharp coral. At about nine o'clock he came to the end of the reef, alongside Ferguson Passage. He took his shoes off and tied them to the life-jacket, then struck out into open water. He swam for about an hour, until he felt he was far enough out to intercept the torpedo boats. Treading water, getting chilled, waiting, holding the lamp, he listened for the muffled roar of motors.

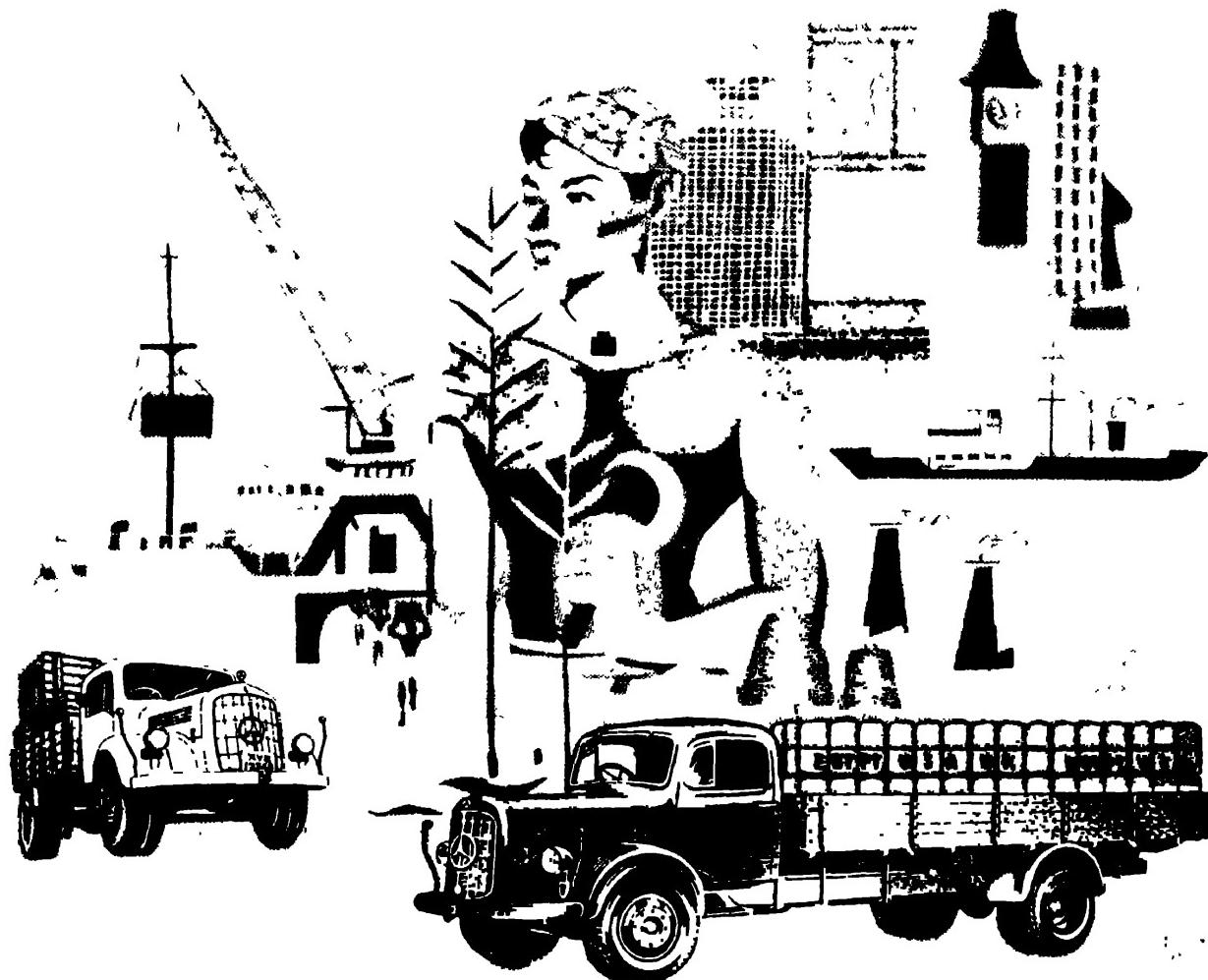
He looked west and saw flares and the false gaiety of an action beyond Gizo, ten miles away. Kennedy realized that the boats had chosen, for the first night in many, to go round Gizo instead of through Ferguson Passage. There was no hope.

Kennedy started back. But this swim was different. He was very tired and now the current was running fast, carrying him to the right. He saw that he could not make the island, so he flashed the light once and shouted "Roger! Roger!" to identify himself.

The men saw the light and heard the shouts. They thought that Kennedy had found a boat. They walked out on to the reef, and waited. They waited a long time, but they saw nothing except phosphorescence, and heard nothing but the sound of waves.

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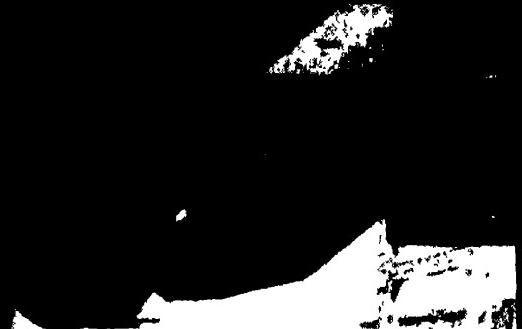
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They went back, very discouraged. One said despairingly, "We're going to die."

Johnston said, "Aw, shut up. You can't die. Only the good die young."

Kennedy had drifted right by the little island. He thought he had never known such deep trouble, but something he did shows that unconsciously he had not given up hope. He dropped his shoes, but he held on to the heavy lantern, his symbol of contact with his fellows. He stopped trying to swim. He seemed to stop caring. His body drifted through the wet hours, and he was very cold. Darkness and time took the place of a mind in his skull. For a long time he slept, or was mad, or floated in a chill trance.

The tide shoves and sucks through the Solomon Islands and makes the currents curl in queer patterns. Jack Kennedy drifted in a huge circle—west past Gizo, then north and east past Kolombangara, then south. When light came at about six, he saw that he was in Ferguson Passage, exactly where he had been the night before when he saw the flares beyond Gizo. For a second time he started back. He thought for a while that he had lost his mind and that he only imagined that he was repeating his attempt to reach the island. But the chill of the water was real enough, and his progress was measurable. This time he got to the island and crawled up on the beach. He was vomiting when his men came up to him. He

said, "Ross, you try it tonight." Then he passed out.

In the afternoon, Ross swam across to Island B. He took a pistol to signal with, and spent the night watching Ferguson Passage. Nothing came through.

The next morning everyone felt wretched. Some prayed. Johnston said, "You guys make me sore. You haven't been to church for ten years, then all of a sudden you're in trouble and you see the light."

When Ross came back, Kennedy decided that the group should move to a larger island to the south-east, where there seemed to be more coconut trees and where the party would be nearer Ferguson Passage. Again he towed McMahon, with the strap in his teeth, and the nine others grouped themselves round the timber. The swim took three hours.

The men were suffering most from thirst, and they broke open some coconuts lying on the ground and avidly drank the milk. Kennedy and McMahon, the first to drink, were sickened, and the others drank sparingly. During the night it rained, and someone suggested moving into the undergrowth and licking water off the leaves. In the morning they saw that all the leaves were covered with droppings. Bitterly they named the place Bird Island.

On this fourth day the men were depressed. McGuire had a rosary and Johnston said, "McGuire, give that necklace a working over."

McGuire said quietly, "Yes, I'll take care of all you fellows."

Kennedy was still unwilling to admit that things were hopeless. He asked Ross if he would swim with him to an island called Nauru, to the south-east. They were very weak indeed by now, but after an hour's swim they reached it.

They walked painfully across Nauru to the Ferguson Passage side. On the beach they found a box of Japanese sweets and hardtack, a keg of water and a one-man canoe. The two had a wary feast. When night fell, Kennedy took the canoe, and a tin of water from the keg, out into Ferguson Passage. But no torpedo boats came, so he paddled to Bird Island and gave out small rations of hardtack and water.

Before dawn, Kennedy started out in the canoe to rejoin Ross, but a wind rose and the canoe was swamped. Some natives appeared from nowhere in a canoe, rescued Kennedy, and took him to Nauru. They showed him where a two-man canoe was hidden. Kennedy picked up a coconut with a smooth shell and scratched a message on it with a jack-knife: "ELEVEN ALIVE NATIVE KNOWS POSIT AND REEFS NAURU ISLAND KENNEDY." Then he said to the natives, "Rendova, Rendova"—the island where the torpedo-boat base was located.

The natives seemed to understand. Taking the coconut, they paddled off.

Ross and Kennedy lay in a sickly

daze all day. When it got dark, conscience took hold of Kennedy and he persuaded Ross to go out into Ferguson Passage with him in the two-man canoe. Ross argued against it. Kennedy insisted. The two started out. As they got into the Passage the wind rose. The waves grew until they were five or six feet high and eventually they swamped the dugout. The two clung to it, Kennedy at the bow, Ross at the stern. The tide carried them towards the open sea, so they kicked and tugged the canoe, aiming for the island. They struggled like that for two hours.

The weather got worse; rain poured down and they couldn't see more than ten feet. Kennedy shouted, "Sorry I got you out here, George!" Ross shouted back, "This would be a great time to say I told you so, but I won't!"

They saw a white line ahead and heard a frightening roar—waves crashing on a reef. It was too late to do anything except hang on and wait.

A wave broke Kennedy's hold, ripped him away from the canoe and turned him head over heels. His ears roared, his eyes spun round, and for the third time since the collision he thought he was dying. Somehow he was not thrown against the coral but floated into a kind of eddy. Suddenly he felt the reef under his feet. He shouted "George!" There was no reply. Kennedy remembered how he had

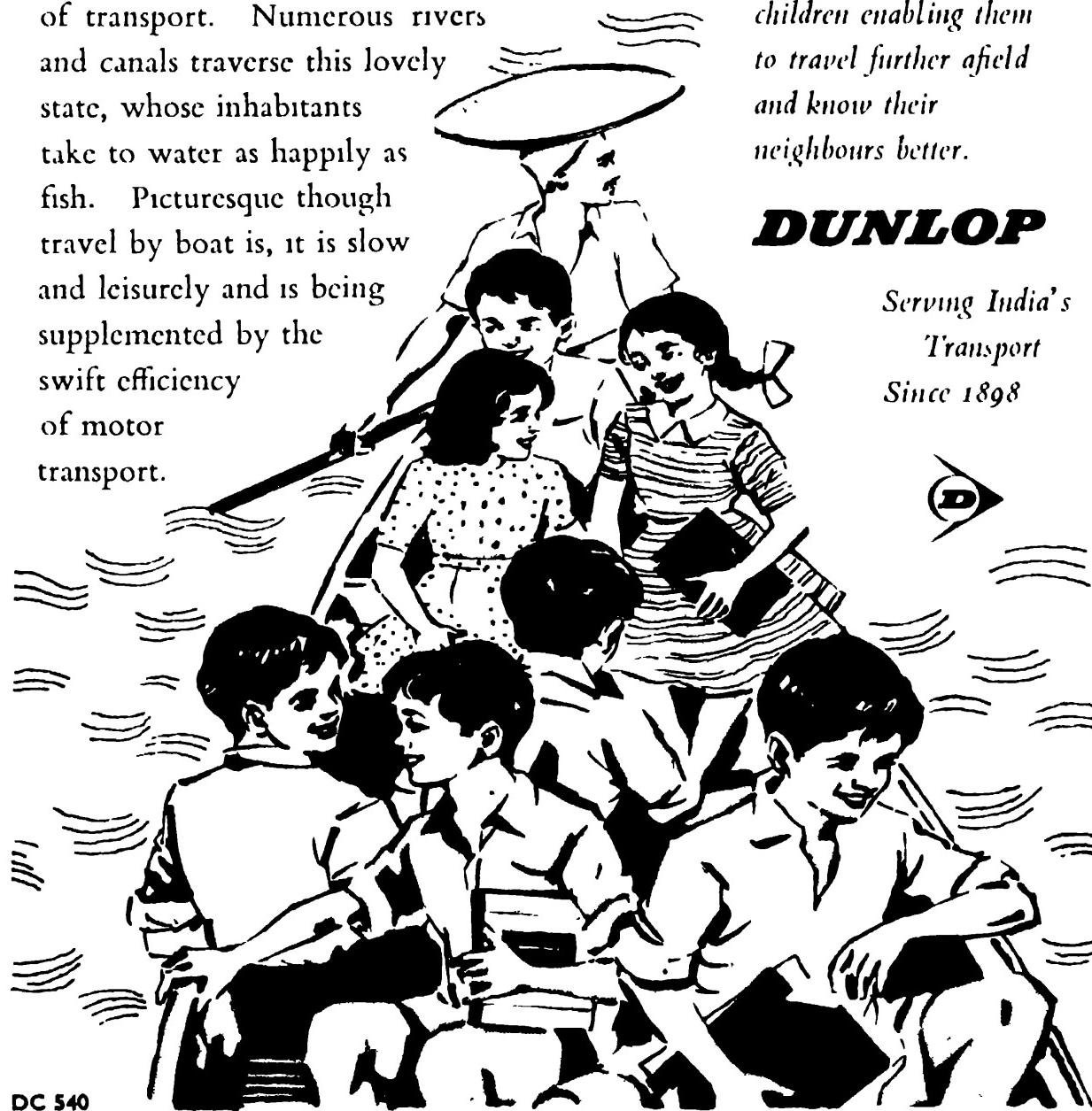


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insisted on going out in the canoe, and again called, "George!" This time Ross answered. He, too, had been thrown on the reef. His right arm and shoulder had been cruelly lacerated and his feet, already infected from earlier wounds, were cut even more.

They struggled to the beach, fell down and slept. In the morning they were awakened by a noise. They looked up and saw four husky natives. One said in an excellent English accent, "I have a letter for you, sir." Kennedy tore the note open. It said :

"On His Majesty's Service. To the Senior Officer, Nauru Island. I have just learnt of your presence on Nauru Is. I am in command of a New Zealand infantry patrol operating on New Georgia. I strongly advise that you come with these natives to me. Meanwhile I shall be in radio communication with your authorities at Rendova, and we can finalize plans to collect balance of your party. Lt. Wincote."

Everyone shook hands and the four natives took Ross and Kennedy in their war canoe across to Bird Island to tell the others the good news. There the natives built a lean-to for McMahon, whose burns had begun to rot and stink, and for Ross, whose arm had swelled to the size of a thigh. Then they put Kennedy in the bottom of their canoe, covered him with sacking and palm fronds in case Japanese planes should buzz them, and made the

long trip to New Georgia. Lieutenant Wincote came to the water's edge and said formally, "How do you do. Lieutenant Wincote."

Kennedy said, "Hello. I'm Kennedy."

Wincote said, "Come up to my tent and have a cup of tea."

That night Kennedy sat in the war canoe waiting at a rendezvous arranged by radio with the torpedo-boat base. The moon went down at 11.20. Shortly afterwards Kennedy heard the signal—four shots. He fired four answering shots.

A voice shouted, "Hey, Jack!"

Kennedy answered, "Where the hell have you been?"

A boat came alongside. Kennedy jumped on to it and hugged the men aboard.

The boat picked up the men on Bird Island and roared back towards base. The squadron medical orderly had sent some brandy along to revive the weakened men. Johnston felt the need of a little revival. In fact, he felt he needed quite a bit of revival. After taking care of that, he retired to the deck and sat with his arms around a couple of roly-poly, mission-trained natives. And in the fresh breeze on the way home they sang together a hymn all three happened to know :

Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong.
Yes, Jesus loves me; yes, Jesus
loves me . . .

Smoking Etiquette...No. 3



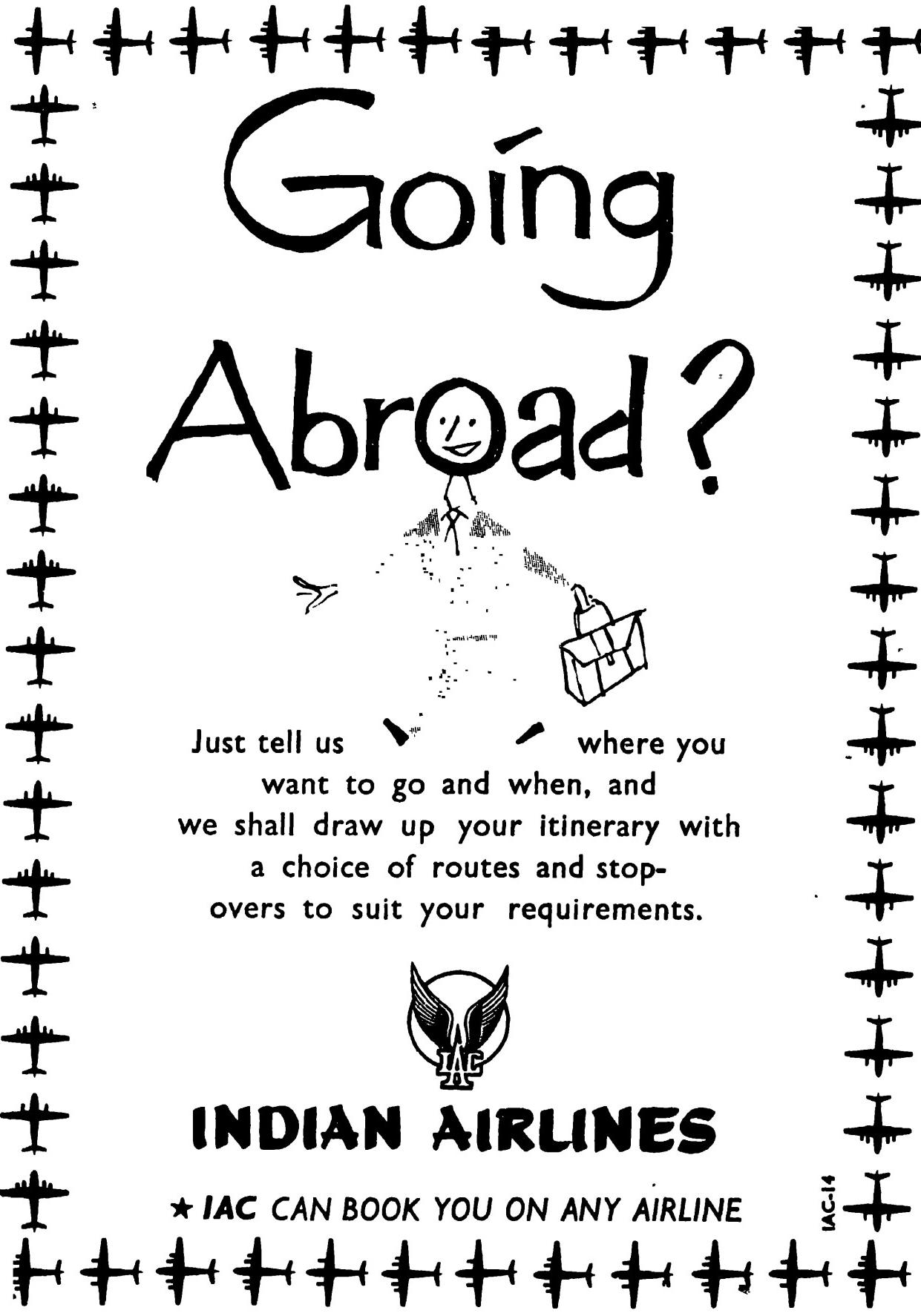
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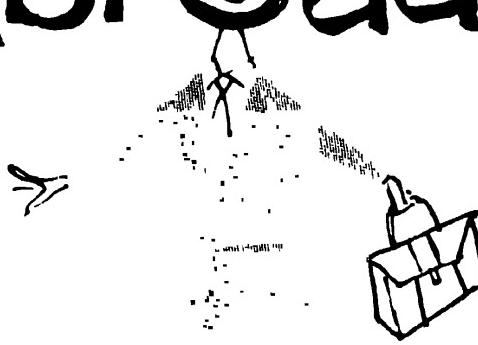


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Facts About Your Headaches

BY LIN ROOT

IF YOU ARE one of those unfortunates who suffer from recurring headaches, you've probably blamed them on everything from astigmatism to low barometric pressure. "I should never have read so late last night." Or, "Why did I eat that lobster salad?" Or, "Why didn't I take a laxative?"

These usually spurious reasons seem to make sense to the sufferers and, for some, they comfortably mask the deeper dread of brain

tumour. But experts now believe that practically all chronic headaches are traceable either to dilated blood-vessels in the head or to the effects of muscle tension or to a combination of both. Most headaches are part of the response to emotional or physiological stress, which you can do much to control.

A major advance in pin-pointing the cause of most recurring headaches has come from the work of Dr. Harold Wolff, professor of

medicine at Cornell University Medical College in the United States. Pioneers in headache research, Dr. Wolff and his associates—not the least of whom were the patients who co-operated—staked out, like surveyors, pain areas in the head and produced or reduced head pains at will.

During surgery for intracranial disorders, patients permitted the insertion and inflation of tiny balloons in brain spaces, electrical stimulation and other manipulation of blood-vessels and various parts of the brain, then reported the site and nature of the resulting sensations.

Next, Dr. Wolff turned to the chemical front. Drugs called vasodilators, injected into volunteer subjects, produced headaches where none had been before. Nature, Dr. Wolff concluded, makes its headaches the same way—by the vasodilation that you see in bloodshot eyes, swollen nasal passages and distended arteries standing out on the temple.

On the basis of extensive investigations, Dr. Wolff stated that, numerically, "tumours, infections and structural anomalies of the eyes and air spaces in the head constitute a small proportion of the causes of headache. Somewhat less than three out of 100 of the most troublesome headache cases selected at random would fall into this group."

All the rest are vascular or muscle-tension headaches.

While arterial hypertension, cerebral arteriosclerosis and other organic troubles are responsible for a small percentage of vascular headaches, more than 90 per cent occur in a setting of emotional stress, says Dr. Wolff. He has been able to induce the pain of headache and the clinical picture of measurable vasodilation by introducing to patients distasteful topics that act as emotional tinder. This means, to put it bluntly, that you yourself probably bring on most of your own headaches.

Worst of the torments in the headache realm is migraine, which the Greeks called *hemikrania*—half-a-head—because the pain rages on one side only, usually radiating from the eye. Migraine evolves through three distinct blood-vessel changes: (1) Constriction, which produces warning signals ranging from vague numbness or tingling sensation to "shooting stars" and blind spots. (2) Dilatation, which results in pounding pain, nausea and shivering. (Associated with this stage is the presence in the tissues of a chemical factor called neurokinin, which greatly increases sensitivity to pain.) (3) Finally, there is a seepage of fluid into vessel walls, making them hard, pipe-like and sore; the pain is continuous, lasting from hours to days.

Research has shown that migraine has a predilection for the educated and intelligent. One specialist describes migrainous types as "usually

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perfectionists who want everything done just so and exactly on time." The tendency to migraine is inherited, often reinforced by environment and insistence on inflexibly high standards.

Routine tension headaches, as contrasted with the complex of symptoms represented by migraine, usually start in the back of the neck or base of the skull, spreading to localize anywhere—back, front, side—or even to encircle the head like a vice. Often postural tension sets off this headache. Book-keepers, typists and students bend over books too long; drivers stare intently at the road during too long a turn at the wheel. Although the individual is unaware of it, head and neck muscles become rigid, go into spasm. With sustained contraction comes constriction of the blood-vessels and their network of nerves. Decreased circulation adds to the pain of the muscle spasm. The headache begins.

The tension headache seems entirely physical in origin. But why does Betty get it and not Jane—Bill and not John? Because the tense ones hurl themselves with taut nerves and muscles at the columns of figures, the pages of shorthand, the homework, the road ahead. As Dr. Arnold Friedman, founder of the 15-year-old Headache Research Unit at New York's Montefiore Hospital, says, "The way a person walks (shoulders and neck hunched) or talks (head craning

forward or held stiffly to one side) or sleeps (curled up tightly) projects the psychological and emotional tension of his personality."

Thus, whether it is a migraine or tension headache, the villain is the same: *emotional stress*. The most common species of headache may seem to be traceable to physical causes—hunger, exhaustion, eye-strain or glare, poor ventilation, hangover, for example. More often than not, however, it results from a combination of physical discomfort and emotional tension. One person reacts to a too-bright light by developing a headache—another adjusts himself to the light. After drinking, one person may acquire a headache through guilt feelings or possibly tension-bearing encounters with his companions—another goes to work next morning clear-eyed and clear-headed. Psychological make-up often spells the difference, for while alcohol causes blood-vessels to dilate, hangover appears well after this immediate effect has subsided.

For the doctor, modern headache therapy has a short-range and a long-range goal: short-range, to treat the individual attack; long-range, to diminish the frequency and severity of the attacks. In migraine, the most effective treatment for an individual attack is one or another of the derivatives of ergot, a potent vaso-constrictor which acts on the smooth muscles of the blood-vessels, reducing pulsation.

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At the Montefiore Headache Unit, doctors have also been working with a lysergic acid compound called Methysergide to bring acute migraine attacks under control. Treating over 200 sufferers, they report an encouraging rate of effectiveness.

In tension headaches, less localized than migraine, treatment of the single attack is aimed at relaxing contracted muscles and lessening sensibility to pain. Heat lamps, hot packs, half-hour soaks in water just above body temperature, massage plus analgesics (from aspirin upwards) and even tranquillizers are among the most effective measures.

But the big pay-off in the scientific understanding of headaches has come in treatment of the patient himself. While drugs and physical therapy may relieve or control the attack, the basic aim of doctors is to help the patient discover what he *is doing to himself* that brings on his headaches. An important factor here is the relationship between doctor and patient. By talking over his problems with his doctor, the patient can gain a greater understanding of the situations that produce his tensions.

Thousands of sufferers have experienced relief once they *recognized* the headache as a "cease and desist" order for their way of life—and obeyed the order. Does this

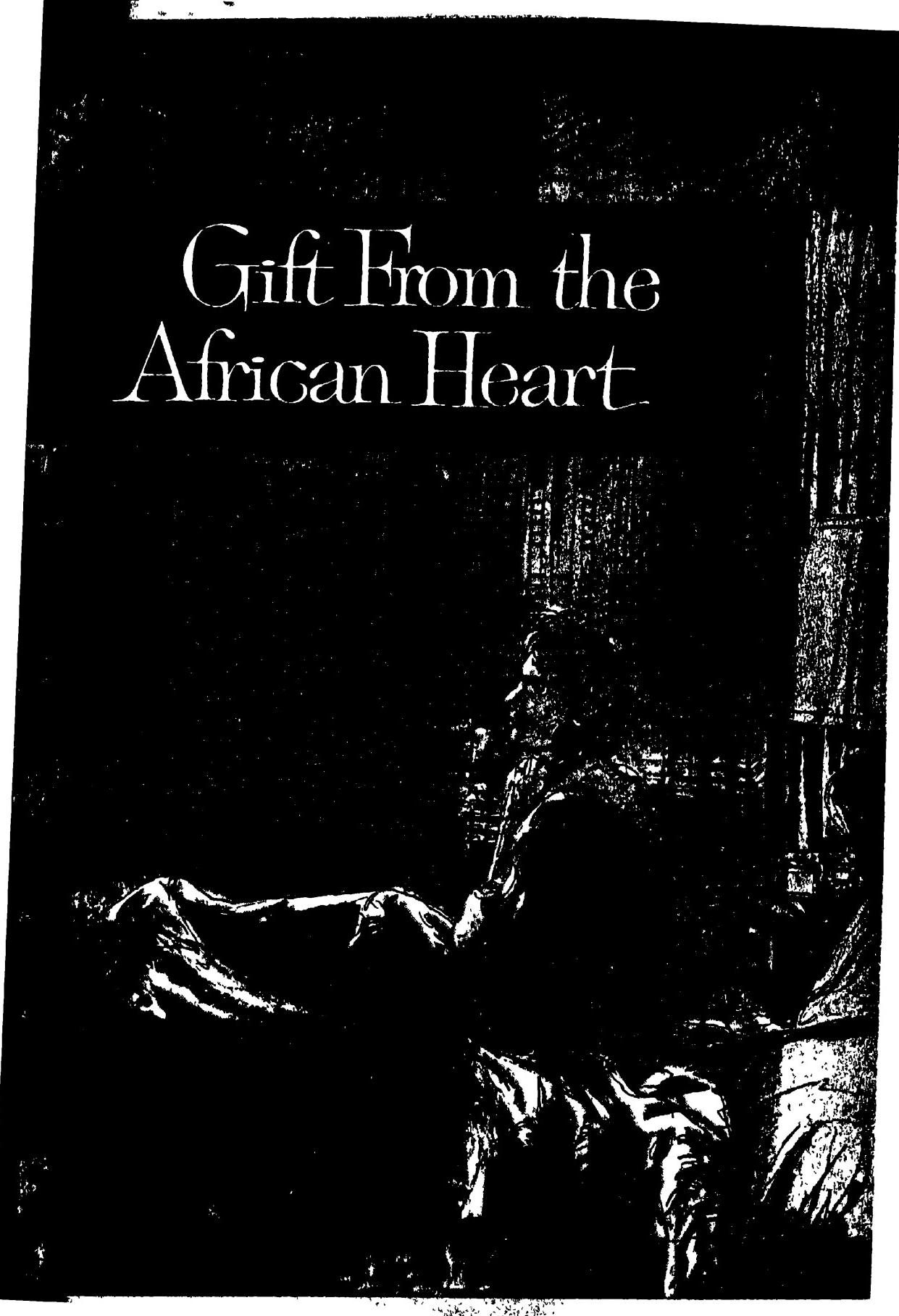
mean that to exclude pain you must live within boundaries that exclude the fullness of life itself? No, indeed! When you learn the cause and effect of your behaviour you stop wasting energy. As one career woman put it: "Once you've charted your boundaries, they, inconsistently enough, begin to expand. You find you can do more because you have yourself under control."

Dr. Wolff and Dr. Robert Marcusen, his colleague at Cornell University Medical College, have drawn up a few basic rules under the heading, How Can Headaches Be Cured? Their principal suggestions are these:

1. Learn to be less fussy about minor details in the day's work.
2. Everyone has days when he feels tired and irritable. Attempting to drive yourself to do as much on these days as on "energetic, vigorous" days results in much fatigue, tension and headache.
3. Avoid, as much as possible, needless, useless worry.
4. If you feel frequent resentment, anxiety or disappointment, modify your standards. It is essential to get satisfaction out of what you *can* have and *can* do.

In short, all headaches can be useful lessons in sensible living. The more we heed their warnings, the less frequent and the less painful they will be.

*M*AN, TEACHING WIFE to drive: "Go on green, stop on red, slow down when I turn white." M.



Gift From the African Heart

The plane was overdue at Roberts Field, Liberia. The people in the tower knew it was still aloft somewhere in the rainy night, for from their radio came the pilot's crackling voice: "This is Flight 151. Do you receive us?"

The tower operator answered. But something was wrong, for the pilot kept repeating, "Do you receive us? Do you receive . . . ?" And slowly the call grew weaker until it faded out completely. Then there was silence.

What had happened? How? And why? These were the questions which first haunted Elizabeth Bowne, whose husband was a pilot aboard the plane. And as each question was answered, there yet remained another—unanswered, unspoken, mysterious. Here in a vivid, moving, personal account she tells of her trip into the heart of Africa, where lay the key to this deeper mystery.

GIFT FROM THE AFRICAN HEART



HEN THE phone rang early that morning I reached for it sleepily and murmured a reluctant "Hello."

"Mrs. Frank Bowne?" a man's voice asked.

"Yes," I replied, still not awake.

The man spoke rapidly, giving his name and identifying himself as an airline official. "Your husband is one of our pilots on Flight 151, which is *en route* from Johannesburg to New York." For a second the man stopped speaking. He seemed to be clearing his throat.

"That flight is missing somewhere over the west coast of Africa. They last reported to the tower at Roberts Field, Liberia, where they were scheduled to land last night." He paused, then added crisply,

"That's all we know. I'm sorry. We will call you when we have more information." The phone clicked.

My hand shook as I replaced the receiver. The man had said the plane was missing over the coast. Then it must have ditched in the sea. Frantically I tried to remember what Frank had told me about ditching procedures. He knew them well. And he was always calm in an emergency.

His photograph was smiling at me from my dressing-table. The picture had been taken seven years before, during the war. How handsome he had looked in his air force uniform, tall with brown hair and vivid blue eyes, his strong features accented by his officer's cap.

As a young bride I had suffered

torments in those days whenever he took up a plane. At first he had laughed at my fears, but then he had insisted I should take flying lessons myself, and this had opened up an exciting new world to me. We had both been pleased when Frank accepted the job with a transatlantic airline after the war, for by then I agreed with him about the safety of air travel. Besides, on each of our holidays we were able to explore the exciting places which were becoming routine to him—Stockholm, Copenhagen, Paris, London, Lisbon and many others.

But Africa . . . I had flown with him over part of Africa only once, and the coast of Liberia was only a spot on a map to me.

I got out of bed, grasped the walnut-framed picture and looked intently at his face. Certainly he was safe, he would come back. His gentle eyes reassured me.

We had so many things to look forward to. The final blueprints for the home which we planned to build in Stony Brook, Long Island, lay on our bedside table. We would sign the contract as soon as he got back.

The shrill ring of the phone startled me. It was a reporter asking for a photograph of my husband and information about . . .

"No . . . no, no. I can't tell you anything."

I hung up in a panic and threw myself across the bed. I seized the pillow and clung to it, trembling.

"O God," I pleaded, "please be with Frank."

My faith was strong, as it had always been, for religion was an important part of my life. But no matter how tightly I clutched the pillow or how fervently I prayed, I couldn't stop trembling. Suddenly I wondered if my prayers alone would be enough. On an impulse, I called our new minister.

"Mr. Miles," I began. "This is Mrs. Bowne. You don't know me, but I go to your church. I called on your wife yesterday."

"Oh yes, of course."

In a quavering voice I told him about my husband. "Please," I said, trying not to break down, "will you come and pray with me?"

"I'll be right over," he said.

When I opened the door to him a few minutes later the young minister with his crew cut looked like a college boy.

"Mrs. Bowne," he said awkwardly, "I'm sorry. I want to do whatever I can. Shall we pray?"

I nodded and we knelt down on the dark green carpet.

"Our Heavenly Father, we ask Your presence with us in this time of trial," his steady voice began. He asked Him to bring Frank back safely and to give me courage, and as he prayed the firmness of his faith gave me strength. Somehow I knew God would bring Frank back alive.

But when the minister left I found myself again becoming weak,

giving way to the gnawing fears, the throbbing of mind and body, the awful suspense. Suppose Frank was already dead—right now. Suppose it was too late to hope or pray.

Suddenly an image loomed large in my mind, blocking out every other thought . . .

A hill. I pictured the plane coming down at night straight towards a hill.

A Message From Sanoyea

I had to know. I dialled my friend Marie, who lived only a short distance away. Her husband, Jerry, was also a pilot on the New York-Johannesburg run.

"Marie, is Jerry there?"

"Yes, he's just woken up."

"Ask him . . . are there any hills near Roberts Field, Liberia?"

She muttered in surprise, then there was a pause while she called to her husband.

Her voice came back. "There are a few small ones, he says, no higher than 1,200 feet. But for heaven's sake, Betty, why——".

"Frank's flight is missing."

There was a stunned silence. "We'll be over right away," she said.

Marie arrived first, quite breathless. "Jerry said not to worry. If they're down in coastal waters they'll be picked up in no time." She spoke almost too brightly. "Now have you had any coffee?"

I stared at her for a moment. "I don't drink coffee," I said.

"Well, you ought to have something." She disappeared into the kitchen.

Then Jerry came, his sports shirt open at the neck, his manner reassuring. "There's no need to worry yet," he said. "I'm sure they must have ditched in the ocean. Those hills are 50 miles off course." He sat down and spread out a chart. "This is the route we follow from Johannesburg," he said. "It's almost a straight line over the jungle until we get to Cape Palmas, here, the southernmost tip of coastal Liberia."

He talked about radio beacons, range finders and approach procedures, and my suspense began to ease as I thought only of the technical possibilities.

The morning passed, and with the afternoon came friends bringing food and flowers. Pilots' wives I scarcely knew phoned. Everyone wanted to help. But there was nothing to do except wait and pray. There was no further word from the airline.

Suddenly in the midst of the confusion I felt dizzy, sick, hot and then cold. I hurried to the bedroom and cried out for Marie.

She rushed into the room. "I haven't told anyone," I said, leaning against the door, "but . . . I'm expecting a baby."

"Heavens!" she gasped. "You'd better lie down. I'll get in touch with your doctor."

"Don't tell the others," I said. "I can't think about it now."

I lay back in a daze, barely aware of the constant coming and going.

Late that night the house became quiet, but I slept little. And next day the nightmare of waiting went on until late in the afternoon. Then Jerry rushed into the bedroom.

"One of the search planes has spotted the wreckage," he said excitedly. "It's about 50 miles inland from the coast."

"Oh, Jerry," I wailed, "not near those hills!"

"I don't know," he said, "but the pilot of the search plane saw people moving about. He's almost certain there are survivors. The spot's very remote, but they're organizing a search team to go into the jungle after them."

My heart surged. Frank was safe. Thank you, dear God.

I remembered something that had happened the night before Frank's plane was reported missing. I had been looking at fabric samples for our new home. Then, just as if somebody had put a cold hand on my back, I had started to shiver. I had felt I must cry. I had looked at the clock—it was 11.30.

Was that when it had happened? Had Frank been trying to send me a message? Did things like that really occur?

"Do they know what time the plane went down?" I asked.

"The tower operator said he lost contact with the flight about 3.30 that night. That's 11.30 here."

"Oh no!" I cried. My foreboding

must be wrong. There were survivors and Frank was alive.

But later in the day a friend of my husband came in and sat down by my bed. His face was haggard and his shoulders sagged.

"The airline has received another report from Roberts Field," he said. "A native runner sent by a missionary had just brought a message."

He spoke so gently that I knew before he said it.

"The plane hit a hill near the village of Sanoyea, Liberia. All 40 on board were killed."

The Struggle For Faith

THE DIM light of morning drifted into my room, and I buried my head under the pillow. Another day.

Two weeks had passed since that fatal June day in 1951, when Frank's plane crashed. Nothing had been real since then. Drifting out in space, severed from everything that had been important to me, I moved in a stupor. But now the last of the friends, the last of the relatives were gone, and I was alone.

I walked quietly through the house. Frank's suits, shirts and ties hung neatly in the wardrobe where he had left them. In the guest room was his brief-case, filled with flight papers he hadn't needed on his last trip. In the bathroom his extra razor and toothbrush waited on a shelf.

I wondered what day of the week it was. It must be Sunday, I thought. Maybe I ought to go to church.

But what good would it do? God

had not cared. I needed God. I wanted desperately to believe. Yet all the time I had believed, had felt His promises, Frank had been lying dead on a hillside.

I went to my bedside table, pulled open the drawer and took out a blue air-mail envelope. It was a letter from Frank, posted from Roberts Field on the trip out. I almost knew it by heart now. It was filled with love and expectation about our baby and our house and plans for the future.

He hadn't wanted to die. He hadn't meant to die. There was no reason for him to die. The room grew darker, and the rain came quickly now, splashing on the roof. Had it rained that night on the hill? Had the rain beat down unmercifully on his face?

I dropped the letter and crumpled on the bed, crying out, "God, why have you deserted me?"

Fixing the Blame

NIGHT after night I had the same dream. Frank had returned from his flight to Africa, and we were sitting at the kitchen table together. Suddenly I saw a look of horror on his face as he tried to tell me how the plane had crashed. But even as I cried out, "Tell me," he disappeared, and I awoke in tears.

The dream became a compulsion. I had to know the reason for the crash. And so I decided to attend the official inquiry in New York, no matter how hard it was to take.

The hearing was held in a large hotel room with rows of seats for spectators and an oval table for the officials. I recognized some of the people there, men who had called on me after the crash. When I arrived the proceedings had started.

"Yes, that's the way it looked," a grey-haired man was saying. "The plane obviously hit almost straight on, about 100 feet from the top of the hill, and broke open like an egg. That apparently resulted in a flash fire. When the villagers from nearby Sanoyea found the wreckage hours later it was still smouldering, although they told us a heavy rain had fallen."

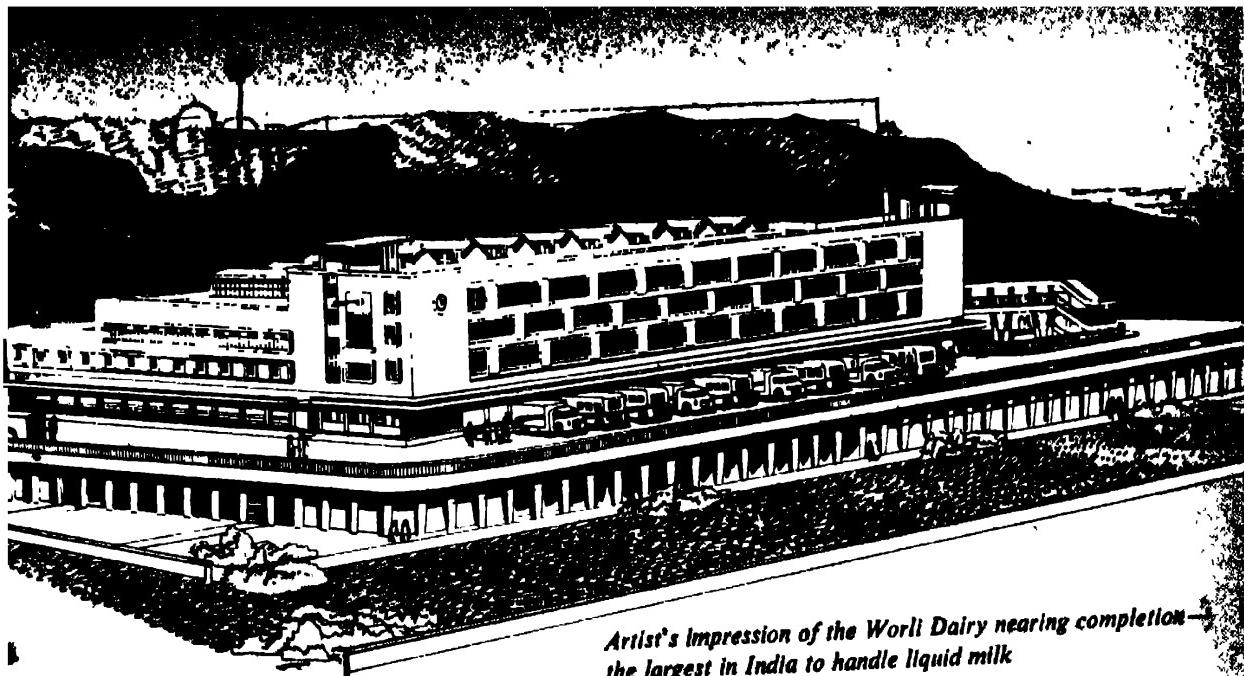
Then there *had* been rain, I thought.

The man's flat, disinterested voice droned on. "The bodies couldn't be identified. Decomposition had set in, and they had to be buried quickly. All the discoverable remains were wrapped in blankets and carried down the hill, and a funeral was held at the mission cemetery in the village."

Then I was startled by a new question. "Was there any rumour in the village of Sanoyea that the plane might be on fire before it crashed?"

The man giving evidence had visited the site of the accident. "Yes, there was such a rumour," he said. "But we found nothing to indicate there was any truth . . ."

Truth? Truth? Where was the truth, I wondered? I heard the rest



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of the hearing in a daze, knowing what the verdict would be.

Later I read the carefully phrased report. By implication it blamed the crew who died. "No malfunctioning of the aircraft prior to the accident," it said. So they thought it was Frank's fault!

As I stood in the hallway just outside the conference room, one of the airline officials came over and introduced a government representative from Liberia. I stared hopefully at the impassive black face, the deep dark eyes. Surely he could tell me *something* more than had come out in the cold and impersonal hearing.

"Please, may I ask you a question?" I said. "If some of the villagers say they saw the plane burning before it crashed, couldn't we trust them?"

The man smiled. "Well, I don't know. I live in Monrovia, the capital on the coast. I've never been back in the bush. I don't know those people."

"But I thought Sanoyea was only 50 miles away," I said.

"That's right, but we have only one main road into the back country, and Sanoyea is 15 miles off this road. Life's a bit primitive back there, I'm afraid. You wouldn't find us coastal people much like those tribal bush folk." He seemed to stand a little taller.

Feeling suddenly weaker, I thought: then it really would be difficult for anyone to go to Sanoyea.

"You don't think then that the

plane might have been burning when it flew over Sanoyea?"

"I thought the report was rather conclusive on that, didn't you?"

"I don't know," I said almost to myself. "I don't really know what to think about anything."

Beginning of a Quest

LATE IN September my sister Louise and her husband, Hugh, returned to New York after being away all the summer. They came to see me immediately, were obviously shocked by my appearance, and insisted that I must no longer live alone. They found a room for me in their block of flats. I spent most of my waking hours in their flat with them and their little daughter Louisa, but every day I grew more and more despondent.

One gloomy afternoon in October I received a letter whose return address made my heart leap. It was from the airline. Could it be that Frank was alive, that he had been found unhurt in the jungle? This hope, which I knew to be foolish, still made me tremble as I tore open the envelope.

Inside there was a note from the president of the airline and with it a copy of a letter addressed to the company. It came from a William Welmers, who described himself as a linguistic expert, and who had once worked in Sanoyea. He spoke warmly of the natives there and of the surrounding "bush country." This was not "filled with savages"



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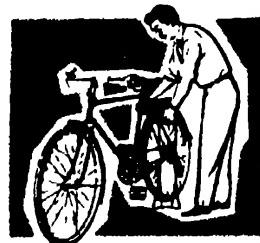
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as the newspapers had claimed. Instead, he described it as being both peaceful and beautiful.

"I hope," he wrote with sympathy, "that this view of the spot where the plane victims lie buried may give some small comfort to those who must still be suffering the loss of their loved ones."

As I read and re-read Welmers's long descriptive letter a strange feeling came over me, as if something deep inside awakened, beckoned. In the land where my husband's body rested, in a remote village called Sanoyea, there was beauty, calmness . . . hope? What was it about that village which seemed to reach out to me?

Impulsively I wrote and told the linguist how his letter had touched me, and thanked him for his kindness. I did not yet know how much this letter would ultimately mean to me. But already I felt a growing need to know more about Sanoyea.

The mission which had buried Frank had headquarters in New York. One day I visited Dr. Herman Gilbert, director of the mission's Liberian work.

"Please," I said, "tell me about the village, the people."

Dr. Gilbert thought for a moment. "They are primitive, you know; they live on rice mostly. They clothe their bodies when they go to church—we encourage that—but otherwise they are usually half naked."

He talked at length about the mission's many problems. He told

me of the paganism and ignorance which prevailed. Twenty-eight tribal languages were spoken there, although English had been adopted as the national language and was taught in the schools.

"Have you any pictures of Sanoyea?" I asked.

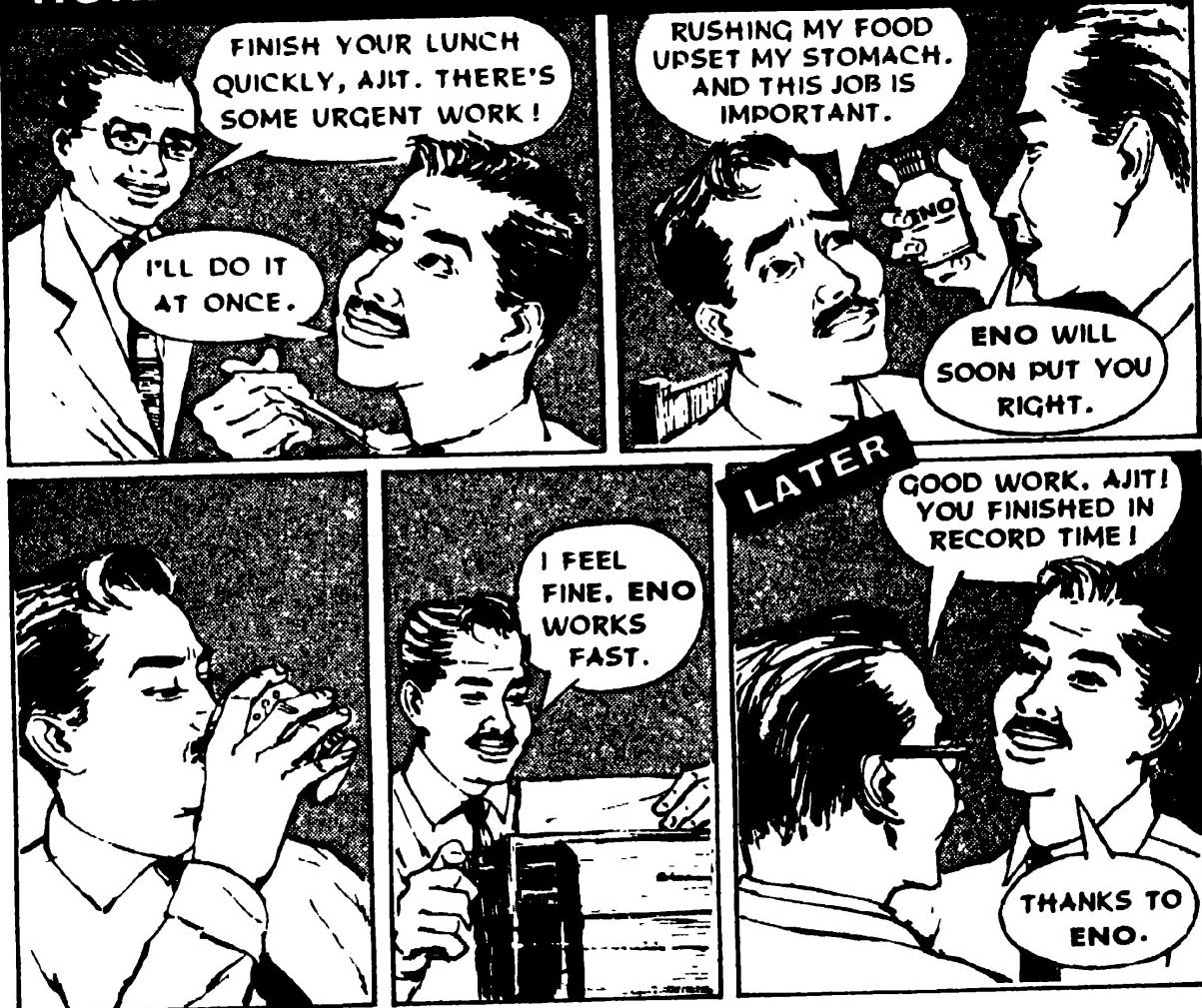
"Not recent ones. It's one of our smaller, less accessible, stations. It has only a church and a school, a nursery for orphans and a small dispensary."

The interview merely whetted my appetite to know more, and I began tramping from one mission office to another. Some unformulated question possessed me, tormented me and drove me on. I did not know what the question was, or how I expected to find an answer to it in Liberia. But I now sought every opportunity to learn more about that country.

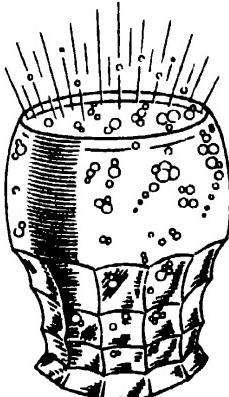
I went to the New York office of the Firestone Rubber Company, which has a plantation near Roberts Field. I saw pictures of neat villages, long rows of green rubber trees, a modern factory, attractive brick houses for the company's personnel. In Washington I called on the African Division of the U.S. Department of State and was told of student exchange programmes, experimental farms and the need for an effective staff.

But whenever I mentioned the possibility of going to Liberia myself, men glanced at my maternity smock and made nervous attempts

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to humour me. Why did I even think of making a trip into the jungle?

One night I began to read a book on Liberian history which the Firestone man had given me. Thousands of slaves, I read, escaping from America before the Civil War, or released after the war, had gone to Liberia, triumphant with freedom and a desire to live a better life in an all-Negro Republic. The president of Liberia was a descendant of former slaves who had emigrated from Georgia. "Georgia," I mused, "slaves from Georgia."

My great-grandfather had owned slaves there, and had farmed 1,000 acres. I had been brought up on his

original plantation. My entire thinking was steeped in the tradition of the old South; racial segregation was a part of my life. And some Liberian villager might be a descendant of a slave who had once lived on our place. It was a deeply disturbing, a frightening thought.

"I Think You Ought to Go"

THE BABY was born in January, a son whom I named Frank. From the start he looked astonishingly like his father.

On a bitterly cold morning nine days later the nurse placed him in my arms at the hospital steps. "Now he's all yours," she said.

Yes, I thought rebelliously, all



'FOUR RAINBOW

says WAHEEDA REHMAN

mine, with no father, and no home to take him to.

Because my rented room was small, the baby's cot had been set up in my sister's bedroom. I knew little Frank and I imposed an extra burden on her and Hugh, and I tried to keep the burden lighter by doing everything I could.

Then one day, while I was folding nappies, Mr. Welmers telephoned.

"From your letter," he said, "you sound especially interested in Liberia. I'd be glad to tell you anything I can about it."

He paused and then went on. "I'm here in New York on business, and I'll be happy to meet you."

That evening Mr. Welmers came

to the flat. He was a tall man with thin brown hair and bright friendly eyes. He took me out to dinner so that we could talk quietly.

"I'm not a missionary," he said when we were settled at the restaurant table, "but I was taken on by the mission board to go to Sano-yea to translate parts of the Bible into the local Kpelle language." He frowned. "Life in that area is very primitive and there are many diseases, but I found it interesting."

"I felt from your letter that there was some beauty, something hopeful there," I groped.

He smiled and answered gently. "Yes," he said, "there *is* something . . . something about the people.

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Some outsiders seem to see it and others apparently miss it completely." He mused for a moment as if wondering how to explain.

I heard myself saying, "I . . . I thought of going to Sanoyea, to see for myself."

"That's a splendid idea," he said warmly. He hesitated, his eyes examining my face. And then in a reassuring tone, almost as if he sensed how much I suffered, he added, "I think you *ought* to go."

We talked on for hours, and my course now became clear. My hitherto wavering conviction became certainty. I still did not know why, but I knew that I *must* go to Liberia.

Mix-up at Roberts Field

ALTHOUGH Louise disapproved of the trip, she was happy to look after the baby while I was gone. Both she and Hugh had come to love little Frank, and three-year-old Louisa now liked to boast that he was her own brother. And as the airline was willing to pay for my passage—a courtesy offered to relatives of all the crash victims—I was on my way within a few weeks.

It was past midnight when we flew over the African coast-line. As I looked at the darkness rushing by, the thought came that we might be over the spot where Frank's plane had crashed.

I put my hands to my face. Against my flushed cheeks my palms felt icy. I shivered.

"Are you all right?" The captain

of the plane touched my shoulder gently. He had known Frank. "We'll start the approach to Roberts Field soon." He studied me for a moment. "The stewardess could get you a drink," he suggested.

I shook my head mutely.

The sign flashed for fastening seat belts. The plane tilted downwards, touched smoothly and rolled to a stop. Behind me I heard a child's sleepy voice. "Where are we? I want to get off and see."

"All right, dear," the mother said, yawning. "But it's only a little place in the jungle."

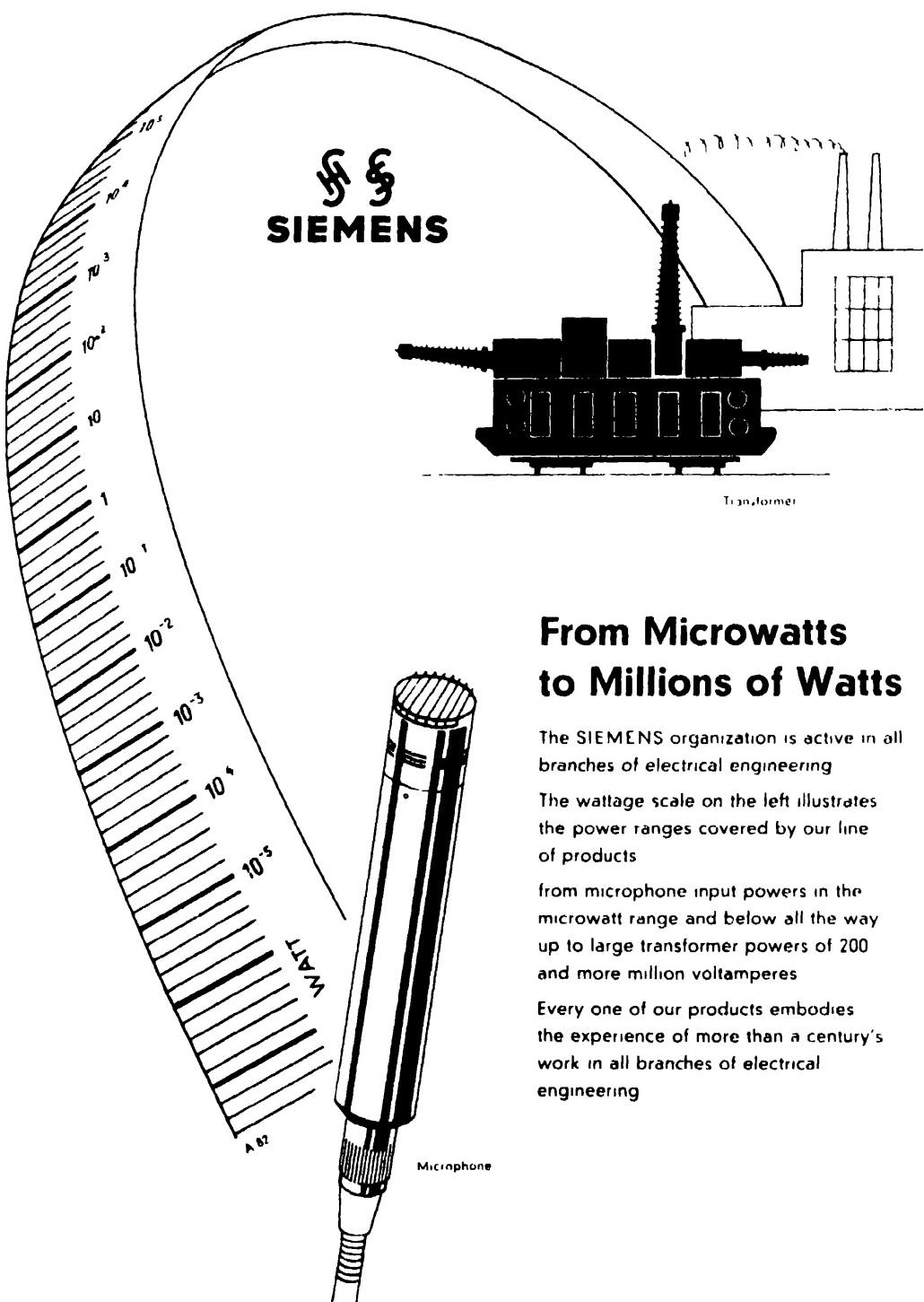
The plane emptied and at the door the oppressive night heat struck me. I shrank back as from the blast of a furnace. The woollen suit which had been comfortable in New York and in Lisbon almost seared my shoulders.

In the crowded waiting-room, which throbbed with chatter and laughter, I looked around for the missionary who was supposed to meet me. Dr. Gilbert had cabled the time of my arrival to the mission headquarters in Monrovia. I searched every face, and waited in vain for someone to approach me. When I finally went to the station agent, he handed me a note.

Dear Mrs. Bowne,

The man who was to meet you had to go across country for a conference. I'll try to send someone tomorrow to bring you here.

L. T. Bowers
(Totota)



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I looked up bewildered. I had never heard of Mr. Bowers nor of Totota. But obviously I would have to stay here overnight.

"Mrs. Bowne, you had some baggage, didn't you?" the station agent asked. I nodded.

"I searched the whole baggage compartment," he went on. "It wasn't on that plane."

Now my consternation was complete. It didn't help when the station agent said, "I'll get one of the boys to put sheets on an old camp-bed in one of the barracks."

Wasn't there an hotel? Couldn't I telephone to Monrovia and get a taxi? No, there were no taxis, no phone service, no hotel. Roberts Field wasn't even a town. It was just an air force left-over from the war.

An ebony-hued boy showed me to a barracks room in which there was a sagging camp-bed draped with mosquito netting. The bamboo door



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slammed shut as he left. I crawled into bed in my underwear, and tried to ignore the shrieking sounds that came from the steaming jungle night. Eventually I drifted into uneasy sleep.

Suddenly I was awakened by a terrible thundering noise. It was the roar of rain which was now pouring down in torrents. I lay there trembling. I had never felt more alone in my life.

A Ride to Totota

NEXT MORNING I went with the agent to his little house.

"I told my wife about your luggage," he said. "She'll lend you some clothes—if she has anything you can wear."

A young woman dressed in pale blue shorts showed us into the living-room. She looked up at my height and laughed ruefully, for she came only to my shoulder.

On the sofa she had spread out a printed skirt, two cotton blouses, a grey plaid dress, a pair of low-heeled shoes, some underwear, a nightgown and an old white helmet.

"You'd better take these too." The man held out a long-sleeved shirt and a pair of his old trousers.

"Not those old things, honey," his wife scolded.

"I'm thinking of the walk through that jungle path into Sano-yea," he said.

When I tried on the plaid dress it was tight at the waist and barely

reached my knees. The shoes felt short and cramped my feet. Nevertheless, I was glad to leave behind my woollen suit and high heels.

"Man here to get Missy," an African boy announced as we stuffed the rest of the borrowed clothing into two plastic flight bags.

I followed him outside. A sagging truck waited in front of the little terminal building, its tarpaulin-covered back end weighed down with a mountain of supplies and half a dozen sprawling Africans. A short man in dirty knee-length pants and a torn shirt stood talking to a girl who was clothed only below the waist. She held a naked baby against her full bare breast.

The man turned to me. "I Sammy," he said. "You Missy going to Totota? Mr. Bowers sent me to fetch you."

"I don't think you have room for me," I said, instinctively backing away.

Sammy grinned and opened the door at the front. "You sit by me. I save this place for you."

I was still hesitating when the station agent came up. "You are lucky to get a lift," he said.

Grimly, I climbed into the truck.

"Good-bye and good luck," the agent called. I tried to smile. Sammy pressed in beside me and took the wheel. And then the girl with the naked baby pushed in on my other side. I shuddered and looked at Sammy. He ignored me. The truck plunged forward.

Wedged between Sammy and the girl, and with their damp bodies pressed against mine, I gasped for a breath of fresh air but got only a mouthful of dust. I covered my mouth with my handkerchief, trying to stifle a sob.

Were they descendants of slaves from Georgia, I wondered? Did they hate me? I looked from one to the other.

Sammy was absorbed with pampering the old truck, trying to keep it going. The girl busied herself with joggling and fondling the plump, drooling baby. Both seemed as unconcerned with me as with the bags of supplies in the back.

A Frightening Land

"How far is it to Totota?" I asked, when the trip had begun to stretch out endlessly.

"Long way, Missy," Sammy replied cheerfully.

He did not exaggerate. The Bowers were about to sit down to supper with their four sons when I finally reached their mission. And this was still a long way from Sanoya. The entire journey was to take me three days.

The Bowers put me up overnight in a mission guest hut, and Mrs. Bowers, who was expecting her fifth child, lent me a dress which actually fitted me. She would not need it yet herself. They had also arranged with a young missionary to take me on to Yanokwele, half-way between Totota and Sanoya.

His name was Paul Slifer, and he appeared at noon the next day, tall, red-haired, his freckled face lit by an infectious smile. As soon as he had loaded the supplies he was taking out, I got into the dusty jeep beside him and we set off into the jungle.

He had hacked out the jeep-road himself, and dense jungle growth was already pressing in to recapture it. Branches slapped at my face as we bounced along. When one scratched my arm, drawing blood, Paul insisted that I put something on it at once.

"I don't mean to frighten you," he said, "but out here it's hard to make cuts heal."

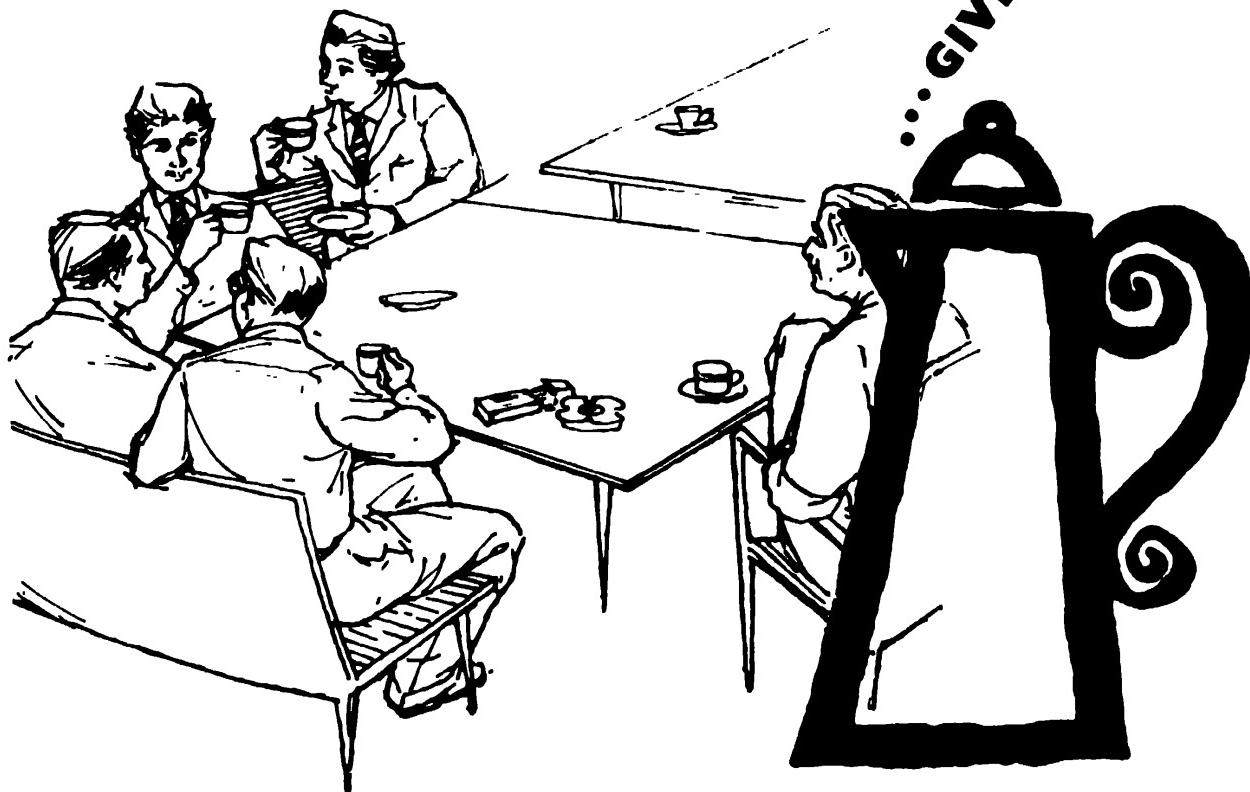
The first "bridge" we came to left me aghast. It consisted only of two split logs, a wheel-span apart.

"Don't worry," Paul laughed. "I measured carefully." And before we crossed, he stopped, closed one eye, and sighted as if preparing to fire a gun.

We crawled along through the jungle for several hours, then came to our third log bridge. The stream was wide and we rolled forward gently on the two extremely long logs which spanned the black, bubbling water. We were mid-way across when the right rear tyre burst. There was no spare, so we had to abandon the vehicle. With great caution, so as not to unbalance the jeep, we climbed over the front end with my two flight bags, and crept along the log to the far shore.

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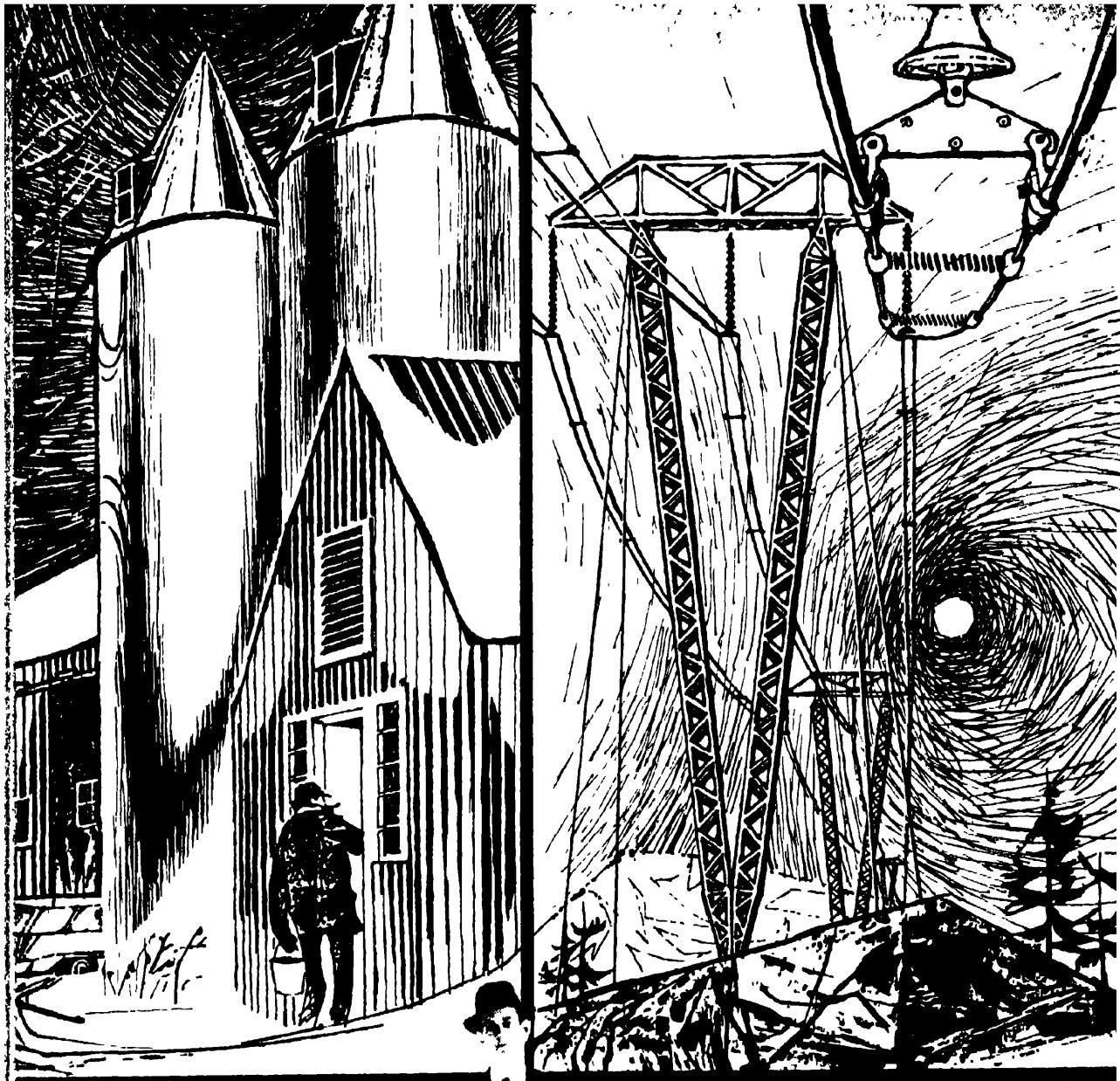
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If we hurried, Paul said, we could still reach Yanokwele on foot before dark. "I hope you're a good walker. The path can be dangerous at night."

My borrowed shoes pinched, and I soon felt blisters forming. I wanted to walk barefoot, but Paul advised against it. "You might pick up a skin disease in this soil."

I limped on as fast as I could. Suddenly my companion snapped, "Wait! Look—up there ahead."

A few feet in front of us a wide black band lay across the path. It looked like a patch of tar except that it was a motion.

"Driver ants," Paul said. "Don't get too close. They eat their victims alive—everything in their path."

Shuddering, I followed his lead and cautiously stepped over the seething band. Finally we reached the clearing at Yanokwele where the Slifers lived, and Mrs. Slifer sat waiting, holding their doll-like infant.

After supper she showed me the finely woven screen which protected the baby's bed from the driver ants. "They've been known to eat babies," she explained. "Of course adults feel them before they bite. But we still have a man patrolling round the house several times during the night to watch for them."

When I was shown to my room that night I could not sleep.

Why, why had I come to this frightening land?



Welcome to Sanoyea

"THE BOYS from Sanoyea are here," Paul Slifer called next morning, and I stepped outside to meet the curious eyes of 16 young Liberians. I stared at the ragged boys. These must be the people, I thought, whom those newspaper accounts of the crash had described as "savage." Surely I would not be expected to go into the jungle with them alone.

Paul, busily loading heavy cans and boxes on to the heads of the boys, stopped for a moment to point out the tallest lad. "That's Big Boy," he said. "He's in charge."

I nodded and Big Boy flashed his white teeth. He and three others carried a hammock. He now issued a sharp command, and all squatted.

"Sit, Missy," he ordered.

The moment the boys felt my weight in the hammock they stood up, and I was flung into a lying position. Immediately the carriers started.

"Wait," I cried, struggling to sit upright. They began to chant and paid no attention.

"Good-bye," I heard the Slifers call. Then we rounded a curve, and they were gone from view. The bush country enveloped us and became a blur as I bounced up and down and from side to side.

After a time we stopped. "Missy walk now," Big Boy announced. The boys lowered me, and I tumbled out, wobbling. Ahead of us a deep stream cut the path. A small log served as a bridge.

Big Boy waited at the water's edge to help me cross, but I hesitated.

"Missy not know how to walk log?" he asked.

"Yes, of course," I replied indignantly. I moved out on to the log and grasped Big Boy's shoulder as he waded through the waist-deep water.

So we continued. I walked when we came to streams and hills; the rest of the time I was carried. On one steep hill, however, I became so exhausted that Big Boy had to push me from behind. Humiliated, I was determined, when we reached the

next hill, to show them that I could walk a jungle path.

Tripping over rocks, grasping at protruding limbs, I climbed in a daze. At the top I collapsed in a wet, panting heap. Gasping for breath, I sat where my legs had given way under me.

"Missy ride now," Big Boy said.

"No, I can walk, really I can," I insisted.

"Missy ride," he said with finality.

Wearily I lay back in the hammock and closed my eyes. "*Guina guina, guina guina*," the boys chanted lulling. We jogged along for hours, it seemed, and when the four carriers became tired, four others relieved them.

Then their rhythmic chanting grew louder, faster, more excited, and I heard a clapping noise. I opened my eyes. The boys carrying loads were dancing, flinging their arms about, clapping their hands. Even my hammock carriers began to dance in perfect accord, not missing a step.

What did it mean? I struggled to sit up, and caught sight of a village at the bottom of a hill. "*Guina guina, guina guina!*" The chant became louder. Now the villagers came out of their huts and joined in, tapping their feet, their eyes gleaming.

The sun had set, leaving a deep purple sky. As we passed the last of the mud huts and the glowing black faces, a little stone church appeared. We swung through an open gate



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and stopped before an old frame house with a long screened veranda. The boys lowered the hammock, and I staggered to my feet.

Two women waited to greet me. One was tall and grey-haired, with the pallor that indicates malaria. "I am Miss Otto," she told me. "I am in charge here." She introduced the other woman, plump and much younger, as Marianna Bunger, the nurse in charge of the dispensary.

Miss Otto paid each of the 16 boys, then commented to me, "Well, they certainly gave you a royal welcome."

I had arrived in Sanoya at last.

The African Grave

THE MISSIONARY in charge was away on leave with his family, and the two women were the only white people there. At dinner they made desultory shop talk and said nothing about what I'd come so far to hear. Nurse Bunger, I learned, had not been there when the plane crashed. And I sensed that Miss

Otto did not wish to talk of the terrible incident.

Later, however, when we sat on the veranda in the darkness, amid the screaming night sounds, I pleaded with her to tell me what she knew. At length she began.

The plane had flown over the village at 3:15 a.m. She had been awake because her housegirl had a sick baby. Somehow the plane hadn't sounded right. But she didn't learn about the crash until next day when a villager had excitedly brought her a snapshot of a child.

"I find on yonder hill where ball of fire from heaven make big mess," the villager told her.

The accident had brought great confusion to the mission. Doctors from the Firestone plantation came, mission people, airline officials, and there had been nowhere to put them up. They had had to use every piece of their treasured timber to make coffins. And there had been trouble with the villagers too.

"The chief," Miss Otto said with



resignation, "isn't a Christian. He worships 'spirits,' and thought they must have been very angry to have killed so many people at one time. So he was afraid to move the bodies. He folded his arms and shouted at our missionary, Mr. Lindemann, '*You* move bodies. My people not help.' And then he stalked off.

"But, strangely, some of his people stayed and helped to carry the bodies down the hill. Enough stayed, too, to dig the grave, though they had to work all night by lantern light to finish it.

"You'll want to see the grave?" Miss Otto sighed. And when I nodded, she said, "I'll take you tomorrow."

The sunlight was dazzling next morning when she led me through the compound. "It's this way," she said. As we passed half a dozen huts with high thatched roofs and low mud walls, the sound of teachers' voices drifted towards us. "These are our classrooms," she said proudly. "We start school early so as to



finish before the hottest part of the day."

We went on and she pointed towards three rectangular mud structures. "These are our boys' dormitories." There was also a girls' dormitory, a ramshackle dispensary and an orphans' nursery. When we passed beyond the compound area, the path narrowed, winding through dense bush.

Abruptly the path ended, and before us a flat, grassy plot stretched for hundreds of feet. Miss Otto said it was an airstrip. Beyond this I saw a bare area of red clay outlined by rough stones and marked by two weather-beaten sticks, tied with vines into a cross. It was the

common grave of the crash victims.

Slowly I went forward, and as I approached the grave, I had a wonderful feeling, almost as if Frank were saying, "I'm glad you have come." I stopped and stood very still, trying desperately to sense more. But the hot air stirred faintly, and the feeling faded.

I sat down on a large stone and now the tears came, and through them the thick bush, the earth, stones and the cross all swam together. I sat quietly in the boiling sun a long time, but the sense of closeness to Frank did not return. Nor had I found the courage and direction I sought.

We walked back in silence. I

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thought of the long trip I had made, of the vastness of the ocean, the desert, the jungle, the vastness of life when it had no meaning. Why was I here?

As I asked myself this question, a sudden thought came to me. The hill . . . perhaps the answer lay there. I must go up the hill and see where Frank died.

It was almost two weeks before anyone was willing to take me there. The journey, Miss Otto said, was extremely difficult, through trackless jungle. One of the native teachers promised he would go up the hill with me "soon." But as Miss Otto commented, "Nothing in Africa is done quickly."

A Walk With Ma

MEANWHILE, I lived at the mission and absorbedly watched its work. Besides the church, it ran a school, a nursery for orphans and a small dispensary.

One afternoon, following my usual custom, I took the now familiar path to the grave. At the edge of the compound an old woman sat rocking on the veranda of a little whitewashed house. She beckoned me to her. Hesitantly I opened the gate and went in. "I see you pass every day," she said. "I wonder when you gonna come see me. Everybody call me Ma."

I sat down, feeling awkward.

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"Have you always lived in Sanoya?" I asked.

"Yes, I born here. We all Kpelle people."

"None of you come from the coast?"

"No," she laughed. "We not the same as the folks in Monrovia. They always act like they better than us bush folks." She shook her head sadly. "I not understand. Some folks clever, some folks lazy, some folks good, some folks bad. But I say folks is folks everywhere. What you say?"

I felt almost rebuked, and suddenly I wanted this woman's compassion. "Were you here when the plane fell?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, "it was terrible, the worst thing ever happen here."

I leaned forward eagerly. "Will you tell me about it?"

"Next month begins rain time again," she sighed, patting her forehead with her apron. "Maybe it be cooler then."

I saw that she wouldn't tell me anything. I rose. "I was on my way to the grave."

She stood up and said, "I'll come with you."

We walked along the path side by side in silence. When we reached the grave, I noticed that weeds had already begun to push through the clay. A chill enveloped me. But Ma would not let me linger. She tugged at my arm, as if to pull me away from my grief.

"Come, child," she said softly.

At Ma's gentle insistence we walked back through the market section of Sanoya. Amid the piles of red palm nuts, cinnamon bark, ginger root and pineapples on display, there were almost no articles of handicraft. We saw crudely carved combs and spoons, a deep wooden dish, a few containers made from woven raffia. One lone artisan worked at a rickety loom, weaving "country cloth," a heavy blue and white material which most of the village women wore.

Ma glanced at me. "Folks not make stuff much any more. Some things missionary give, other things we get from traders. We used to make everything we need, jars, pots, baskets; we make everything good and beautiful, not just with the hands, but with the heart."

She shook her head. "Now chief tell us what to think and mission folks tell us what to believe, but nobody tell us how to do."

Yet as we walked back towards the compound, I knew that somehow Ma had reconciled her tribal instincts with the beliefs she had accepted as a Christian convert. I sensed her graciousness, her pride. And I remembered Bill Welmers saying, "There *is* something there . . . something about the people."

At her gate I lingered. I wanted to ask her if she understood why I must go up the hill to see the wrecked plane. I wanted her to reassure me, tell me that I would find some answer there.

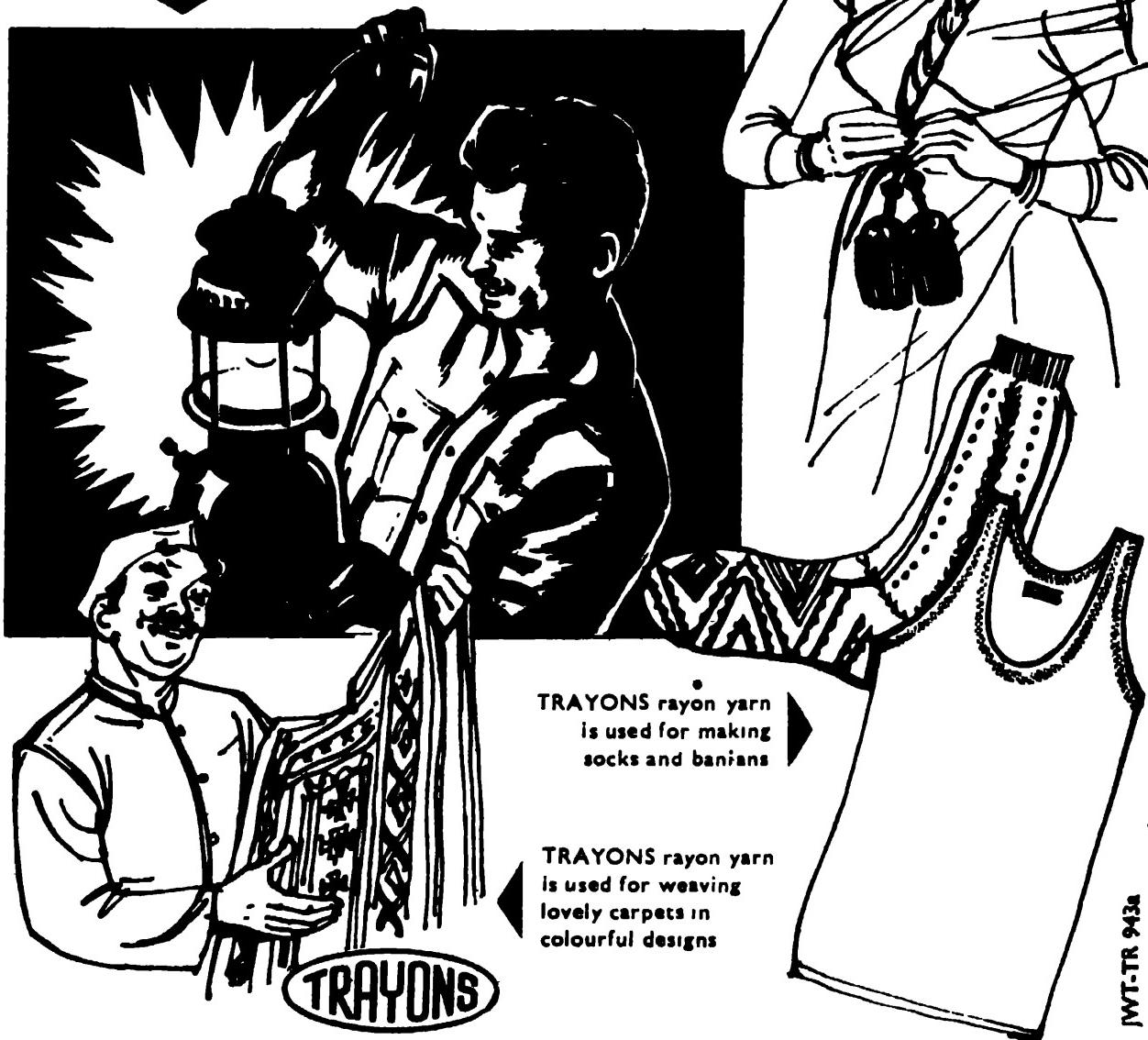
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She, too, hesitated, her big eyes searching my face. Then she spoke softly. "Maybe God not give me many more years, but when you go away, I plant flowers, keep grave neat for you, long as I live."

I turned away, blinded by tears.

Little David

THAT AFTERNOON as I came back from visiting the grave, I heard the rustle of leaves behind me. Glancing back, I saw a ragged African boy about eight years old step out of the bush.

I'd seen him before. No matter where I walked, he appeared mysteriously. But if I looked in his direction, he would pretend to be hunting for berries. Today, however, he ventured closer. I called to him, and he joined me as if he had been waiting for me to speak. His grey shirt was torn and had one sleeve missing. His short pants were dirty and frayed at the edges.

"Why do I see you on the path every day?" I asked.

"Mangoes gettin' ripe," he answered. "Don't you know when mangoes get ripe, leopard sneak out of bush to eat? It be dangerous for you to walk alone!"

Then I saw that he carried a large catapult. "You would protect me?"

"Of course," he answered manfully.

I thought of the Bible story of David and Goliath.

"Thank you, David," I said, smiling as I touched his shoulder.

"How you know my name?" he demanded.

"I didn't know it," I said. "I guessed."

I walked on, and the little boy stayed close behind me.

"You have many fine things in your country?" he asked. "You live in strong house that not leak in rainy season?"

"Yes," I said.

"You always have plenty rice?"

I had to admit that I did.

"Are you rich lady?" asked the boy.

"No." I paused and stared at him, then turned away quickly. "There are many things," I murmured, "very important things, which I don't have."

"I hear you have man child."

"Yes."

"He lucky to have mother." He drew a breath sharply. "If African child lose father, family help mother grow child up. But if mother die, it mean evil spirit want to take child, too, 'cause there no milk for baby, and baby have to die, unless mission nursery take it."

For a moment he looked strangely grave, almost like a little old man. "Your baby lucky," he said.

Later that evening Nurse Bunger took me on her rounds of the nursery, while she saw that everything was settled for the night. A single light shone dimly from the ground floor of the building. Inside, four schoolgirls sat round a table giggling; they earned their tuition by

helping with the orphans. When they saw the nurse, they became silent.

We walked through a large, odorous, hot room. The tiny babies, lying in screened beds, were wrapped snugly in blankets. Perspiration stood out in little beads on their foreheads.

Upstairs in the boys' room, two little lads lay huddled together on one bed, and three were stretched out on the floor, although there were beds enough for all. As the nurse swung her lantern, I recognized one of the boys. His arm was outstretched in his sleeveless shirt, and his slender black fingers clasped the shoulder of the boy who slept beside him.

"It's little David," I whispered.

"How did you know his name?" Nurse Bunger asked, surprised. "Has he been bothering you? He's restless and often doesn't know what to do with himself."

"I didn't realize he was a homeless child," I said.

"Yes, his mother died in childbirth, and his father a short time later in a hunting accident."

"What will become of him?"

"I don't know," she replied wearily, moving on down the aisle. "He's lucky to be here. They all are, but it's hard sometimes to know if they appreciate it."

We returned to the house in silence. In my room I took out a snapshot of my baby. I gazed at his sweet little face, my heart aching. In bed

I could not sleep. I kept thinking of the longing in David's voice as he spoke of a roof that didn't leak, plenty of food, a mother . . . "Your baby lucky," he had said.

The Wreckage on the Hill

THE DAY I had been waiting for arrived. An African teacher named Allison had at last agreed to take me to the wreckage.

In immaculate white shorts and shirt, he now appeared at the door, a short, neat man. Eight of the boys who had carried me from Yankwelle were waiting near him.

It was oppressively hot as we set out. I walked for a while; then the boys carried me. For two hours we jogged along a path through thick bush. Then the way became steeper, and the path disappeared.

A boy began to hack at the growth with a *machete*, and for two more hours we followed his slow progress into the twilight thicket. We proceeded in single file.

"I see now what it must have been like for the men who brought the bodies down," I said.

"Yes," Allison said gravely. "It was the rainy season then and these leaves underfoot were slippery. Sometimes we fell, and some places were almost three feet deep in water."

"But the worst part," he went on quietly, "was the fear—fear of the evil spirits."

We pushed on over the next rise, and Allison stopped and pointed. "The chief stood right there and

said evil spirits would kill those who moved the bodies. But the people moved them anyway."

Now I saw the wreckage, and I was speechless. Before me, scattered over hundreds of yards, were the remains of what had once been the huge airliner. Large jagged sheets of metal, round window frames, burned seat cushions, torn pillows, twisted instruments and glass lay entangled in the jungle growth. I had never imagined there would be so many pieces. One of them carried intact the name of the plane, "Great Republic."

Stepping up on a big log, Allison pointed across the valley. "The plane came from that way," he said. "It flew over the village and seemed to be heading up the valley. Then it turned and came towards the hill. I didn't see it hit."

"But you saw it fly over?" I interrupted.

"Yes, it was a hot night, and I couldn't sleep. I heard a plane flying low so I went out to see."

"And what *did* you see?" I asked anxiously.

"A ball of fire," he said.

"Fire!" I cried. "You saw the plane burning?"

"Yes, the tail was on fire."

"Maybe you saw only the exhaust flames."

Allison drew himself up. "During the war," he said, "I served in the Royal Air Force. The fire I saw was not exhaust."

"Why didn't you tell this to the

men who came to investigate the accident?"

"They didn't ask me. The white men talked to some of the boys in the village who saw what I saw. But the men said the boys must be lying."

He hesitated, then went on. "Some of the men who came here sat at the mission house and did not come up the hill. Some went only as far as the edge of the wreckage." His eyes avoided mine. "The smell kept them from getting any closer."

Down the hill I recognized the big triple rudder section of the massive plane. The centre rudder appeared melted and black while the two outside rudders glistened in the sun. If the tail was on fire, as Allison said, then the flames must have swept back along the centre rudder, leaving the other two untouched.

I took out two photographs of Frank. "Did you see anyone like this?"

"Yes, I remember," Allison said. "A tall slender man with brown hair." He walked a little distance away and stopped near some bushes. "Here," he said softly, "here is where I found him." He looked up at me, his dark eyes full of pity.

Staring at the tangled undergrowth, I choked, "Tell me how..."

"He lay on his face," Allison said. "I turned him over. His face was not hurt, only the back of his head. I think his head hit a tree

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when he was thrown out. He couldn't have suffered."

At my feet I saw a piece of black fabric, charred at the edges. It was material from the crew's uniforms. Perhaps it came from Frank's coat. I sank down on a log, and for a long time stared at the cloth, turning it over in my fingers.

I felt I had at last found out *how* the accident happened; and what I had found exonerated the crew. But I could no longer escape the truth of Frank's death, which unconsciously I had not accepted until this moment. Now, like the piece of cloth I held, it was real.

The past was over. But I felt no nearer to Frank, nor had I found any special peace.

The light was beginning to fail. "We must hurry," said Allison. "It won't be easy to find our way in the dark."

I climbed down the matted path wearily, trying not to fall. And once more I had the sensation of moving through darkness in a nightmare, groping, still searching, not *free* yet to leave the jungle!

A Morning in Church

ALL THAT night a haunting question tormented me. And next morning, when the Liberian girl came to clean my room, I spoke of it.

"Mary," I said, "do you remember when the plane fell?"

She looked at me with velvet dark eyes. "Yes'm," she said sadly.

"It's true, isn't it, that the chief

told the people evil spirits would destroy them if they moved those bodies?"

She nodded solemnly.

"Didn't that frighten them? Weren't they afraid to disobey the chief?"

"Oh yes!"

"Then why did they bring the bodies down for burial? Was it because the missionaries made them?"

Mary shook her head. "No, ma'am."

"Then *why* did they do it?"

She looked up at me trustingly. "We do it," she said simply, "'cause we cry for folks everywhere."

I put my head in my hands. When I looked up, Mary was gone.

At breakfast, as I sat quietly musing, Miss Otto said, "Now that you've seen the plane wreckage, I suppose you'll be leaving us."

Her words startled me, as if I were just awakening from a strange dream.

"If you don't mind," I said, "I'd like to stay just a little longer." I felt something was about to be revealed to me: perhaps the mystic reason which had drawn me here. And I could not now abandon my search.

The day was Sunday, and later that morning I went with Miss Otto and Nurse Bunger to church. As we approached the simple, heavy-beamed stone building with its tall wooden cross, I turned and watched the villagers arrive. They came in twos and threes along the path, the

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men dressed neatly in long trousers and short-sleeved shirts, the women with cotton dresses covering their usually bare shoulders and breasts. They appeared heavy-hearted, down-trodden. I realized suddenly that, like me, they seemed lost.

"Miss Otto," I said impulsively, "may I speak to the people, some time during the service?"

The church was dim and cool after the heat outside. Except for the hymns, which were sung in English, the service was in Kpelle. While the missionary was on leave, a Liberian teacher was in the pulpit. After the service Miss Otto announced that I wanted to say a few words.

I walked to the front of the church. "On behalf of all the others who will never be able to come here," I began, "I want to thank all of you for what you did when the plane fell. You showed kindness and courage." I felt a sob in my throat. "I want you to know that I shall never forget you."

After the benediction, when we came out into the piercing sun, many of the congregation crowded round me to touch my hand, and to murmur the few comforting words they knew. I thought of their poverty, their many diseases, their day-to-day struggle for existence. I felt suddenly overwhelmed with compassion. I wanted to do something for them.

On the way home we passed the clinic. "We need a new dispensary,"

said Nurse Bunger. "This old building seems to sag more every day."

"What if someone gave the money to build a new one?" I said.

Miss Otto laughed. "Who?"

A thought came to me, and I surprised myself by speaking it aloud. "Maybe the families—the relatives of those who were buried here—might want a way to thank the Liberian people who helped."

I stopped on the path. "I'll write to all of them," I said excitedly, "and tell them about Sanoyea. I'll ask them to contribute towards a new dispensary."

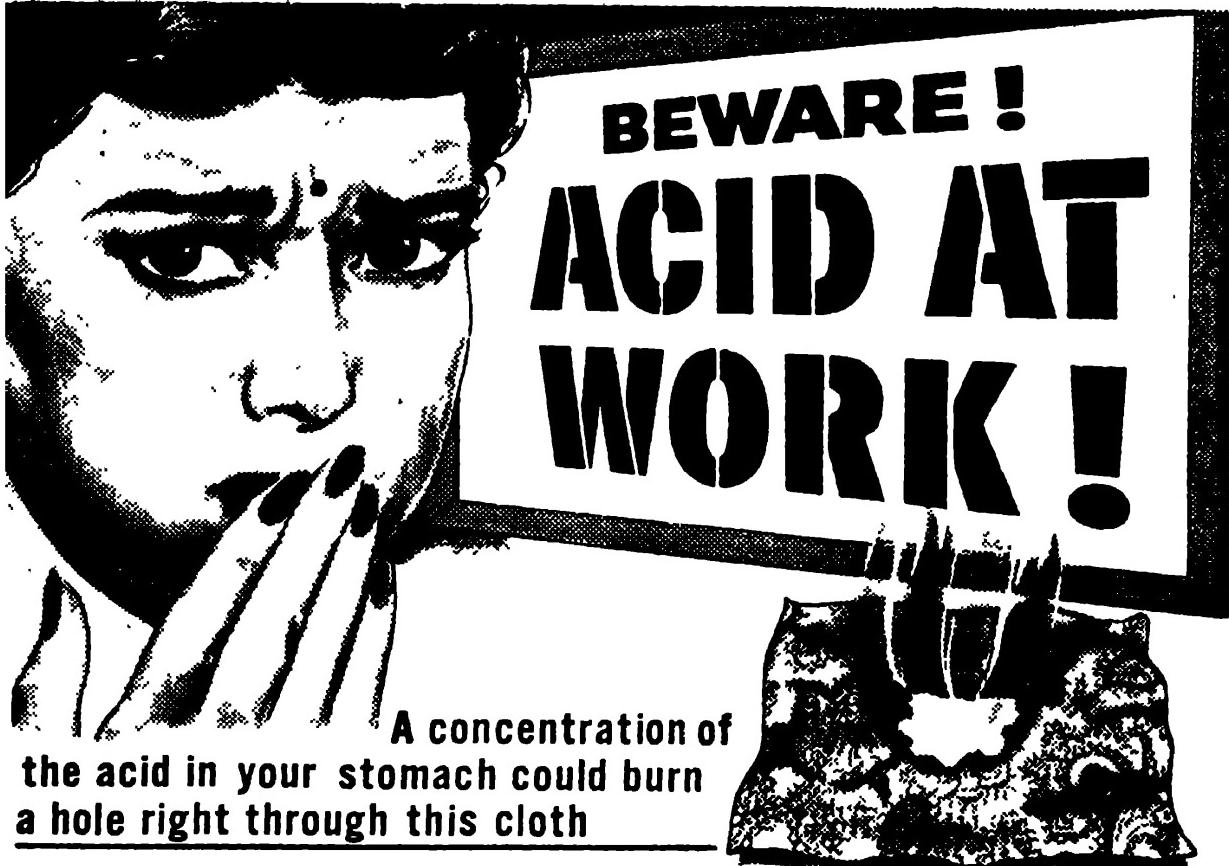
I Glimpse the Answer

"ARE you going to the grave now?" Miss Otto asked that afternoon. I nodded, and she offered to go with me.

On the path she paused and listened expectantly, and I heard footsteps behind me. I looked back and saw a large crowd of villagers following us, all of them carrying flowers. I turned to Miss Otto for explanation. "They want *you* to place their flowers on the grave," she said.

I tried to speak, but could not. We went round the last bend in the path. I stopped, putting my hand to my heart. Over the grave there rose arches of green palm; and the wooden cross was covered with vines and bright wild flowers.

"They put up palm arches only for the most important visitors," Miss Otto said to me. "This is the

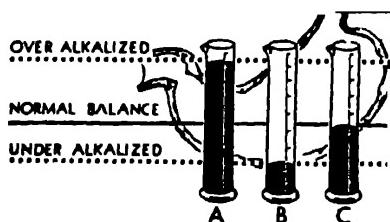


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highest honour these people can bestow."

One by one the villagers stepped forward and handed me their flowers. I laid each bunch gently across the grave.

David held out two blue flowers which had begun to wilt in the heat of his tight fist. "I pick for you, little mother."

Mary moved timidly from the others and pressed fragrant flowers towards me. "May God be with you," she whispered.

When I had received all the flowers and the grave was covered with the bright blooms, I could barely voice my thanks. "Please," I said, "may I be alone now?"

Miss Otto beckoned the others to follow her back to the compound. But Mary stood at my side. "I want to stay with you," she said.

In the stark sunlight, surrounded by the dense silent jungle, I bowed my head and cried. I no longer wept for myself in my own grief, but rather for these gentle people and their sorrows.

And as I wept, a strange new feeling came over me. "I'm glad you came," Frank seemed to say, and in that instant I *knew* why I had come. It was not to find where or how Frank died. It was not to regain the unquestioning faith I had lost. It was to find a better way to live with others—the faith which Frank had lived by, and had wanted to share with me!

Reason had finally demanded that

I should look beyond myself, and when I did the whole tragic picture of Africa's suffering suddenly lay clearly before me. I thought of the ways in which Africans had exploited their own kind, selling their people into slavery, destroying them in war. I thought of how white men, and some not white, had sapped the continent of its labour and its natural resources. I thought of the diseases of Africa, which seemingly included every pestilence known to man.

I thought of the striving of mankind everywhere for self-dignity. This striving, I could see, was no less urgent in Africa, in Liberia, in the village of Sanoyea. But I realized sadly how little I could do to alleviate their problems.

And yet why did I feel suddenly stronger?

I knew why, and with a new humility I accepted the reason. It was not that I could help these people, it was that they had helped me! In their endless struggle they were not locked in self-pity as I had been. With human warmth they had reached out beyond their own griefs to show sympathy for mine.

If they could do this, could I not as a fellow human being find the courage to face my own life, and to accept the future, whatever it held?

I wiped away my tears and watched the sun sink behind the tangled bush. And as I sat there in the quiet jungle, which was lit by

the pink glow of the sunset, I felt a peace unlike any I'd ever known.

Finally I rose.

"You ready to go now?" Mary asked.

"Yes," I said. "I'm free to go."

The Gift From Sanoyea

I FLEW back to New York, confident in purpose and eager to be reunited with my son. With him I at once returned to the house in the suburb where Frank and I had lived. Then I began to write letters to relatives of the crash victims, telling them about the people of Sanoyea and their need for a new dispensary.

Almost a year passed. My little Frank had learnt to walk. On my desk lay letters from Pennsylvania, Louisiana, Portugal, Switzerland, South Africa . . . All who could sent money, and the contributions came to more than 5,000 dollars. But things are not to be done quickly in the African jungle. Dr. Gilbert of the mission board said construction could not begin until there was a road to bring in machinery and supplies. There was a long wait until a builder became available. And trained workers had to be found.

Six years were to pass before construction got under way. But, meanwhile, the United Lutheran Board, which sponsored the mission, appealed to its women's organizations and raised an additional 15,000 dollars, making possible a much larger and better equipped

dispensary than I had dared to dream of. And finally, in the autumn of 1958, Dr. Gilbert wrote to me, "The memorial dispensary has been completed."

When I went to his surgery, he showed me a snapshot of the gleaming white building. There were treatment rooms, a waiting-room, storage space for equipment and medical supplies, beds for maternity cases and for the seriously ill.

At the entrance a bright metal plaque gleams in the sun. It reads:

This Dispensary Is Dedicated to
the People of Sanoyea
in Remembrance of Their
Noble Efforts
June 22, 1951
Given in Memory of the
"Great Republic"
Plane Victims

And inside hangs this message, written in Kpelle, which has no formal phrases. In translation it says:

As those who perished in the big
plane near here remain in one's
memory

As also the people of Sanoyea
suffered at that time in giving
help

So this dispensary is for the people.

I am proud of the dispensary, as, I am sure, are the many others who made it possible. But I am constantly aware that it is only a little white building deep in the African jungle. It cannot in any way equal the gift which, in my hour of desolate need, was tendered to me from the village of Sanoyea.

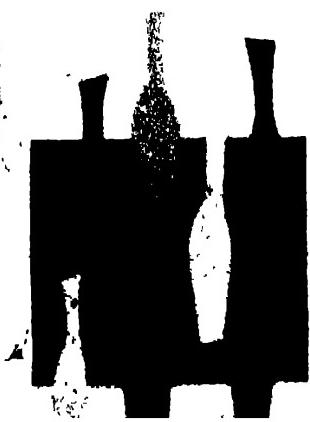
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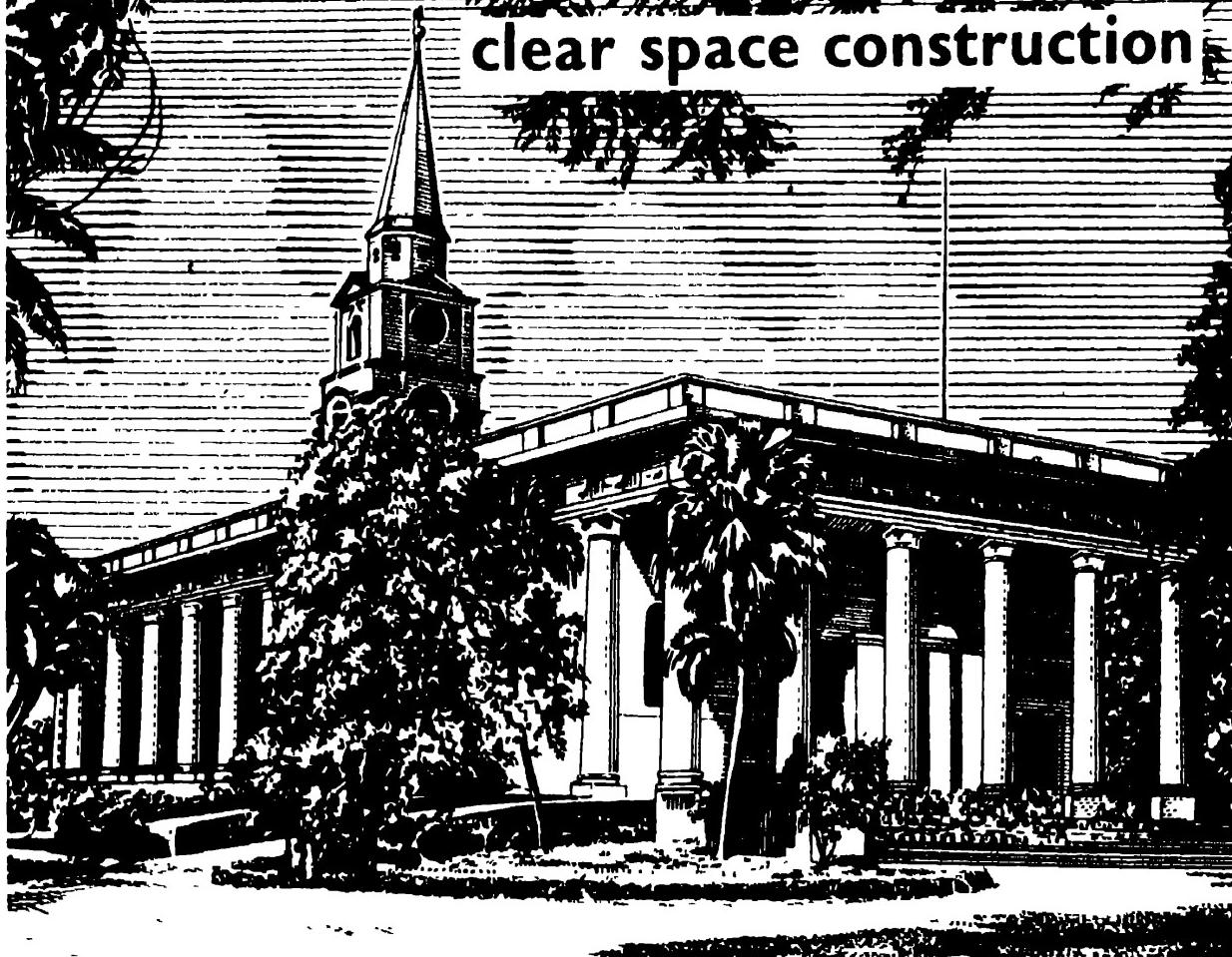
It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

BY WILFRED FUNK

ADJECTIVES, precisely used, add colour and force to your speech and writing. Tick the word or phrase below that you believe to be *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on page 14.

- (1) restive (rē' ziv)—A: relaxed. B: deceitful. C: restless. D: grasping.
- (2) craven (krāv' vən)—A: dishonest. B: cowardly. C: dark. D: slavish.
- (3) deferential (dĕf' ēr ēn' shăl)—A: marked by disagreement. B: deduced by inference. C: questionable. D: respectful.
- (4) inchoate (in' kō atē)—A: in an elementary stage. B: unable to express oneself clearly. C: weak. D: chaotic.
- (5) usurious (yoo' ūrēs' yoo' rēs)—A: crafty. B: pertaining to marriage. C: open-handed. D: pertaining to high interest for the use of money.
- (6) discursive (dĭsk' yūs' iv)—A: boisterous. B: complaining. C: rambling. D: profane.
- (7) grandiose (grānd'ē ōs)—A: optimistic. B: impressive. C: enormous. D: heroic.
- (8) inviolate (in' vī' lāt)—A: calm. B: excited. C: broken. D: safe.
- (9) impulsive (im' pūls'iv)—A: understood. B: sudden. C: impulsive. D: well-considered.
- (10) schizoid (shīz'ōid)—A: divided. B: split. C: separated. D: grim.
- (11) gargantuan (gär' gānt' ūn)—A: awkward. B: savage. C: gigantic. D: resounding.
- (12) portentous (pôr' tēn' ūs)—A: omnious. B: lacking in humour. C: important. D: extremely heavy.
- (13) secular (sĕk' yôo lar)—A: ensuing. B: wicked. C: carefully chosen. D: worldly.
- (14) extraneous (ek' strē' nē əs)—A: exaggerated. B: external or foreign. C: circumstantial. D: false.
- (15) dogmatic (dôg' măt' ik)—A: angry. B: powerful. C: visionary. D: excessively opinionated.
- (16) furtive (fûrt' yiv)—A: stealthy. B: perverse. C: jerky. D: quick.
- (17) copious (kôp' yüs)—A: sad. B: drenched. C: abundant. D: stout.
- (18) sententious (sĕnt' yôos)—A: unusually wise. B: capable of feeling. C: brief. D: old.
- (19) insatiable (in' sāt' yôo b'l)—A: hungry. B: unquenchable. C: thirsty. D: insatiable.
- (20) intransigent (in' trās' ij' ēnt)—A: intransigent. B: uncompromising. C: grumpy. D: obstinate.

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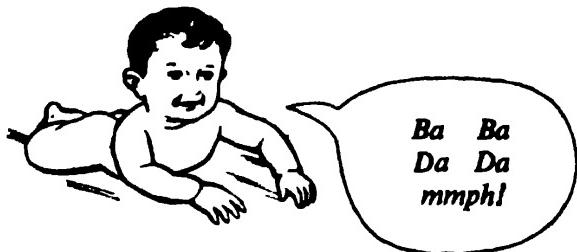
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Mr. A. D. Shroff, Chairman, New India Assurance Co. Ltd., and Director of Tata Industries Private Ltd.

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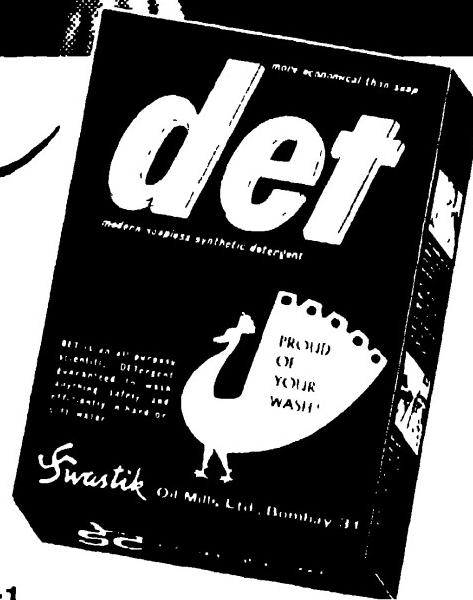
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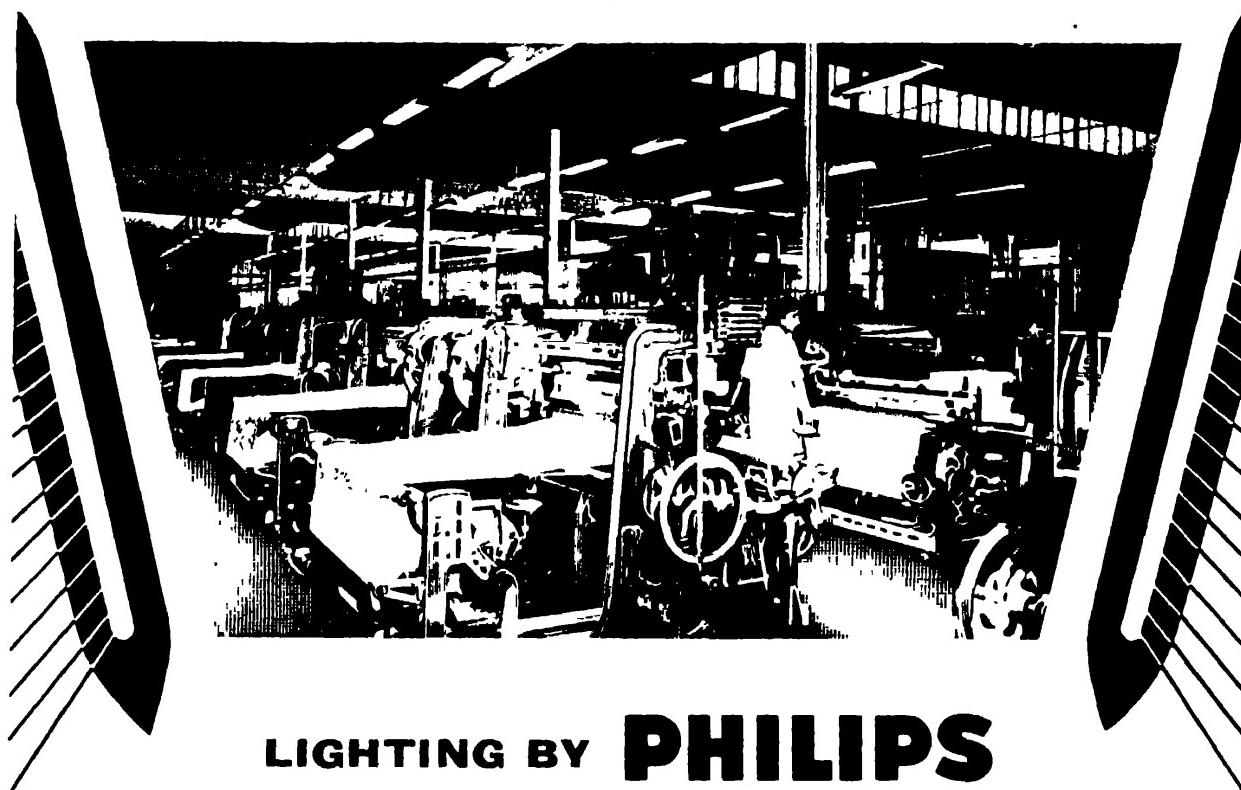
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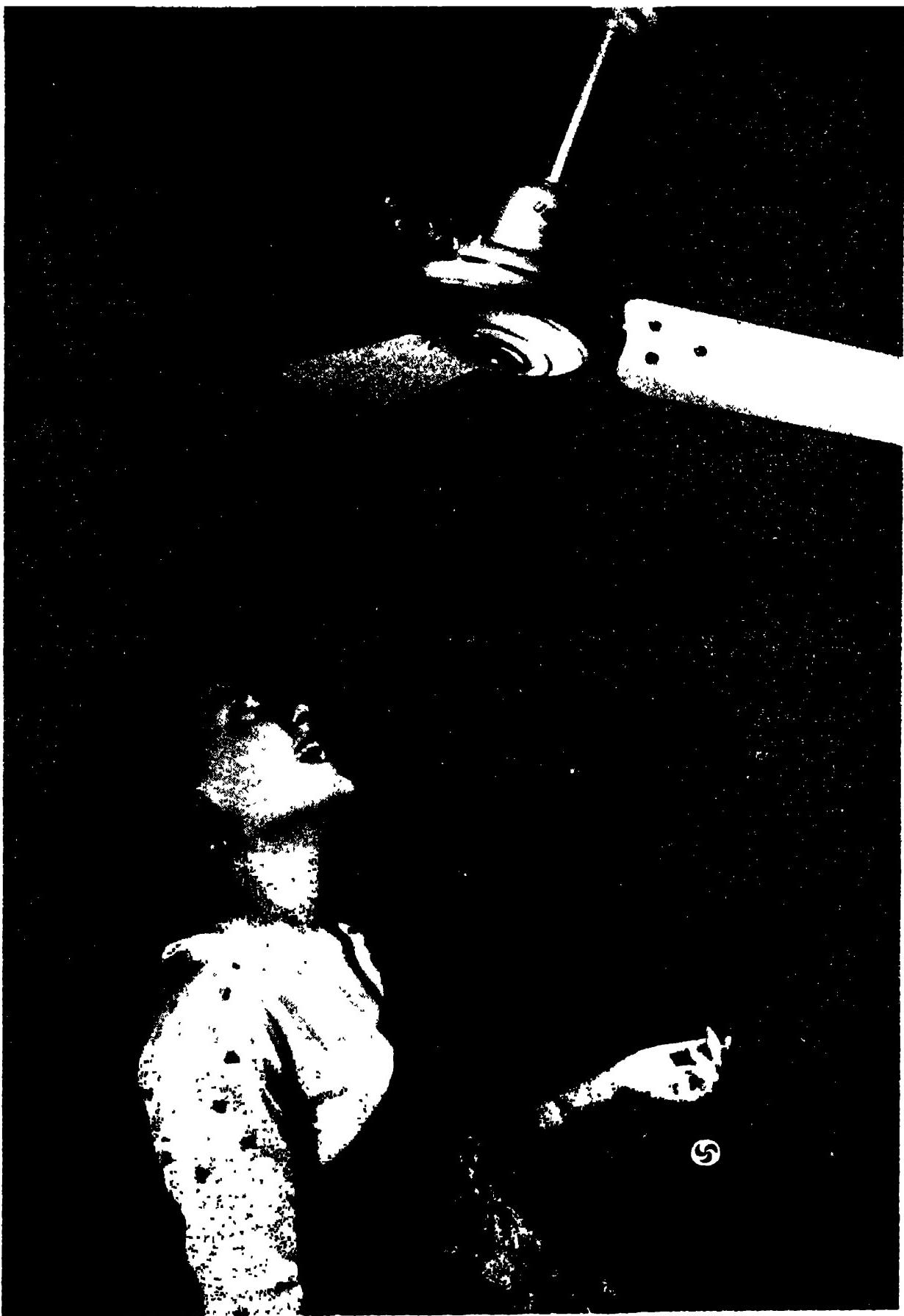
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IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER

Answers to the quiz on page 7

- (1) **restive** -C: Restless, uneasy, fidgety, as, "The crowd grew *restive*." Latin *restare*, "to stay back, resist."
- (2) **craven** -B: Cowardly, full of fear, as, a *craven* attitude.
- (3) **deferential** -D: Respectful, having regard for the opinion or wishes of another, as, a *deferential* manner. Latin *defor*, "to bring down."
- (4) **inchoate** -A: In an elementary stage, recently begun, rudimentary, as, an *inchoate* civilization. Latin *incobare*, "to begin."
- (5) **usurious** -D: Pertaining to high interest or *usury* rates for the use of money. Latin *usura*, "use."
- (6) **discursive** -C: Rambling, digressive; shifting from one subject to another, as, a *discursive* speech. Latin *discorrere*, "to run to and fro."
- (7) **grandiose** -B: Impressive, imposing, pompous, as, a *grandiose* gesture. Italian *grandioso*, from Latin *grandis*, "full-grown, large, great."
- (8) **inviolate** -D: Pure; unbroken, unimpaired, as, an *inviolate* night. Latin *involutus*, from *in-* "not," and *volare*, "to violate."
- (9) **implicit** -B: Understood, though not specifically stated, implied, as, an *implicit* agreement. Also, by transference, unquestioning; complete, as, *implicit* faith. Latin *implicatus*, from *implicare*, "to fold in, entwine."
- (10) **athwart** -A: Crosswise, across; as, "A shadow lay *athwart* the path." From *a*, "on," and Old Norse *þrært*, "transverse."
- (11) **gargantuan** -C: Gigantic; huge; as, a *gargantuan* task. From *Gargantua*, the giant prince in the satire by Rabelais.
- (12) **portentous** -A: Ominous; threatening; as, a *portentous* sign. Latin *portendere*, "to foretell, portend."
- (13) **secular** -D: Worldly; referring to temporal rather than spiritual affairs; as, *secular* schools. Latin *saecularis*, from *saeculum*, "age, world."
- (14) **extraneous** -B: External or foreign; pertaining to that which is outside; as, *extraneous* influence. Latin *extraneus*, from *extra*, "outside."
- (15) **dogmatic** -D: Excessively opinionated, unduly positive in manner or speech, as, a *dogmatic* preacher. Greek *dogma*, "opinion."
- (16) **furtive** -A: Stealthy, sly; secret, like the actions of a thief, as, a *furtive* glance. Latin *furthus*, from *fur*, "thief."
- (17) **copious** -C: Abundant; ample; plentiful; as, a *copious* supply. Latin *copiosus*, from *copia*, "abundance."
- (18) **sentient** -B: Capable of feeling and sensation; as, a *sentient* being. Latin *sentire*, "to feel."
- (19) **insatiable** -D: Greedy; not capable of being satisfied; as, an *insatiable* appetite. Latin *insatiabilis*, from *in-*, "not," and *satiare*, "to satisfy."
- (20) **stentorian** -C: Extremely loud; loud-voiced; as, *stentorian* tones. From *Stentor*, a herald of the Trojan War, whose voice, Homer said, was "as loud as that of 50 other men together."

Vocabulary Ratings

20-19 correct	excellent
18-16 correct	good
15-14 correct.....	fair



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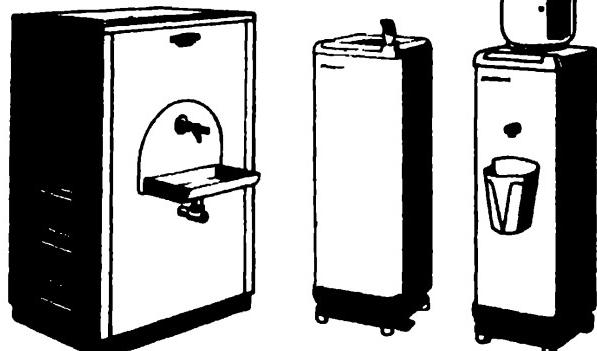


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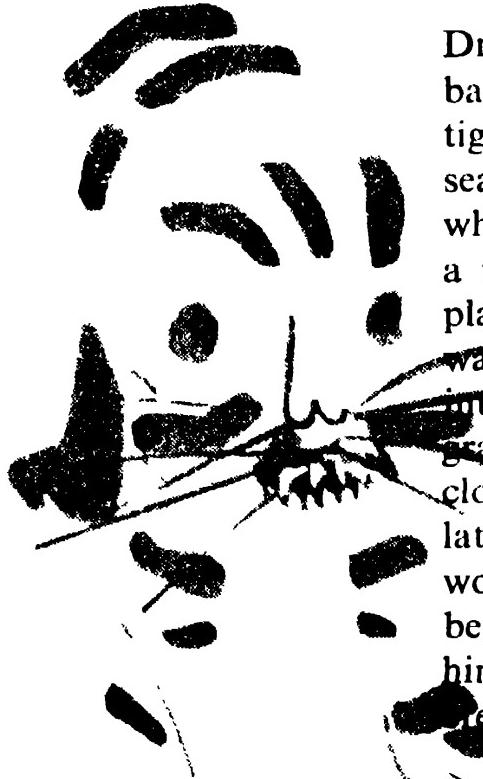
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TRAVELS IN A PALANQUIN



Dreaming of distant lands where Bedouin bands rove free, of leaf-laced forests where tigers prowl, of 'peacock boats' and rolling seas . . . dreaming inside an old palanquin which became for the boy Rabindranath a magic carpet taking him to far-away places of enchantment. When wanderlust was within him, Rabindranath would creep into the palanquin which belonged to his grandmother's days, pull down the curtains, close his eyes and away he would go. In later life the Poet wandered all over the world finding excitement, adventure and beauty in the 'festival of world life' around him - the 'truth' of a childhood dream re-lived within a palanquin.



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in a series on 'Tagore the Traveller'

DC-558

→ Points to ↘ Ponder

Points to Ponder

Constance Goodall:

It is amazing how many otherwise pleasant and sensible people fall into the habit of Snaggery! That is my private description of the odious habit of looking for the fly in the ointment, for the thoughtless or calculating comment that sets up niggling doubt about any plan. And, once indulged, the habit grows until it destroys the Snagger's capacity for positive thinking and living, and to an ever-increasing degree reaches out to undermine the confidence of others.

The only protection we have is to refuse to allow implied doubt to take root . . .

When my father was 60, and I was 13 and had just learnt to ride a bicycle, we planned to bicycle from Yorkshire to the west coast of Scotland, stopping where and when it suited us each night. Snaggery was immediately in full cry. Far too strenuous! What if it rains all the time? How can you be sure of decent beds?

We did it, and the memories of that "foolhardy" trip are among the richest of my life. We enjoyed our adventure so much that we continued to indulge in our long-distance bicycling every

summer for the next five years. Never was Snaggery more confounded.

That's the fortunate snag in Snaggery; determination can always defeat it.

Bertrand Russell:

Of all forms of caution, caution in love is perhaps the most fatal to true happiness.

John Ciardi:

Literature is one of the central continuing experiences of the race. It is no cultural ornament. Through literature, the voices of mankind's most searching imaginations remain alive to all time. One needs to hear Job lift his question into the wind; it is, after all, every man's question at some time. One needs to stand by Oedipus and to hold the knife of his own most terrible resolution. One needs to come out of his own Hell with Dante and to hear that voice of joy hailing the sight of his own stars returned-to.

No man is even half-civilized until those voices have sounded within him. A savage, after all, is simply a human organism that has not received enough news from the human race. Literature is one most fundamental part of that news.

Balzac:

Hope is a light diet, but very stimulating.

Henry Steele Commager:

It is a paradox that just when technology has made it possible for parents to spend more of their time than ever before in training their children, they should foist so much of the responsibility upon the schools.

Edith Sitwell:

It is a part of the poet's work to show each man what he sees but does not know he sees. He is a brother speaking to a brother of "a moment in their other lives"—a moment that had been buried beneath the dust of the busy world. Like Moses, he sees God in the burning bush when the half-opened or myopic physical eye sees only the gardener burning leaves.

Thomas Dreier:

A greater sculptor than a Rodin or a Michelangelo is Thought. What a man thinks in his heart he advertises with his face.

Margaret Culkin Banning:

In the devotional classic *The Imitation of Christ*, Thomas à Kempis tells the story of a man who was so filled with anxiety and fear that he could not bring himself to act. As he wavered back and forth in his uncertainty he thought, Oh, if I only knew, then I should have the courage to persevere.

And presently, wrote Thomas, he heard within himself this answer from God: "And if you did know, what would you do? Do now what you would then do, and you shall be very secure."

This very practical rule of living destroys worry and apprehension about both big and little things. For example, you cannot be sure that a friend will enjoy visiting you—but you would ask him if you were sure. Very well, then—invite him as if you were sure!

Or, you can't be sure you will succeed in a job even if you put in extra work, but how can you satisfy yourself without proceeding as if you did know you would succeed?

The result may not always be what you hope for, but the sense that you have done the best you can to make things work out, and have given opportunity itself a chance, does produce in yourself that inner peace which is the best kind of security.

Vincent Van Gogh:

There is the same difference in a person before and after he is in love as there is in an unlighted lamp and one that is burning. The lamp was there and it was a good lamp, but now it is shedding light too and that is its real function.

—*The Complete Letters of Vincent Van Gogh*
(Thames and Hudson, London)

Van Wyck Brooks:

How delightful is the company of generous people, who overlook trifles and keep their minds instinctively fixed on whatever is good and positive in the world about them. People of small calibre are always carping. They are bent on showing their own superiority, their knowledge or prowess or good breeding. But magnanimous people have no vanity, they have no jealousy, they have no reserves, and they feed on the true and the solid wherever they find it. And, what is more, they find it everywhere.

Harold Kohn:

"Oh, Mr. Paderewski," said a woman to the Polish pianist, "you must have had a world of patience to learn to play as you do."

"It's not that at all, my dear woman," replied Paderewski. "I have no more patience than anyone else. It's just that I use mine."

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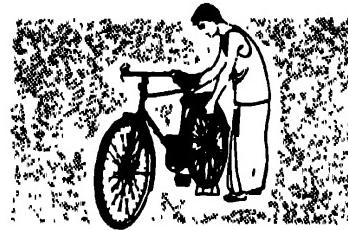
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VOLUME 78

The
Reader's Digest

APRIL 1961

NIGERIA: The African Democracy That Works

THE WARNING bell clanged, and the chattering parliamentarians in the lobby began to file into the House to take their seats. Precisely on the hour of nine a voice raised the traditional cry "Mistah Speakah," and the legislators froze as a bemedalled attendant solemnly descended the nine red-carpeted steps into the well of the House and laid a golden mace on the table separating the Government front benches from those of the Opposition.

After a prayer, the Speaker, in his English-accented English, called

A newly created African nation is showing the world that it can govern itself with moderation and common sense

"Odah, odah," and the debate began. Scarcely had it got into full swing when a proud, ascetic figure strolled slowly towards the Government bench and all eyes converged on the ebony face of Alhaji Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, K.B.E., Prime Minister of Nigeria.

Together with its echoes of

Westminster, the legislature over which Sir Abubakar presided had some of the flavour of a Pan-African Congress.

On its benches tall, haughty Hausas, splendidly robed in green and scarlet, sat among volatile Ibos draped in white and azure gowns. Across the aisle were Yoruba tribesmen wrapped in gold, yellow and orange with little pork-pie hats on their heads. Between them, they constituted one of the world's noisiest Parliaments. Each speaker was greeted with cries of "Heah, heah" from his friends and derisory shouts of "Sit down, you wretched fool" from his foes; from the rostrum came the perennial plea for "Odah, odah!" But somehow, through the din, the nation's problems got discussed and decided.

In the hurly-burly of the African avalanche of freedom, Nigeria's impressive demonstration of democracy's workability is too often overlooked. Where so many of its neighbours have shaken off colonialism only to sink into strong-man rule, Nigeria not only preaches but practises the dignity of the individual. And where such other islands of order as Liberia, Togo and the former French Congo lack the size and power to overbalance thrusting

Ghana and Guinea (combined population: 9,800,000), the Federation of Nigeria stands a giant among Lilliputians; last October, when Nigeria's 35 million people got their independence, the free population of Black Africa jumped 50 per cent. Backed by such numbers, Nigeria's sober voice urging the steady, cautious way to prosperity and national greatness seems destined to exert ever-rising influence in emergent Africa.

No man better symbolizes the strengths and hopes of independent Nigeria than Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa (pronounced Bah-lay-wah). Reserved and unassuming, the 48-year-old Prime Minister is a rare bird in a land famous for

flamboyant politicians, and was once described by an African magazine as a "turtle-dove among falcons."

But for all his lack of drama, Sir Abubakar is an astute and impressive statesman. His rolling, resonant oratory and superb command of English have won him the nickname "The Golden Voice." For his crucial role in Nigeria's advance to independence, Britain has heaped him with honours and his native admirers hail him as "The Black Rock of Nigeria." (As a devout Moslem, the title he prizes most is that of

Nigeria has gone through the process of achieving full self-government in peace and goodwill. This great nation has decided to remain a member of our Commonwealth, and I know that her influence will be most valuable as the future unfolds in other parts of Africa.

—H.M. Queen Elizabeth in her 1960 Christmas Broadcast

alhaji—one who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca.) In his drive to lift his backward land into the 20th century, Balewa's piercing eyes exude calm and sureness, and he rarely speaks in anger.

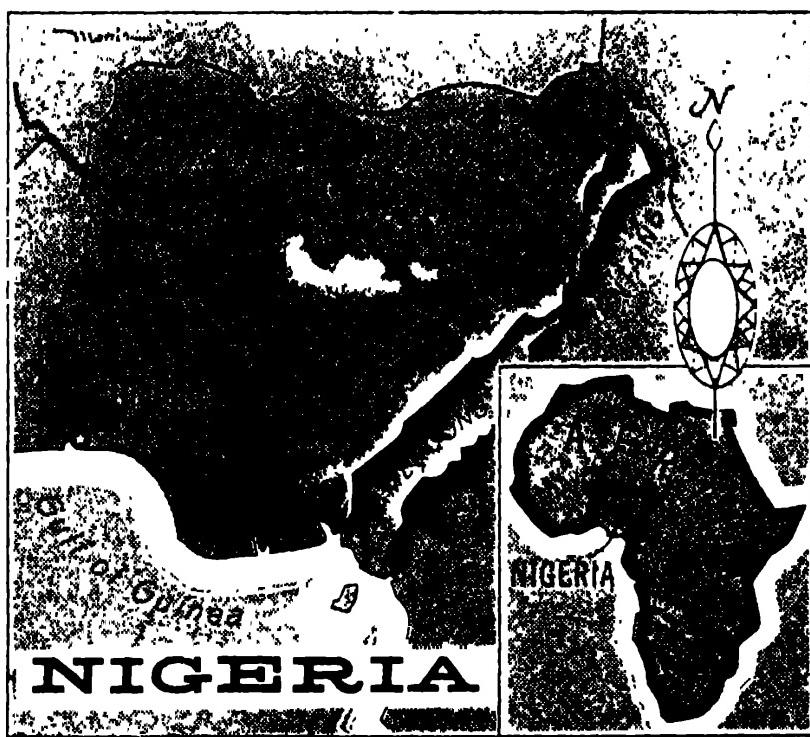
Sir Abubakar's Nigeria is a ragged rectangle sprawled along 580 miles of the choppy Gulf of Guinea. It is a diverse land of sweltering swamps, tangled rain forest and undulating grass country, rising in the north to a crusty, arid, mile-high floor.

Its towns throb with the vigour of noisy commerce and the colour of exotic dyes. In the federal capital of Lagos, where gleaming buildings rise among the slums, the streets are a cacophony of honking cars and a torrent of jaywalkers.

The central fact of Nigerian politics is regional rivalry, pointed up by a mighty Y stamped across Nigeria's face by two great rivers—the winding Benue that pours from the Camerons Mountains in the east, and the majestic Niger that comes in from the west to join the Benue in a single mighty stream running south to the Gulf of Guinea.

Under the Y's left arm, in the Western Region (pop. 8,000,000), live the most advanced of all Nigerians—the Yorubas, who worship 400 different deities and boast a centuries-old tradition of political organization. Under the right arm of the Y is the heavily forested Eastern Region (pop. 9,000,000), home of the Ibos, a fiercely independent people, half Christian, half pagan.

In the Western capital of Ibadan, where three-quarters of a million people cluster noisily under a sea of tin roofs, are Black Africa's first television station and Nigeria's first university. The Yoruba West and bustling Ibo East dominate Nigeria's commerce and furnish most of the country's bureaucrats. But the real weight of the nation rests on the top of the Y. Here, in the Northern



Region, live close on 20 million people, mostly Moslems. An essentially feudal society in which the masses are ruled by stern Fulani emirs, the North, by sheer weight of numbers, controls Nigeria's federal House of Representatives and, in the person of Sir Abubakar, lords it over the bright boys of the South.

The man who rules Nigeria today is two years older than his country. His father was a minor official in the regime of the emir of Bauchi. Though Abubakar was not of the mighty Fulani, his father's position won him the rare privilege of schooling, in a region almost totally illiterate. After leaving school he even went to Katsina Teachers' Training College, normally open only to sons of the feudal *élite*.

Armed with his rare education, Abubakar settled down on the staff of a boys' school. A born teacher, he might have spent his life there except for a chance remark by a friend, who said that no northern Nigerian had ever passed the examination for a Senior Teacher's Certificate. Piqued by this reflection on northern intelligence, Abubakar took the exam and passed it with ease. Impressed, London University's Institute of Education granted him a scholarship in 1945.

Uninterested in politics, Abubakar never met such hot-eyed young nationalists as Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah and Kenya's Jomo Kenyatta, who were also in London then. When the B.B.C. sought a

Nigerian to read Nigeria's new 1946 constitution on the Overseas Service, Abubakar willingly took the job but had, he later confessed, not the slightest idea what the document was all about.

Back home, there were plenty of young men who did. The noisiest was flamboyant Nnamde Azikiwe, now Governor-General, who loudly advocated an independent united Nigeria. And under the rising pressure, Britain agreed to set up—as "advisory" bodies only—local Houses of Assembly in all three regions, plus a federal legislative council.

Abubakar Tafawa Balewa was hardly back from his year in London when the northern emirs, confronted with the need to find literate occupants for the northern seats in the federal assembly, pressed him into service. Abubakar started off with the fear that in a unified Nigeria the backward North itself would be swamped by the vigorous, better educated South. "Nigerian unity," he told the assembly, "is only a British intention for the country. It is artificial, and ends outside this chamber!"

At conference after conference the Africans themselves delayed independence by inter-regional quibbling. Not until 1951 did the shape of the ultimate solution begin to appear: in return for accepting a federal legislature with real power, the North would get as many seats as the East and West combined.

By then Nigerian politics had taken on a permanent three-way stretch between the parties of East, West and North. Abubakar became the protector of northern interests in the capital. Grudgingly, he went along with federal unity to the extent of becoming Minister of Works. "From the start he was the best minister of them all," recalls a British civil servant. "He did his homework and sent his paperwork through swiftly."

But he remained a northerner, not a Nigerian.

Then in 1955, Abubakar journeyed to the United States to find out whether what had been done to develop water transport on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers could be applied to the sand-clogged Niger. One night, as he sat in a Manhattan hotel room, he began thinking about what he had seen. His thoughts as he recalls them: "In less than 200 years, this great country was welded together by people of so many different backgrounds. They built a mighty nation and had forgotten where they

came from. They had pride in only one thing—their American citizenship." That night he wrote to a friend in Nigeria: "Look, I am a changed man from today. Until now I never really believed Nigeria could be one united country. But

if the Americans could do it, so can we."

Now a united, independent Nigeria became only a matter of constitution writing and tidying up the details of transferring power. The British Government, its long and successful work of tutoring done, was ready. In 1957 Sir Abubakar stepped in as Nigeria's first Prime Minister, to prepare the nation for full freedom. On October 1 last year, as drums rumbled,

guns roared and exuberant citizens gleefully shuffled through the high-life dance, Nigeria's green and white banner rose over Lagos.

Although Nigeria has one of the most stable and genuinely representative governments in Africa, the burdens on Sir Abubakar's slender shoulders are awesome nonetheless. To weld the country's 250 major



Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa

tribes with as many languages into a single, indivisible nation will require not only time but tolerance. With only 175,000 pupils receiving secondary education, schools are desperately needed. In terms of university graduates, there are only 532 qualified Nigerian doctors, 644 lawyers, and 20 graduate engineers. There are constant demands for Abubakar to throw out the British who still occupy half Nigeria's senior civil service posts; Abubakar points out that "Nigerianization" of the civil service cannot sensibly be completed until enough Africans can be trained.

Economically, Nigeria is a "have" nation by African standards and is close to self-sufficiency in food. But with a *per-capita* income of only £30 (Rs. 400), capital is lacking to move the economy beyond its present agricultural base. Tin, columbite (for jet-engine alloys) and coal are all being exported, but there is no money to develop the lead, zinc and iron ore that have been found in quantity. Sir Abubakar dreams of building West Africa's first steel mill and a huge dam on the Niger. But the big hope is oil. After 25 years, the Shell company struck a gusher in 1956, and now reckons that the Niger Delta swamps contain reserves of perhaps one thousand million barrels.

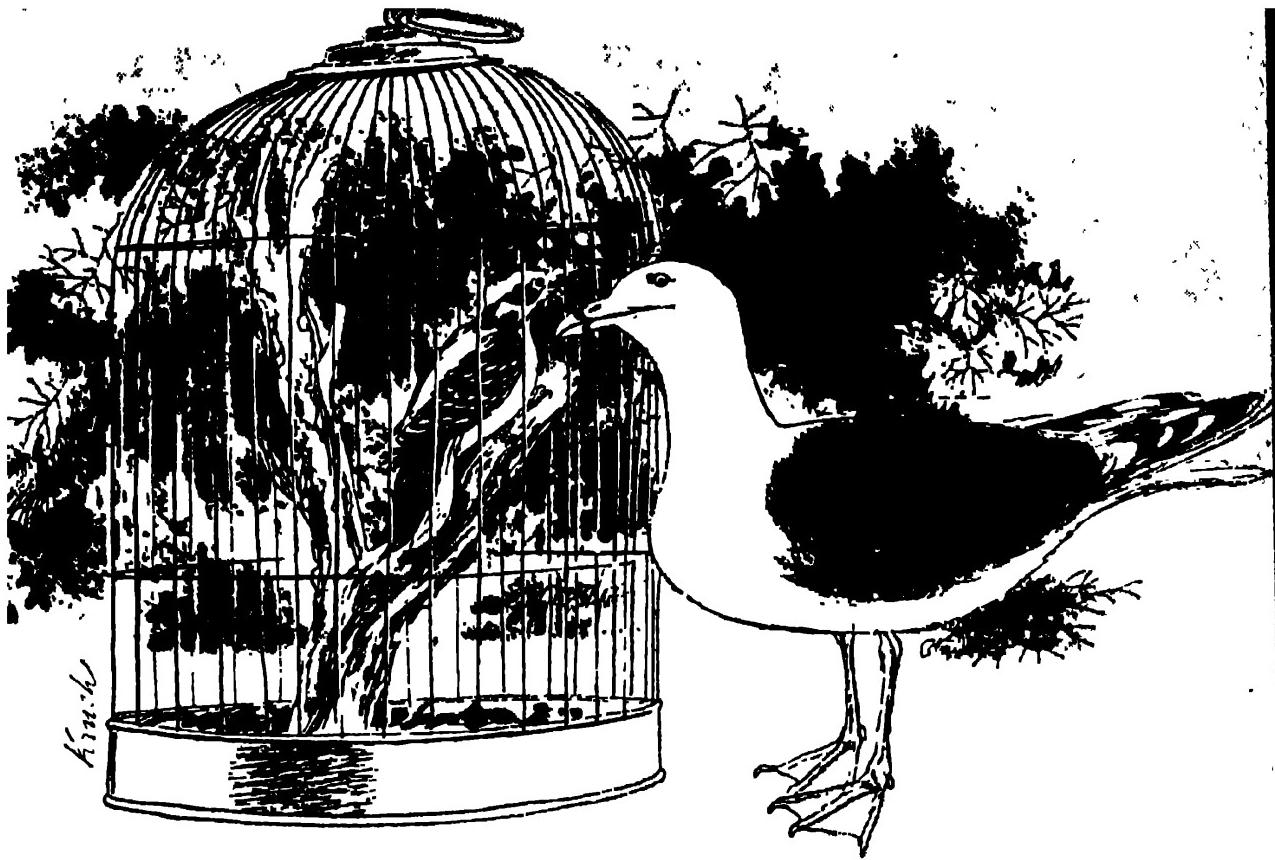
In his public contacts, Abubakar is quiet and self-effacing, but in Parliament he has lately begun to vary

his usual restrained tactics. Recently, when the House of Representatives was debating a mutual defence pact that would allow the R.A.F. to retain facilities at Nigerian airfields, Opposition leader Obafemi Awolowo cried out that the proposed pact was a "swindle" that would automatically involve Nigeria in war if Britain got into trouble. In his rich, rolling bass, Sir Abubakar fired back: "I have always regarded the leader of the Opposition as a good Christian; in Christianity, as in Islam, it is a sin to tell a lie." While Awolowo stared grimly at the ceiling, the Assembly ratified the treaty by a vote of 166 to 38.

Nigeria seems on its way to becoming one of the major forces in Africa. A number of African nations, notably those of the French Community, are beginning to sidle up to Nigeria in visible relief at the emergence of a counterweight to the firebrands of Ghana and Guinea.

Like everything else about him, Sir Abubakar's basic foreign policy principles are unpretentious: "We consider it wrong for the federal government to associate itself as a matter of routine with any of the power *blocs*. Our policies will be founded on Nigeria's interests and will be consistent with the moral and democratic principles on which our constitution is based."

If Nigeria lives up to his words, Africa and the world will have cause to be grateful.



How "Human" Are Animals?

Even cautious scientists testify to some extraordinary examples of thought and feeling in birds and beasts

By JEAN GEORGE

INFINITE CARE has been taken by scientists in the past half century not to ascribe human attributes to birds and beasts. They warn us not to read into the conduct of pets and wild animals our own thoughts and

feelings. Yet, when the day ends and the logs in the fireplace are lit, I have seen many a renowned biologist shake his head in wonderment as he tells some tale of human dignity in a bird or beast.

Investigators have found that the

Condensed from Au Grand Air, Quebec

actions of birds, for example, are primarily instinctive. A nestling sees its parent and automatically opens its mouth. In autumn a young bird migrates to its winter home, and in spring returns and builds a nest, all without being instructed. As far as science is concerned the bird is reacting rather than thinking, and it has no depth of feeling.

This every ornithologist knows. Yet, one evening an ornithologist told us how he had been baffled by the actions of a sea-gull which, though he hesitated to use the word, had seemed to show real compassion.

In a summer camp where our friend was teaching, the cook was given a gull's egg. The following day a young bird emerged from the shell. The sea-gull looked around and quickly accepted the cook as his mother, the children as his siblings, the camp as his nesting-place. Thus organized, he happily reported for meals at meal time, played games on the green with the camp children and went to sleep on bedposts. There were no other sea-gulls in the mountain camp, and the few birds he saw made no impression upon him, so thoroughly had he fitted himself into the world of man.

About mid-July a woodpecker arrived, also a pet, but caged. It spent most of the day drumming a lonely tattoo on the bars. The sea-gull came and stood on the shelf near by. Watching, the ornithologist could almost feel some dim racial memory

within the gull grind, and come up with a thought. Suddenly the gull ran over and sat down beside the cage. The woodpecker stopped drumming. Soft noises came from speechless throats as, bird-mewing, the gull and the woodpecker shared their lonely isolation from their kind.

The ritual was repeated every day. Each time, the woodpecker would stop his sad hammering and, in the words of the ornithologist, "become relaxed and at ease beside the compassionate gull."

"I know I am reading too much into that gull," the narrator added quickly. "But the more I live with birds, the more human qualities I see in them."

My husband, himself a scientist who is not one to humanize animals, came in from a bird-banding study one evening, puzzled. "Would you believe," he said, "that a highly developed, almost human form of foster-parenthood can occur in the wild?" It was a startling thought, since wild parents are generally cruel or indifferent to other youngsters than their own.

But John told of a nest of young sparrows. Both parents were colour-banded, so he was absolutely sure of what occurred. Soon after hatching her eggs, the mother was killed by a snake. The father wasted no time in attracting another female to help him feed the ravenous young. Several days later the father was killed. The foster-mother now lured a

second male to the nest, and the orphans were reared by these two strangers until they were out of the nest and on their own.

On another occasion, wild birds helped our own young pet owl. We were travelling in open country, camping out at night with the owl leashed to his perch near our sleeping bags. One morning before feeding him we noticed that his crop was already full. We assumed that he had caught a mouse. However, two nights later, lying awake on a rocky camp site, we saw what the owlet was up to. He gave his "hungry owlet" call, a stone-grinding sound. Like silent black shadows two enormous owls winged out of the night. They dropped to the ground near our orphan pet, stuffed mice in his open mouth, then flew away. Apparently the cry of the hungry youngster, even though he was a stranger, was too much for them to ignore.

I know that according to scientific precept a bird cannot "love," nor can it be "distressed" except for its own suffering. And yet, an incident with a pet crow we reared forces me to wonder.

Our son Craig went to bed one summer day with a high temperature. Since Craig was not the one who fed the crow, the bird was in no way dependent on him. Nevertheless, he sat on a branch outside Craig's window and cawed the "alarm" cry of the crows. Wild crows from miles around answered,

and flew to sit in our trees and look for the owl or fox or falcon they had been summoned to harass. Seeing nothing more than our distressed pet crow, they finally departed in confusion.

Three days later Craig was up and about, and the bird stopped his alarm cawing. He ran after the boy, sat down when he sat down, sidled up to him, rested his beak upon his knee and swayed in some ecstasy of bird feeling. What feeling? I call it love.

Another quality that supposedly separates the human being from other forms of life is man's knowledge of the finality of death. No mere animal has the imagination, zoologists say, to realize that its life can and will cease.

Nevertheless, a terrier we knew named Corky must have had some knowledge of death. This farm dog lived for nine years along a busy road and knew its dangers. One spring his hunting companion, Liz, a hound, had pups which Corky seemed to assume were his own, though they were not. He played with them, groomed them, chased them away from lorries and cars. But by May, Corky's attitude towards them began to change, possibly because he was jealous of the attention they got, possibly because they were growing larger than he. One day we saw him lead the pups down the hill, right into the middle of the road, and stop them there. We hurriedly called them back.

The farmer, surprised at what seemed to be Corky's desire to get rid of the pups, tied them up. Corky sulked off to the stables.

The following morning the milkman came to the farmhouse to enquire about the terrier. "Is he ill?" he asked. "He jumped at the wheels of my van as if he meant to get hit." Two days later Corky judged the wheels right. He lay dead. As the milkman came up the lane to tell the tale, he shook his head sadly. "I've never seen anything like it," he said. "That dog *wanted* to die." And all of us who knew Corky had the same "irrational" opinion.

Animal behaviour has come in for some intense study in the past 20 years, and with each investigation it becomes more apparent that either the birds and the beasts do have some human traits—or that we have animal ones.

Certainly of all forms of life on earth man is the most varied, adjustable and intelligent. There are obvious differences between him and the birds and beasts—but the similarities, too, are large. Aware of them, we gain a more vivid picture of ourselves, and a more certain knowledge that the same laws of life have shaped us all.

Cartoon Quips

FATHER, helping son with arithmetic: "If A makes Rs. 100 and B spends Rs. 150 . . . ask your mother to help you—this is right up her street."

—John Dempsey

MAN, looking at get-well cards, to assistant: "Have you got one that says SNAP OUT OF IT!?"

—E. Reed

FATHER to baby in cot: "I don't call me. I'll call you." —*Punch*, London

GIRL, about to be kissed in the moonlight: "Please, Albert, not with all those satellites taking photographs."

—Dave Hirsch

SMALL BOY to mother: "Daddy took me to the zoo. One animal came in and paid 20 to one."

—Salo

WOMAN complaining to a doctor's receptionist: "All he does is make appointments for me to see a specialist! Is he really a doctor, or just a booking agent?"

—L. C. S.

BOY to girl: "After we're married it's going to seem funny not having anyone to buy chocolates and presents for."

—E. R.

SMALL SON to parents bringing home quadruplets: "We'd better start telling people. They're going to be harder to get rid of than kittens."

—J. T.

At Last—

A Pill for Birth Control

*Report on a revolutionary development in
mankind's search for a way to control human fertility*

By ALBERT MAISEL



SYNTHETIC-HORMONE drug called by the trade name Enovid, clinically tested and proved safe to use when properly prescribed and taken as directed, marks a revolutionary change in mankind's ability to control its own fertility.

Yet these pills are not just one more contraceptive. They are the first of a family of birth-control chemicals entirely different from anything ever before available, for they temporarily suppress ovulation, an essential part of the reproductive process.

Up to now, all the medically approved birth-control methods have aimed at preventing male sperm cells from reaching the

female ovum, or egg cell. Even the rhythm method of family limitation seeks to prevent sperm from reaching an ovum receptive to fertilization. It does so by restricting sexual relations to those days when a wife is presumed to be infertile because one egg cell has lost its ability to be fertilized and her ovaries have not yet matured another egg cell to replace it.

The conventional contraceptive methods have been used increasingly during recent decades. But they have proved to be far from completely effective. A 1957 survey of 1,165 couples, for example, showed that even the most reliable contraceptive devices had proved to be only 72 to 80 per cent efficient.

In crowded, underdeveloped countries such as India, Ceylon and Indonesia, conventional contraceptives have proved almost total failures. Uneducated women find it impossible to perform the mathematical calculation of the menstrual cycle essential for the success of the rhythm method. The proper use of conventional contraceptive devices becomes incredibly difficult where there are no sanitary facilities and where entire families sleep in one room. And countless millions are too poor even to dream of meeting the cost of contraceptive supplies.

Aware of these drawbacks, many doctors and scientists have long sought to develop a birth-control method so safe, simple and inexpensive that it could be used effectively by even the most poverty-stricken and least educated.

Meanwhile, biochemists, endocrinologists and gynaecologists were studying a different problem. Far from trying to prevent conception, they were seeking methods of overcoming the infertility which keeps one in ten of the couples who want children from achieving parenthood.

Gradually, these studies led to a vast increase in our knowledge of the intricate processes of human reproduction.

And, paradoxically, it was this new knowledge that led to a birth-control break-through.

By 1950, enough had been learnt of the physiology of conception for

scientists to be able to spot more than a dozen weak links in the reproductive chain. Some were points at which nature *normally* made conception a temporary impossibility. Others were instances in which some malfunction, in the male or the female, caused either temporary or permanent sterility. But, in theory at least, each of these weak links represented a point at which deliberate control of the reproductive process might be effected.

One of the first to explore these new possibilities was a biologist, Gregory Pincus, co-director of America's Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology. Dr. Pincus had won world-wide recognition as a leader in research on the steroid hormones (the chemical messengers which play complex governing roles in the process of reproduction). Early in 1951 he set out to see whether one of these hormones—progesterone—might be the key to a deliberate physiological control of fertility.

It was already known that as soon as a fertilized ovum begins its growth in the womb, nature steps up its output of progesterone. This in turn causes the ovaries to cease releasing additional ova throughout the period of pregnancy. It was also known that progesterone was non-toxic and therefore safe to use as a drug. In fact, doctors have been using it for years in massive injections to prevent miscarriages among so-called "habitual aborters."

But injections would never do as a birth-control measure. Dr. Pincus's first experiments, therefore, were designed to see whether progesterone given by mouth would retain its ovulation-suppressing power. Female rabbits were given varying doses of the hormone and, 24 hours later, placed with males in mating cages. Whenever the oral dose exceeded five milligrams, ovulation was halted and not one of the female rabbits produced a litter.

From rabbits, Pincus and his co-worker, Dr. M. C. Chang, turned to laboratory rats because they normally ovulate in cycles similar to those of humans. When the females were fed five or more milligrams of progesterone, the single dose was sufficient to suppress ovulation for an entire cyclic period.

But would the same effect occur if women took progesterone by mouth? To find out, Pincus turned to Dr. John Rock, Clinical Professor of Gynaecology at Harvard and director of the fertility clinic at the Free Hospital for Women in the Boston Suburb of Brookline. Rock's aim was not birth control, but a means of establishing fertility in his inexplicably infertile patients. For some of these women it seemed that a make-believe pregnancy, which was established by oral progesterone, might be of help. Of course ovulation would be suppressed during the period of treatment.

Thus, the biologist and the doctor joined forces.

To 29 barren women Dr. Rock supplied progesterone pills. To avoid an undesired suppression of menstruation, he instructed his patients to interrupt treatment after the 25th day of each treated cycle and not to resume taking the pills until the fifth day after their menstrual periods began. For one month, then two months, then three, tests showed that progesterone, taken orally, halted ovulation in most of these women. Then, with Pincus's theory vindicated, the treatment was stopped and Dr. Rock waited to see whether the effect he had hoped for would occur. Soon, he too had cause for congratulation. For among these infertile patients, upon whom all previous therapy had failed, four became pregnant within the next four months.

Now Dr. Pincus paused to review what had been proved. Progesterone pills could suppress ovulation and thus induce temporary sterility. But the drug had to be given in expensive, gigantic doses—up to 300 milligrams a day—to achieve the desired effect. And even then, it worked only 75 to 80 per cent of the time. Obviously, this wasn't *the* foolproof birth-control pill that Pincus had been seeking.

So the hunt began again, this time for a steroid that could do what progesterone had done—but do it consistently, at lower dosages. For more than two years the lights burned late in the laboratories at Worcester as Pincus and Chang tested more than

175 hormones. The safest and most powerful, they found, was a synthetic hormone, which was later named Enovid—short for 17-alpha-ethinyl-estraenolone. On Dr. Rock's women volunteers, this worked at a dosage only 1/30th of that required with progesterone. A ten-milligram pill, taken daily from the fifth to the 25th day of the menstrual cycle, invariably prevented ovulation where progesterone had apparently failed in one case out of five. When treatment was discontinued, all the volunteers promptly resumed their normal pattern of ovulation. And, again, a number found their fertility restored and became pregnant.

But only a mass clinical test among women without the cultural and educational advantages of the Boston volunteers could prove whether the new pills were a practical replacement for conventional contraceptives.

The opportunity for such a test came in 1956. Dr. Edris Rice-Wray, medical director of Puerto Rico's Family Planning Association, sought out women in a slum-clearance development near San Juan who had already given birth to a number of children and who, for a time at least, wanted no more. As word spread, Dr. Rice-Wray found herself besieged by many times the 100 applicants she had originally planned to treat.

By January 1957, the experimental group had grown to 221. By November 1958, 438 women had

used the pills to prevent ovulation through nearly 5,000 monthly cycles. Later projects in Puerto Rico and in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, brought the number of participating women to more than 1,200. By the end of 1959, the effectiveness of the new pills had been unequivocally established. Prior to the tests, the pregnancy rate had been over 70 per 100 women per year. But among those who took the tablets faithfully, only one became pregnant while under treatment and there was evidence that she had already been pregnant when her treatment began.

Even among those who missed taking up to five pills in any single month, the pregnancy rate still remained under 10 per 100 women per year.

When the San Juan tests were first started, a number of endocrinologists feared that prolonged suppression of ovulation might result in permanent sterility. Fortunately 174 women, who dropped out of the project when they decided that they wanted another baby, provided a perfect test. Once they stopped taking the pills, pregnancy occurred among these women at a phenomenal rate. Many became pregnant within a month.

Some authorities had feared that the prolonged use of powerful steroids might endanger health and, particularly, might predispose to cancer. To check these theoretical possibilities, women taking part in

the Puerto Rican clinical trials underwent regular and thorough medical examinations and laboratory tests. No rise in the general disease rate occurred and not a single case of post-treatment cervical, uterine or breast malignancy was found among the participating women. "Enovid," Dr. Rock states, "has emphatically not caused cancer."

Other researchers have observed no pathological effects after administering much larger doses of Enovid than those used in Puerto Rico. And still larger doses, given for more than a year to laboratory animals, have likewise failed to cause disease.

In all the clinical trials, about one volunteer in five reported some nausea, headache, weight gain, dizziness or abdominal pain, especially during the first month of treatment. But experiments using inert placebos instead of the hormone showed that, in many of these women, the side effects had a psychological rather than a physical basis.

One remaining drawback of the hormone contraceptive is its high cost. But with mass production, according to the manufacturers of Enovid, a substantial decrease in price may be possible.

Meanwhile, other physiological ways of controlling fertility are currently being explored. In the Population Council Laboratory at the Rockefeller Institute, for example, Doctors Warren Nelson, Sheldon Segal and other researchers have conducted extensive experiments with a non-steroid compound which, fed to laboratory rats as late as four days after mating, has halted the development of ova and provided 100-per-cent prevention of pregnancy. Whether it would work as effectively on women—and without causing untoward side effects—has still to be determined.

In India and Israel, researchers have been studying the use of compounds that prevent the adherence of an ovum to the wall of the womb, thus halting its further development. Elsewhere research is being directed towards the suppression of sperm development in men. And still other scientists are seeking to develop a vaccine that would temporarily sterilize either men or women.

Whether these or still other lines of research will produce a contraceptive method as good as—or even better than—the present hormone technique, only time will tell.

Polite Society

*I*N A Stockholm tram two men were laughing quietly over an anecdote. A third, who had overheard it, removed his hat and said, "Excuse me, my name is Andersson. May I laugh, too?"

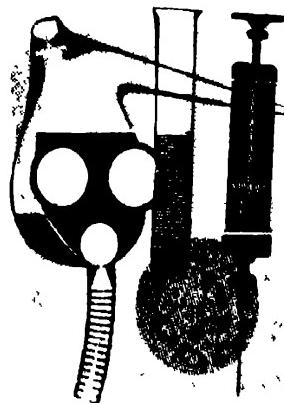
—W. W.

Since the use of gas "to the horror of all civilization" in the First World War, there has been a revulsion against gas warfare. In the opinion of some military experts, this is no longer a realistic attitude. Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, the authority on strategy, argues, in his book *Deterrent or Defence*, that if we are prepared to contemplate the use of nuclear weapons of mass slaughter, it is absurd to bar gas, which is relatively humane and can be used to obstruct and

delay attackers without annihilating them. A "reversion to chemical weapons," he writes, "would at least offer hope of successful defence without suicide—if deterrence fails. Chemical weapons are most effective in checking invasion and delaying all advancing movements on land, whereas they are far less effective against stationary forces and cities."

"The latest types of nerve gas paralyse the will to fight and quench the

The Truth About Gas and



WHEN THE Allied forces invaded Germany in the Second World War they discovered something that, had they known it earlier, might well have altered the invasion plans. Stored in warehouses, they found, were tons of a new and diabolical gas—a colourless and almost odourless killer called Tabun. It attacked the human nervous system through the lungs or eyes, causing death within one to five minutes. If the eyes and lungs were protected, liquid

droplets of Tabun would rapidly penetrate clothing and be absorbed by the skin, bringing death within ten minutes to two hours. There was then no effective antidote.

The maniacal Hitler had clearly intended to use this terrifying new weapon on a massive scale to stop the invasion. What prevented him? Only the fact that the Allies, suspecting that Hitler might resort to chemical warfare, warned that they were prepared to retaliate overwhelmingly. Though the Allies did not possess a comparable lethal nerve gas, German intelligence was unaware of this. Hence, Hitler's huge stockpiles

THE TRUTH ABOUT GAS AND GERM WARFARE

valour of the fiercest attacker . . . they provide a far more hopeful portent for peace and humanity than the multiplication of the atomic deterrents."

One thing is sure, as this article shows: Russia's military scientists are developing and refining chemical and biological weapons.

America is facing up to this new challenge of the cold war. In this article her standpoint, as leader of the Western Allies, is explained.

across a whole new spectrum of chemical and biological weaponry (CBW).

Soviet leaders have made it clear that in another war they have every intention of using these weapons. In November 1957 Khrushchev told Western reporters, "All means, intercontinental ballistic missiles, submarine missiles and other means which now exist, will be used in the event of armed conflict. This is the logic of war, the logic of struggle." A few days later Defence Minister Malinovsky reported publicly that Soviet forces were being intensively trained in the use of chemical weapons. And it is now known that the Russians have invested about 15 per cent of their armed strength in Eastern Europe in chemical weaponry.

Every Soviet soldier carries in his medical kit a hypodermic filled with two milligrams of atropine, the only known-and even partially effective antidote for nerve gas. "The Russians know we don't equip our troops to use nerve gas," says Lieutenant-General Arthur Trudeau, U.S. Army Chief of Research and Development. "They carry these syrettes to protect themselves against their own gas."

Since the middle of the Korean War, the Red propaganda machine has been flooding the world with detailed reports—all utterly untrue—of how U.S. forces used germ weapons in North Korea. New stories are concocted continuously.

Germ Warfare

BY JOHN HUBBELL

of Tabun remained untouched while the Allies swept across Europe.

But the story, unhappily, does not end here. When the gas was found, Britain and the United States took most of their share out to sea, and dropped it. The Russians took their share home, along with the dismantled laboratories where the stuff had been made and the scientists who had made it. They have kept on producing it ever since.

Nor have the Soviets confined their work in the military chemicals field to nerve gas. Intelligence estimates indicate that in recent years they have scored breakthroughs

Why this barrage of untruth, this singular preoccupation with CBW?

"They may be conditioning their people and as many of the world's uninformed as they can reach to the use of such weapons," says Dr. Howard Wilcox, former Deputy Director of Research and Engineering for the U.S. Department of Defence. "They seem to be working hard at putting themselves in a position from which they could use these weapons without incurring the censure of world opinion. They may intend to use CB weapons, and then say they were forced to use them in self-defence."

The truth is that none of the Western Allies has ever used toxic gas or germ weapons, even in training. CB weaponry is regarded in the West as unthinkably barbaric—something never to be used except in retaliation.

This point of view is perhaps reasonable—if the weapons exist to retaliate with. But public repugnance to CB warfare has been so great as to prevent even the research necessary to make our forces effective in chemical-biological combat. For years the U.S. Army Chemical

* "Among the British casualties from bullets or high explosive shells, the proportion was approximately one dead out of every three men hit, whereas among the gas casualties only one man in thirty died . . . The difference between the British and American ratios is explained by the fact that the British suffered the chlorine gas attacks of 1915 and the even more deadly but less pain-causing phosgene gas in 1916, whereas by the time the Americans arrived on the battlefield these types had been largely superseded by mustard gas, which was more effective but less lethal, even though painful." (B. H. Liddell Hart in *Deterrant or Defence*, published by Stevens, London)

Corps has skimped along on a meagre budget, unable to do more than develop prototypes of the kind of equipment our men would need.

"While the Reds are hoodwinking much of the world with lies about our activity in the CB field, we have hoodwinked ourselves with our own propaganda," says Major-General Marshall Stubbs, Chief of the U.S. Army Chemical Corps. "We were horrified—and we made sure the rest of the world was properly horrified—when the Germans introduced mustard gas in the First World War. We have allowed the myth to develop that few men who were gassed survived, and that few who survived ever recovered their health. The facts don't support this."

To be sure, the effects of mustard gas were ugly. But, according to U.S. Army medical records, of some 73,000 American gas casualties, only two per cent died; only seven per cent were discharged as disabled. The rest—nearly 67,000—recovered fully. By contrast, 25 per cent of American wounded died and tens of thousands were maimed for life.*

Nevertheless, U.S. public opinion, which in the final analysis determines how U.S. defence dollars are spent, has been permitted to remain opposed to the very idea of CB warfare. Letters continually flow into the White House, Congress and the Pentagon from outraged citizens astounded to learn that the Army even has a Chemical Corps. As a

result, says General Trudeau, the West "does not have a counter-offensive ability to meet a Soviet challenge in the CB warfare field."

Why has the public been allowed to persist in its ignorance concerning CB weaponry? Because government agencies have determinedly blocked the release of information which might seem to lend the slightest credence to Soviet propaganda about American CB activity—perhaps a good enough reason. Another reason, not so good, has been the fear that to tell the American people what can and should be done in the CB field might frighten them too much.

On June 16, 1959, a U.S. government committee on science and astronautics, its curiosity aroused by a magazine article written by Major-General William Creasy, retired Chief of the Chemical Corps, summoned Creasy, Stubbs and other top-ranking Chemical Corps officers and scientists. In demonstrations with cats and dogs, and also with human beings—army volunteers who had passed rigid physical and mental tests—the committee saw some of the effects that the new chemicals can achieve.

Afterwards the committee recommended that U.S. representatives to disarmament talks bear in mind the great potential of CB weaponry. It suggested that the Chemical Corps research budget of 40 million dollars (Rs. 20 crores) should be increased and that the American people be

At Porton Research Establishment in England, British scientists are working on chemical weapons—but solely to develop "effective defence against gas attack." There is close collaboration in this field between Britain, the United States and Canada. British troops are not trained in the use of chemical or biological weapons, although war gases such as mustard gas and phosgene are occasionally used in military exercises to give troops experience and confidence in their defensive equipment. The current service respirator is said to "afford adequate protection" against biological weapons.

The War Office says that under present policy, Britain would *not* use chemical or biological weapons except in retaliation; is *not* manufacturing psychochemicals or blood gases for military purposes; but *has* developed at least one vaccine to immunize troops in the event of bacteriological attack.

taken into confidence on the growing threat of CB warfare.

Exactly what, then, are these new weapons, and what are the defences against them?

The newest chemical agents under study are those which do not kill or make men even mildly uncomfortable, but which can, with lightning speed, destroy men's ability to function. One group of them—the psychochemicals—can cause strong men to grow timid, or can create a languorous apathy which renders men utterly unresponsive to the most urgent stimulus, such as attack by an enemy or other danger.

A second group incapacitates men physically, without pain. A third group of chemical agents can so upset a man's ability to integrate time and distance that it becomes impossible for him to drive a vehicle or operate a weapon. Or a long, deep sleep can be induced; or the victim can be temporarily paralysed or made blind or deaf.

Unless administered in unrealistically huge doses, none of these new chemicals is fatal. They are odourless and colourless. Some of the human volunteers did not even know that they had been attacked. They recovered within two days.

The deadliest chemicals are the nerve and blood gases. Tabun is believed to be the standard Soviet nerve gas. The U.S. nerve gas is Sarin, which has no odour and is more potent.

This is how Sarin works:

Normally, the muscles of the body are continually tightening and relaxing—expanding and contracting, as though breathing. The tightening process is caused by a substance called acetylcholine and the relaxation by a protein called cholinesterase which destroys the acetylcholine. Sarin stops the functioning of the body's cholinesterase so that all the body's muscular systems, including those affecting the heart and lungs, continue to tighten into rigid paralysis. It can be delivered by shells, bombs, rockets or spraying devices. It can be dispersed either as a vapour, to be inhaled; or as an

aerosol—colourless, microscopically small liquid particles—which can either be inhaled or pass through ordinary clothing to be absorbed by the skin.

Two blood gases, hydrogen cyanide and cyanogen chloride, act about as quickly as the nerve gases. These, too, are colourless, but have a peach-like odour. They can be delivered by the same types of munitions and also by the individual soldier using a hand grenade. They literally suffocate the body within 15 minutes of inhalation of a lethal dose by locking oxygen in the blood stream, preventing its transfer to body tissues.

A third blood gas is arsine, also colourless, but with a mildly garlic-like odour. This is a delayed-action gas which destroys the kidneys and liver by robbing them of blood. Depending on the concentration, it may kill within two hours or it may take as long as 11 days.

Still another group of gases are the blister agents—distilled mustard, nitrogen mustard and lewisite. These agents are rapidly absorbed through unprotected skin, and if inhaled will fry the respiratory and digestive tracts, lung tissue and any other internal organs they reach. They are easily recognized: distilled mustard smells like garlic and sometimes can be seen as a palish yellow vapour; nitrogen mustard has a fishy odour, lewisite smells like geraniums, and both are dark in colour.

The choking gases of the First

World War—phosgene and diphosgene—are still considered important. Both are colourless and have the same distinctive, new-mown-hay odour. Both burn into the lungs and throat, making men violently, retchingly ill. Though victims usually recover, a heavy dosage can be fatal.

Such are the main military chemicals. Now let's look at some biological weapons:

Bacteria can infect men with anthrax, bacillary dysentery, undulant fever, cholera, diphtheria, tularemia (rabbit fever), bubonic or pneumonic plague, typhoid fever, tuberculosis. The rickettsiae—bacteria-like micro-organisms usually carried by lice and ticks—can induce various kinds of typhus and a high fever with a rash; there are viruses which cause several different types of encephalitis, smallpox, yellow fever, dengue fever, hepatitis. A botulinum toxin causes botulism, a painful, paralytic and usually fatal disease.

Such weapons can be ground into fine, cloud-like mists, powders or dusts and sprayed out into favourable winds. They can be carried in adapted conventional munitions. Many can be introduced in streams where men would bathe or obtain drinking water. Infected animal life—rodents, ticks, lice—can be parachuted, ballooned or secretly carried deep into enemy territory. While chemical agents create casualties quickly and seldom hang on in an area more than a week,

biological weapons which cannot be seen, smelt, tasted or felt, take longer to act, but some can stay alive and potent for years.

The U.S.S.R. is undoubtedly aware that CB weaponry has distinct military advantages over conventional and nuclear weaponry. The user is spared the enormous expense of rebuilding target areas, rehabilitating populations. It offers a wide choice of effects—unprotected troops can be destroyed, or temporarily incapacitated, or made ill. CB weapons can attack targets over wide areas, penetrating fortifications and, since most of the agents used are heavier than air, sinking into foxholes and bomb shelters. And CB warfare can probably be waged much more cheaply than standard warfare.

In the First World War, the belligerent nations developed means by which most of the soldiers would survive and fight in a chemically toxic environment. This situation probably holds true today. The U.S. Army Chemical Corps has developed a lightweight mask that will protect a man against CB agents entering through the eyes, nose or mouth. An atropine hypodermic for field use by the individual soldier is nearing readiness. Should a man lose his hypodermic or fail to make the injection in time, he might still be saved by a new battlefield resuscitator with which one medical orderly can apply artificial respiration simultaneously to a dozen men. A fibre

diffusion board is being developed for protection in foxholes and bomb shelters: charcoal and other filtering materials screen out from the air the tiniest aerosol particles, liquid droplets or toxic vapours. The U.S. Army has developed some practical items of protective clothing.

Men can be made immune to many of the biological agents. Indeed, the Russians—who have not been secretive with their people about CB warfare possibilities—have not only immunized their armies but have also embarked on a massive immunization programme for their civilians. Already, millions of Russians have walked slowly through rooms sprayed with aerosols of attenuated—that is, live but weakened—biological agents. Several deep breaths immunize a person to the diseases caused by these agents.

For protection against toxic chemicals, one can buy an excellent gas mask in the Soviet Union for about Rs. 65. And every citizen is now compelled to take 20 hours of

intensive anti-CB-warfare training.

The rumour, nourished by ill-informed Press reports, that a few ounces of certain chemicals could kill millions, that biological weapons could induce raging epidemics in populated areas, is sheer nonsense. It is no more possible to kill millions with a few ounces of any chemical than it is to distribute a few ounces of water among millions.

No known CB agent is fatal if treated quickly and properly, and troops ready for a CB attack can survive it. CB weapons do not take the place of nuclear or conventional weapons: they are an adjunct.

The Free World can no longer afford the luxury of ignoring such weaponry. It is a hard, real fact of military life. We must learn to live with it and see to it that such weapons are never used against us. Says General Stubbs, "The surest way to deter anyone from using them is to develop a CB arsenal so strong that no one will dare to force retaliation."



Danger Afoot

ONE of the major worries of the designer of aircraft floors, according to a correspondent in the London *Times*, is the fashionable stiletto heel, much favoured by women passengers. The steel-tipped heel has a total surface of only a fraction of a square inch. Milady may be a debutante of eight stone or a dowager closer to 14. As she walks along the aircraft aisle, her entire weight is borne by this tiny surface. If the air is bumpy, the weight may suddenly be doubled. In sheer penetrating pressure, the hoof of a rhinoceros or the foot of an elephant would be a fairy footstep by comparison.

My Wild Irish Mother



BY JEAN KERR

Author of "Please Don't Eat the Daisies"

I'M NEVER going to write my autobiography, and it's all my mother's fault. I don't hate her, so I have practically no material. In fact, the situation is worse than I'm pretending. We are crazy about her—and you know I'll never get a book out of that.

Mother was born Kitty O'Neill, in Kinsale, Ireland, with bright red hair, bright blue eyes, and the firm conviction that it was wrong to wait for the lift if you were only going up to the fifth floor. It's not just that she won't wait for the lift; I have known her to reproach herself for missing one section of a revolving door.

Once, when we missed a train from New York to Washington, I

fully expected her to pick up our suitcases and announce, "Well, darling, the exercise will be good for us." When I have occasion to mutter about the financial problems involved in maintaining five children in a large house, Mother is quick to get to the root of the problem. "Remember," she says, "you take taxis a lot." In Mother's opinion, an able-bodied woman is perfectly justified in taking a taxi to hospital if her labour pains are closer than ten minutes apart.

The youngest daughter of wealthy and indulgent parents, Mother was sent to finishing schools in France and to the Royal College of Music in London. When she came to America to marry my father, her

only qualifications as housewife and mother were the ability to speak four languages, play three musical instruments and make blancmange.

I, naturally, wasn't around during those first troubled months when Mother learned to cook. But my father can still recall the day she boiled sweet corn, a delicacy unknown in Ireland at that time, for five hours until the cobs were tender.

To her four children—all low-metabolism types, inexplicably—Mother's energy has always seemed awesome. "What do you think?" she's prone to say. "Have I got time to cut the grass before I stuff the turkey?" But her whirlwind activity is potentially less dangerous than her occasional moments of repose. Then she sits, staring into space, clearly lost in languorous memories. The fugitive smile that hovers about her lips suggests the gentle melancholy of one hearing Mozart being played beautifully. Suddenly she leaps to her feet. "I know it will work," she says. "All we have to do is to remove that wall, plug up the windows and extend the veranda."

It's fortunate that she has the thrust and energy of a well-guided missile or she wouldn't get a spot of work done, because everybody who comes to her house, even to read the gas meter, always stays at least an hour. I used to think that they were all beguiled by her Irish accent, but I have gradually gleaned that they are telling her the story of their invariably unhappy lives.

"Do you remember my lovely greengrocer?" Mother will ask. "Oh, yes, you do—he had red hair and ears. Well, his brother-in-law sprained his back and hasn't worked for six months, and we're going to have to take a bundle of clothes over to those children." Or again, "Do you remember that nice girl in the furniture shop? Oh, yes, you do—she was in lampshades, and she had grey hair and wore grey dresses. Well, she's having an operation next month, and you must remember to pray for her."

Mother's credo, by the way, is that if you want something, anything, don't just sit there—pray for it. And she combines a Job-like patience in the face of the mysterious ways of the Almighty with a flash of Irish rebellion which will bring her to say—and I'm sure she speaks for many of us—"Jean, what I am really looking for is a blessing that's not in disguise."

She has a knack of penetrating disguises, whether it be small boys who claim that they have taken baths or middle-aged daughters who swear that they have lost five pounds in weight. She also has a way of cutting things to size. Some time ago I had a collection of short articles brought out in book form, and I sent one of the first copies to her.

Her delight fairly bubbled off the pages of the letter. "Darling," she wrote, "isn't it marvellous the way those old pieces of yours finally

came to the surface like a dead body!"

One of the most charming things about Mother was the extraordinary patience with which she would allow us children to "instruct" her. While she knew a great deal about such "useless" things as music and art and literature, she knew nothing whatever, we discovered as we were growing up, about isosceles triangles or watts and volts. We, of course, made haste to repair these gaps.

I discovered recently just how much of this unrelated information has stayed with her. I was driving her to a train when she noticed a squirrel poised on a wire that ran between two five-storey buildings. "Look at that little squirrel up on that wire," she said. "You know, if he gets one foot on the ground, he'll be electrocuted."

But if Mother's knowledge of electricity is a little sketchy, there is nothing sketchy about her knowledge of any subject in which she develops an interest. About ten years ago, when my husband and I became involved in the theatre, Mother's lifelong fascination with things theatrical came to the fore.

A revue we had written had just opened, and she made me promise that I would send her all the newspaper reviews, express, as soon as they appeared.

In those days there were eight metropolitan daily papers, and our only seriously negative notice appeared in *The Sun*. Ward Morehouse was then the critic on *The Sun*; but he was out of town, and the review was written by his assistant, or, as I was willing to suppose, his office boy. So, with that special brand of feminine logic that will in the end drive my husband out of his mind, I decided to omit this particular notice in the batch I sent to Mother. This was a serious miscalculation on my part, as I realized when I got Mother's two-word telegram. It read, "Where's Morehouse?"

I knew when I started this that all I could do was to list some of the things Mother does and says, because it's not possible, really, to describe her.

All my life I have heard people break off their lyrical descriptions of her and announce helplessly, "You'll just have to meet her."

However, I recognize, if I cannot describe, the lovely festive air she always brings with her, so that she can arrive any old day in July and suddenly it seems to be Christmas Eve and the children seem handsomer and better behaved and all the adults seem more charming and . . .

Well, you'll just have to meet her.

*O*NCE a fellow used to take his secretary on trips and call her his wife. Now, with expense accounts, he takes his wife and calls her his secretary.

—Quoted in *Time*

Joseph Corbett



TO CATCH A KILLER

*A dangerous killer was at large . . .
The FBI knew who he was and a great deal about him, but the trail had gone dead. Through information channels it turned to the public for help. Details of the kidnap-murder, including the fugitive's description and photograph, were published in the U.S. and Canadian editions of *The Reader's Digest*. Put yourself in the place of the readers who thus saw the FBI appeal; then learn, in a postscript, of the swift denouement*

BY BLAKE CLARK

TUESDAY, February 9, 1960, started out like many another day for Adolph Coors. He bade his wife and children good-bye, climbed into his station wagon and took the road for his office in Golden, Colorado, 12 miles from his red-roofed home. No one has seen him since.

The big, athletic, 44-year-old

businessman usually reached the Adolph Coors Company, of which he was chairman of the board, at about 8.30. When he failed to arrive on time his office staff assumed he was doing an errand on the way. But at 10.45, after waiting 15 minutes for him to appear for the weekly executive meeting, his brother William telephoned the

house. What he learned was cause for some alarm. More cause came almost at once.

Daniel Crocker, a milk roundsman, was driving to Turkey Creek, two miles from the Coors home. He found a bridge blocked by a large station wagon. The car was empty, but the engine was running and the radio was playing. Crocker moved the vehicle a few feet so that his milk float could pass. When he returned from a delivery three-quarters of a mile down the road, the station wagon was still there, so he drove into Morrison to report to the Colorado Highway Patrol.

Patrolman George Hendricks found blood spattered on the west railing of the 25-foot-long bridge. On the bank below the bridge, sheriff's officers came upon Coors's tan cap; his plastic-rimmed spectacles lay near by. By late afternoon more than 100 men were searching the area. The hunt continued all night. Bloodhounds were brought in, but they could not find a trace of a scent on the rocky terrain. It looked like a kidnapping, so the FBI was called in.

For three days and nights, an experienced FBI agent, Donald Hostetter, and some 50 specialists in kidnap detection combed every inch of the area over a 50-mile radius, but no one came upon a clue.

Had Coors perhaps staged some kind of voluntary disappearance? Hostetter's men went through his life history, but found nothing to

suggest the possibility. Grandson of a German immigrant brewer, Coors was the head of a firm which owns a brewery and a porcelain company, both financially successful. His home life seemed to be as happy as a man could wish. With an attractive wife, Mary, and four children, he lived comfortably and raised Black Angus beef cattle as a hobby. Enemies? The general feeling was that he had none.

Then what fate had Adolph Coors met at the bridge over Turkey Creek?

A few clues trickled in. James Cable, of Morrison, reported seeing a 1951 yellow car parked near the bridge on Monday morning. It had a Colorado licence, he recalled, and the number began "AT-62." And Bill Hosler, Coors's ranch foreman, said that such a car had been seen several times lately near the ranch.

Mrs. William Stitt lives about a quarter of a mile from the bridge. She had just seen her children off to school—at about the time Coors would have reached the bridge—when she heard a noise, perhaps a shot, "like lightning striking a tree."

Four days after the disappearance, Mary Coors asked the sheriff to withdraw the guards he had placed around her home, to give any possible kidnapper an opportunity to make contact with her. Several notes were received, but none was followed up by the sender. One note was typewritten. It demanded 500,000 dollars—in five-, ten- and

twenty-dollar bills—to be placed in a trunk. William Coors went to the bank and got the money, but the sender of the note abruptly broke off negotiations.

Meanwhile, Hostetter's squad pursued every lead. Of special interest, naturally, was the yellow car. The "AT" on the licence plate told them that it was from somewhere near Denver. They checked at local filling stations to see if attendants recalled a customer in such a car.

Days later a break in the case came—from 1,600 miles away. FBI agents in Atlantic City, New Jersey, looking for a getaway car used in a burglary, had been investigating a car found on a city dump heap. Somebody had obviously attempted to burn the vehicle beyond recognition. But the FBI men could tell that it had been yellow, and they got the engine serial number.

A check with a list of owners of this model indicated that this one belonged to Walter Osborne, of 1435 Pearl Street, Denver. Calling at this address, agents learned that Osborne had departed hurriedly on February 10—the morning after Coors's disappearance—leaving his television set, sofa and other furniture. He had been employed at the Benjamin Moore Paint Company.

Now the Hostetter team made progress. They turned up photographs of Osborne, one posed for his driving licence, another snapped at a company party. Checking these against pictures in criminal files,

they found that "Osborne" was actually Joseph Corbett, who had escaped from a prison in Chino, California, in August 1955 after serving four years of a ten-year sentence for murder. To clinch it, fingerprints taken from Osborne's driving licence matched Corbett's. Osborne/Corbett now became one of the FBI's Most Wanted Fugitives.

WHAT KIND of man is Joseph Corbett? Born on October 25, 1928, in Seattle, he grew up there, graduating from secondary school in 1946. Still living at home, he attended the University of Washington for three years.

Then occurred perhaps the most significant event of Corbett's life. On June 12, 1949, when he was 20, he repaired the balcony of his family home in Seattle; but before he could replace the railing, his mother, Marian Meyers Corbett, fell off the three-storey-high balcony. She died as a result of her injuries.

This tragedy may mark the beginning of Corbett's personal disintegration. He did not return to college for over a year, then enrolled as a pre-medical student at the University of California in Berkeley, only to withdraw after a month. He said that he was entering the armed services, but he never did.

Two months later, on December 22, the body of U.S. Air Force Sergeant Alan Lee Reed, shot twice in the head, was found on a lonely California road. An abandoned car

near by was traced to Corbett, but he had unexpectedly cleared out of his room, leaving behind all his luggage. Two weeks later Los Angeles police caught him driving a stolen car and carrying two loaded revolvers. His story was that, returning from target practice, he had picked up Reed as a hitch-hiker. They got into an argument, Reed tried to grab a gun off the back seat, and Corbett shot him.

Corbett pleaded guilty to a charge of second-degree murder and he went to Chino, a minimum-security prison. Psychiatrists there considered him a person of superior intelligence, but unstable. On August 1, 1955, he sneaked from his sleeping quarters, put on some clothes he had hidden in a laundry basket, removed a screen from a washroom window and disappeared.

After his escape Corbett settled in Denver, calling himself Osborne. Neighbours found "Osborne" so quiet and uncommunicative that some nicknamed him "Mystery Boy." In the four years he lived there, said his landlady, she never saw him with anybody. He spent a great deal of time reading. (His record at the Denver Public Library shows that he took out books on science, philosophy, criminology, travel.)

At the paint factory, "Osborne"

* In September last year, clothing belonging to Coors was found in a field 15 miles south of Denver. The trousers contained money and a pocket knife bearing his initials. In the same area, human bones, later identified as Coors's, were also found.

had a well-paid job on the night shift, supervising the cooking of ingredients for paint. "He was a most satisfactory worker," a spokesman told a reporter, "but not very sociable."

FBI agents are doing everything possible to solve this crime, and the search continues night and day;* but Osborne/Corbett's quiet habits give him protective colouring. The only way to discover him may be by the strong spotlight of publicity. A man may hide indefinitely from the law, but he cannot long conceal himself from the public. The chances are good that someone reading this will see this criminal soon.

His appearance? He is 32, between six foot one and six foot two inches tall, weighing probably between 11 and 12 stone, with fair complexion and light brown hair. He is usually bareheaded. He is quite near-sighted and must wear glasses. (It is possible, of course, that he now wears contact lenses.) His movements are rather loose-jointed, and he may walk with a slight stoop. He has a large mouth and his two upper front teeth slant inward; under his chin is a mole and on his right thumb a C-shaped scar.

Observations that people have made of his habits might help in identifying him. For several years Corbett habitually bought three-dollars' worth of petrol each time he refuelled his car. He is left-handed in most activities, but claims to be ambidextrous. He is careful about

his personal appearance. His khaki trousers are so starched and clean that they seem to have been washed and ironed every day. He even folds his dirty linen neatly before taking it to the laundry. He insists on drinking beer from a glass rather than from a can or bottle. He has worn a heavy gold ring set with a plain round red stone. He generally entertains himself by hiking,

camping, target practice, reading or going to the cinema.

If you see Joseph Corbett—in the library, the factory, at a restaurant or supermarket—go quietly to the telephone and call the FBI. The number is on the first page of local phone directories, or the operator will give it to you. Somebody, somewhere, knows this man. If you do, call the FBI at once.

Postscript: The end of a long chase

LESS THAN a week after last November's Reader's Digest appeared in the United States and Canada, the FBI had captured Joseph Corbett—as a direct result of the article you have just read.

Corbett's photograph and story had been delivered to all available news media, and radio and television stations gave them intensive coverage. More than 1,500,000 "Wanted" handbills had been distributed—to all Y.M.C.A.'s, all Salvation Army residence homes, all public libraries, bus stations, hotels, and motels. All opticians, optometrists and ophthalmologists were circularized, because Corbett is entirely dependent upon his glasses; also, it was thought that he might try to alter his appearance by switching from horn-rimmed spectacles to contact lenses.

In addition, a description of the

criminal went to all barbers in the United States, to all bus drivers in cities over 50,000 people, to all hospitals, all petrol stations. All railway stations and airlines serving foreign countries were alerted. Mexican and Canadian immigration authorities were asked to keep a special lookout in case Corbett tried to cross a U.S. border.

It was at this point that the Digest published its article, hoping that one of the magazine's millions of readers, seeing Corbett's likeness, might realize that it was someone he or she knew or had encountered.

The earliest copies of the November issue appeared on October 24. The very next day the telephone rang in the Toronto, Ontario, Police Department. "I'm calling about the photo of Joseph Corbett in the Canadian edition of The Reader's Digest," said a man's voice.

"I worked with him last summer at McPherson's Warehouse—but he didn't call himself Corbett."

FBI agents, in co-operation with Canadian law-enforcement authorities, eagerly picked up the lead. Photographs confirmed Corbett's identity at the warehouse. Unfortunately, he had left on August 31. But, by questioning people who had known Corbett, agents developed another valuable lead: in Toronto, the criminal had always cashed cheques at the same bank. Officials there said they had learnt that, during the first part of October, Corbett had cashed three fraudulent cheques in Winnipeg.

In Winnipeg, the FBI and the Digest were running neck and neck. Just as the federal men were about to interview a woman who kept a lodging house where they thought Corbett might have stayed, she phoned the police and said, "I've just read in *The Reader's Digest* about that man Corbett. I'm sure he stayed here this month."

When agents showed her other photographs of Corbett, she positively identified him. Now they had established his residence in early October. They were only a few days behind him.

And the trail was getting hotter. While in Winnipeg, Corbett had mentioned the possibility of sailing for Australia from Vancouver. Also, he had hired a flashy, fire-engine-red saloon car—Manitoba licence U9—and failed to return it.

In Vancouver, authorities co-operating closely with the FBI instituted an intensive search. And, at 7.45 a.m. on October 29, they got the decisive lead. When an FBI special agent who was briefing Vancouver police mentioned the red car, 32-year-old Constable Jack Marshall spoke up: "I've seen that car." Though he had spotted it two weeks before, the alert Marshall remembered the Manitoba licence plates and the address of the lodging house where he had seen it.

Going immediately to the Maxine Rooms in Bidwell Street, Marshall saw no red car but showed the manager, Mrs. Mary Bell, a photograph of Corbett. "Do you know this man?" he asked.

"It looks like Thomas Wainwright," she said. "He's been here over two weeks now, and has hardly left his room."

No one knew what weapons Corbett might have with him in his first-floor room; the police did know that he was an expert with a number of types of firearms. So nine men went to the Maxine. Six Canadian police, carrying .38 revolvers, deployed themselves to cover all escape routes. Two detectives, Harry Gammy and Sam Fowlow, accompanied by FBI agent Al Gunn, talked to Mrs. Bell.

Corbett had had no phone calls, she said, but shortly after he came he had asked her where he might get a typewriter. The police laid their plans accordingly. If Corbett

said, "Who's there?" when his door was knocked on, Gunn would answer, "I'm here with your typewriter." They'd improvise after that.

When Gunn rapped on Corbett's door, he took his life in his hands. He might be met by a shotgun blast through the wood or a pistol shot through a quickly-opened crack. Fortunately, neither possibility came to pass. At the knock, Corbett stepped towards the door and wedged it open about four inches. Then the long-sought man's face appeared. Gunn, recognizing him at once, shoved the door wide open.

"I'm the man you're looking for," Corbett admitted. "I'm not armed," he added hastily, as the three men grabbed him.

"Where's the gun? Gunn demanded.

"In the bag," he answered, pointing to a small suitcase. One of the men took from it a loaded 9 mm. Spanish automatic pistol. (Corbett

later admitted that this was the first time for several years that he had opened a door without carrying a pistol.)

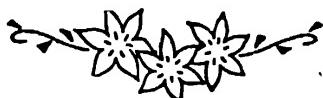
"Where's the car?" asked Gunn.

Corbett at first denied having it, then named the garage where it was later found.

That was the end of the chase. The prisoner was taken to Denver to be tried by the state of Colorado on charges of kidnapping and murdering Adolph Coors. In a letter dated October 31, 1960, to the editors of The Reader's Digest, FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover said:

The apprehension of Joseph Corbett in Canada on October 29, 1960, was the direct result of two leads received from your readers, either one of which would have led to his capture. Your magazine and your readers have earned a deep debt of gratitude from the FBI . . .

Sincerely yours,
J. Edgar Hoover.



Parking Signs

As a woman approached her car in a crowded city car park, a policeman stopped her. "Your licence plates are on upside down!" he exclaimed. "I know," she answered brightly. "It saves me a lot of time. Now I don't have to wander all over the car park looking for my car." —D. B.

At 9.30 one morning a policeman walking his beat spotted an illegally parked car with this note under the windscreen wiper: "Car is stalled, have gone for a push." At 11 o'clock he passed the same car a few streets away. The note now read: "Pushing didn't help, have gone for a mechanic." By 12.30 there was a large sign on the windscreen: "THIS CAR FOR SALE, CHEAP." —F. K. H.



Land of No Tomorrows

In Canada's bleak Northwest Territories, men seldom get a second chance with Nature. Yet when they leave to go "Outside," they can't get back fast enough

BY BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

THE LEAN, grizzled trapper sitting opposite me went by the name of Slim. "Brother, I ain't lying about how cold it gets here," he said. "Out in my cabin once it was 70 below, and I wanted to heat up the place fast. I put a

match to some gasoline, but it wouldn't light. It was just too cold for fumes to come up, and gasoline won't work unless there's fumes. So I lit some kindling on it and after a minute the gasoline burned fine. That's a scientific fact."

"Lots of queer things around here," said Hank, a jovial lawyer. "The Eskimos farther north call this the Land of No Tomorrows. After you've been here a while you'll find out why."

We were sitting at the Yellowknife Hotel, in the Canadian Northwest Territories, 250 miles south of the Arctic Circle, the heart of one of the most fascinating regions left on our mechanized globe. Weather-beaten gold prospectors were gathered in small groups about me, discussing new claims rumoured to be rich in the precious metal; trappers wearing stained moosehide jackets talked of the chances in the coming winter for a good catch of white fox or sable. Here and there a Red Indian sat beside his fat squaw, looking on in stoic silence. A Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman in his trim uniform walked past on his way to the near-by barracks. It was the Wild West come to vivid life again. This was the Last Frontier.

I went outside with Hank and Slim. It was one o'clock in the morning, but it was still daylight. For this was mid-July, the time when in the North there is no night. We strolled about the streets of the little town, the metropolis of the Territories, astonishingly modern to be set in this bleak wilderness. It was hard to realize that in the entire area, nearly half as large as the United States, there were only 17,000 people—whites, Red Indians

and Eskimos. It was hard to believe, as I walked in my shirt-sleeves, that 18 inches below me the earth was perpetually frozen.

I mentioned this to Hank. "That permafrost can be a nuisance," he answered. "Even the digging of a grave is a problem. First you have to build a fire to melt the soil so the shovels can get to work. In summer when it's warmest, somebody figures out the number of people who'll probably die in the coming months, and we dig the graves for the year."

We wandered to the older section of the town, built along Great Slave Lake, which stretched off mistily into the distance. Water planes, specially designed for the region, bobbed at anchor, waiting to carry some prospector to his goal; a towboat moved like a ghost near the shore, pushing a barge. Off in the Red Indian village I could hear the sled dogs crying out their mournful salute to the sun now shining brightly again above the horizon. Unlike most dogs, these animals, so closely bred with wolves, cannot bark; they can only howl.

Despite the lateness of the hour, townspeople were driving about in their cars, on their daily promenade over the few miles of paved road that the area affords. The lack of darkness seemed to make regular hours impossible. On the little golf course, which was Yellowknife's pride, men often started playing at midnight. A baseball game a few

days before had begun at four o'clock in the morning. No one, it seemed, ever goes to bed.

I heard that this same disregard for regularity, this same zest for living, characterized Yellowknife in the wintertime as well. "You can't do anything bad, though, in Yellowknife," remarked Slim. "In summer it's light all night, and in winter you leave tracks."

Next morning I was to go with Hank to see an old trapper up the lake about some land in which one of the town's mining companies was interested. We went down to the Yellowknife dock. A long canoe with a powerful outboard motor was moored near by, a craft used to carry heavy loads and known as a freighter. An Indian guide at the helm brought the canoe alongside.

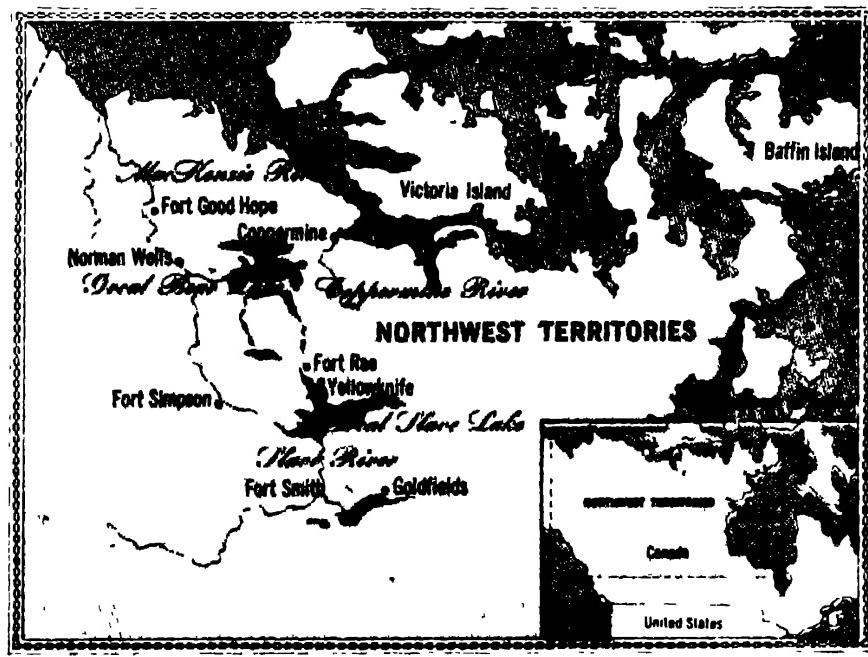
Not a ripple stirred the surface of the lake as we set off. Along the winding shore great rocks rose now and then, streaked with ores of different colours. Beyond them lay the muskeg,* that queer, spongy carpet of moss and decaying vegetation which, broken occasionally by a patch of stunted trees, extends for miles towards the Arctic Ocean.

* From a Red Indian word meaning "land of little sticks."

As the canoe swung to the bank, I stepped ashore and walked inland. Suddenly, to my surprise, my foot sank to a depth of four or five inches. It was as though I had stepped on a feather pillow. Then out of the pillow issued a swarm of huge mosquitoes, as though my foot had struck some hidden pocket and pressed out a cloud of steam. I retreated to the canoe in a hurry.

The bright sky suddenly clouded; the glassy surface of the lake changed into heavy, white-capped rollers as a fierce storm swept across the water. Rain fell in torrents. The canoe rocked like a see-saw. A piercing, frigid wind set me shivering violently. I was getting a faint fore-taste of the rigours of the fierce Arctic weather that in a few short weeks would hold the region in its icy grip.

The storm ended at last, and the sun emerged from the scudding



clouds. "I suppose it's the weather that makes people here so different from Outside," said Hank thoughtfully. "It draws them together, like a flood or a fire or a war."

He wiped the water from his face. "This is probably one of the most desolate places anywhere, with one of the worst climates on earth. You don't get a second chance with nature. One little mistake, half a mile in the wrong direction, or a badly made fire, and you're done. There are a hundred good reasons why all of us should leave and there's no really good reason why we should stay. Yet we stay on and on, and when we finally go Outside we can't get back fast enough."

I had found this almost a tangible thing, the feeling of difference between the people of the North and the Outside. I had heard men compelled to leave the Territories for only the briefest stay talk sadly of their going, as if they were departing for war. The natives spoke of those who had gone Outside permanently as if they had died.

The trapper's cabin that was our goal showed ahead beside a clump of dwarfish trees. The trapper, a lanky, high-cheekboned individual, greeted us warmly. In a tepee made of canvas, his wife, an old woman almost totally blind, was smoking fish for the Eskimo dogs watching hungrily near by. An army of mosquitoes rose up from the surrounding muskeg, and swept down on us like a drifting patch of

fog. We moved inside the tent and stayed until we were smoked like the fish hanging over our heads. I understood now the reason for the faint smoky smell of the trappers and prospectors who live in the bush, the sure sign of a dweller in the North by which he can recognize one of his fellows—the smell of a smudge fire to keep mosquitoes away.

Back at Yellowknife that night I ate supper in the hotel restaurant, waited on by pretty girls who had come from other parts of Canada to find husbands. For women here, as in the Wild West, are at a premium. Later Hank and I were joined briefly by a French-Canadian prospector.

He was leaving in the morning, he said, to look at some gold claims in a new area he had heard of, up north towards Coppermine. Hank smiled as the prospector went out of the door. "He says he's going north towards Coppermine. But he's going east towards Snowdrift or south towards Rat River or any place but where he says. A prospector can be your best friend, willing to die for you, but unless he's your partner he'll never tell you where he's really heading for. That's the prospector's No. 1 law."

For several weeks I stayed in the town, exploring the surrounding country and talking to the colourful inhabitants. I flew to Fort Rae, the largest Red Indian community in the Northwest, some 80 miles away. Perched on grey rocks above a lake

were the little cabins of the Red Indians, and their canvas tepees with smoke curling out the top. Near them were sled dogs of every description, howling and straining at their leashes. I went with a Red Indian interpreter and a young Mounted Policeman to inspect the rocky village. As we approached one cabin, half a dozen tethered dogs rose up snarling, then leaped at us wildly, trying to break their leashes. I picked my way past them gingerly.

"If you look hard you'll see the dogs are all tied the same way," said the policeman. "They're just far enough apart so they can't get at each other when they're feeling mean. But they're close enough so that if a wolf starts fighting one dog, the dog next to him can jump on the wolf fast. That way he'll have two dogs fighting him at once."

In a near-by cabin I paid my respects to the chief, a dignified figure whose face was stained with age like an ancient copper vase. The interpreter read him a telegram sent by the chief of a distant settlement. It said that the caribou had arrived, and asked the chief at Fort Rae to send hunters. The chief looked gravely out of the window at the young men fishing in the lake from their canoes equipped with outboard motors. "I will send the young men with their boats which cough," he said. "Alas, my bones are too old to ride even in the

coughing boats, and I can hunt the caribou no more."

He told me how the lives of the Red Indians of the territory depend upon these vast herds of caribou. The flesh of the caribou serves as their meat; the hides become their robes and clothing; the sinews become thread for their sewing and the strings for their nets and snow-shoes. When the caribou fail to appear, the Red Indians go hungry.

Later, talking to the elders of the tribe, I asked which was the wisest animal in the bush. A gnarled Red Indian clad in a worn leather shirt spoke solemnly: "It is the wolverine. He is all evil and wise as a man. Last year I had 400 trout, and I wished to make a good cache, for 400 trout will last many days. I found some of the white man's stovepipes, and I knew these would make fine supports for the platform on which I put my trout, for it stood higher than my head, and I thought no animal could climb these stovepipes. But the wolverine, with his sharp teeth, bit holes in the pipes. Then he climbed a little, and bit higher and higher—like the pictures I have seen of white men cutting steps with their axes to climb great mountains. And in this way he reached the top. Of my 400 trout he left only six."

We returned to our plane. A dog began to howl in the distance, then another and another until the whole earth seemed alive with dogs, joining in the mournful outcry. It was

the voice of the bush, the great Symphony of the North.

We flew back to Yellowknife. I had dinner with friends and sat talking for a long time. I was overcome with sleep at last and strolled over to the hotel. The sun was shining brilliantly.

In a near-by house I could hear the sounds of a party. A taxi went past with a merry company returning from the golf course. I looked at my watch. It was five minutes past three in the morning.

I realized now why solitary trappers must be careful to cross off each

date on the calendar, or be weeks wrong in their reckoning. I realized why a preacher, during a long stay in the wilderness, sometimes appears by mistake in an empty church to preach his sermon on Tuesday instead of Sunday. For time becomes a curious blur, and minutes and hours lose all their meaning.

I understood now why the Eskimos call this strange country the Land of No Tomorrows. In this world of constant light or constant darkness there can be no tomorrow. for today never ends.

A Penny for Your Thoughts

MY UNCLE, Sigmund Freud, and I once discussed how difficult it is for some people to make a decision. "I'll tell you what I tell them," he said. "I ask them to toss a coin."

"I can't believe it," I said indignantly. "You, a man of science, guided by senseless chance!"

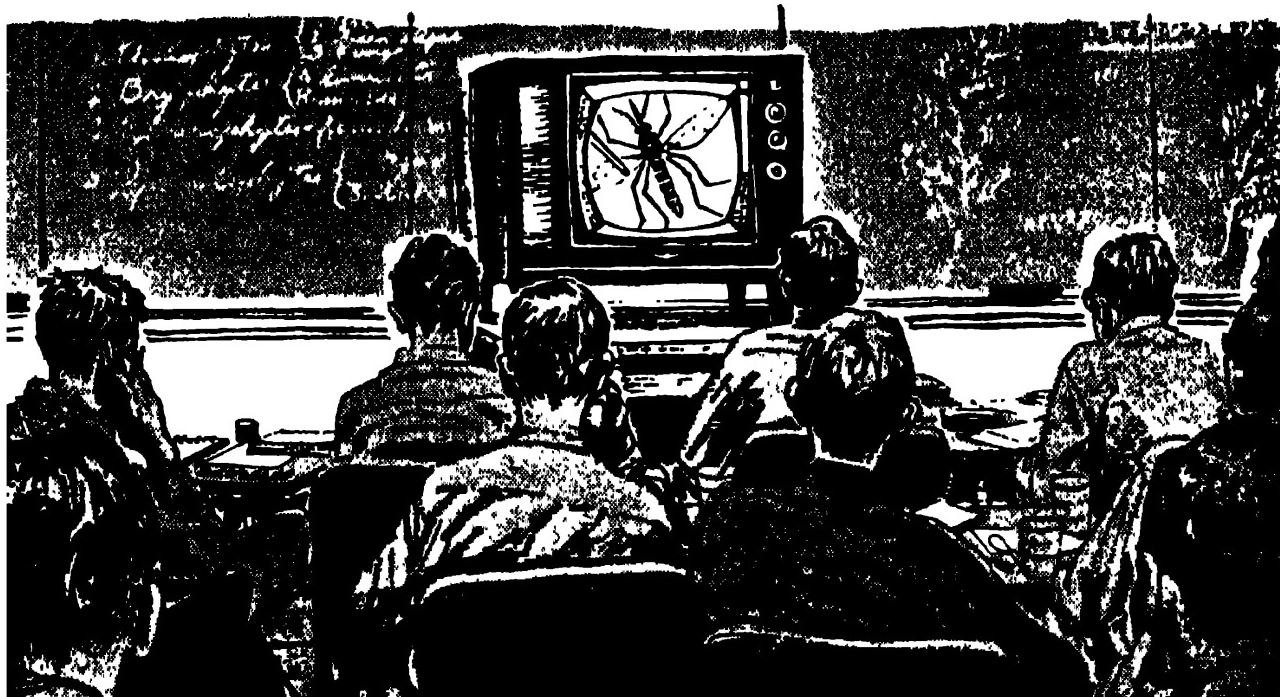
"I did not say you should follow blindly what the coin tells you," my uncle answered. "What I want you to do is to note what the coin indicates. Then look into your own reactions. Ask yourself: Am I pleased? Am I disappointed? That will help you to recognize how you really feel about the matter, deep down inside. With that as a basis, you'll then be ready to make up your mind and come to the right decision."

—Contributed by Hella Freud Bernays

A PSYCHIATRIST who got tired of listening to the assorted troubles and dreams that poured from his consulting couch rigged up a tape recorder. Explaining that he could analyse a case better this way, he would turn on the machine, tell the patient to keep talking and quietly slip out for a beer. This worked well for a while, but one day he looked up from his beer to see, glass in hand, the patient who was supposed to be upstairs on the couch. "What are you doing here?" asked the doctor. "Well," said the patient, "I've taped my dreams and stuff for the last couple of days, and now my tape recorder is upstairs talking to your tape recorder."

—H. N. M.

Television Goes to School



An eminent authority describes the remarkable results achieved by American schools that are using television stations and closed-circuit systems as classroom teaching aids.

By JOHN BURNS

President of the Radio Corporation of America and a former university teacher

AN EXPERIMENT with classroom television has been going on quietly in many parts of the United States for the past few years. Over a million students have participated, and educationalists find the results wonderfully hopeful.

"Television," according to Dr. Herold Hunt, Eliot Professor of Education at Harvard, "is our best hope for bringing today's outworn,

restrictive and unimaginative educational system out of the oxcart age and into the 20th century." Arnold Perry, dean of the University of North Carolina's School of Education, says, "The weight of evidence is overwhelmingly in favour of teaching by television." A Rockefeller report on education sees it as presaging "a long-overdue revolution in teaching techniques."

In 1956 the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Advancement of Education, in co-operation with the U.S. electronics industry, started a unique five-year experiment in which the entire Washington County school system surrounding Hagerstown, Maryland, adapted itself to teaching by television. The next year the Fund set up a much broader national programme with about 250 school systems and 250,000 students. By now another 800 school systems, with over 700,000 students, are also using television in a wide variety of projects.

Two kinds of television are used: closed-circuit and open-circuit. The largest closed-circuit system is at Hagerstown, where special instruction produced by the school's own teaching staff is sent by cable to 16,500 children in 37 different buildings. The largest open-circuit system is in Alabama. There, 67 hours of lessons a week are broadcast from three stations to a relay network covering most of the state, aimed primarily at the tiny back-country schools that have never before been able to give students much more than the three R's.

Typical of television instruction is Dennis Jaroh's science class for ten-year-olds at Detroit's Van Zile Elementary School. It is held in the auditorium and the group is big—four classes, 140 children. The chairs are arranged in clusters round five 21-inch screens so that each child has a clear view. Jaroh and

another teacher are the only supervisors present.

On each of the five screens John Burns, a young, specially trained "on camera" teacher (no relation to this writer), is explaining the anatomy of flowers. It is a half-hour talk.

Films show close-ups of flowers in gardens and in their wild state. Now Burns has a lily on his desk, and the camera moves in for an extreme close-up, magnifying the flower ten-fold. Burns slowly takes it apart—the petals, the pollen baskets, anthers, ovary—explaining the function of each part. The pupils sit entranced.

As Burns talks, Jaroh and the other teacher sit at the rear of the class. Occasionally a child's hand is raised; a teacher goes over to the child's chair to answer a whispered question.

When the sets are switched off, Jaroh takes over the lesson for the remaining 15 minutes. He is well prepared, for he has helped to plan the television lecture, and has a detailed outline of it before him, together with suggestions for follow-up discussion. He holds up some large cardboard cut-outs of the flower parts that had been shown on the screen. As the children identify each part in turn, Jaroh presses it on to a felt board, until finally the flower that had been taken apart in the television studio has been "put back together again" by the children in the classroom.

Periodically, Jaroh and other science teachers of the Detroit school system meet with Burns to plan and discuss the lessons. Occasionally Burns sits at the rear of a class and watches the pupils' reactions to a tele-recording of one of his lessons.

What have the thousands of classes like this taught us about television's potential?

The first and most obvious lesson is that television can deliver certain parts of the curriculum to very large classes as effectively as conventional teaching, and in some cases more effectively. Class size can range from 75 to 500 pupils, depending on the level and the subject taught. Consequently, with studio teachers taking over the preparation and delivery of the major lessons, the classroom teachers have more time for individual instruction and guidance of pupils.

From my own past teaching experience I have always felt individual guidance to be the most important part of teaching. Yet with conventional methods the average teacher today can spend only a small part of his time providing personal help. With television this is multiplied many times.

Sister Gabriel, a nun at St. Bernard's School in Pittsburgh, says that the first day her arithmetic class for ten-year-olds began using televised lessons she was able to pick out three children who did their adding on their fingers, and to give them

special attention. She adds, "If I had been standing at the front of the room giving conventional lessons it would probably have taken me four or five months to spot them."

Second, television can improve the quality of teaching, making the very best instructors available to *all* classes. (And by observing those skilled instructors at work, less experienced teachers gain priceless training.) Also, the greatest scholars and lecturers of the day can be made available to the schools: American students have seen Robert Frost reading his own poetry; Nobel Prize-winners Glenn Seaborg and Wendell Stanley in taped series of lectures on the elements and on the nature of viruses; the world-famous semanticist, Dr. S. I. Hayakawa, in a series on "Language In Action."

The television teacher, with only one lecture a day, has the time to prepare the best possible lessons. And he can bring into the classroom things that couldn't be shown to the children any other way.

"When Explorer I was launched," Mrs. Kathleen Lardie, executive producer of Detroit's Television Teaching Project says, "a science teacher immediately borrowed a model, gold plating and all, from its manufacturer; the teacher explained the satellite to his students while the headlines were still in the papers. Even the beep-beep signal was included. French, German and Spanish consuls have

been guests on language courses. The museums lend things they ordinarily keep under lock and key—priceless paintings, manuscripts and other treasures."

How good is such teaching? The Educational Testing Service, a completely objective organization, tested 26,000 pupils in 1958 and 70,000 pupils in 1959. In most cases the marks received by the television students were as good as, and in a significant number of cases better than, those of the non-television group. At Hagerstown, the results of arithmetic tests were remarkable. In every class tested (from eight-year-olds to 13-year-olds) the television group learned substantially more than the rest; eleven-year-old television students, for example, were more than a year ahead of their other classmates.

Personal reactions tell as important a story as the statistics. After three years of the Hagerstown project the teachers voted nine to one that it improved the quality of education, and the parents were in favour of the experiment by a similar ratio. Half the children said they

read more library books as a result of their television lessons (and were backed in this claim by the school librarian) and 60 per cent said they studied more than before.

Language courses are beginning to become fairly common at the elementary-school level in television schools. Well over 100 such courses are now being beamed into schools throughout the United States.

What of the cost? To a school within range of an educational television station, the only equipment cost is for the sets, aerials and perhaps some changes in room acoustics. Closed-circuit systems within a given school or group of schools are more expensive but far more flexible. As many lessons can be sent out simultaneously as there are studios (compared to just one lesson at a time for on-the-air systems), and the school can tailor its schedule to its own needs.

All this adds up to a bright and exciting picture. New and revolutionary it is indeed, and it does have some drawbacks; yet it is one of the best hopes for solving pressing educational problems.

Sticky Situation

WE WERE happily eating away at toffee apples at the zoo when Dad noticed that my small brother no longer had his apple. "A man took it," my brother explained.

Dad exploded with rage, then set off to find the fellow who would take a toffee apple away from a child. My brother, trailing along, suddenly exclaimed, "There he is!"

Ahead of us on the path walked a six-footer—with a bright red toffee apple dangling from the seat of his trousers.

—Deanna Michael

MY OPERATION was so minor that it was almost dull, but the second day afterwards I noticed a bruised spot above one knee and another near the collarbone. I asked the nurse about them.

"I'm not sure," she began. "But those operating tables are small, and when all the students crowd round, a few have to lean their elbows on the patient to see what's going on. Only two sore spots? You're lucky!"

--MARY ELLIOTT

A UNIVERSITY student was puzzled about the proper way to address his English professor.

"Should I call you 'Dr.,'" he asked, "or 'Mrs.'?"

The professor smiled. "'Mrs.,'" she answered. "I worked harder for it."

--E. D.

MY SON pestered me to go to the jumble sale and buy the Indian clubs he had seen there. As I stood among the shoppers with a club in each hand, I saw a Negro woman holding a sword and scabbard. She wanted it badly but was 50 cents short of the price, so I gave her the money and we walked out together.

Several months later I met her in the street. A broad smile came over her face when she said, "You are the good lady who helped me buy the sword. I want you to know my man has been

on his good behaviour ever since." Then she asked, "How have you been getting along with your clubs?"

--M. R.

THE ONLY female member of a physics class, I was subjected to more than my share of teasing, and began to worry about whether the boys actually thought of me as unfeminine. Then, on the first day in the laboratory, the instructor handed me a bowl of papers and asked me to draw a name. The boys had held a raffle, he explained, the proceeds to be donated to a charity—and I was the prize. Each week thereafter I drew a name, and that boy worked as my lab partner for the next five days. After this episode, I relaxed and enjoyed my status as the only girl in the class.

-- M. K.

As we approached a small town my wife and I were amazed at the crudely-painted signs along the road warning: "Speed Trap Ahead!"

I cautiously slowed down, and we entered the town at a sedate crawl. When we stopped for fuel, I mentioned the signs to the station attendant.

"Yes, our police put those signs up themselves," he chuckled. "And they do a darn sight better job than the usual speed-warning signs."

--R. S.

EACH FRIDAY evening I drove my wife to the station so that she could catch a train to visit her sister who was ill. Ten minutes later, my sister arrived by train at the same station to manage our household over the week-end. On Sundays this procedure worked in reverse, with my sister departing by train ten minutes before my wife arrived.

One evening after my sister had left and while I awaited my wife's arrival, a porter sauntered over.

"Mister," he said, "you're certainly some man! But one of these days you're going to get caught."

—F. G. WOOD

MY FRIEND stopped by a booming oil-field in southern Kentucky to give a lift to a man on his way to town. They drove through once beautiful farm land now scarred by bulldozers and drilling rigs, cluttered with pumps and storage tanks.

Guessing that his passenger was a farmer living in the area, my friend steered the conversation to the tall tales he had heard of quick riches for both speculators and farmers. The local man acknowledged that many of the stories had foundation in fact.

"You own a farm here?" my friend asked.

"Yeah," was the reply.

"Any oil-wells on it?"

"Yeah, three good 'uns and they say they'll make 300 barrels a day."

"What in the world are you going to do with all the money you'll be getting?"

The farmer gazed for a moment across a machine-scarred field and answered, "Why, I'm gonna buy me a farm that ain't got no oil on it!"

—CLARENCE RUSSE

THE YOUNG wife of our local chemist came into her husband's shop the other day and asked him to take care of their baby while she did some shopping. The chemist agreed, but no sooner had his wife left than the child began to cry. Business was brisk and the poor man was desperate. Then he had an idea. Hurrying into the furniture shop next door, he borrowed a playpen which he set up in one of his display windows. Into it he popped the baby. Then he filled the rest of the window with such infant items as babies' bottles, nappies and talcum powder. In a few moments a crowd had collected. The spectators smiled at the baby and the delighted baby smiled back. It was the most animated and appealing window display our town has seen for years.

—S. G. GRAY

PURCHASING camping equipment, I was baffled by a compass that had a mirror on the back.

"What's the mirror for?" I asked.

"Well," said the assistant, "You look in there—and it will tell you who's lost."

—HAZEL WILLIAMS

ON OUR wedding night we booked into an attractive-looking motel. The man at the office told us that all they had left was the Honeymoon Cottage ---and we couldn't resist saying that was just what we were looking for.

Checking out the next morning, I told the clerk I thought the *décor* in our cottage was particularly attractive.

"They're all alike," he informed us. "We call it the Honeymoon Cottage because the television set is broken—and I'm darned if anyone has noticed it!"

—MRS. JOHN MORRISON



THE STORY OF LINCOLN AND THE YOUNG SOLDIER



By L. E. CHITTENDEN

The remarkable personal qualities that created the Abraham Lincoln legend are well illustrated by this true story, first told in 1891. The author served under President Lincoln as Registrar of the U.S. Treasury

WHEN I reached my office in the U.S. Treasury one dark September morning in 1861, I found a party of soldiers from the Third Vermont Regiment waiting to see me about the case of William Scott, 22.

Scott had volunteered to take the place of a sick comrade who had been detailed for guard duty, and had passed the night as a sentinel. The next day he was himself detailed for the same duty. That night, the relief guard found him asleep at his post. Scott was tried by a

court-martial, found guilty and sentenced to die within 24 hours.

Scott's comrades appointed a committee with power to use all the resources of the regiment on his behalf. They resolved to call on me because I was a Vermonter. The captain assumed all the blame. Scott's mother had opposed the boy's enlistment and had only consented when the captain promised to look after him as if he were his own son. This he had failed to do.

He had paid no attention, he said, when the boy told him that he

feared he could not keep awake on guard duty a second night. Instead of sending someone else or going himself in Scott's place, as he should have done, he had let Scott go to his death. "If anyone ought to be shot, I am the fellow," the captain said. "There *must* be some way to save him, Judge. He is as good a boy as there is in the army. You will help us, won't you?"

I was touched by the earnest manner with which the men offered to devote all their resources—even their farms—to aid their comrade. Scott, they told me, had always wanted to be a good soldier. He could not have tried harder. But the more I reflected, the more hopeless the case appeared. "Come," I said on an impulse, "there is only one man who can save your comrade. We will go to President Lincoln."

I went swiftly to the White House and up the stairway to the little office where the President was writing. The boys followed.

"What is this?" asked President Lincoln. "An expedition to get another brigadier appointed, or leave to go home to vote? I cannot do it, gentlemen. Brigadiers are thicker than drum majors, and I couldn't get leave for myself if I asked it from the War Department."

There was hope in his tone, and I went straight to my point. "Mr. President," I said, "these men want nothing for themselves. They are Green Mountain boys of the Third Vermont, who have come to stay as

long as you need good soldiers. But they do want something that you alone can give them—the life of a comrade."

"What has he done?" asked the President. "You Vermonters are not a bad lot, generally."

"Tell him," I whispered to the captain.

"I cannot! I should stammer like a fool!"

"Captain," I said, pushing him forward, "Scott's life depends on you. You must tell the President the story. I only know it from hearsay."

He started like the man by the Sea of Galilee who had an impediment in his speech, but soon the string of his tongue was loosened, and he spoke plain. As the words burst from his lips they stirred my own blood. He ended his graphic account by saying: "He is as brave a boy as there is in your army, sir. Our mountains breed no cowards. They are the homes of thirty thousand men who voted for Abraham Lincoln. These men will not be able to understand that the best thing to be done with William Scott was to shoot him like a traitor and bury him like a dog! Oh, Mr. Lincoln, can you?"

"No, I can't!" exclaimed the President. And his face took on that melancholy expression which later became so infinitely touching. Then in a flash there was a change. He broke into a hearty laugh as he asked me: "Do your Green Mountain boys fight as well as they talk?"



His face softened again: "But what can I do?"

"If you sign an order suspending Scott's execution until his friends can have his case examined," I said, "I will carry it to the War Department through regular channels."

"You do not know these officers of the regular army," said the President. "They sincerely think that it is a good example occasionally to shoot a soldier. I can see it, where a soldier deserts or commits a crime, but I cannot in such a case as Scott's. The country has better uses for him. I will have to attend to the matter myself. I will do so today."

Within a day or two, newspapers

reported that a soldier sentenced to be shot for sleeping at his post had been pardoned by the President and returned to his regiment.

It was a long time before Scott would speak of his interview with Lincoln, who had come to his camp on the very day that Scott's comrades and I had talked with the President.

But one night Scott opened his heart and told the following story.

"The President arrived at our camp and I was scared at first, for I had never before talked with a great man. But Mr. Lincoln was so easy with me, so gentle that I soon forgot

my fright. He asked about the people at home, the farm, where I went to school and who my schoolmates were. Then he asked me about Mother and how she looked. He said how thankful I ought to be that my mother still lived and how, if he was in my place, he would try to make her a proud mother and never cause her sorrow.

"He said nothing yet about that dreadful next morning. I thought he must be so kind-hearted that he didn't like to speak of it. But why did he talk about my not causing my mother sorrow when I knew I must die the next morning? I decided to ask him whether he could fix it so that the firing party would not be from my regiment. For the hardest of all would be to die by the hands of my comrades.

"Just then he stood up, and he said to me, 'My boy, stand up and look me in the face. You are not going to be shot tomorrow. I am going to trust you and send you back to your regiment. But I have been put to a great deal of trouble on your account. I have had to come up here from Washington where I have a great deal to do. How are you going to pay my bill?'

"There was a big lump in my

throat. I had expected to die and had kind of got used to thinking that way. To have it all changed in a minute! But I managed to say, 'I am grateful, Mr. Lincoln! I hope as grateful as ever a man can be. There is some way to pay you, and I will find it. There is the bounty in the savings bank. I guess we could borrow some money on the farm—' and if he could wait until payday, I was sure the boys would help.

"Mr. Lincoln put his hands on my shoulders and said, 'My boy, my bill is a very large one. Your bounty cannot pay it, nor the farm, nor all your comrades! There is only one man in all the world who can pay it, and his name is William Scott! If from this day on William Scott does his duty, so that, if he suddenly comes to die, he can look me in the face as he does now and say, "I have kept my promise, I have done my duty as a soldier," then the debt will be paid. Will you make that promise?'

"I said I would make the promise and with God's help I would keep it. I wanted to tell him how hard I would try to do all he wanted, but the words would not come, so I had to let it all go unsaid. He went away, out of my sight for ever."

Home Groan

THE middle-aged man was shuffling along, bent over at the waist, as his wife helped him into the doctor's waiting-room. A woman in the surgery viewed the scene in sympathy. "Arthritis with complications?" she asked. The wife shook her head. "Do-it-yourself," she explained, "with concrete blocks."

—Hal Chadwick



Keep a Date with Yourself

*"The more
self-awareness a person has,
the more alive he is"*

By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

A FEW YEARS AGO I faced a difficult decision: whether or not to take a job that meant moving to another city and changing our family mode of living. At the same time, I was working frantically to finish a manuscript

that just would not hang together.

After days of agonizing uncertainty I was on my way to accept the job when, on an impulse, I dropped into my barber's shop for a haircut. By the time I got up from the barber's chair I was at peace with myself and the world, and sure of what to do. I turned down the job—a move I've never regretted—went home and finished my manuscript in five hours.

Looking back that night, I realized that the quiet, uninterrupted time spent in the chair had filled a desperate need I hadn't allowed for in arranging my life—the need to turn inward, to be alone with myself, to meditate, to attain direct communication with whatever it is I mean when I say "I." In those moments of self-awareness, I gained a deeper understanding of the problems that had come up in my life, and tapped unsuspected stores of energy.

Afterwards I began to wonder whether there wasn't some way of fitting meditation, the age-old device of mystics for tapping the inner resources of the spirit, into my workaday life?

The answer came early one morning when I went downstairs to find my wife sitting in the unlit living-room, watching a new dawn. The day before had been particularly hectic, and I thought it must be worry that brought her there. Then I saw that she was radiantly happy.

"I was keeping an appointment with myself," she said.

Put that way, meditation suddenly seemed feasible, and I began to see examples of it all around me. The happiest and most productive of my friends all seemed to share an ability to commune regularly with themselves. Once I got into the habit of meditating, I never failed to find free moments to turn inward. The local train which carried me to town offered 25 minutes—and how I came to cherish them.

Just what does one *do* on these appointments with the self? The important thing is to keep your mind's eye fixed on your goal—the keenest possible awareness of self, a sense of complete "me-ness." My meditations often take the form of interior dialogues—talking to myself, if you will. I may start by asking, "What have you been thinking about today?" Or I may sketch out the theme of a book I have read and then see what my innermost self has to say about it. On a deeper philosophical level I sometimes ask the questions: "Who am I?" "What is life all about?" An absorbing flow of thought often results, and I become surer of what I really think and desire. And I understand what a psychiatrist friend meant when he told me, "The trouble with most of my patients is that they have lost touch with themselves."

"The more self-awareness a person has, the more alive he is," says another psychiatrist. I've found this

is literally true. For through the concentration and inner stillness of meditation I also discovered a way of experiencing the world afresh, as it appears to poets, artists and children—overflowing with form, light, colour, sound and movement. I began finding beauty even in crowded streets, supermarkets, traffic sounds, non-objective art. I had learnt to contemplate—to recapture the innocence of eye that can see the world in a grain of sand and heaven in a wild flower.

Now I understood the Japanese tea ceremonies in which a few friends take delight in sitting together and quietly contemplating the beauty they perceive around them—the shape of a dish, the soaring of a bird, the changing light as the hours pass. It carried me back to more leisurely days when I was a boy. After dinner in fine weather our whole family would sometimes drive out to a hill overlooking the river, where we would simply park for an hour or so and let the magnificent view flood in and out of our awareness. Petty thoughts and small worries disappeared. For contemplation, too, is a form of meditation.

Sometimes now, when I've had to work to the point of exhaustion, I drop everything and take half an hour or so to sit relaxed, eyes closed, groping for self-awareness. After such impromptu meditation, I usually return to work feeling refreshed, even exhilarated, and ready to go on for hours.

What happens in meditation to account for this renewal of strength? Partly it's a matter of collecting one's scattered forces, or reuniting a mind that has been pulled in all directions by the demands of the world. After that it's a matter of sending the drill point of attention down to depths below the level of ordinary consciousness. "Inner work," psychologist William James called this process of drawing on hidden reserves of energy and insight.

I discovered that many athletes go through the same process just before a meeting. Roger Bannister, for example, tells how instead of practising for the race in which he broke the four-minute mile he recoiled into himself and meditated until he was "full of running." Before going on stage for a performance, singers

and actors sometimes become so withdrawn that they are completely oblivious of their surroundings.

For me, one of the great rewards of meditation has been the rediscovery of "inside time." It has taken much of the frantic quality out of my daily living. I no longer rush to catch a bus—another will come along presently. I used to think desperately of all the wonderful things going on that I was missing for lack of time. What a relief to realize that the really important events in life are the ones that happen inside us.

Fortunately there is and always has been a remedy for having the world too much with us.

"Nowhere," the Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius reminded himself in *Meditations*, "does a man retire with more quiet or freedom than into his own soul."



Plots and Plants

My FATHER, the founder of a famous seed company, had a shrewd sense of sales psychology. In 1914 he planned to portray the Matchless Tomato, at that time his favourite, on the front cover of his seed catalogue. When he saw the printer's proof, Father said, "Matchless never grows that large." We had 40 acres of Matchless growing at Fordhook, and Father offered five dollars to anyone who could show him a tomato as large as the picture. Work stopped at Fordhook while hundreds of tomatoes were brought in. None was big enough to pass the test. So Father had an acknowledgement of his mistake printed on a coloured slip and inserted in every catalogue.

Gardeners everywhere took up the challenge. That summer tomatoes were shipped to Father's home from all parts of the country with letters from customers bragging that they had grown Matchless as large as the picture on the catalogue cover. —David Burpee in *Ideas That Became Big Business*

RUSSIA'S HIDDEN PERSUADERS

BY EUGENE LYONS

AT THIS very moment a Russian diplomat in a Latin-American capital is passing money to a local Communist leader. Brought from the Kremlin by diplomatic bag, the funds will be used to finance an anti-American riot, to infiltrate a student organization, to help control a key trade union.

Both men know they will get results, because they have had years of instruction in underground activity —the diplomat in Moscow, the local comrade in Prague.

At the same time, another Moscow-trained agent is similarly preparing an “anti-imperialist”

EUGENE LYONS, a senior editor of *The Reader's Digest*, has been a lifelong student of Communist methods of operation. Among his many books in this field are *Assignment in Utopia*, *Stalin*, and *Our Secret Allies: The Peoples of Russia*. Eugene Lyons served as United Press correspondent in Soviet Russia from 1928 to 1934.

demagogue ... Middle East country a Soviet “trade representative” is plotting with local Communists to topple a pro-Western prime minister. In one of Africa’s newly independent nations a Czech or Chinese “technician” is transmitting orders to native graduates of special schools for Africans behind the Iron and Bamboo curtains.

Such cases are being reported by diplomats and intelligence agents every day. The common element is that those involved, Soviet-empire and local citizens alike, have been trained for their tasks. They are not merely filled with zeal for the cause; they are skilled in the detailed operational know-how of conspiracy and social conflict. They are the shock troops of a disciplined, centrally commanded army, deployed on “fronts” throughout the world.

The war they are fighting is not

the conventional war of bombs and bullets, which we of the Free World understand and would resist to the death, but a revolutionary war that seems to have us baffled. But if we do not grasp the nature of this offensive, the fault is our own, since the Communists have never concealed it.

Talking to a group of French deputies visiting Moscow in October 1955, Khrushchev said, "Capitalism is doomed to die even if—and especially if—the third world war, *in the ordinary sense of the term*, does not occur." In the special Communist sense, he thus confirmed, the third world war has long been under way, and the aggressors mean to continue it until our world is "buried." * Yet the West persists in ignoring this declaration of hostilities, by leaders from Lenin to Khrushchev and Mao Tsetung.

Because the Soviet high command is consciously at war, it constantly prepares the necessary experts in the use of all political, psychological, economic and revolutionary weapons. Those planning and fighting the Communist warfare professionals. Everyone, from the marshals in Moscow and Peking to field commanders in Free-World areas and N.C.O.'s in towns and villages, has been painstakingly trained for his job.

None of this is recent or accidental. Nearly 60 years ago Lenin,

THE nations of the Western Alliance are not winning the cold war. On the contrary, they are being driven steadily back. That is the harsh reality confronting us, in the Middle East, in Africa, and now—by way of Cuba—in the Western Hemisphere itself. And, what is worse, the Western Governments—including, I am afraid, on some questions, our own—are not facing up to that fact. Unless they do, unless they close their ranks to a far greater degree than they have done up to now, they may be too late.

—The Marquess of Salisbury, K.G.,
in his foreword to Lord Lambton's
pamphlet "A Plan for Africa"

the father of modern Communism, demanded a revolutionary élite who would bring to the cause "not their spare evenings but the whole of their lives." Give me a handful of professionals, he said in substance, and I will overturn the established order. This concept has been at the heart of Communist operations ever since.

Lenin set up courses for promising followers. Two of his schools were in Bologna and Capri, with the Russian novelist Maxim Gorky footing the bills out of his royalties; a third was in Longjumeau, near Paris. The significant fact is that graduates of these schools were in the "handful" with which Lenin and Trotsky in 1917 took over the revolution in Russia from its makers, then turned that country into a staging area for world revolution.

The Communists have steadily

* See "This Is the Third World War," The Reader's Digest, March 1961.

moulded their cadres for conquest in specialized academies of revolution. There the manufacture of discontent, the fomenting of rebellion, the planting of agents in "enemy" governments and institutions, are as much a science as is traditional warfare at a Western military academy.

Textbooks for the trainees in treason cover a wide range of skills, from the writing of leaflets to guerrilla tactics. Typical subjects include "Preparation for Armed Insurrection," "Ideological Penetration of Armed Services," "The Tactic of the United Front." Typical techniques taught include the blowing-up of bridges, seizure of telephone exchanges and radio stations, erection of barricades, home manufacture of explosives--together with political arts like transforming a local strike into a general strike or the capture of directing roles in national independence movements.

The students are drawn from every nation on earth. Often they are Communists hand-picked by the Red commissars of their native land; sometimes they are innocents lured with scholarships, then indoctrinated. Having been steeped in the Communist faith, they return home equipped to impose it on their unwitting peoples. Students who show talents in special directions are selected for more focused training in higher leadership schools, espionage institutes run by the secret police and advanced military academies.

Since the opening years of the

Soviet regime it is estimated that these schools have turned out at least 100,000 agents. These cadres have mastered the arts of softening up free nations and sapping their self-confidence, setting class against class and race against race. Many of the graduates today hold strategic posts in propaganda bureaux, espionage rings and disguised Red organizations. The foreigners among them fan out to lead local and national parties, to infiltrate youth and labour groups, to organize and manipulate the endless varieties of false-front set-ups and "innocents' clubs."

This training system now flourishes not merely in Soviet Russia but in all Soviet satellite nations and Communist China. As early as 1921, Sun Yat-sen University opened its doors in Moscow to selected young Asians. A few years later Lenin University was set up to prepare West Europeans and North Americans for Communist leadership. A special Moscow school trained students from Eastern Europe, and another, in Tiflis, trained Middle Eastern recruits.

The investment has paid off. In China, President Liu Shao-chi, General Liu Po-cheng, Li Li-san, one of Mao Tse-tung's right-hand men, and scores of others are Moscow-trained. Ho Chi Minh, dictator of North Vietnam and the No. 1 Communist in South-East Asia, is a graduate of Sun Yat-sen University.

When Russia grabbed Eastern

Europe after the war, graduates of Lenin University—Klement Gottwald of Czechoslovakia, for instance, and Boleslaw Bierut of Poland—were available as Soviet-trained puppets.

Behind the Iron Curtain today there are at least six schools for Africans. The most important of these is in Prague, capital of Czechoslovakia. At Houska, near Prague, there is an additional "training centre for Africans." Other centres for Africans operate in East Germany and Poland, while a special institute for African trade-unionists was opened in Budapest in 1959. Beyond this, an academy in Soviet Russia and another in Romania are training Africans as military pilots.

Second only to the Africans in numbers are trainees from Latin America. Among those who got at least part of their political training at such institutions is Fidel Castro's brother, Raúl, the Cuban Defence Minister.

No less important than this programme for producing non-Soviet "conflict managers" is the systematic and large-scale preparation of Soviet citizens themselves for cold-war operations abroad. Without doubt an equivalent training process is going on in China. William Benton, publisher of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in America, wrote after a study of the subject in 1956: "Throughout the Soviet Union there are about six thousand special schools maintained by the Party and

devoted exclusively to training professional propagandists. These have an enrolment at any one time of 185,000 students. Above these schools are 177 regional 'propaganda colleges' to train 135,000 graduates of the local schools. And above the regional schools are a dozen higher institutions giving training to several thousand 'advanced' students. Propaganda is by far the biggest industry in the U.S.S.R."

These hordes of propagandists are engaged primarily in selling Communism to the Kremlin's own subjects; but substantial numbers, those with a gift for languages and other talents useful abroad, end up in foreign countries as diplomats, traders, technicians, secret agents and clandestine bosses of Communist movements.

According to E. H. Cookridge, in his book *The Net That Covers the World*, some 25 of the 200 Soviet schools for the secret police specialize in espionage abroad. The most apt students are selected for an academy in Kuchino, a Moscow suburb, run by "Section 9, for Terror and Diversion," where the curriculum includes judo, kidnapping, poisons and unique murder weapons.

Meanwhile, Communist-*bloc* universities are not just making engineers and scholars out of their six million students. They are educating thousands to speak such languages as Hindi, Urdu, Swahili and Amharic, so that they can operate where these languages are

spoken; to function as undercover agents while outwardly serving as mere technicians or merchants.

This many-sided operation for training the shock troops of world revolution has been called "the most successful cold-war weapon yet developed by the Russians." To a large extent, it accounts for the many battles and countries lost by our Free World.

Starting with the organization of strikes in French and Italian ports to obstruct the landing of American aid under the Marshall Plan, the work of Communist agents has extended to fomenting riots in India, Vienna, Singapore and even in San Francisco. Other Moscow-trained operatives have taken over the Cuban revolution and made it their own. Shrewdly directed mob action—"carrying the struggle to the streets" as the Communists call it—has been on view in South Korea, Venezuela, Italy and Japan.

In these manoeuvres, local grievances are so easily re-directed by experts that, in Calcutta, a crowd gathered for a teachers' strike was led to vent its wrath on a United States Information Agency library. People assembled to mourn the death of President Vargas in Brazil ended up attacking the American

consulate. Mob action in Tokyo was so expertly directed that the authorities had to cancel the visit of the President of the United States.

Such is the pattern in country after country. Meanwhile, what are we doing to train fighters for the Free World?

As far as numbers go, both Britain and the United States educate more foreign students than Soviet Russia and its satellites combined: in 1959, 42,000 were studying in Britain, and last year some 50,000 from 131 countries were enrolled at American institutions. The fateful difference, however, is that the Free World makes no attempt to indoctrinate these foreign students; there are no schools to train any of them for the political challenges in their homelands.

The fact that bombs are not falling must not blind us to the crucial reality that we are engaged in a war, with Western civilization at stake. The great hope—and as yet it is only a hope—is that we will rally for effective defence and for a bold counter-offensive before it is too late. Already the enemy has a "head start" of 40 years in training professionals in the arts and sciences of non-military warfare. Isn't it about time that we did the same?

Budding Don Juan

A FRIEND of mine reports that his 15-year-old son, after only six dates, has bought a little black book for telephone numbers. On the cover the boy has confidently written "Vol. I."

—M.T.

I Hit and Ran

*How a moment of panic turned
a man's life into a nightmare*

AS TOLD ANONYMOUSLY TO
JHAN AND JUNE ROBBINS

TWILIGHT is a bad time to drive. It's difficult to judge distances. Ordinary objects by the side of the road take on strange shapes. Turning on headlights only makes it worse.

That's the way it was on the spring evening three years ago when I was driving home from work. Suddenly, just as I turned into Little Bend Road, I saw this child—a skinny boy about eight years old—wobbling along on a bicycle. I swerved to avoid him—too late. I felt a slight thump, heard a grinding clatter as my wheels passed over

Condensed from This Week Magazine



the bicycle. I braked to a stop so hard that my head snapped forward and hit the steering wheel. I started to get out. The little boy was lying about 20 feet away.

"God help me!" I thought. "I've killed him!" My stomach started to heave. I put my hand over my eyes until things stopped rocking.

It was utterly quiet on the suburban road. I don't remember what went through my mind. I only know that I slammed my door, started the engine and went tearing down the road. I was doing at least 60 and skidding round bends. I had some mad idea that if I could just get home everything would be all right.

As I turned into our drive my car broke the photoelectric beam and the double garage doors opened. What a kick Edith and I got out of that gadget! When we were first married, I had only a part-time job. Now we had push buttons, two cars and a big house. Everything had looked pretty good up to now.

Up to now! I realized what a terrible thing it was to kill a child, but what good could it do him now, I reasoned, for my family to suffer? I looked at my car. There were no dents, no stains. Before I went into the house I reached into the pocket of Edith's car for a flask we had put there to take to a football match. I needed something to steady me.

It did the trick. I walked briskly

into the house, kissed my wife, then went upstairs with my 15-year-old son, Danny, to check his homework. I went to bed early and soon fell asleep. I refused to think about the accident.

In the morning I didn't feel any different. I couldn't think of myself as a criminal. I knew I was basically a good chap.

I had just sat down at the breakfast table when the announcer on the eight-o'clock news said, "Police are searching for a hit-and-run driver who struck a ten-year-old boy in Little Bend Road last night. The boy was nearly run over a second time as he waved his arm and called for help. He suffered a broken leg and severe head injuries and is in a serious condition."

The terrible thing I'd done struck me all at once. I'd hit a child and left him for dead. I had a queer feeling that my body belonged to some heartless coward and that it had somehow betrayed me. I looked across the table at my own bright boy. He was finishing a hearty breakfast. He pushed back his chair and rushed from the room.

"Bye, Dad," he called. "I'm going to ride my bike to school today."

I began to shake all over. "Wait!" I called. "I'll drive you!"

"No, thanks," he yelled back. I heard the garage doors lift and saw him wheel out his bicycle. Then he appeared at the door. "By the way, Dad," he said, "did you know your right headlight is broken?"

He pedalled away. I went out to the garage. The glass was missing from the right front headlight. It had shattered so cleanly I hadn't even noticed it. I feared now that they would find me. I didn't dare to drive the car. I couldn't have it mended.

The next few hours were the worst of my life. I borrowed Edith's car, went to my office and tried to work. But my mind pushed me this way and that. I had a vision of Danny being run over by a lorry. It would serve me right.

My family was dearer to me than my life, and there was no way I could spare them. I thought of suicide. I could take Edith's speedy little car and slam it against a tree. But I'd put on the brakes at the last minute and only mess myself up. I had already proved what a coward I was. That was strange, too. I was an infantryman. I've got a medal.

At noon I went to a phone box and called the hospital. "I want to ask about the little boy who was in the accident last night," I said.

"Are you a member of the family?" parried the nurse.

"I'm a clergyman," I lied.

"Pray for him," she said. "He needs your help."

The police-station was a few hundred yards from my office. I walked up to the sergeant at the desk and said, "I'm the hit-and-run driver you're looking for."

They let me phone my lawyer. They kept me in jail overnight until

I could raise bail. When my lawyer got me out, a bunch of hysterical women were waiting outside. One woman grabbed the lapel of my jacket and screamed, "You should hang for this!"

At home my wife threw her arms round me. She said, "I'll tell them I did it. They'll be easier on a woman."

The boy pulled through, though he will walk with a limp for the rest of his life. The charge I had to face was reduced to assault by car and leaving the scene. I pleaded guilty. I said that I was unable to account for my behaviour.

I was sentenced to a year in prison.

The parents of the boy sued me. The court awarded them far more than the liability insurance I carried. To scrape the money together, Edith sold my timber business and the house. She moved into a small flat with Danny and went to work as a hostess in a restaurant.

Edith did her best to stand by me while I was in prison. She came regularly to visit me, but she spent the whole time crying. Danny came only once. He had failed most of his exams at school and had joined the navy. Edith had given her approval. She never even consulted me. But why should she?

The prison chaplain told me that if I felt truly repentant I didn't have to worry about my soul. But what worried me most was what I was going to do with the rest of my life.

When I got out of prison Edith made room for me in the flat where she was living. There isn't much left of our marriage, and nothing at all of my business career. I've thought of moving to some other city, but the story would get round. I still report to a probation officer. They took my driving licence away. No one will give me a responsible job.

I think about my son, Danny. He was going to be an architect or engineer. I don't know what he will make of his life now, and I can't help him. I think about the little boy

I ran over, too. I ought to go to see him, but I can't face it yet.

A couple of weeks ago I happened to see the police sergeant who was on duty the day they arrested me. He shook hands and asked how I was getting on. I asked him a question that had been on my mind for a long time. "What do you think they'd have done to me if I hadn't run?" I said. "Supposing I'd given the boy first aid and called the police—what then?"

"Why, nothing," he answered. "It was an accident. It was as much the child's fault as yours."



Fair Game

EXCERPT from a book review in a countryman's magazine:

Although written many years ago, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* has now been reissued, and this fictional account of the day-by-day life of a gamekeeper is still of considerable interest to outdoor-minded readers, as it contains many passages on pheasant raising, the apprehending of poachers, ways to control vermin, and other chores and duties of the professional gamekeeper. Unfortunately one is obliged to wade through many pages of extraneous material in order to discover and savour these sidelights on the management of a Midlands shooting estate, and in this reviewer's opinion this book cannot take the place of J. R. Miller's *Practical Gamekeeping*.

* * *

Mistaken Identity

ONE SUNDAY as I was leaving church a dear old lady addressed me confidentially. "Is your name Mary Frances Varney by any chance?" she asked.

"No, it isn't," I replied, slightly bewildered.

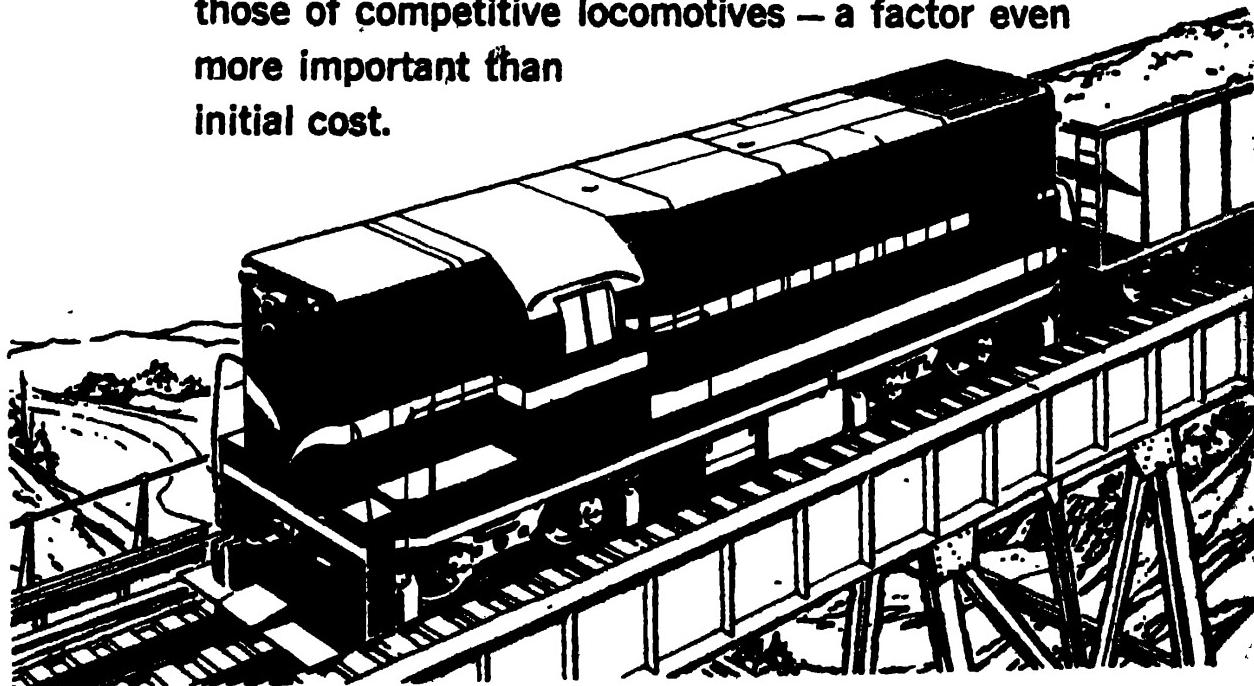
With that she let out a deep sigh and said, "Well, I'm glad. If it was, I was going to have to tell you—you've changed an awful lot."

—Contributed by Patricia Dillon

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MORGAGNI and Pathologic Anatomy—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

Great Moments in Medicine

For centuries medical practitioners attributed illness to such vague causes as disturbance of "the humours" or "upset of atoms." During the eighteenth century, a professor of Anatomy in Padua, Giovanni Battista Morgagni, was largely responsible for universal acceptance of the idea that diseases originate in localized areas of the body. In 1761, he published a book entitled "On the Seats and Causes of Disease," based on almost 50 years of teaching, dissection, and painstaking observation. This detailed work gave impetus to the never-ending quest for knowledge that shaped the pattern of modern medical research.

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Towards More Picturesque Speech

Too True to Be Funny. The most thought-provoking item in a newspaper is the one your wife cut out before you saw it (K K) . . . Every business concern needs some promising young men—in order to attract good secretaries (M J) . . . The hardest part of a do-it-yourself job is listening to the neighbour who tells you how he'd have done it easier and cheaper (G. Norman Collier) . . . Most of us are quick to recognize a good thing the minute the other fellow sees it (G F C)

Higher Education. Nothing irks the hard-pressed student more than shaking out an envelope from home and finding nothing in it but news and love (G F C) . . . The professor who comes in 15 minutes late is rare—in fact, he's in a class by himself (V T E) A student newspaper's column of engagements and marriages is entitled: "Who's Whose" (Oliver Towne)

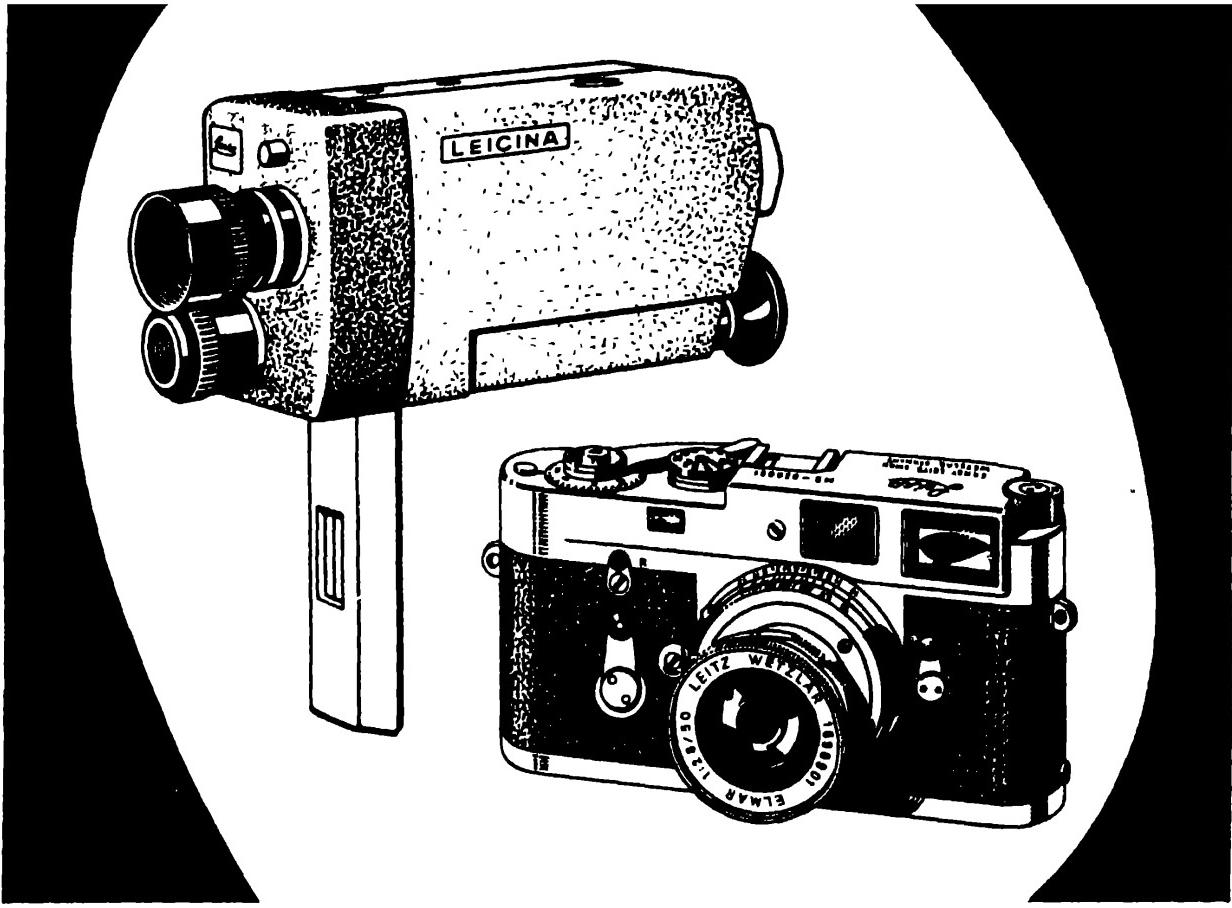
Daft Definitions. Gruesome: A little bit taller (J S) . . . Corpse: A human been (Kay Goodman) . . . Engineer: A train approaching (Z E) . . . Nitrate: Lower price after six o'clock (J S.)

Small Talk. Three-year-old Tessa, waking up with a bad cold, gave an experimental croak and then whispered, "My sound's turned off!" (Mrs. James Dyke) . . . The four-year-old,

trying to dress herself, complained, "The buttons are behind and I'm in front" (S S S) . . . A child at kindergarten, asked how he went about drawing a picture, said, "First I think, then I put a line round it." (J D)

Patter. The woman absent from the bridge party gets the most slams . . . About those girls with bust padding—would you say their statistics have been falsified? (Earl Wilson) . . . An opportunist is a chap who is always able to land on somebody else's feet (Earl Wilson) . . . There's nothing like a heavenly body to make a man stare into space (C. N. P) . . . When a fellow crumpled the bumper of his new sports car, a friend said philosophically, "Well, that's the way the Mercedes-Benz" (Jerome Beatty) . . . Sign in the coffee bar of an Alcoholics Anonymous club-house: "No Tippling" (M J)

Round the Bend. One trouble with growing older is that it gets progressively harder to find a famous historical figure who didn't amount to much when he was your age (Bill Vaughan) . . . Woman to friend: "I've reached the age where, no matter how much time I spend at the beauty parlour, I come away looking as if I haven't been attended to" (F. F.)



93-21

SISTER ACT

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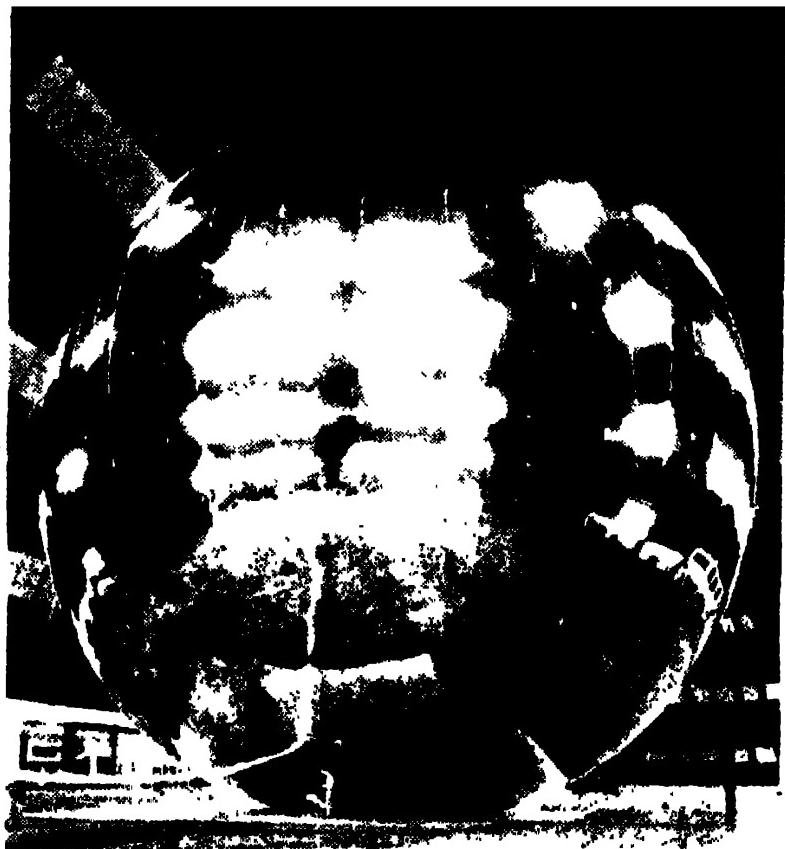
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How O'Sullivan Launched His Lead Balloon



Photograph by courtesy of NASA

Seven times he failed to hang his balloon in space, and seven times he came back to try again—the story of the world's biggest man-made satellite and the Irishman who wouldn't give up

BY DON MURRAY

ECHO I, the huge space balloon that, since last August, has been whizzing round the earth at 15,000 miles an hour, has proved a number of things. By bouncing radio signals back to earth it has demonstrated the feasibility of a new global telephone and television communications system using microwaves. For the first time it has

measured accurately our atmosphere that still exists 1,000 miles above the earth. But more than anything else, by its very existence, the space balloon has proved that old-fashioned stubborn perseverance is still a most important element in a technological society.

William O'Sullivan, an employee of the U.S. National Aeronautics

and Space Administration, did not build Echo I by himself, but for years it seemed as if he alone believed in it.

The creation of inflatable structures in space was his personal crusade. While others said that the idea of space balloons was ridiculous, O'Sullivan heckled and harassed both those who worked for him and those he worked for.

He went through channels, round channels and even beyond channels to the White House itself, shepherding his mad idea through years of discouragement—until that triumphant August day when millions of people looking heavenwards in Asia, Europe and North America saw Echo I curve gracefully from horizon to horizon.

O'Sullivan, now 45 years old, has been looking heavenwards since he was a boy. He turned down a university scholarship in archaeology at the University of Kentucky "because I don't want to dig a hole in the ground, I want to dig a hole in the sky." He went to Notre Dame University, where he paid his way by waiting at table and repairing radios. O'Sullivan completed so many courses that he was entitled to degrees in physics and in aeronautical, mechanical, chemical and civil engineering. Told that he could have only one degree, O'Sullivan chose aeronautical engineering.

After graduating in 1937, he spent two years as an insurance actuary

before landing a job at the aeronautics research centre at Langley Field, Virginia. He has been hurling himself at the problems of planes, missiles or space ever since.

Five years ago, while working with a committee of scientists to choose the experiments to be attempted in space during the International Geophysical Year, O'Sullivan got his idea for a space balloon. All day long on January 26, 1956, the committee considered ways of measuring the density of upper air. This was a vital project. Accurate measurement of the thickness of the upper atmosphere would affect the designs of every missile and satellite.

That night O'Sullivan could not let the problem rest. None of the proposals seemed effective. Technically, he was supposed just to judge the suggestions, not to make any of his own, but he reached for a pad and began a personal assault. He reasoned that if you could heave aloft a large, light object which would be pushed around even by an infinitesimal amount of air, then you could measure the push and work out exactly how much air was in that part of the sky. But how could you get a big object into space when America's rockets had not yet succeeded with a grapefruit-size satellite?

O'Sullivan concentrated, sweating out all the combinations of facts which might provide the answer. After half the night he came up

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with a solution. Why not build a large satellite of thin material which could be folded into a nose cone, shot far above the earth and expanded there? It need not be of rigid metal, since the thin atmosphere at the edge of space would exert little pressure on it.

O'Sullivan went to bed, but he couldn't sleep. He worried about what his fellow scientists would think of his proposal. He spoke aloud, "It will probably go over like a lead balloon!"—and sat up in bed. That might be just what he was proposing. His balloon could be built of a metal foil, or a plastic covered with a metal that wouldn't be affected by solar radiation. Why not lead?

Next day the experts studied his suggestion. There was one problem. Equipment for higher-priority experiments had taken up the relatively tiny area at the top of a Vanguard. There was only a little doughnut of room left; could he pack his lead balloon in there? And could he make it weigh no more than seven-tenths of a pound? O'Sullivan puffed at a cigarette. He'd try.

Back at Langley, O'Sullivan persuaded his superiors to support his work with a team of men, and the team got to work. They tested a hundred plastic and metal foils. The satellite skin would have to be thin, flexible enough to be folded, yet so tough that it would not tear apart when it was exploded into a sphere.

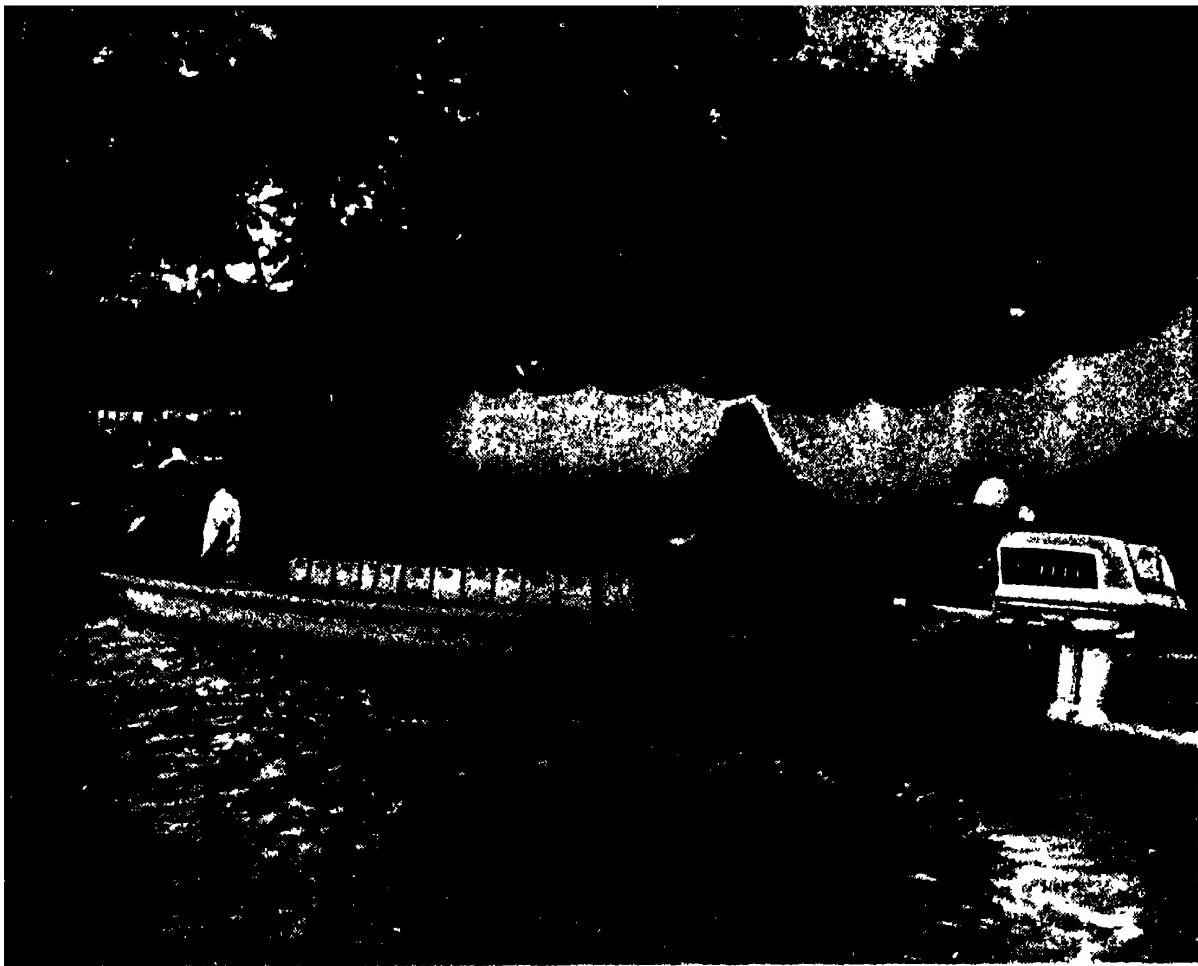
And there was the problem of temperature. The temperature of sunlight on the satellite's surface would be at least 300 degrees Fahrenheit. Minutes later it would whirl into the shadow of the earth, where it would suddenly be cold—at least 80 degrees below zero. What plastic could stand that?

They found the answer—Mylar, a plastic used for recording-tape and those frozen-food bags that can be put directly into hot water. It had a tensile strength of 15,000 pounds per square inch—one-third that of mild steel—even when manufactured in sheets only $5/10,000$ th of an inch thick, half as thick as the cellophane wrapper on a packet of cigarettes.

All right; how about the metal covering to protect the satellite against radiation and make it visible to radar scanners? Metal after metal was tested, and ways were tried of painting them on Mylar in layers far thinner than airmail paper. Then O'Sullivan heard that people had been experimenting with placing vaporized aluminium on plastic. This process did the trick.

O'Sullivan worked at nights and week-ends. He kept government support alive; he prodded his men with ideas. How can you fold a sphere so that it can be expanded in a hurry without a single locking fold which would cause it to tear? Harassed by O'Sullivan, men who couldn't fold a road map found a way to fold his aluminium balloon.

How do you inflate the balloon?



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A dram of air would expand so quickly at the edge of space that it would blow the satellite apart. They tried dozens of strange chemicals before they discovered the right combination of powders which, when the satellite was shot out of the container, would form just enough gas to inflate it, not too fast and not too slowly.

Building a satellite, however, was only part of the job. It had to be tested. Vacuum chambers were designed for the job. When O'Sullivan couldn't see what happened inside, he had a pressure-proof porthole built in the side. The eye couldn't follow the sudden explosion of the balloon, so he ordered high-speed stroboscopic pictures to be taken. Normal flood-lights burst in the vacuum, so new lighting apparatus had to be created.

At last O'Sullivan thought his work was finished. He had built a 30-inch satellite which could be squeezed into the cranny he was given on a Vanguard. But the rocket wasn't ready to be fired. Months passed while the Vanguard project languished.

O'Sullivan impatiently started campaigning for a 12-foot inflatable satellite—something the whole world could see. Armed with facts, passion, working models and conviction, O'Sullivan fought his case right up to the White House.

With President Eisenhower's initials on his proposal, the 12-foot inflatable satellite was loaded into a

Jupiter-C nose cone on October 22, 1958. The rocket failed to put the satellite into orbit. Then O'Sullivan's 30-inch satellite was fitted into the nose cone of a Vanguard at Cape Canaveral, the launch button was pushed and the rocket dribbled into the Atlantic. His satellite never had a chance. O'Sullivan then got White House approval for space on a Juno shot. Once more the rocket failed.

With each rocket failure O'Sullivan seemed to become more stubborn, more obsessed with his idea. He suffered smiles of amused sympathy and some open scorn in the scientific community. One day a colleague kidded him, "Now that you've failed with a 30-inch satellite and a 12-foot one, what are you going to do, build a 100-footer?"

"Yes," O'Sullivan said.

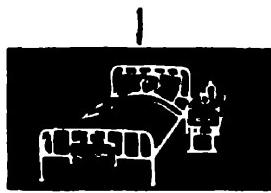
In fact, he had already begun work on a huge satellite, ten storeys high, which could be used to test the theory that signals bounced off passive reflectors in space would provide global telephone and television communications.

O'Sullivan was faced with a new problem—a ten-storey-high satellite would have to be tested at the edge of space, for big enough vacuum chambers could not be built. A rocket called Shot-put was designed to do the testing.

The first time the 100-footer was fitted into Shot-put and launched the firing went well, but far up in the air hundreds of sparkling pieces were blown out of the satellite. The

Smoking Etiquette...No. 4

All occasions do not leave you free to smoke. For instance, while in a sick-room you can freely smoke only if the convalescent himself is smoking. Smoking is best avoided during ceremonial proceedings, even though they may not be religious.



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pieces formed a cloud that glinted in the sunset. The failure was hardly a private one—the fireworks display was seen from Canada to Florida.

A new system of taping the satellite's seams was developed, and another test rocket was launched in January 1960. The second stage didn't fire. In the next test a month later the rocket fired properly but the test satellite tore. Another rocket fired in April was only partially successful, for the satellite carried no tracking beacons. Nevertheless, O'Sullivan reckoned that they were over the major difficulty. He now had a satellite which could be packed into the nose of a Thor-Delta rocket and placed in orbit 1,000 miles above the earth.

The satellite was a miracle of construction. Its 31,500-square-foot surface of Mylar was covered smoothly on both sides with only four pounds of aluminium. It was folded into a sphere 26½ inches in diameter. The satellite weighed only 132 pounds, including 30 pounds of chemicals to inflate it and two 11-ounce radio tracking beacons three-eighths of an inch thick but equipped with 70 solar cells and five storage batteries.

On May 13 it was packed into a Thor-Delta. O'Sullivan drank gallons of coffee and tried, unsuccessfully, not to worry during the countdown of the rocket. Finally the news came like a blow to the stomach: the Thor-Delta had failed.

Doggedly, O'Sullivan fought for

another try. More memos started flying. He had strong arguments to answer. Seven failures, even if most of them were not his fault, made him vulnerable. On the last day of May a fully successful Shot-put test was completed, but many authorities were still unconvinced. Experts on micrometeorites swore, almost to a man, that the satellite would be punctured so many times by cosmic dust hitting the thin plastic at 100,000 m.p.h. that it would be destroyed within hours.

O'Sullivan refused to be talked out of his project. Finally, on August 12, 1960, he had another 100-foot balloon packed into the nose cone of a 92-foot-high Thor-Delta rocket at Cape Canaveral. At 5.39 a.m. it was blasted into the sky. Minutes later Echo I inflated perfectly, and at 7.41 a.m. a recorded message was shot aloft in California and bounced off the satellite to a Bell Laboratories receiver in New Jersey.

"This is President Eisenhower speaking," the voice from space said clearly. "This is one more significant step in the United States' programme of space research and exploration being carried forward for peaceful purposes. The satellite balloon, which has reflected these words, may be used freely by any nation for similar experiments in its own interest."

Echo I has proved the cosmic-dust experts wrong; there just weren't as many micrometeorites up there as

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they had guessed. The scientists' theories were confirmed when the satellite measured the air density and proved that our atmosphere, although thin, still exists 1,000 miles above the earth.

Today O'Sullivan and his Space Vehicle Group have working models of sausage-shaped space stations, weird space antennae, even monstrous kites and gliders, all inflatable in space. He has chemists trying to find ways of using a plastic spray to stiffen a space vehicle once it is inflated. He has others exploring the possibility of creating plastic materials which might swell into a thick, steel-like girder when affected by solar radiation.

Perhaps O'Sullivan's most astonishing idea is to put in orbit a radar dish several miles in diameter. This would be ideal for space-ship communication, and it would be capable of picking up radio waves that cannot penetrate the ionosphere. If some other civilization is trying to send us messages, we might be able to receive them with this monster radar screen.

Day after day O'Sullivan grabs a brief-case full of memos, and charges off to argue the possibility of still more "impossible" O'Sullivan ideas. Some of his proposals make people smile, but they pay attention, for 1,000 miles out in space is O'Sullivan's wonderful lead balloon.

The Bear Facts

WILL ANYONE who saw a black bear blowing a horn in a car in a parking site on East Capital Drive about 2.30 a.m. New Year's Eve please contact L. V. Barnes at Br 6—

THIS desperate personal ad appeared in the classified section of the Milwaukee *Journal*. It all started, Barnes told a curious reporter, when he left a party at a cocktail lounge, to get something from his car in the parking site, and saw this bear tooting the horn. When he got back to the party, his story received what Barnes considered an inordinate amount of attention, particularly from Mrs. Barnes. "But confound it," he told the reporter, "I know a big black bear when I see one, and I saw one!"

He did, too. After six miserable days of leg-pulling both at home and at the office Mr. Barnes received a call from Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Weissinger, who live in a near-by suburb. Their pet black bear cub, Booboo, had been left alone in their car for a short time at the cocktail lounge in question. And it was quite possible he had been blowing a horn; Mrs. Weissinger didn't see anything unusual about that. "Booboo just loves blowing horns," she said.

THE LAKE I Lived With

*Through the dazzling lens of a lake
you can watch Nature's relentless
struggle for survival*

BY JEAN GEORGE

SYMBOL OF calm, a lake is serene only on its mirror surface. Underneath is a world of tumult and turbulence as restless as the sea. In the apparently still shallows of a lake is such agitation that life is there only because it can hang on.

All last summer, while my husband was absorbed in a research project, I was alone with a lake. Higgins Lake, on the Lower Peninsula of Michigan, is big—five miles across; deep—over 100 feet in the pockets, gouged out long ago by the

*Condensed from Triton, the journal of the
British Sub-Aqua Club*



ice blades of the glacier. Hugged by cottages and wilderness, it is, except for minor differences, any large, deep lake in the temperate zone. Day after day I slid beneath its surface with snorkel and mask, and at the end I understood more about a lake.

I first became aware of the battle for survival in a lake after watching a water scorpion, an insect that employs many devices to wrench a living from the water. I was drifting in the shallows, getting accustomed to my snorkel, when one of these two-inch bugs alighted close inshore and, with oarlike strokes of its long legs, swam to the bottom. Then, to my amusement, he threw up the smartest snorkel I've ever seen. It was a two-inch tube attached to the insect's breathing apparatus—in his tail—and extended to surface and air.

With a supply of oxygen assured, the scorpion settled down to the problem of obtaining food. He kicked, and a swirl of silt went up, then settled over him like a blanket. Within this disguise he unfolded two nasty-looking knife blades. (The front legs work like jack-knives, folding into themselves.)

A shoal of minnows darted past. There was a puff of silt, a flash of a blade and one less minnow. A small landslide on the bottom of the lake marked the spot where the scorpion dug in and, I assume, ate his meal. This done, the snorkel went up, the eyes appeared out of the mud and

he waited for another innocent passer-by.

As I drifted along the shore under the surface, I saw above me a whirligig beetle, that swirling, twirling water bug seen on every stream, pond and lake. He saw me beneath him and spun away. I stood up and followed him. This time he spotted me in the air, dived and disappeared. No matter how I approached him, he saw me. For the whirligig has four eyes: two to peer down into the water below, two to peer up into the air above, because his enemies attack from both quarters.

Water insects are not really aquatic like the fish, but all have evolved ways to live in the water. The long-horned leaf beetle hunts under water all day, though he has no gills, nor does he have a snorkel like the scorpion's. His secret? He bores into the stems of water plants and takes a breath of almost pure oxygen. And when it is time to spin a cocoon, this insect simply pokes a hole in a plant stem and spins a waterproof bag round the opening. The plant fills the bag with fresh air while the leaf beetle sleeps down in the depths of the lake.

The diving beetles have also solved the problem of breathing under water without gills. Half-submerged, I watched one of these brownish-black beetles tip head-down into the water, lift its wings, fold in a supply of air and spin to the bottom like a skin-diver with an air tank. Using this captured air, the

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beetle rowed all over the bottom looking for food. When the air grew stale the beetle surfaced and replenished his supply.

At times I pushed down a little deeper and hung over the weed beds. Here the struggle for survival was more than how to breathe. Among the grasses lay the logs and among the logs the spawning fish. Some, like the sunfish, were tending a nest of eggs. Others, like the male black bass, were baby-sitting. But all were in the weed beds for one reason—to protect their eggs and young.

One day I found an old black bass tending a cluster of wriggly fry, adroitly herding them close to a log where they could suck the invisible plankton from the water. I circled the old fellow as he fanned his family. Silt is a serious problem in a lake. Even a small amount can smother fish eggs and small fry. So the bass was "dusting" and aerating his young.

I moved too quickly. The bass took fright and fanned too hard. Three or four of the youngsters were blown into the weeds. They seemed lost. But the father, either by scent—for a fish can smell—or by listening with his hidden ears or the many spots on his body that "hear," sped into the grasses, found them and nudged them home.

Then I noticed a big crayfish lurking under the log, one eyestalk fixed on the nestful of fry. The old bass swirled his tail. A puff of

silt blew over the crayfish, and it wiggled its eyestalk. This was its last move. With a noiseless gulp, the bass had a crayfish dinner.

Several days later, over the weed beds, I watched the family life of a catfish. Both catfish parents tend the young, the fry travelling before the parents in a black bewhiskered cluster.

Catfish are nocturnal, but this family was drifting towards me in the daylight. I looked to see what had awakened them to activity. The great submarine shape of a snapping turtle came over the edge of a log. The parents hustled the young along until the turtle could no longer see them, then halted beside a stump. As the fish lay still, the death shroud of the lake—the silt—began to drift down on the fry. The old cat did an astounding thing: he opened his big, grinning mouth and engulfed a number of his young. Presently he spewed them out—and they seemed clean and aerated and shiny. He took the others group by group into his mouth and repeated the procedure.

One day, when my son and I were rowing on the lake, a bluish-green mass came moving towards us, wind-blown. I dipped into it with a towel. Much of it ran out through the cloth, but a few pinhead curios remained. "Lake plankton," I explained to my son. "It's the microscopic life of a lake, although some bits of it are easily seen. This one is a tiny member of the lobster family."



King Grisly-beard

ONCE UPON A TIME...there was a king. He had a daughter who was very beautiful but haughty and conceited. One day she laughed cruelly at one of her suitors and said, "Why! Your beard looks like an old mop. You shall be called King Grisly-Beard!" Furious, her father thundered, "You shall marry the first beggar who comes to our door." Too late, the princess realized her folly.

Two days later, she was forced to marry a horrible looking beggar and share her life with him in a dingy hovel. She had to get up early in the morning, make the fire, cook the food and scrub the floor, but she was so clumsy at it that her husband had to help her. He then made her weave baskets, but that made her hands sore. When she tried to spin, the thread cut her delicate fingers and made them bleed. Dismayed at her ignorance, her husband sent her to sell pots and pans, but a drunken soldier rode by and broke them all to pieces. At last her husband sent her to work as a kitchen maid in a distant King's palace. One day as she was working there, the King's son came in and asked her to dance with him. Imagine her amazement when she found it was King Grisly-Beard who was standing before her! She tried to run away but he caught her and said gently, "Dear Princess, do not be afraid, for I am your husband. I had come to you disguised as a beggar to punish you for your conceit. But here is a gift to make you forget all the humiliation you had to suffer." So saying, he gave her a lovely tin of PARRY'S Sweets. She accepted it with joy and they both lived happily ever after.

Moral:

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Some are plants, others animals. There are molluscs and tiny shell-fish, spiny worms and floating sponges. The lake plankton is all the lowly forms of life moving as a single mass in the water and providing food for everything in the lake—fish, snail, mussel, insect—and for one another."

Autumn came to chill the lake, and we were less eager spectators to the battle within it. However, from the shore we could sense the vigorous life in the water. The autumn weather had created the "overturn," that time in a lake when the bottom comes to the top, because the top has cooled and displaced the lighter water below.

On the warm Indian-summer evening before our departure we built a fire and watched the moon rise and cut a path across the water.

I said to the children, "There is little dawn or twilight inside a lake because of the manner in which the

water bends the light. So I wonder if there is moonlight down there?"

We stepped into the water, leaving our clothes like shells on the shore, and swam on the moonpath. Far out, we went below the surface and looked around.

There seemed to be *no* moonlight under the lake. To see it we had to look up, where it glittered and danced on top.

My children surfaced and I followed. In the dusk of the moonshine I saw them run ashore, water dripping from their sleek bodies—and for a fleeting moment I understood that enormous transition in the world's history, when life pulled out of the dark sea and came leaping and singing into the moonlight.

The roads home took us past many a lake. As each new one appeared, the knowledge of our own lake enlivened the lapping waters with life and problems, and no lake was ever again just water.

Hail and Farewell

AN Englishman in the French Foreign Legion was bidding farewell to a fellow legionnaire who was returning home after completing his enlistment.

"When you get to London," said the English soldier, "please ring up Joan Littlefield and tell her that I have forgotten her." —Joe McCarthy

* * *

Bare Necessity

THERE'S a nudist camp where the girls are required to wear something while swimming. It says in the camp regulations, "Swimming: All girls and ladies, regardless of age, must wear bathing caps in the pool."

—AP

MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

BY JACQUELINE VAN TIL

SHIVERING from anticipation, as well as from the bitter December cold, I rang the doorbell of a house in a quiet Brussels suburb. This house, with the three adjoining ones, was a clinic and nursing school run by

Edith Cavell. I was a young Dutch girl from Hillegom, Holland, and had been accepted here as a student nurse.

A maid showed me into a little room where the nurse rose to greet me. The small study was as dark as



a Rembrandt painting, so that her delicate white face and penetrating grey eyes stood out sharply against the gloomy background. Her navy-blue uniform, determined mouth and tightly coiled hair streaked with grey gave an impression of severity, but this was dispelled when she spoke to me warmly in French. After explaining what my duties would be, she said, "You must work very hard. To be a nurse is not easy, but it is worth the sacrifice."

The year was 1910, and the name of Edith Cavell was already well known in Belgium. She had earned a reputation for kindness and devotion to duty working in the squalor of the London slums. Hearing about her, Dr. Antoine Depage, a Belgian surgeon eager to raise his country's medical standards, brought her to Brussels, where scientific nursing was unknown. Nuns and untrained peasant girls staffed the few hospitals. There had never been a nursing school in Belgium until Edith Cavell opened this one.

Starting with four young students, she had built a trained staff of more than 50 nurses from Belgium and neighbouring countries. By the time I arrived she was also a director of several hospitals. She had done away with the drab, bulky clothes formerly worn by nurses. We wore bright blue cotton dresses with white collars, aprons and caps. Where formerly nurses had been treated as servants, she demanded

the highest respect for us from patients and doctors alike. In turn, she demanded from us absolute devotion to duty. We always addressed her as "Madame," using the word as a title in its literal French sense, "My Lady."

Every night at eight o'clock, after a long day's work in the clinic, we would gather in the classroom for lessons with Madame. She knew anatomy as well as a surgeon and illustrated her lectures on a large blackboard. But she gave us more than knowledge. Florence Nightingale was her inspiration, and always she held up the heroic nurse of the Crimean War as an example to us. Once a new nurse saw a wasp in our classroom and went to kill it. "No," Madame said. "Take it outside and set it free. A nurse gives life; she does not take it."

She was quick, incisive and strict, for the task of turning a group of lighthearted girls of assorted nationalities into trained, efficient nurses called for rigorous discipline. We had one half-day off a week, and Madame would take away even this precious free time at the slightest provocation.

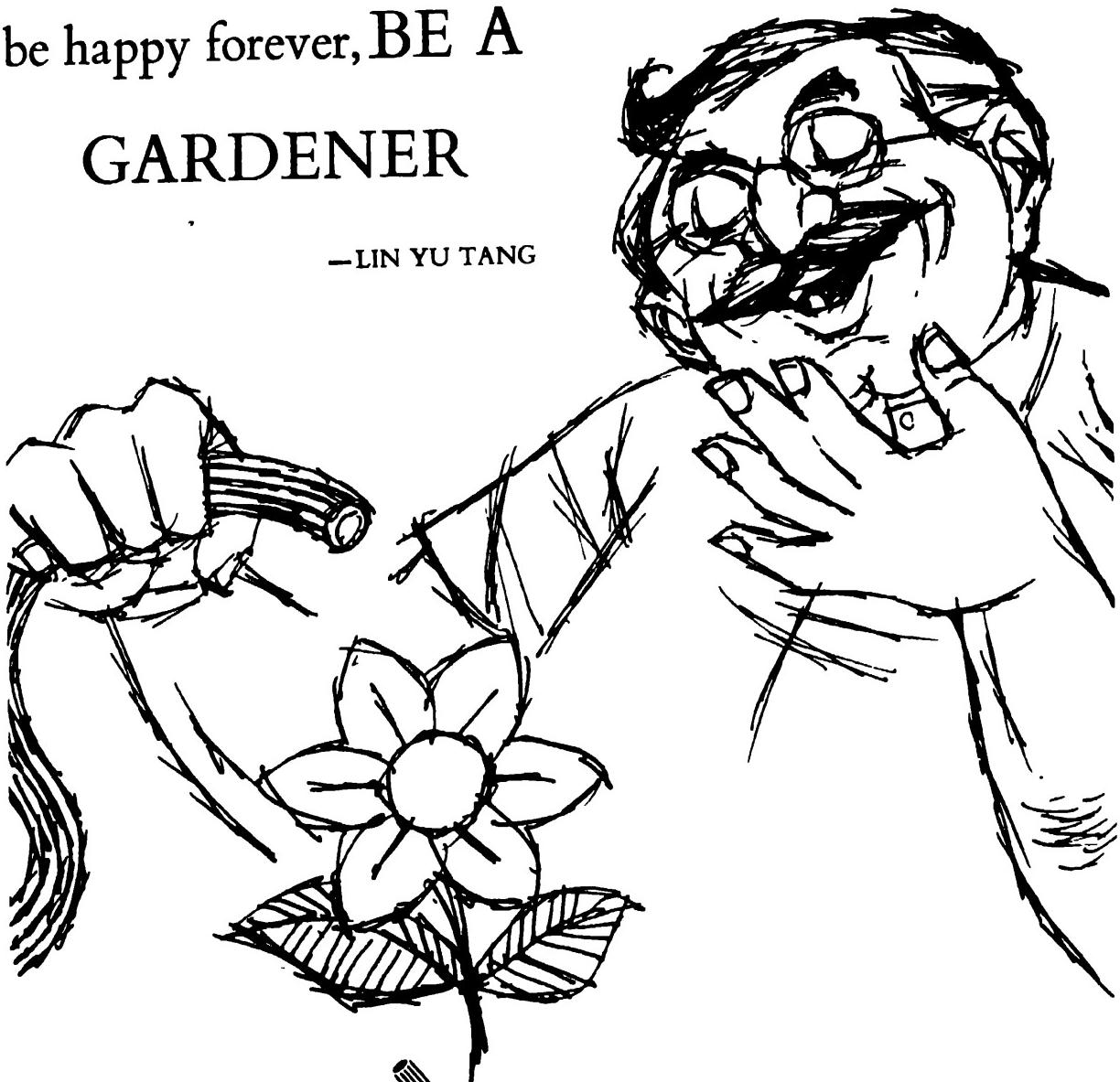
Despite her serious exterior, Edith Cavell had a human side, too. Often after her lectures she would sit down at the piano in the classroom and play softly—usually hymns. Yet, though she seemed to love playing, she rarely smiled and never joined in the singing.

She was as fiercely protective of

if you want to be happy for an hour, feast; if you
want to be happy for a day, marry; if you want to
be happy forever, BE A

GARDENER

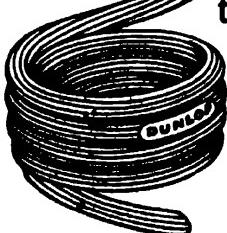
— LIN YU TANG



DUNLOP WATER HOSE

the gardener's

delight



DRAC-76

us as she was strict. Learning that a nurse had become a drug addict, she kept the fact from the hospital authorities until she had helped the girl to break the habit. Another time she found that one of the student nurses had been slipping out at night and going to a cabaret. When the errant nurse was called in to the office, we all expected that she would be dismissed immediately. But it didn't happen. "My child," Madame asked, "what will become of you if I dismiss you for such a reason? No other hospital would admit you." The student stayed, graduated and eventually became supervisor of a hospital.

I, too, had personal experience of Madame's protectiveness when, in 1912, I was taken ill with an infection. "You'd better go to England to recuperate," Madame said. "You can stay with my family."

At their beautiful home in Henley-on-Thames I visited her mother and two sisters, one married to a doctor, the other superintendent at a London hospital. From them I learned of the early life which had shaped Edith Cavell. She was born in 1865, the daughter of a vicar, from whom she inherited her strong will and deep spiritual sense. From the time she was a little girl, when she had nursed a sick dog back to health, Edith Cavell had shown an unusual concern for the suffering. It had seemed inevitable that she would devote her life to nursing.

When I recovered, I returned to

the busy life of the clinic. Our school was now furnishing trained nurses for three hospitals, three private clinics, 24 schools and 13 kindergartens in Brussels. However, this splendid progress was soon to be tragically disrupted; for in the summer of 1914, the war was suddenly on our doorstep. Flags blossomed from windows. We waved gaily as soldiers marched off towards the Front where the Germans were rolling across the Flemish plains.

Quickly the excitement gave way to dread. The German nurses hurriedly left the clinic to return home, followed by many of the girls from the neutral countries. Madame accompanied them all to the station and bade them a sad good-bye.

Soon dazed peasants clogged the roads leading into Brussels, carrying their few belongings. Amidst the confusion Madame went tirelessly about her business, walking with her collie dog, Jack, through the streets to inspect her hospitals. Then one day an ominous reddish glow appeared on the horizon. Some other nurses and I rushed on to the roof. Thick black smoke rolled towards us from the distance, and we could hear the rumble of cannon. As the sounds of war drew nearer, I suddenly found myself weeping. I felt a hand on my shoulder. "Your life is no longer yours alone, my dear," Madame said. "Now it belongs to your duty as a nurse."

On the afternoon of August 20,



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our caretaker rushed into the clinic shouting, "*Les Boches* are here! *Les Boches* are here!" We hurried out into the street and watched sadly as the grey-clad troops goose-stepped past.

Madame and the other British nurses were offered safe conduct to neutral Holland. They refused. Brussels was filling up with battle casualties, and her duty, Madame said, lay with the wounded and sick. Her deep religious faith helped to sustain Madame through these difficult days. Once, when ten of our nurses set out for France to care for soldiers wounded in the fighting there, she accompanied them as far as devastated Antwerp. When the time came to leave the nurses, she knelt with them in the muddy road and led them in reciting the 23rd Psalm.

About this time we began to notice mysterious happenings in our clinic. One night a nurse whispered to me that there was a case in the ward we were not supposed to see. I tiptoed down and peered into the forbidden ward. From the darkness I heard a cheerful voice say in English, "Hello, nursie."

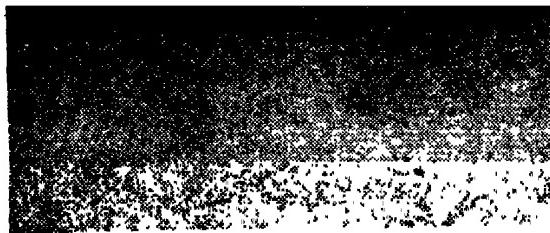
Another nurse had seen Madame slipping out early in the mornings. Shadowy figures had been noticed coming and going after dark. Suddenly we understood: our clinic had become a haven for escaping Allied soldiers. I thought of the ominous red-and-black posters all over the city warning against such activity.

Not until later did we learn the full import of the events taking place under our eyes. As the German Army swept across Belgium into France, a schoolteacher, Louise Thuliez, searched the abandoned battlefields for lost and wounded Allied soldiers. She would hide them in a château in a deep forest. Hermann Capiau, an engineer, would provide them with forged identification papers and bring them to Nurse Cavell to be hidden and treated. Then, under cover of darkness, she would take them to guides who would smuggle them to the border of Holland and help them escape. It was a tiny but effective underground movement, and Philippe Baucq, an architect, was the leader.

Soon the Germans became suspicious of our clinic. Once a German officer called to ask questions. Sister Wilkins, Madame's assistant, kept him talking until three soldiers hiding at the back could escape. Another time two German officers ransacked Madame's office.

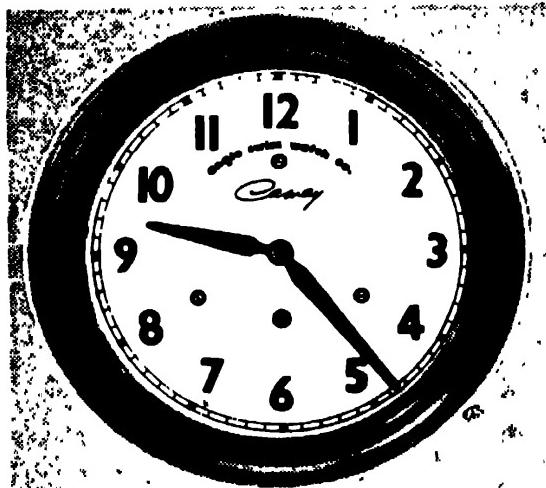
A few days later three Germans appeared. One whipped out a revolver and shoved several of us against a wall. When they left, they took Madame with them. Later we received word that she was in ancient St. Gilles Prison. Almost all the underground leaders had been rounded up; they would be placed on trial for their lives.

The days dragged by. We sent Madame flowers and got a note in



Casway

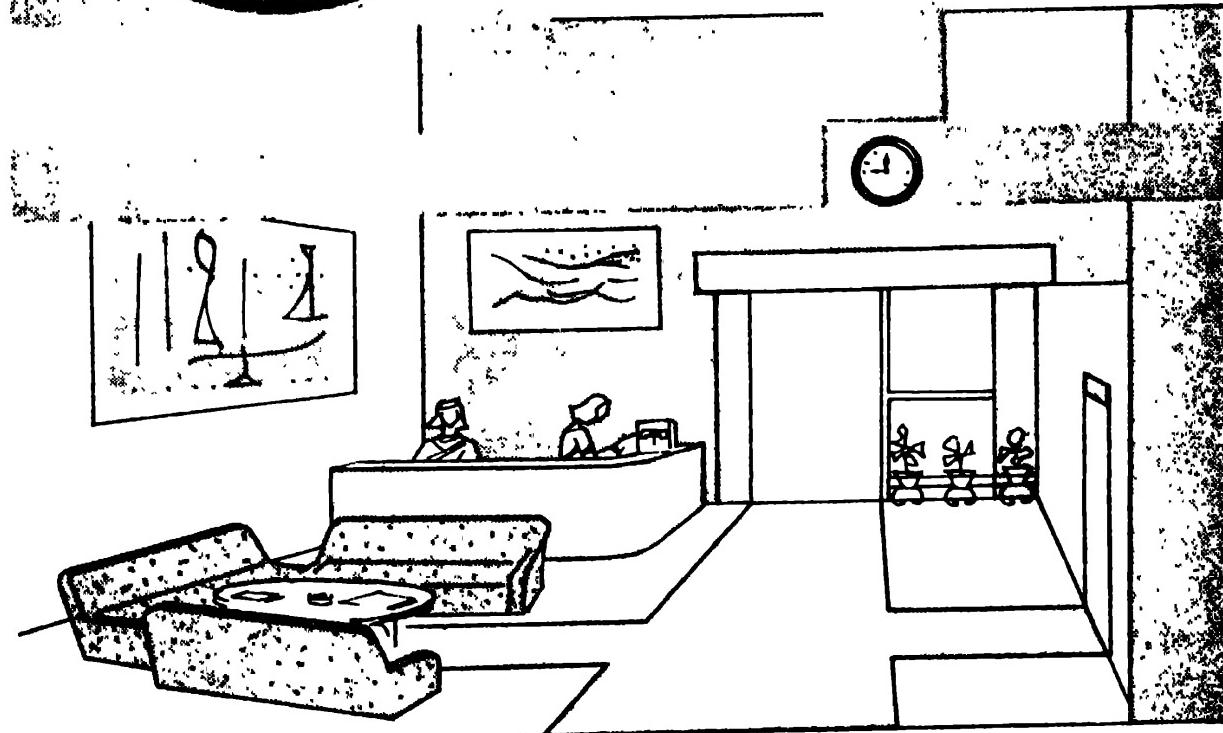
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return. Even in prison her thoughts were of us rather than herself. "I am happy to hear you are attending to your work," she wrote. "Remember, it is not enough to be good nurses; you should also be good Christian women."

Finally Sister Wilkins was permitted to visit her. She found Madame pale and thin, in a small cell with a single, high, barred window. "I have done what was my duty," Madame told her old friend. "They must do with me what they will."

At her trial Edith Cavell would not lie. In a calm, clear voice she admitted that she had cared for over 200 British, French and Belgian soldiers, and helped them to escape. Her duty as a nurse was to save lives, she said. In a harsh voice the German judge barked out his verdict: "*Todesstrafe*"—death!

Her lawyer came to the clinic and told me that Madame was to be executed the next morning. Three of us hastened to the prison. The Belgian warden was kind but there was nothing he could do. Panic-stricken, we hurried to the U.S. Embassy—perhaps the Americans, as influential neutrals, could help. The Ambassador was ill, but his assistant, Hugh Gibson, said he would try to save Madame. With the Spanish Ambassador, he drove to the German ministry. We sat in the Embassy reception room, fearful, praying, as the hours dragged by. When Gibson came

back, his face gave us the dreaded answer: he had failed.

With heavy hearts we returned through the rainy night to our clinic. But sleep was impossible. About four in the morning several of us set out for the prison. The warden answered our knock at the forbidding oak gates. If we waited outside, he told us, we might see Madame as she was taken to the rifle range.

A short time later the ancient gates creaked open and two German military cars swept out. We peered anxiously through the clearing mist. In the front car there was a flash of a blue uniform, dwarfed by grey-clad guards. That was all. Then the cars disappeared down the rain-washed, cobblestone streets. Later in the day German soldiers tacked up notices: Nurse Cavell and Philippe Baucq had been executed.

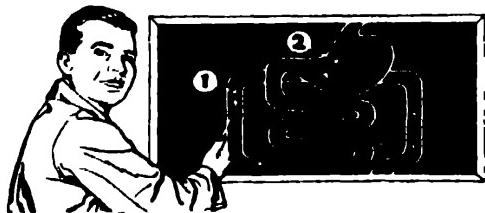
A few days later we received a pathetic little bundle of her clothes and the sum of 50 francs—all that Edith Cavell had left from a lifetime given to humanity. With them was a letter to us:

"I hope you will not forget the little talks we had each evening. I told you that voluntary sacrifices would make you happy; that the idea of duty before all else will give you support in the sad moments of life and in the face of death. I know that sometimes I have been harsh, but never have I been voluntarily unjust. I loved all of you more than you will ever know."



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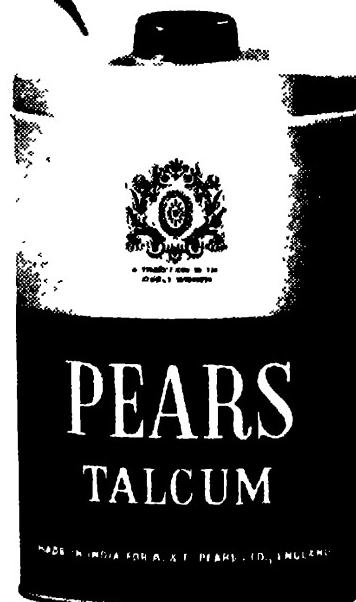
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BY CAMERON HAWLEY

Author of the best-selling novel "Executive Suite"

BOARDBOUND one night at the airport near Amsterdam, I was chatting to the president of an American company that makes a well-known product in the kitchenware field. He had just concluded, he told me, a manufacturing agreement with a European firm. As many another U.S. businessman is learning, he had discovered that the way to beat high costs in America is to transfer production to factories abroad. But the reason for the foreign advantage is not what he had anticipated.

"Until I got on the inside," he said, "I thought they had us licked in Europe because of wage rates. I know differently now. For every penny they're saving in direct labour costs, they've got us whipped by three cents in general overheads. Inside the plant, it's about level pegging—but when you get to the

office, they make us look like fools."

His company and this European firm are about the same size in terms of units of production. The American company has about 1,200 hourly workers, the European factory 1,300. But in terms of salaried employees, it's a different story—912 in America versus 221 in Europe. There's a clue to America's basic disadvantage in foreign competition today. The United States has the most expensive industrial management on earth.

It starts right at the top. The American firm mentioned has an active chairman of the board, a president, five vice-presidents and an executive staff of 42. The European firm is run by a managing director and one key assistant. The top-management staff totals only nine. The contrast continues right down the line. "They could pay our wage

rates," the American president said, "and we still couldn't compete—our overheads would lick us hands down."

"If you know the answer, why don't you go home with a big axe and cut yourself down to size?" I asked. His reply pretty well defined the problem: "How can I? Even if I were capable of running our company as a one-man show—which is virtually what's happening over here—I'm not at all certain that I could get away with it as far as our organization is concerned. Our second-level executives haven't been trained to take over in the way these Europeans have." Finally, almost to himself, he added, "I wonder how we got so far off the beam?"

I have a theory that may be at least partially applicable. This American, like so many other U.S. corporation heads today, is now in his middle 50's. That means he spent his formative years during the Depression, as I did, when business leaders were being violently attacked as enemies of society—greedy, grasping, dictatorial, anti-social. Not all these politically inspired charges were true by any means, but the rising young American businessman of that day saw enough truth in some of them to cause him to decide that when *he* got to the top, he was going to be different. Before long, a word was found to characterize that difference: "enlightened."

At first "enlightenment" meant

only a heightened social conscience. Fairly quickly, however, the definition was broadened to imply a businessman who was, in all particulars, the opposite of what the old-style businessman was charged with being. If the Old Man was dictatorial and autocratic, we enlightened businessmen would bring democracy into the world of business. We would end one-man rule. We would employ group thinking. Thus, the committee system of operation came into being—and the top executive became a sort of super committee chairman.

Again, if the Old Man's weakness was in handling people, that was where the new man would be strong. This resolution led to great expenditures of time and effort in labour relations, public relations and community relations. Keeping everyone happy and contented became a prime goal of business management.

Thus was formed the rounded image of the ideal corporate executive—quiet, even-tempered, democratic, one of the group, a man who led by soft persuasion, a compromiser, a co-ordinator, a man who never ruffled tempers or hurt people's feelings—in short, a man whom everyone *liked*. It is the image of the "nice guy" that we still worship in this era, when "getting on with people" is counted as the most important talent a man can possess.

At the same time, another trend

was under way—the “managerial revolution.” As American industry grew older and larger, the ownership of more and more companies passed from individuals or families to the general public. Instead of businesses being run by the men who owned them, they were managed by men who were hired to perform that function.

The rise of professional management has been vital to America's tremendous economic growth, but it has its drawbacks. The professional business manager has every inducement to join the “nice guy” cult. The trouble is that he has to be a nice guy to many different people, all of whom have their own special interests. He must not only keep his co-workers happy—he must also keep earnings high or the board of directors won't like him. He must keep the price of the shares going up to please the investors. He must placate the union to avoid strikes, carefully nourish useful political friendships, exert his charm on dealers and distributors—there's really no end to it.

Professional management tends to encourage bureaucratic corpulence. Just as the doctor these days calls in a specialist at the blink of an eye, so does the professional manager. The Old Man of my youth was a G.P.—a general practitioner. Unless it was something too serious, he did the job himself. Not today. Now you set up a clinic—economists, market analysts, statisticians,

methods experts, legal advisers, etc. Then you need more experts—organization specialists—to find out (after careful study, of course) who is supposed to do what, and the proper procedures to get them to do it without making anyone unhappy in the process. So the bureaucratic fat gets thicker and thicker, growing by a process of cell division.

I'm not advocating abandonment of intelligently directed group thinking, or of the services of specialists in many worthwhile corporate activities. But I don't think Americans can go on indulging much longer in the luxury of hiring ten men to make one man's decisions.

Even more important than the physical evidence of accumulated corpulence are the signs of fatty degeneration of the spirit. We have too often lost sight of the vital importance of vigorous, dynamic, personal leadership.

There is an old saying that every great organization is the lengthened shadow of one man. Dig into the history of any company. Some man—an individual, not a committee—had a dream, and that one man turned that dream into a reality by fighting, by exercising the kind of single-minded leadership that drives through to a goal no matter what the obstacles may be. In the process, no doubt, he ruffled some feathers. But he got the job done.

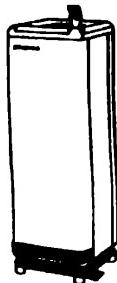
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determining factor in every institution that makes up society. If you don't have leadership, you can appoint committees and draw organization charts and make speeches about co-operation until you're blue in the face, but nothing happens. Leadership is a personal thing, inevitably focused in one man. I wish more corporation presidents realized it, and were more willing to assume the responsibilities it entails.

But I wish even more fervently that that truth was being instilled into the next generation. Good young men *want* leadership. They want a clear goal and a clear path to it. Also, they want the delegated authority that allows them, in turn, to exercise leadership themselves.

It seems to me that we've wandered a long way off the beam, and I think we're going to pay a price for it. But my attitude is not one of despair. I know of a dozen companies that are in the process of executive reorientation right now, and for every one I know about there must be hundreds that are working towards the same end.

Over the years, I've come to know the head of an executive employment agency rather well. One day a year or so ago he rang up to ask my opinion of a man I knew who was a possible candidate for the presidency of a fairly large firm. I said I rated him as a brilliantly able man, that I had no doubt whatsoever that he could run the company with great success—provided he

was given a free hand, and provided also that the board would support a blunt, straightforward man who would drive ahead, letting the chips fall where they might.

"You mean," the recruiter said, "he's the kind of man who doesn't get on too well with people?"

"He gets on fine with capable people who'll take orders and get a job done," I replied. "To those who can't—or won't—he's not a lovable character."

And the recruiter said, "I'm afraid that rules him out. A man of that kind just doesn't fit into this picture."

Months went by. Then one day my telephone rang again. It was my recruiting friend. Did I remember the man we had talked about last summer? Where could he get hold of him? He had half a dozen openings now for top executives of exactly that type.

The tide *has* turned. A new image is being cast. We're setting up a new prototype for the ideal company executive, a new model to follow. And it *is* new. We're not going back to the Old Man who went out with the Depression. We can't. This is a new world with new demands. But U.S. business must re-learn and re-apply one truth that has been evident through all ages and all social systems, and will continue to be a truth as long as man remains a human being: the perpetual need for the invigorating and vital force of personal leadership.

Laughter the best medicine

IN THE public library a man with a new card questioned the pretty librarian. "Do you mean to say," he asked, "that with this card I may take out any book I want?"

"Yes," she answered.

"And may I take out records, too?"

"Yes, you may."

"May I take *you* out?" he asked.

Drawing herself up to her full height, she replied, "The librarians, sir, are for reference only." —J. V.

A FARMER was much annoyed by fast drivers who speeded past his property, endangering his children and chickens. At first he didn't know what to do—then he had an idea. He put up a large sign that slowed them down to a crawl immediately. It said: "Nudist Camp Crossing." —S. M.

AN IRISHMAN who had imbibed too freely began to feel exceedingly ashamed of his conduct and decided to go to confession. Noticing that he was under the weather, the priest said gently, "Better put it off until some other time, Pat. Now go home and go to bed like a good man. You haven't killed anyone, have you?"

"Of course not," mumbled Pat, and departed. On his way home he met his friend Tim Murphy bound for confession. "It's no use going there now," said Pat. "The father is only hearing murder cases tonight." —Dan Bennett

THE FIRST all-electric jet was making a cross-country flight. The passengers heard the announcement: "This is the first all-electric jet. We need no pilot, no crew. You press a button and we take off. Press another button and dinner is served. Press another button and we land. Nothing can go wrong. Nothing can go wrong. Nothing can . . ." —Henry Dunn

WE HAVE our car serviced at a small garage where the mechanics identify each car by the owner's name. I had quite a chuckle the first time I saw the orders for the day. They read:

Mrs. Ellis won't start.

Give Miss Jackson some oil. Two quarts ought to hold her.

Something wrong with old man Pitts' wiring.

Wash Miss Jenkins.

—B. C.

A WOODPECKER decided he was going stale and needed a holiday. Several days' flying brought him to the heart of a forest where he perched in the top branches of a stately pine tree. "I'm hungry," he thought, "and there ought to be some bugs under the bark of this tree." As he took a mighty peck at the trunk, a bolt of lightning struck and split the tree from top to bottom.

The woodpecker picked himself up, preened his crumpled feathers and croaked proudly, "A fellow just doesn't realize what he can do until he gets away from home." —Fred Norman

Secret Weapon in the Far East

By DICKEY CHAPELLE

OUT ON the edge of Asia, on the island of Okinawa, several hundred volunteer American soldiers, skilled in deadly arts, are training to work with native guerilla forces deep behind enemy lines. If war comes to Asia, as the Red Chinese have sworn it will, the mission of these soldiers will be to form Red-hating loyalists into marauding forces—in China, North Korea or wherever—which can bleed the Communists' strength from within. The soldiers train in the belief that men, not missiles, will be the decisive factor in any future conflict.

Their first problem, if war came, would be to vault the battle lines in



order to reach the Asian freedom fighters. So this is what they practise several times each month. Here's what happens:

Inside a barracks classroom on Okinawa on a warm afternoon in early autumn, a score of men of the U.S. Army's 1st Special Forces Group (Airborne) are assembled for their last briefing before take-off. You have no doubt what kind of men they are. That casual absence of expression on the lean faces, not all young or unscarred, comes from looking hard for a long time at danger. These are the men who have survived, and they swagger a little even sitting down.

Their commanding officer is Colonel Francis Mills, a legendary one-time guerrilla leader and now a Special Forces professional. He is famous for his distaste for the superfluous word, and he has already said the ones that matter to me, "You have been cleared to jump with us tonight." To his men, who have snapped to furniture-rattling attention, he addresses one level sentence, "You people know what to do," and is gone. Another officer takes over: "We will proceed for one hour 58 minutes on course 350 degrees at 25,000 feet. . . . Jump altitude will be 1,200 feet. There is a water hazard on three sides of the drop zone. Inspection team will jump at 20 hundred hours, the other teams at 15-minute intervals"

Two hours aloft on course 350 degrees means that we are going to

friendly South Korea. Flying five miles up means that we had better be prepared for cold. The 1,200-foot jump is high for war, standard for peace. It means a man has nine seconds to live if his parachute doesn't open, less than a minute to float down if it does. The time of the jump, 8 p.m., means it will be dark. We are landing on a sand island in the middle of a river and we may need to sideslip the parachutes away from the water.

The inspection team is Colonel Mills, Staff Sergeant Virgil Postlethwait (his operations sergeant), and me. Every other team will have eight people—an officer, a warrant officer, a medical orderly, two radio operators, and three sergeants, each of whom is an expert in his own field of intelligence, weapons or demolition. Sergeant Postlethwait, a major in the Second World War, came back into the service in the ranks because he didn't want to stop jumping and there were no officers' jobs going. Here he is known as "Posty."

The briefing over, we make for the plane at Naha Air Base. Our aircraft, a C-130 Hercules, is on a little-used concrete apron shielded from prying eyes by a row of hangars. An officer from headquarters requires me to give him a page torn from my notebook on which I have written, "I hereby release the government of the United States from any liability for my person or possessions in connexion with the parachute jump I am about to make."

And the crusty Group intelligence officer, whose responsibilities include liaison with the Press, reveals an unsuspected sentimentality by coming out to the plane to see me off.

His final words are back in character, though. To Posty he calls, "If we lose her in the water hazard, recover the body. I've signed for that jacket she's wearing."

During the shattering thunder of lifting off the earth, the tension barely shows—by a second glance out of the porthole, a hand closing on itself, a shifting of a man's weight in the canvas seats lining both walls of the plane. The metal cavern is brightly lit, and the walls are marked with curt signs: CUT HERE FOR RESCUE . . . DO NOT USE THIS TIER OF STRETCHERS EXCEPT FOR EMERGENCY . . . DO NOT OPEN HATCH IN FLIGHT... A mountain of parachutes is lashed down the centre of the plane's interior.

Aloft, many of the men seem to doze, their weapons cradled in their arms. But the medical orderly is reading a detective story, and there's a game of cards up forward. An hour out, with the sky darkening in the portholes, some of the men reach under their seats for cardboard boxes—box lunches, and the last chance to eat before we jump. I munch a sandwich and an apple. Both taste as if made from the box.

Standing in front of the sleeping colonel now is an airman from the plane's crew. His shadow brings the

colonel awake at once. "We must be over Korea, son," he says. It is time to chute up.

Paratroopers dressing for a target are a sight the mailed knights of the Middle Ages would understand. Web belt with knife, canteen and first-aid kit, steel helmet, life-jacket, parachute harness, main chute to the rear, reserve chute to the front—this is the 100-pound-plus burden with which they start. Now come their pay loads—ammunition, explosive, primers, radios, medical supplies. Some burdens are in packs, others in canvas bags that go out with a man, to be dropped just before he himself touches down. Finally come the rifles and sub-machine guns in their elongated canvas covers tied to shoulders and legs. No piece of gear can be left projecting to foul the chute lines.

Like the house lights sinking in a theatre, the bright bulbs lighting our compartment now go dark. We see only by a dim orange glow. The plane has been "redded out" so that our eyes will be adapted to the dark outside before we jump into it. The airman grunts as he slides open the door on the right side of the plane through which we will exit, and the hurricane wind out there almost out-thunders the engines.

When the grizzled sergeant serving as jump-master signals with a hand and a thumb—six minutes—the first jumpers form their line. The colonel, his legs braced and his hands on each side of the door

frame, is No. 1. I am No. 2 and Posty is No. 3. There is a taut braided-steel wire passing over our shoulders to which we now reach up as though praying and fasten the rip cords which will open the chutes on our backs. The vital hook on the end of the cord locks doubly, and you can hear its mechanism bite on itself.

I feel a flash of understanding of why people undertake this kind of mission, in war or peace. Right now each of us, with one exception, is free of every choice of action. I have no decision to make and, thanks to that image the military lexicon calls leadership, I do not want one. If the colonel jumps, I know inexorably that I will jump. If he does not, I won't.

I remember how I once marvelled that jumpers over targets seemed anxious to leave the haven of the plane. Suddenly, with the sin of pride, I realize that this has happened to me. My mind is reaching out of the racketing plane into the dark stillness I know lies just beyond the hurricane of the slipstream. *It will be so quiet out there.*

I focus my eyes on the colonel's right hand where the fingers curl around the door edge. The jump lights—still red—glow like jewels above the soft white leather glove on the door frame. Suddenly, the light turns green--then the door before me is empty.

Step. Pivot—was it supposed to be the left or the right foot last?

Never mind. Put-your-head-down-to-be-sure-you-can-see-your-feet-are-together-and . . . I push with my palms on the icy metal of the door edge and gasp and the plane is gone.

A giant irresistible hand is slowing me, the 130-mile-an-hour slipstream of the plane. Curled around my reserve chute, I am being wheeled over by the blast as I fall, and I would count out loud as I've been taught except that I can't remember what number comes after two.

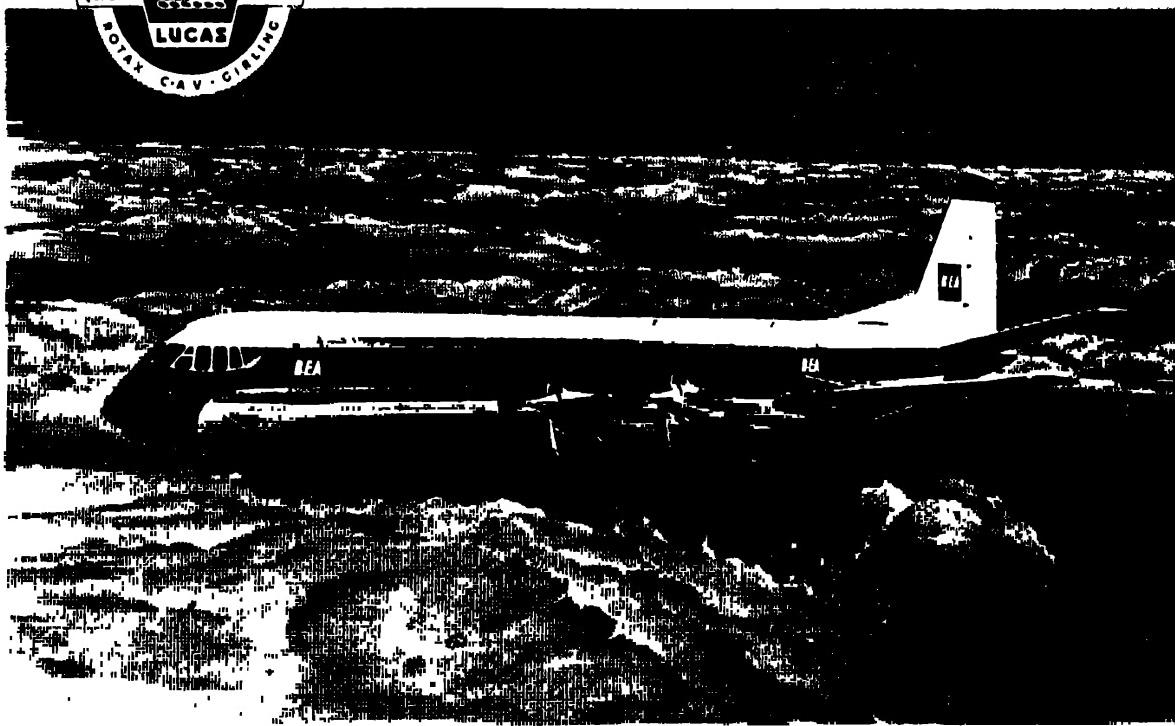
I'm tugged upright and the chute is full, radiant and splendid in the starlight above me. Which way should I be trying to go to avoid the water? They told us to slip away from the largest cluster of lights we would see, the lights of Seoul. I quickly learn that I can't control my chute. My weight on one riser is not enough to tilt the huge reassuring canopy.

But it does not really make any difference. For I can see the silver forks of the River Han down there, and I am drifting in safely between them. I admire the lights and revel in the parachutist's habitual happy illusion that everything beneath belongs to him.

A mental voice with the identical accents of the Marine sergeant's during my training back in the States intones, *Prepare to land!* This is an act of faith, for it is too dark to know where the earth lies. But I rest my arms on the risers, say *I am a rag doll* (probably out loud; who can



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hear how foolish it sounds?) and relax every muscle but those that keep my feet together. The trick is to refuse to fight the earth. My feet spank in, I try to roll and I'm sitting, not breathing evenly yet but whole, on the sands of Korea.

Posty's chute is a silver mass collapsing on the ground not 100 yards away; then he is striding towards me. From the other side three dark figures are coming in, too. If these are the guerrillas meeting us, what was that secret challenge? Oh, yes—Merry Christmas. And the password is Happy New Year.

Posty does the military honours. The guerrilla leader, known as Kim, says warmly, "You are prompt."

Colonel Mills joins us, and we look up to enjoy the sight of chutes floating down in the mist-veiled starlight. Then they are on the ground, and the jumping is done. The soldiering begins.

A Korean runs up, out of breath. "Medic! We need medic!" The young medical orderly beside whom I'd sat on the plane runs ahead. We follow him. The radioman of the second team lies where he landed. His billowing chute is wrapped round his booted legs.

"It's the right one, Doc. It felt cold so I put the chute around it. You can treat it like a simple fracture."

The orderly pulls back the parachute silk. The blood gleams black in the dim silver light. It's a fracture

all right, but hardly simple. Later I learned the radioman had been hurt because he could not unfasten the buckle holding his heavy extra loads to his body in the air. Instead of landing at about 15 feet a second he was pulled down perhaps twice as fast by the additional weight.

The colonel leans over his hurt man to speak with him, then strides back to Posty and me. "In battle, we'd carry him as he is. But the ambulance from the army hospital at Seoul will ford across to pick him up now."

The Koreans are leading us to a tidewater beach where they say we can cross the water safe from observation. Observation by whom? Posty reads my mind.

"Our Korean friends are in two groups tonight. Most of them, the friendlies, are with us. The others are trying to find us. So security is completely in the hands of Kim's crew just at it would be in war."

At the river's edge wait two flat-bottomed boats borrowed from river fishermen. These need to be poled. Kim's men run in from their look-out posts on either side of us as we step aboard; they reach for the poles. "We'll do that," grunts one of our radiomen. "You keep the look-out."

On the far bank, a sheer rock cliff—150 feet of it—towers over us. A Korean soldier takes the two American team leaders aside. "No one would look for us up there," he begins in a whisper. "I used to play here when I was a boy. There is a

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path—too steep for boys, but men can use it." He is right; this is no path for boys. It's going to be hard to donkey our dripping selves and a couple of hundred pounds of gear apiece up that cliff without falling off.

But we climb. I would straggle except for helping hands that come out of the blackness. One, humiliatingly enough, lifts me six feet by my belt. The last stretch is so steep that not even a strong man can make it with a pack. A human chain passes the burdens up from man to man.

From the top of the cliff, in the light of a sliver of rising moon, we can see the next lap of the patrol route. My heart sinks—the way is all craggy, steep down and steeper up. But the intuitive magic which turns many individuals into a single entity on any night patrol begins to spin its web around us. Step by step, keeping a military distance between as if we had been doing this together all our lives, we move inexorably across the hill crests. We go two miles, three. All I need to do is take one more step at a time.

Under our footfalls at last is a flat valley. The head and shoulders before me, I can see now from the non-regulation cut of his shirt, belong to the Korean soldier. He pulls up alongside an American radioman, burdened with some 80 pounds more than anyone else.

"We're almost to the safe area—right behind the cemetery there," he

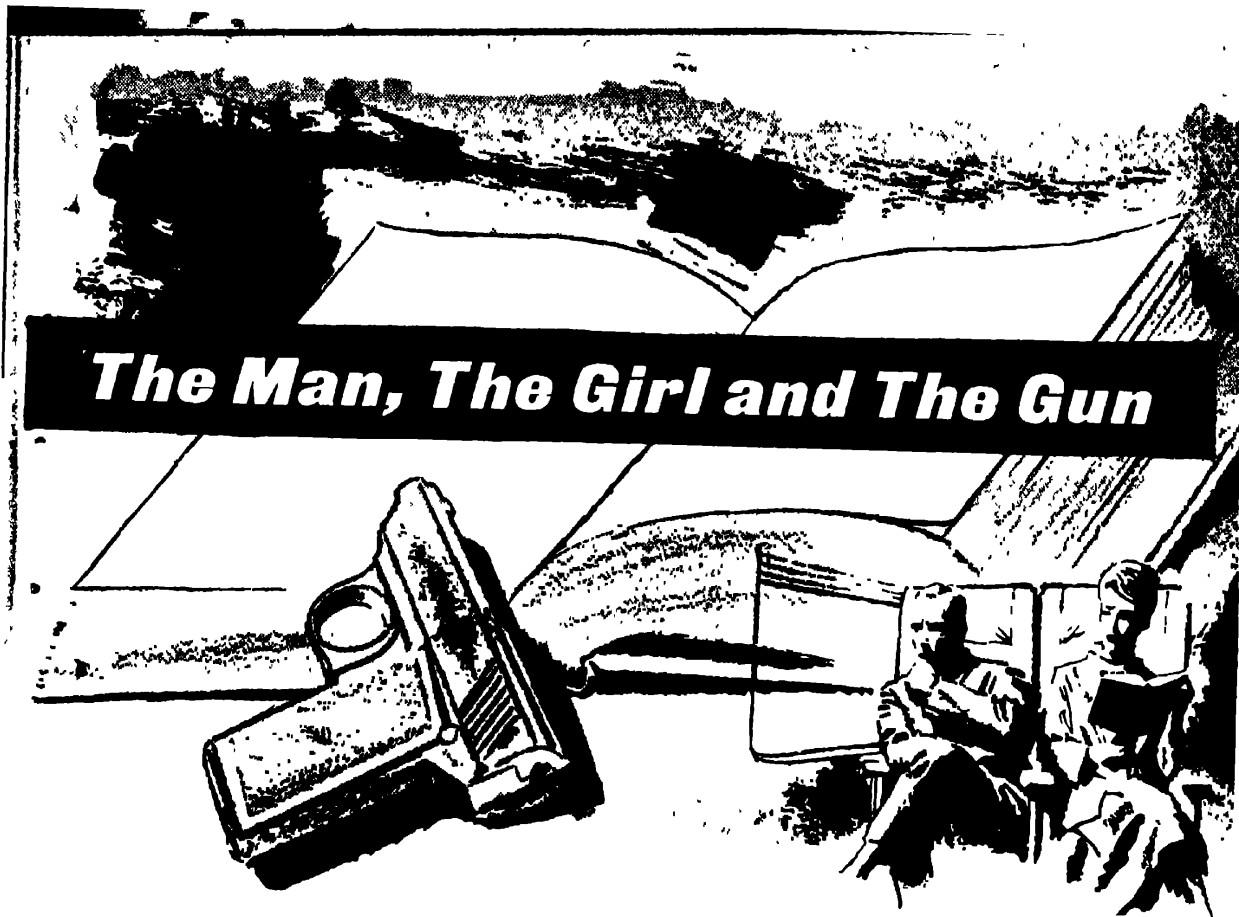
says. "I don't need to keep a lookout any more. Let me take your pack."

The American slips one of the two awkward burdens from his own shoulders to the other man's. Then, starting to walk again, he says, "I gave *you* the heavy one, you know." And the radioman and the Korean laugh loudly as they march. It is the laughter of partners doing a tough job.

When we reach the safe area half an hour later, the military exercise is done. I find now that what I remember especially is not the jumping or walking. It is the sound of the laughter of those two wet, cold and weary men, one American and one Asian. The real joke is on the people who believe their wills and muscles can never be pooled, that one must distrust the other even at the price of alliance in the struggles against tyranny.

Later I asked Colonel Mills about this.

"The men and women who hate slavery enough to fight it if they have the means are our allies everywhere," he said. "Our mission is to go behind the lines and stay there for ever if need be to help those allies. I can put a team anywhere on earth a missile can be sent—and with their own built-in guidance system, a human brain. The trained intelligent soldier is in fact still our secret weapon. He can think. And he is the only missile with the power to create as well as to destroy."



The Man, The Girl and The Gun

Fiction Feature

*She looked cool
and sensible, not the
kind that would
scare easily*

By R. J. SPENCE

ONG BEFORE the train pulled into the station he knew what he was going to have to do.

It was a shame, too, he thought. Damned bad luck. The person in the seat next to him could just as easily have been a man, or even an older woman. Somebody with more experience in life would be able to take it better.

He felt the gun in his left coat-pocket. It was small and hard, and it felt good. Anyway, it was all he had now.

The girl beside him turned slightly and looked out of the window.

Blue eyes, he noted. A really innocent-looking doll, and that blonde hair looked like the real thing. He tried to see if she had a ring on her finger, but her hand was under the book she was reading. He hoped she wasn't married. If there was real trouble, at least there

wouldn't be kids left behind to miss her.

But somebody would miss her all right. This was a real classy little number. She looked to be on the sensible side, too. Not the kind that scared easily. Still, a man would have made it a lot simpler.

He looked at his watch. Sixteen more minutes—if the train was on time.

A pretty tight spot. The police would be waiting at the station. Probably four to a carriage—two at each end. They would let the passengers off. They wouldn't want a lot of confusion. But they would nab him when he stepped on to the platform.

That's where you come in, Miss, he thought. You can just tell the cops I'm ready to blow your pretty brains out if they lay a hand on me. Then we'll just walk, not run, to the car. Joe had better be waiting with that car, he thought. If he isn't, we'll get a taxi. The cops aren't going to make a move—not as long as you stay close to me. Just walk quietly, Miss, and we might make it. We might not, too. I'd hate to have to do it, he thought.

He'd killed one man on this job already, and that's how he'd got into this jam. He didn't really consider himself a murderer. That fellow had just got in his way when he was coming out of the bank with the money, and there wasn't anything else to do. The poor fool was standing there in the doorway, and

it looked for a minute as though he was going to try and be a hero—so he'd had to do it. Then he'd closed the outside door and got lost in the crowd.

He'd played hide-and-seek with the police for a couple of hours, and then he got on to this train. It might have been okay if he hadn't taken this seat by the window. Well, it was the only seat left, and then this girl got on at the next station and sat down beside him. He'd turned his head so that she wouldn't get a good look at him, and there was this cop standing there looking in just as the train was pulling out.

The cop's head jerked up as soon as he saw him, but by then the train was moving and it was too late.

Too late, but just in time. They'd all be waiting at the next stop.

Well, we've got 12 minutes now, he thought. I'll write the note and give it to her in a few minutes. We don't want to have her thinking things over for too long. She looks pretty smart. Anyway, she's a reader. Only taken her nose out of that book once since she sat down.

"Do you have a pencil, Miss?" he said aloud.

The girl looked up, but she wasn't startled. "I think I do," she said. She fished in her handbag and gave him a slim gold pencil.

He said thank you and took out an envelope and began to write:

"No need to get alarmed. Just do as this note says and nobody will get hurt, especially not you. I'm



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carrying a gun, and when we get to the next station I'm going to have to hold it on you while we walk out of the carriage. There's going to be some cops waiting and we'll have to tell them to lay off or you'll get hurt. I'll do the talking. All you have to do is to keep quiet and tell the cops that I mean business."

He looked at the last word and decided something was wrong with it. "Miss," he said, "how do you spell 'business'?"

She spelt the word for him, and he corrected it and handed her the pencil.

When she had put the pencil into her handbag and was reading again, he shoved the note across the page of her book.

She kept her head down a long time. "She's a calm one," he thought. And she was.

When she looked at him, she met his eyes and held them so long that he looked away first.

Perhaps she doesn't believe it, he thought. She was still looking at him, so he reached in his left coat-pocket and showed her the gun. Still she didn't look startled. Good for you, Miss. Perhaps we'll make it after all, he thought, as the girl went back to her book.

He looked at her sitting there with her head down. She was so calm that he thought maybe she didn't know the score. He had to see to it that she kept her mind on the

job she was going to have to do.

"Good book, eh, Miss?" he said.

"Yes," she said, looking at him. "It's a mystery story. One of those things with a trick ending. I've just finished it," she said.

The sun was streaming in through the window and throwing glints in her blonde hair and in her eyes.

"Do you mind pulling the blind down?" she said.

He turned and wrestled with the blind for a moment, and when he turned back she handed him her book.

"You might want to read the trick ending," she said.

He looked down at the book. It was a collection of short stories. He read enough to get the idea that the story she had been reading was about a murderer who was on a train and was about to pull a gun on the passenger next to him when he discovered that his gun was missing. The story was called "The Murderer and the Pickpocket."

"That's one of those endings that are supposed to take you by surprise," the girl said. "But I could see it coming all the time, couldn't you?"

He looked up from the book and saw that the gun she was pointing at him was his own. She still looked cool and innocent, and he could tell that his hunch about her had been right. She wasn't the kind that would scare easily.

*H*e who hesitates will hear horns tooting. —J. A. S.



Monsignor Romaniello's Noodle Machine

By W. J. LEIDERER

*A dramatic example
of what one man can do
to help the cause
of freedom*

MONSIGNOR John Romaniello, newly arrived director of the Catholic Relief Services in Hong Kong, walked through the huge refugee resettlement area in that crowded city. He was in an unhappy frame of mind.

Nearly 100,000 refugees from Red China pour into Hong Kong each year, risking their lives to cross the border to freedom. Hungry and friendless, they

take shelter in crude shacks and rickety tenements and ransack rubbish heaps for scraps of food. If they can manage to survive for the first few months, the hard-working and resourceful Chinese in time find a way of earning a living.

Ah, thought the priest, the hardships endured by these people are monuments to man's desire to be free. It is a privilege to be here to help them. But helping them is not easy.

Monsignor Romaniello bit his lip in frustration. Only a few days before, he had seen freighters unloading hundreds of tons of wheat flour, powdered milk and maize flour—surplus food sent by the U.S. Government for the refugees. Much of it, he had learnt, ended up on the black market. Not that the refugees were dishonest. They simply didn't know how to cook these American foods, so they exchanged them for rice.

"It's like this," explained a father of five. "We live under a piece of canvas on the pavement. We have one small pot and a tiny stove. We get home after dark, tired and hungry, and it is impossible for us to make a fancy meal from strange food, even with the recipes provided. So we take it to the black market. Of course we get badly cheated, but a little something we can eat is better than nothing."

Surely, thought Monsignor Romaniello, there must be some way to stop good food from being wasted

while brave people starved. He fingered his rosary now, and prayed silently for a solution to the problem. At that moment a ragged little Chinese girl walked by. Her face was pinched, and in her skinny arms she carried a bag of the relief flour.

To see for himself what she would do with it, he turned and followed her. She entered a baker's shop and handed the bag to the proprietor.

The monsignor questioned her: "Why do you bring this flour to the bakery?"

"To exchange it for noodles. For five pounds of flour I get one pound of noodles." She smiled with pride. "My father and mother don't come home until late, and I cook for the family. Noodles are easy to cook. With a few vegetables they make a delicious meal."

Noodles! Was this the answer to his prayer? Noodles can be stored, and the Chinese like them. Why can't we make noodles from the American surplus food?

The monsignor continued his walk, his mind whirling with ideas. There were noodle factories in Hong Kong, but he doubted if they would meet his inexpensive specifications. Then, as if in further answer to his prayer, he passed a hut in which a Chinese workman was cranking the handle of a contraption. He watched for a moment—and saw that the man was making noodles.

The operation appeared simple. A

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flour-and-water paste was put into a hopper-like vat and forced through a slit in the bottom. It came out in a thin sheet, which a series of knives sliced into long strings. A helper with a pair of shears cut the strings into three-foot lengths and hung them over a clothes-line in the sun to dry. The monsignor asked questions about the operation.

"I can make about 50 pounds of noodles a day," said the man. "That is, on sunny days."

When asked about wheat flour, powdered milk and maize flour, the man shook his head. No, he had never heard of noodles being made with that combination.

Monsignor Romaniello called on Father McKiernan, a teacher in Hong Kong. "Of course we can do it," said Father McKiernan. "We have space for a factory behind the school. But first we must have the machine, and then we have to learn how to make the noodles."

Neither of the two priests had mechanical training. But they watched the Chinese workman for days, as he cranked out noodles on his hand-run machine. They worked out improvements, some of which caused the man to shake his head. After a month they had a design on paper, and they proceeded to engage ironworkers to build a prototype machine.

While it was being made, Father Romaniello tackled the bigger problem: how to combine wheat flour, milk and maize flour into a paste

which would hold together as noodles when dry. He recalled that Father Trube, another Hong Kong priest, had some reputation as an amateur cook. Would he see what he could do?

Day after day for six weeks, Father Trube mixed different combinations of the three ingredients. Finally he hit on the right formula: five per cent milk, 20 per cent softened maize flour, 75 per cent wheat flour. Out of the hopper came perfect, pliable sheets of dough, which the knives sliced into strings. He brought the good news to Monsignor Romaniello, and the two priests took turns in cutting the sheets of dough into six-foot lengths and hanging them up to dry. They would not leave the little laboratory until the dough was dry. Then they broke it into 12-inch lengths and gleefully pranced around the cottage congratulating themselves.

Taking the first bagful to the workman who had helped them, they boiled a batch and gave him a bowlful. He ate the noodles slowly, gravely, almost one at a time. He neither smiled nor frowned. But when the bowl was empty, he held it out to the priests. "Good," he said. "Very good. May I have some more?"

Monsignor Romaniello was in the noodle business.

ALL THIS took place in the summer of 1957. By October the first machines, powered with electric

Re-searching

The Unani System is a body of empirical knowledge, and one of the oldest forms of organised knowledge on human well-being. This knowledge is no more a secret; Hamdard Laboratories have conducted intensive and extensive research over the years to benefit mankind.

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Hamdard Laboratories continue their research to understand the action of nature's resources. Most of the Unani preparations manufactured by Hamdard are based on nature's resources—vegetable and animal—and the technique is not merely in compounding them but in integrating them to form a new combination, matured to a right degree, so that it may bring the maximum goodness to man.

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SUALIN is a balanced combination of herbs known to bring quick relief for cough, cold and bronchitis

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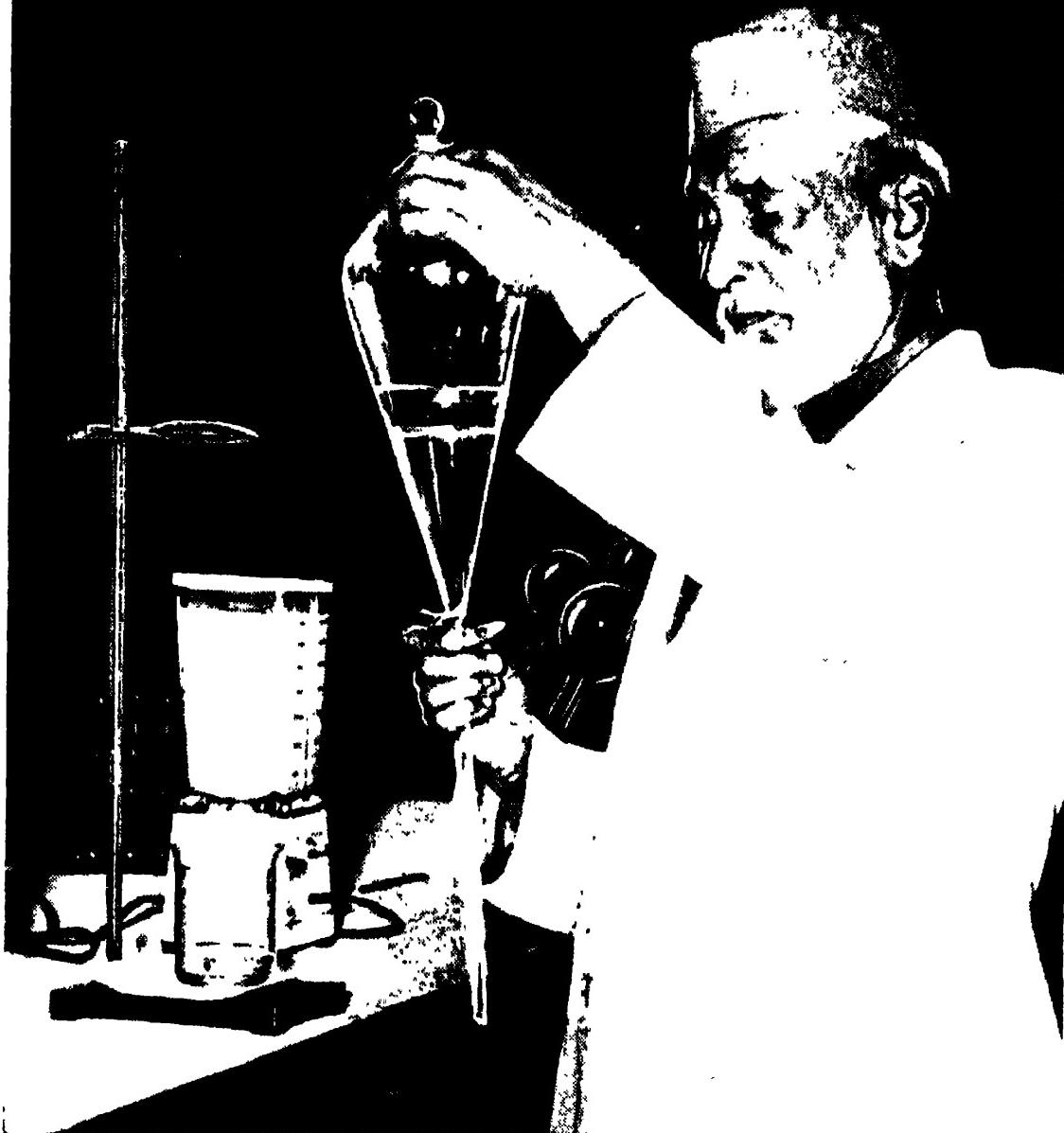


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the Truth of Tradition



Dr. A. Aziz, D. Phil (Berlin), conducting an experiment in the Hamdard (Waqf) Laboratories



motors, were in operation, yielding 500 pounds of noodles a day.

Word spread quickly among the refugees, and the noodles were distributed as fast as they could be made. Here was something nourishing that the Chinese could easily prepare, something they were familiar with and liked. "And we avoid the indignity of having to exchange them on the black market," commented one refugee. "This is a wonderful gift."

Arrangements were made to finance six other factories in Hong Kong. The city government gave land for the factory sites, and the Yoe On Hong ironworks offered its facilities for the making of even larger machines.

By late 1959 ten noodle installations, of nine machines each, were operating in Hong Kong. On sunny days they manufacture 7,000 pounds a day, with some 1,400 refugees benefiting. And more machines are going into operation all the time. In 1959 the U.S. Government appropriated 40,000 dollars for the purchase of eight machines to be used

by various voluntary organizations. Now relief food seldom reaches the Hong Kong black market. It is being used as its donors intended—for the nourishment and well-being of the freedom-seeking refugees.

The idea of converting the relief food into noodles is spreading in the Far East. From Hong Kong, units of the machines have been sent to Korea, Saigon, Macao and Formosa. The Catholic Relief Service in Manila has purchased a German noodle-making machine and is distributing noodles to the city's poor. In Singapore voluntary agencies have arranged for bakeries to make noodles from relief supplies.

As Monsignor Romaniello walks the crowded streets of Hong Kong's resettlement area, he is his cheerful self again. Often, when he reaches the section occupied by the very newest refugees, children run out to greet him. "Here comes the noodle priest!" they shout, happily waving their hands. Next to the sound of whirring noodle machines, this is the music that Monsignor Romaniello most enjoys.

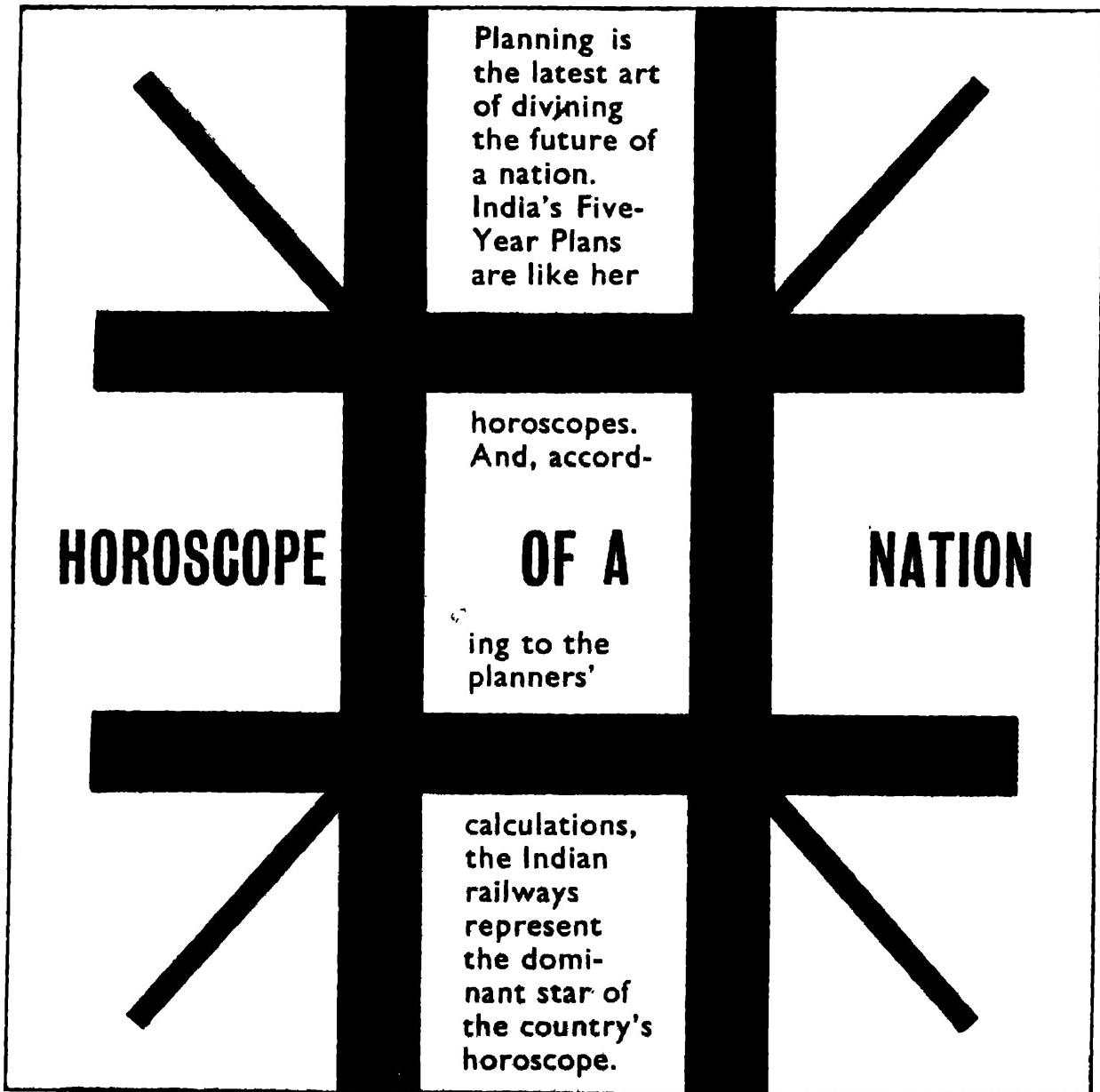


Close Call

A MAN phoned what he thought to be the number of the research department of the U.S. Library of Congress and asked for an account of "the economic progress of the United States from colonial times to the present."

Quickly a voice replied, "I'm very happy to tell you, sir, that you've got the wrong number."

—W.N.



medium



Nurse Greene and the Earthquake Victims

By PAUL FRIGGENS

*Never have nursing traditions
been more heroically exemplified*

IN AUGUST 17, 1959, after a day's fishing outside Yellowstone National Park, in the northwestern United States, Ray Greene and his family returned to the tent they had pitched in the rugged Madison River Canyon and crawled into their sleeping-bags. It was the

Condensed from Christian Herald

final week of the holiday for Ray, a Billings, Montana, truck driver, his wife, Mildred ("Tootie"), and their nine-year-old son, Steven. The family had toured Glacier National Park and now, on their way home, they were stopping in one of Ray's favourite spots, the Rock Creek camping-ground, at the foot of the spectacular canyon.

The night was cloudless, nippy, with a full moon shimmering on the swift, clear waters of the Madison River and on Hebgen Lake seven miles upstream. One by one, the lights in other tents and caravans blinked out, and the crowded camping-ground lay hushed in the moonlight. Then, at about 25 minutes before midnight, chaos struck —a five-state earthquake, the third heaviest ever recorded in the United States. "Like a hundred freight trains coming through the mountains," Ray described it.

The terrific shock slammed the Greenes violently about in their tent. Tootie scrambled to her feet, was knocked down, got up again and jerked open the tent flap. "Ray," she yelled, "let's get out of here!"

In the moonlight she glimpsed a waist-high wall of water with rocks and shattered trees surging straight for them. Ray grabbed at Steve. All he could see was the boy's head and an arm, for at that instant the wave flattened one end of the tent. The quake had sent 50 million tons of earth and rock cascading into the

river, rolling the waters of the Madison high up both sides of the narrow canyon. The half-mile-long landslide dammed the river and began forming a new "quake lake."

Carrying young Steve, Ray waded to his station wagon, pushed the starter and attempted to back away. But his car would not budge. Uprooted pines a foot and a half in diameter were lodged between the wheels.

Ray switched on his headlights and gazed at a nightmare: dazed, bleeding men, women and children crawling over debris and rocks. Many were naked or half-clothed; the hurricane force of the slide had ripped the clothing off their backs. A teenager ran up to the car, pleading: "Don't leave us—don't leave us. My mother has lost her arm." Tootie reassured the girl. "Don't worry, we won't leave," she said. "I'm a nurse. Maybe I can help."

Thus began a 15-hour battle by this Billings housewife who, nine years before, had been a trained nurse. Summoning her old skills, she helped nearly a score of critically injured people to survive. Her cool courage prevented panic among perhaps 150 others.

Tootie Greene is a slight, brown-eyed, attractive woman, and Ray a husky, soft-spoken man. Both are 31, ranch-raised and used to emergencies. Taking stock of their situation, the couple counted themselves lucky. Camped on a high spot at the extreme edge of the landslide, they

had escaped with a few cuts and bruises. They ordered young Steve to "be brave" and to stay in the station wagon until their return. Then the couple set out to help the injured.

Ray and Tootie groped about with flashlights. The air reeked of sulphur fumes emitted from fresh fissures in the earth. Although no one realized it at the time, the earthquake had centred in Madison Canyon. Worse still, it had cut off all escape routes. Downstream, the landslide with the entombed dead (the exact toll may never be known, but at least 28 perished) blocked the highway. Upstream, the earthquake had buckled roads, tilted the shores

of Hebgen Lake and sent eight-foot waves crashing down on Hebgen Dam.

Tootie, clad in a suit of Ray's long underwear, jeans, torn shirt and sandals, crawled over rocks and located the woman with the badly injured arm—Mrs. Myrtle Painter. Soaked and chilled, Mrs. Painter was in severe shock. Her left arm was nearly severed in two places and she had suffered a crushed chest. Nurse Greene went to work with the only equipment at hand: a sheet and a bottle of aspirin.

She staunched the terrible bleeding, and bound Mrs. Painter's gaping wounds. Then she gave her aspirin, and tried to make her comfortable



'FOUR RAINBOW

says WAHEEDA REHMAN

in a caravan. Next, she treated the husband, Ray Painter, whose leg had been pinned under a fallen tree and who was also suffering from shock and loss of blood. Ray Greene, meanwhile, formed a "bandage brigade" with a dozen men and women, ripping up sheets, towels, clothing and whatever odds and ends of cloth the campers could find.

Suddenly the rumour came flashing through: "Hebgen Dam is giving way. We'll be drowned like rats. Everybody up to high ground!" There was a high, safe ridge about five miles up the canyon. The exodus began. Families clambered out of the death-trap to the

canyon highway. Ray carried shoeless Steve on his back. Campers teamed up to clear the boulder-strewn road above the camping-ground so that cars could move the injured.

At the ridge Nurse Greene took full command, aware that lives depended on what she did. Making a quick check, she counted at least 15 critically injured—victims of flying rocks and falling trees. There was 72-year-old Margaret Holmes who had suffered three deep body wounds and a severe blow on her head. Tootie bandaged her with towels, and had her placed on an air mattress in the back of a station wagon. There was Clarence Scott

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whose caravan had been crushed like an egg-shell. He was suffering from painful internal injuries, and had a broken collar-bone and severe lacerations. There was Mrs. Holmes's daughter, Verona, with a crushed ankle. There was Mrs. Warren Steel with a broken vertebra. There were the battered Anton Schreibers and their seven-year-old Bonnie. Later, in hospital, the little girl required 32 stitches to close a gash over one eye. All the severely wounded were threatened by infection, which could become serious in a matter of hours.

Gathering ice from camping kits and ripping the plastic cover from a trailer, Nurse Greene was able to fashion crude ice-packs. It was 2.30 in the morning before she finished her first rounds.

Survivors give a vivid, hour-by-hour account of the grim vigil.

3 a.m. Rumours panicked the little knot of campers huddled in the darkness. From radios they picked up unconfirmed reports of the earthquake damage. The word spread: "Looks as if help won't be able to reach us for days."

4 a.m. Relatives of the injured crowded round the Billings nurse, asking, "Will help come in time?" Now Tootie had to administer hope as well as first aid. She assured them that planes would certainly be looking for them at daybreak, and that helicopters with medicines and supplies would not be far behind. She hoped she was right. Up and

down the mountain she trudged, cheering first one stretcher case, then another. "Without sleep or rest, she went round checking on us and all the other injured every few minutes," Ray Painter testified.

5 a.m. Two patients slipped into severe shock. "Their colour is bad, and they're perspiring and shivering," Tootie told her husband. But by giving them liquids, keeping them quiet and warm, she brought them round again. With dawn came the whine of an aircraft—and bitter disappointment. It passed over, dropping no message, no medicine.

6 a.m. Campers revisited the landslide in daylight and discovered an elderly California couple clinging to the upper branches of a tall pine, their bodies nearly covered by rising water. Grover Mault, 71, and his wife, Lillian, 63, had almost given up. Rescued by boat, they were hurried to Tootie, who found that, except for exposure and shock, they were virtually unharmed. They were given a dose of whisky and bundled up in sleeping-bags.

7 a.m. Planes carrying sightseers, newspapermen and investigating authorities criss-crossed the disaster scene. "It won't be long now," Tootie said to pain-racked Clarence Scott as she gave him more aspirin.

8 a.m. Still no outside help. After-shocks were starting new landslides and tumbling boulders into the canyon. Apprehensive campers stoked their fires, pooled their coffee, rolls and left-over sandwiches.

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8.30 a.m. Help at last! Dr. Raymond Bayles and Nurse Jane Winton appeared with antibiotics and morphine. At daybreak, the doctor had chartered a plane to West Yellowstone, where he maintains a surgery. Spotting SOS signs that the stranded campers had made with pancake flour, he ordered his pilot to land in a sage-brush clearing. Then he and Nurse Winton proceeded on foot and by boat to reach the stranded group.

Weary Tootie Greene greeted the doctor: "We've got 15 critically injured. Arm and leg fractures, broken backs, crushed chests, bad lacerations, shock. I've done the best I could."

Dr. Bayles checked the patients. "She had done wonderful work," he testified later. "When I arrived, she had the most severely injured grouped together so that I could treat them without delay. She had stopped their haemorrhaging, kept

everybody calm and under control. Several of the injuries could have been fatal. There's no doubt about it; many of these people owe their lives to what this woman did."

The sleepless nurse made the rounds with Dr. Bayles, rebandaging wounds, giving injections, tagging the injured for airlift to Bozeman 100 miles away. Then, as the doctor left to make evacuation preparations, she resumed charge.

Shortly before noon a U.S. Air Force helicopter landed amid the treacherous cross-winds of Madison Canyon. The most seriously injured were the first to be taken out. Then the others were air-lifted, in order of priority.

All except two of the critically injured pulled through.

The Billings nurse was widely acclaimed for her remarkable performance. Tootie's reply was a single, one-line statement.

"I only did what I could."

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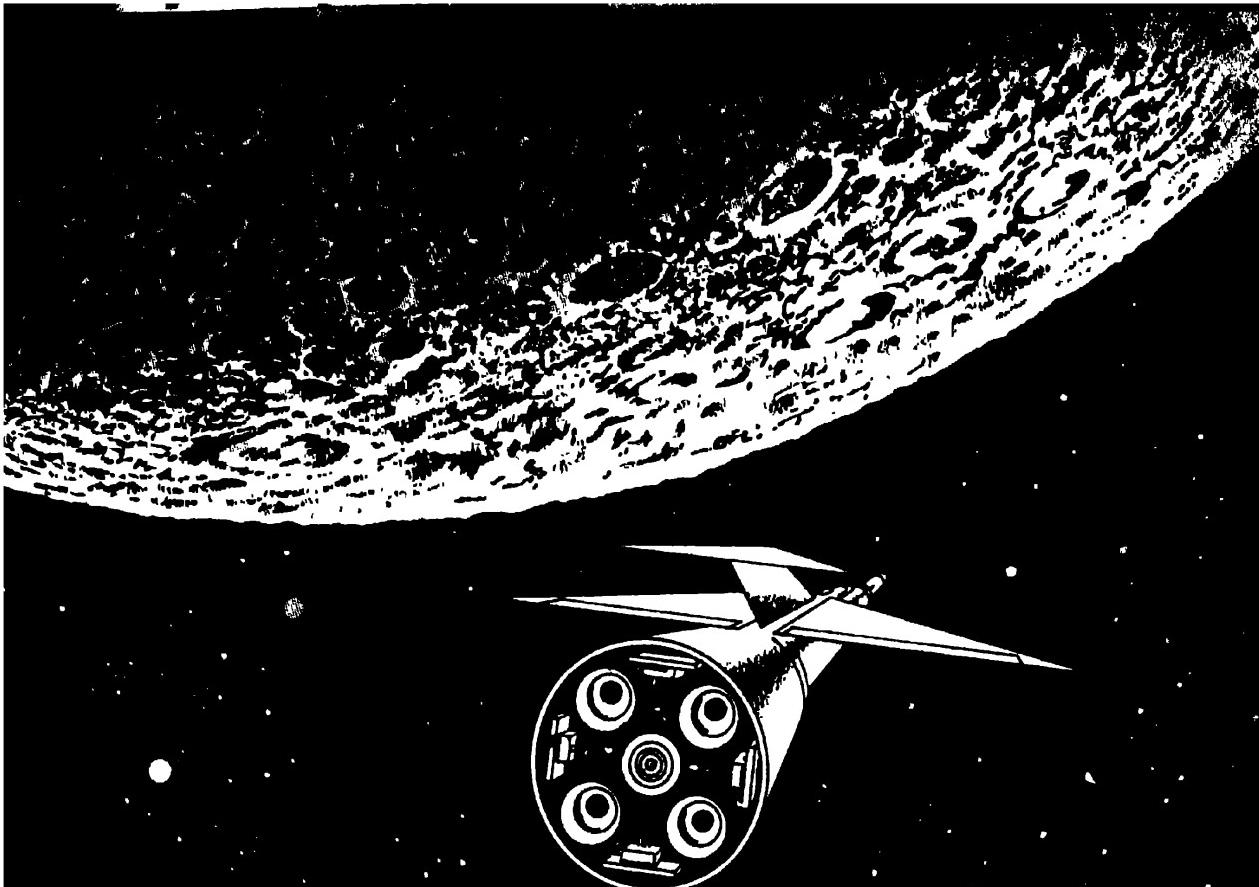
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I, Tharoor Parameshwar, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Date: 1st April, 1961

Signature of Publisher: T. Parameshwar.



BOOK OF THE MONTH

**FIRST MEN
TO THE
MOON**

; from the book by Wernher von Braun

In an absorbing fictitious narrative of the first lunar round trip, one of the world's leading rocket scientists offers an informative preview of flights which he says will be common within a generation

Today this story is space fiction—tomorrow it could come true

FIRST MEN TO THE MOON

JOHN MASON lay strapped in his contour chair while the cabin loud-speaker was singing out the last five minutes of the count-down. His eyes scanned the instrument panel above him. Everything in the huge, five-stage rocket seemed ready. Past the maze of gauges and switches he

could look out through the cockpit windscreen to the stars above this Pacific atoll where the space-craft was poised on its launching pad. In a few minutes, he knew, he would be among those stars, heading out on man's first voyage to the moon.

In the chair beneath him lay

*"First Men to the Moon," © 1958, 1959, 1960 by Dr. Wernher von Braun,
is published by Frederick Muller, London*



Who is Wernher von Braun?

No SCIENTIST in the West is better qualified to visualize the conquest of space than 48-year-old Wernher von Braun.

"He is," says *Life* magazine, "the Free World's top practical rocket man and its boldest theoretician of space travel."

At 18 he was firing home-made rockets from a municipal dump in Berlin. At 20 he was made head of rocket development for the German Army. At 32 he built the deadly effective V-2, the world's first guided missile, which terrorized London and opened up a new dimension in warfare.

Von Braun's dreams, however, have always gone beyond weapons. (When the first V-2 hit London, he reported to a friend that it had worked perfectly except that it landed on the wrong planet.) In 1952, working for the U.S.

Larry Carter, his co-pilot, co-engineer, co-navigator, co-everything. Scientists had recognized early in the planning that not just one man but a team must be sent on such a pioneering expedition. There were too many things to do, too many things that could go wrong for one man alone to handle the job. The 239,000-mile flight itself would take about 60 hours each way.

The two men had been through the most exacting team training, so thorough that they could act for each other in any situation. They had made numerous dry runs in the launching simulator, an exact replica of their rocket cockpit attached to the arm of a giant centrifuge. This

tested their reactions to all sorts of emergency situations while hurling them about at a force of several g's. They had made practice runs in moon-landing and moon-take-off simulators until the routine was perfect in their minds. They had spent weeks becoming familiar with the technical details of the ship's involved electrical network, its air-conditioning and air-regeneration system, water-recuperation plant and the cold-storage holds where their food would be stored. They had made repeated flights from the surface of the earth to an orbit, to gain experience in the final and most critical phase of any flight into space—re-entry into the earth's

Army, he began urging that the United States should build a manned satellite. In 1954 he laid out plans to fire a satellite into orbit with a multi-stage rocket based on the Redstone missile. He was ordered to leave satellite-launching to the Vanguard project.

Von Braun was dining with U.S. Defence Secretary-designate Neil McElroy and Army Secretary Wilber Brucker that night three years later when Russia fired Sputnik I into orbit. "Give us the green light," he pleaded with McElroy, "and we can put a satellite into orbit in 60 days." "Not in 60 days," Brucker protested. "Sixty days," said von Braun. Actually it took 84 days.

Three of the first four U.S. satellites were launched with the same hotted-up Redstone combination which von Braun had proposed using in 1954.

Von Braun now says that it should be possible to send men to the moon and back within ten years. He dedicates *First Men to the Moon* to his daughters: "To Iris and Margrit, who will live in a world in which flights to the moon will be commonplace."

atmosphere at over 18,000 miles an hour without burning up like a meteor. In one of their flights they had circumnavigated the moon and taken thousands of pictures of its other side.* Now they were ready for the moon itself.

Suddenly a magic figure flashed on the count-down panel in the dual cockpit—"X minus 60 seconds." Mason heard it sounding from loud-speakers all over the atoll and knew that it was being passed on to millions of radio and television sets in homes and offices all over the world.

The cabin lights dimmed, and Mason dug himself deeper into his chair against the shock of the coming blast. It was so quiet in the cabin that all he could hear over his accelerated heartbeat was the hum of the gyros and the rustling of the blowers of the air-conditioning system. Then, as the leaping figures on the count-down panel reached zero, there was a tremendous roar; and the grandfather of all hurricanes seemed to have been set loose.

The accelerometer in front of Mason showed 2g, and he knew what was coming. The normal gravitational force pressing down on a man on earth is called a "g" in the pilot's language. If he is accelerated into space at 2g's, the force pressing down on him doubles. At 4g's it

quadruples. At 8g's a man with a 12-stone body is pressed down by a force of 96 stone. Mason had endured 8g's many times in his preparation for this flight, and he knew what a fight it would be to keep his mind clear under the torture.

He watched the needle before him climbing as the powerful engines of the ship's first stage consumed ton after ton of propellants. After 120 seconds of burning time it reached a crushing 8g's. He found it almost impossible to inhale. He saw his hands grasping the ends of his pushbutton-studded arm-rests. He saw his sluggish fingers moving right and left to correct the reading of an instrument and was dully surprised that they moved.

There was a momentary respite as the first-stage rocket burned out and was blown off. But a few seconds later the engines of the second stage fired, and the acceleration rose to 9g's. Then once more the crushing load subsided as the second stage was shut off and detached, and once more it returned as the third-stage engines took over.

The needle of the velocity indicator went up and up. When it reached 6.84 miles per second, Mason knew, the ship would have attained sufficient velocity to coast on unpowered to the moon. The third-stage rocket would cut out and the moment of transition from high acceleration to weightlessness would be at hand. He had always dreaded this part of the leap into space. As

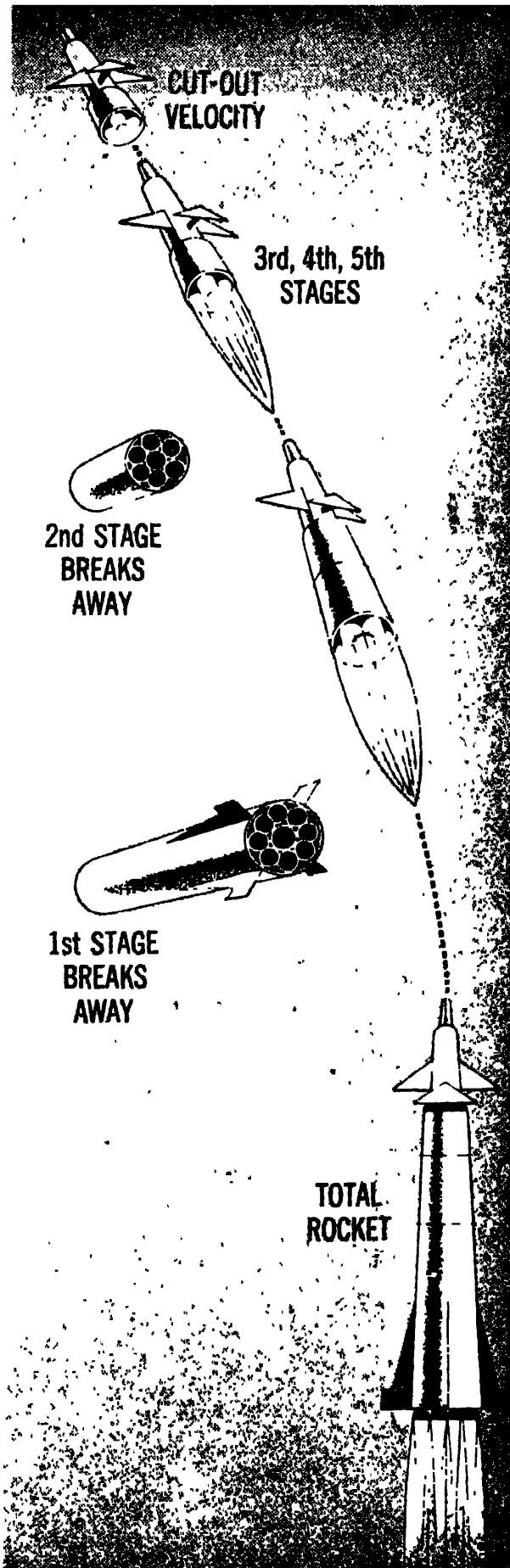
* Plans for a three-man space-craft to orbit the earth by 1966, and the moon by 1970, are being drawn up by three companies—Convair, General Electric and Martin—under a contract placed with them by the U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration in October 1960.

often as he had been through it, he knew that this moment would bring utter despair, in spite of his full knowledge that the joys of zero-gravity condition lay beyond. Space doctors had studied this transition carefully. They had enriched professional literature with a whole set

A rocket is propelled by its exhaust gases. The propulsion is *not* obtained by the gases pushing against the atmosphere; in fact, a rocket operates more efficiently in airless space. The propulsion comes, instead, because every gas molecule spouting backwards from the exhaust nozzles generates a tiny forward recoil, comparable to the kick against your shoulder when you fire a rifle. The millions of tiny recoils create the "thrust."

To reach the moon our space-craft must attain a velocity of 6.84 miles a second (roughly 25,000 m.p.h.). It is not practical to build rockets powerful enough to attain this velocity in a single burst of power. That is why our moon ship takes the form of the five-stage rocket shown

The first stage propels the ship to an altitude of 40 miles. Exhausted, it is then blown off. The second stage fires, accelerating the ship. Then it, too, is blown off, and the third stage fires, giving the ship its necessary 25,000 m.p.h. velocity. The third stage stays with the ship all the way to the moon and there its rockets are turned on again to retard the speed of the ship as it approaches the moon tail-first for a landing. The fourth stage launches the ship off the moon for its return flight to earth. It then drops off, and the winged fifth stage coasts back to the earth, to make a glider-like landing on its wings.



of Greek words for the phenomena connected with it. But they had never been able to account for it entirely. They were only sure that certainty of deliverance did nothing to moderate the horror of the transition and that when it was all over a man felt as though he had entered a new life.

Mason saw the velocity indicator reach 6.84. He sensed the elastic suspension of his chair pulling him up and at the same moment a sudden rush of exhilaration seemed almost to burst through him, purging the terrible depression of the last few seconds. His weight was gone. His body was following the same unpowered trajectory to the moon as the ship around him. There was no longer any differential force between his body and the walls of the cabin surrounding him. He released his safety straps, gave a little push against his chair and found himself floating free.

In the elation of the moment Mason whacked his hand across his co-pilot's helmet. "Like a look at the

* There was nothing dangerous in this. A space ship may be turned to any attitude while it coasts unpowered along its path. It may coast upside down, sideways or backwards without changing velocity or direction of flight. The change of attitude is brought about by setting a flywheel in the ship rotating in the opposite direction to the way you want to rotate the ship. The action of the flywheel creates an equal and opposite reaction in the attitude of the ship itself. A motorist can catch a glimpse of this physical principle at work if he suddenly accelerates the engine of his car when it is standing with the transmission in neutral. The whole car tries to heel over counter to the rotation of the engine's flywheel. Only the fact that the car rests firmly on the ground stops it.

old home, Larry?" he called out. Without waiting for a reply he pushed the over-ride button of the yaw-attitude control, and the ship slowly cartwheeled about, until the nose faced back towards the earth.*

As the ship came about, Mason beheld an enormous scimitar stretching out to his right and left as far as he could see—dawn creeping over the earth thousands of miles below. The scimitar grew from second to second as the speeding ship left the shadow of the earth. Soon the flaming corona of the sun appeared, followed by the sun itself in all its brilliancy. Presently the coast of South America slid into view, and a few minutes later the greens of the Brazilian jungle. The ship's distance from earth was rapidly growing. Judging from the size of the globe, Mason guessed their altitude to be well over 4,000 miles, although they had left the launching pad a mere 25 minutes ago.

JOHN MASON came awake almost instantly. Carter's cry of alarm seemed still in his ears: "John, our generator isn't charging. We're living off our batteries!" For six hours since the launching, the generator—driven by a tiny steam turbine which extracted its energy from a small nuclear-power reactor located in the ship's nose—had worked perfectly. Now the ammeter read zero-zero.

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that demand for Kerosine will be around 2.9 million tons, or well over 800 million gallons a year. There can be no question that the first priority should be exploration and the production of indigenous crude oil, the second priority must be to expand refining capacity in India. Oil is essential to economic growth and Burmah-Shell believes that

for tomorrow's needs we must act today

powered the guidance and control mechanisms. Electricity was needed for the radio link with the ground. Electricity drove the pumps and blowers which kept the air-conditioning system going—with all its intricate controls for purification, temperature, oxygen content and humidity.

There was, Mason knew, a secondary electrical supply—from the solar batteries. These were panels of thin, specially treated silicon discs built into the exterior skin of the ship. The discs converted sunlight directly into electricity, which was in turn stored in lightweight nickel-cadmium storage batteries. But they could supply only ten per cent of the power available from the nuclear generator.

Mason's mind fought the problem. The rocket was absolutely cluttered with hundreds of gauges whose readings were continuously radioed to the ground. If anything went wrong in any of the complicated mechanism, it should be detected by the ground crews on their own instrument panels as quickly as it would on the dials within the space ship. Why, then, had there been no word of generator failure from the ground?

"Call Earth, Larry," Mason ordered. "Tell whatever station you get to relay a message to every other station, asking if they had an indication that our generator isn't charging."

Mason opened a fat volume

entitled "Emergency Procedures." Page 236 said, "When hit by electrical-power failure on outbound voyage, cancel attempt to land on moon. Switch essential power consumers to emergency supply by solar cells. Coast around moon and allow ship to fall back towards earth . . ."

Mason felt Carter's hand on his shoulder. Carter was grinning. "The ground stations tell us we're getting all the juice we need from the generator. It's the ammeter that isn't working. They will watch our generator for us."

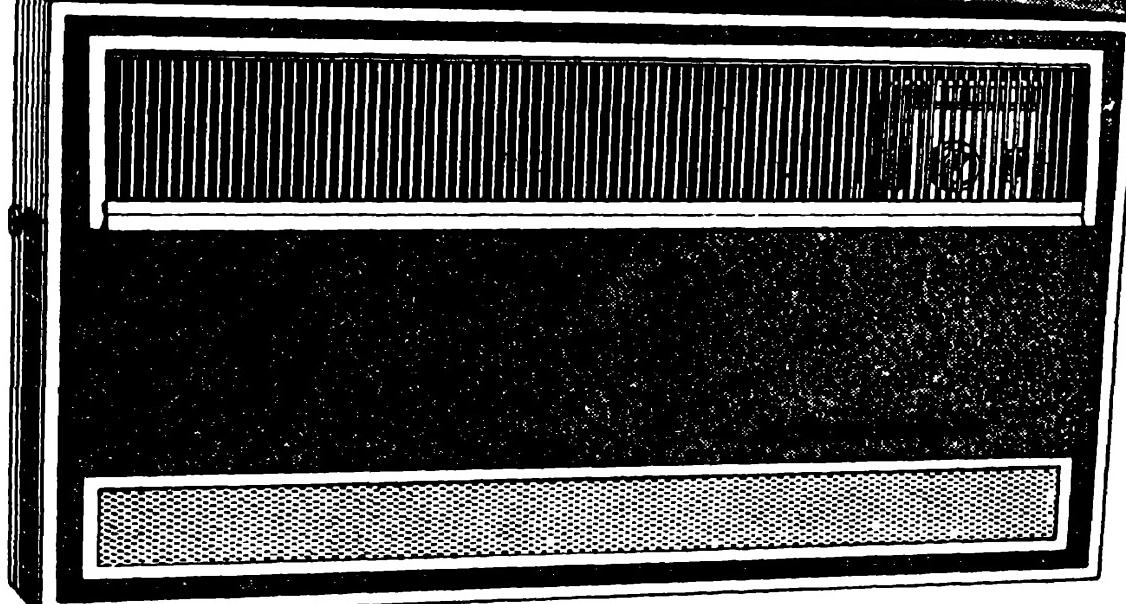
The rest of the status report that Carter had received from earth sounded reassuring. But Mason didn't feel like taking any chances after the scare. He began pulling himself effortlessly from one panel to another to check every instrument in the cabin.

He checked the temperatures of the liquid oxygen and water-storage tanks. He checked the temperatures of the propellant tanks, for the propellants must neither freeze nor build up pressures through evaporation.

He checked the air-conditioning system. The cabin of the ship was pressurized with an atmosphere much different from earth's. At sea level the terrestrial atmosphere has a pressure of 14.5 pounds per square inch and consists of some 21 per cent oxygen and 79 per cent nitrogen. To save weight, the pressure in the cabin of the ship had been reduced to eight pounds per square inch. To

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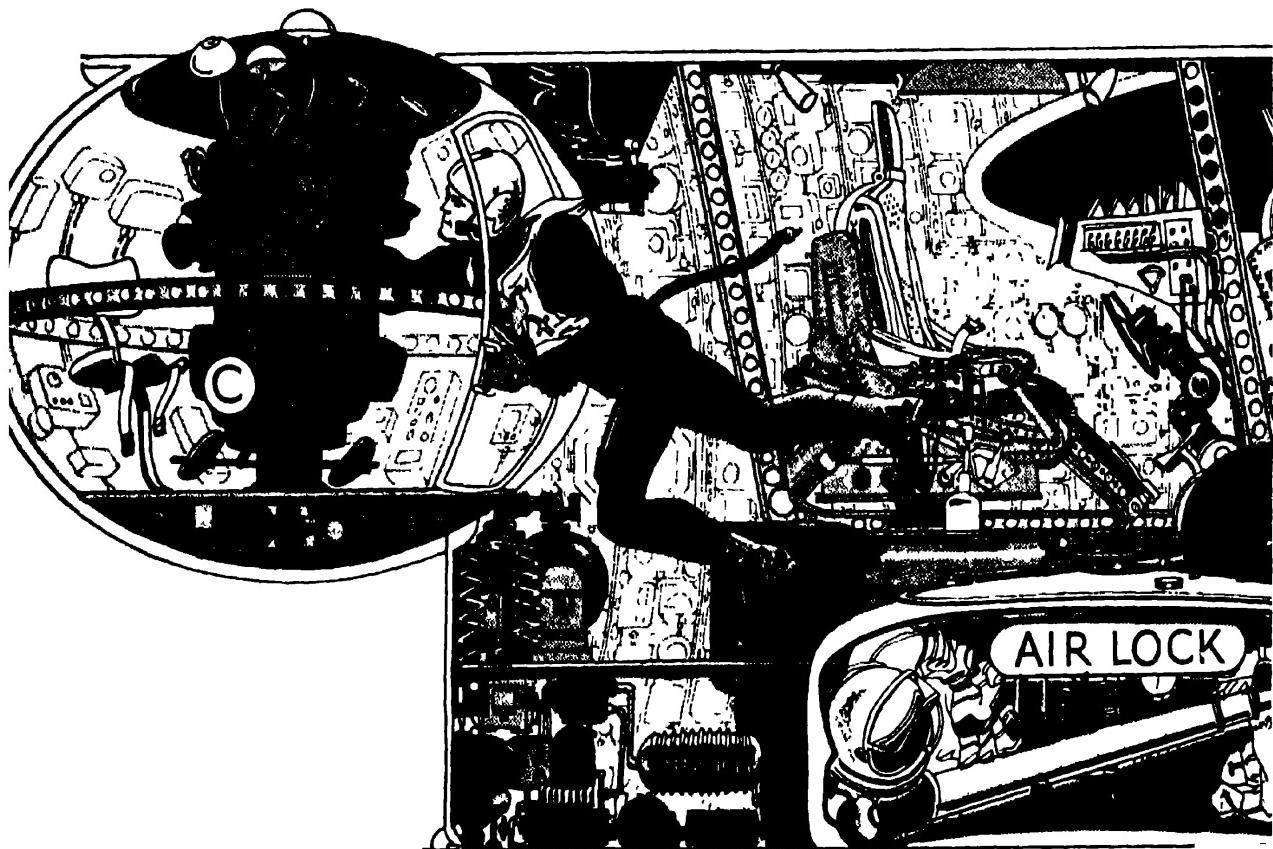
FARIDABAD PE (L) 8

compensate for this reduced pressure, the oxygen content had been increased to 40 per cent, and the nitrogen had been replaced by helium, which reduces both the weight and the danger of starting an air embolism in the pilot's blood stream should there be an accidental pressure drop.

He checked the radiation dosage that they had accumulated in the Van Allen Radiation Belt--those two huge tyre-shaped rings of electrically charged particles which circle the earth from some 1,500 to 20,000 miles out. These rings, scientists had decided after years of anxious study, were to be avoided by manned satellites orbiting the earth but were nothing to stop flights into

deep space. This flight to the moon, for example, had traversed the entire Van Allen belt in six hours. Mason and Carter had absorbed in those six hours just about the same cumulative radiation dosage that the atomic energy experts considered a permissible weekly limit. Since the exposure ended after six hours, the dosage was not dangerous. Had there been a danger, Mason knew, the scientists would have protected them with a thin beryllium shield.

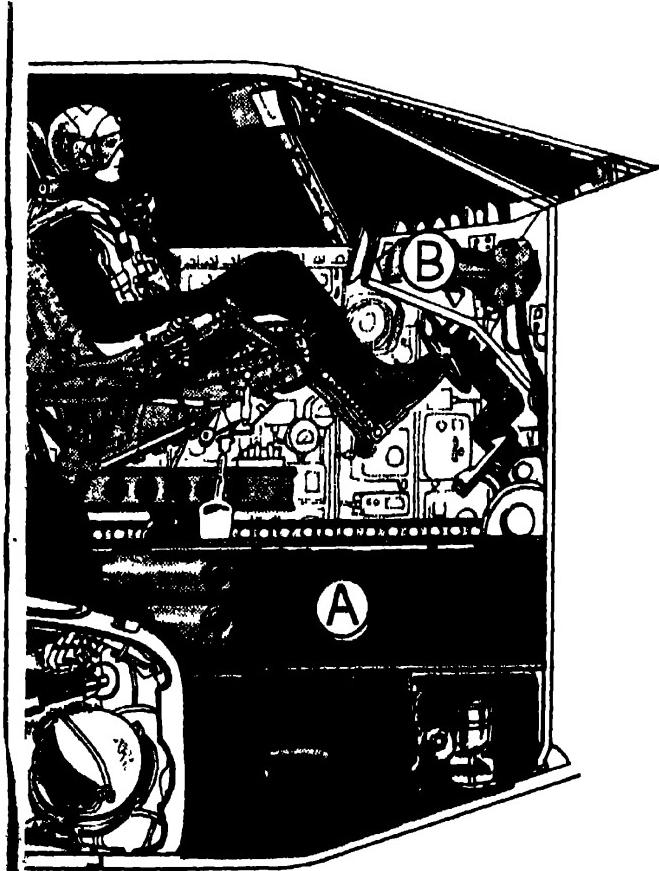
The flight was now routine. There wasn't much to do in space --check instruments, doze, stand watch, look at the stars, make the regular every-hour-on-the-hour reports to earth. Even the weird experience of cooking meals under the



weightless condition of space lost its novelty after a couple of times. There were no cooking pots, since under weightlessness a boiling liquid would erupt from the steam bubbles forming at the bottom. There were no cups; without gravity the coffee wouldn't pour. The two men drank out of plastic bottles

* Last autumn the U.S. Air Force awarded a contract to build a space-kitchen compartment, which is due for delivery soon. The compartment is to fit in a multi-stage rocket seven and a half feet in diameter and is to store food and drink for three astronauts for 40 days.

The cabin of the moon ship, located in the fifth stage of the rocket, is a mass of complex machinery. "A" is the guidance computer, "B" the flight-path tracker, "C" the navigator's astrodome—to



which pushed liquid into the mouth when squeezed. There were no ordinary spoons, since a spoon would hold no food without gravity. Each serving came frozen in a transparent, sealed, grapefruit-shaped capsule. It was cooked in this, then spooned out through a gate in the side with a spoon that had a lid on it to hold the weightless food in until it got to the mouth.*

Even the complexities of navigation were made routine by the help from earth. To calculate the ship's

identify three of the dozens of pieces.

Though operation of this complex flight machinery is largely automatic, the human pilot can override the automatic controls whenever he thinks the machines are wrong. For example, radio and radar stations round the earth track the ship every second after it takes off and constantly radio their information to the guidance computer in the ship. The computer knows, from exact calculations fed into its memory device before the flight began, just where the ship ought to be at any instant. It continuously compares where the ship ought to be with where it is and displays the deviations on the viewing screen of the flight-path tracker in front of the pilot. It also stores the errors in its memory for later use in the correction manoeuvres that must be made.

But as a check on the instruments, the human pilot can "shoot" the stars and moon from the astrodome and reckon his position much as a mariner on earth would. If his calculations don't agree with those of the computer he can override the computer, as he can most of the other dozens of automatic devices aboard.

speed, earth tracking stations flashed radar signals to it, and the ship's repeater beacon bounced them back. Since radar pulses travel at the speed of light, their elapsed travel time measured the distance between the ground and the ship. The rate at which this distance changed was the speed.

Forty-eight hours out from earth Mason floated up to the ship's astrodome to "shoot the stars" for an astronomical fix. He found the ship slightly off course just as the earth tracking stations had been reporting it was. Mason decided it was time to correct the ship's aim and speed to put it right on target. He fed the navigational data into the ship's small electronic computer. The computer quickly calculated the setting for the manoeuvre—exactly where to point the nose of the ship and exactly how much time the rocket engine must fire to give the ship the necessary speed. A few seconds later the little flywheels of the attitude-control system turned the ship round, a timer started the rocket motor for an instant, and an accelerometer shut it off again. It was as routine as that.

Presently Mason sent his hourly report to earth. The verbal exchanges with earth were almost like telephone conversations by short wave. Almost—yet there was a difference. On an ordinary radio short-wave telephone when one man says "Over," the other can be heard immediately, for radio waves travel

with the speed of light—186,000 miles a second. But with the ship now over 200,000 miles from the earth, it took Mason's questions a little more than a second to travel from the ship to earth. And it took another second for the replies to reach the ship again. The conspicuous two-second interval of silence reminded Mason that he was pretty far from home.

Fifty hours after the rocket engines had shot them upwards from the Pacific atoll, the position indicators showed that the ship had passed the neutral line between the gravitational fields of the earth and the moon. Coasting uphill against the earth's gravitational pull, the ship had been continuously losing some of its initial cut-off speed of 25,000 miles an hour. At this neutral line, about nine-tenths of the way to the moon, it was coasting at the speed of a conventional jet plane—1,000 miles an hour. But now it would begin falling towards the moon, still 23,600 miles away. Now the great test would begin, and there would be no sleep for either of them during the remaining ten hours. With no atmosphere to slow it down, the ship would smash into the moon at well over 6,000 m.p.h. if they did not check the fall.

Pushing the yaw-attitude control switch, Mason slowly cartwheeled the ship round until it was flying towards the moon tail-first. Both men strapped themselves to their contour chairs. While Carter was

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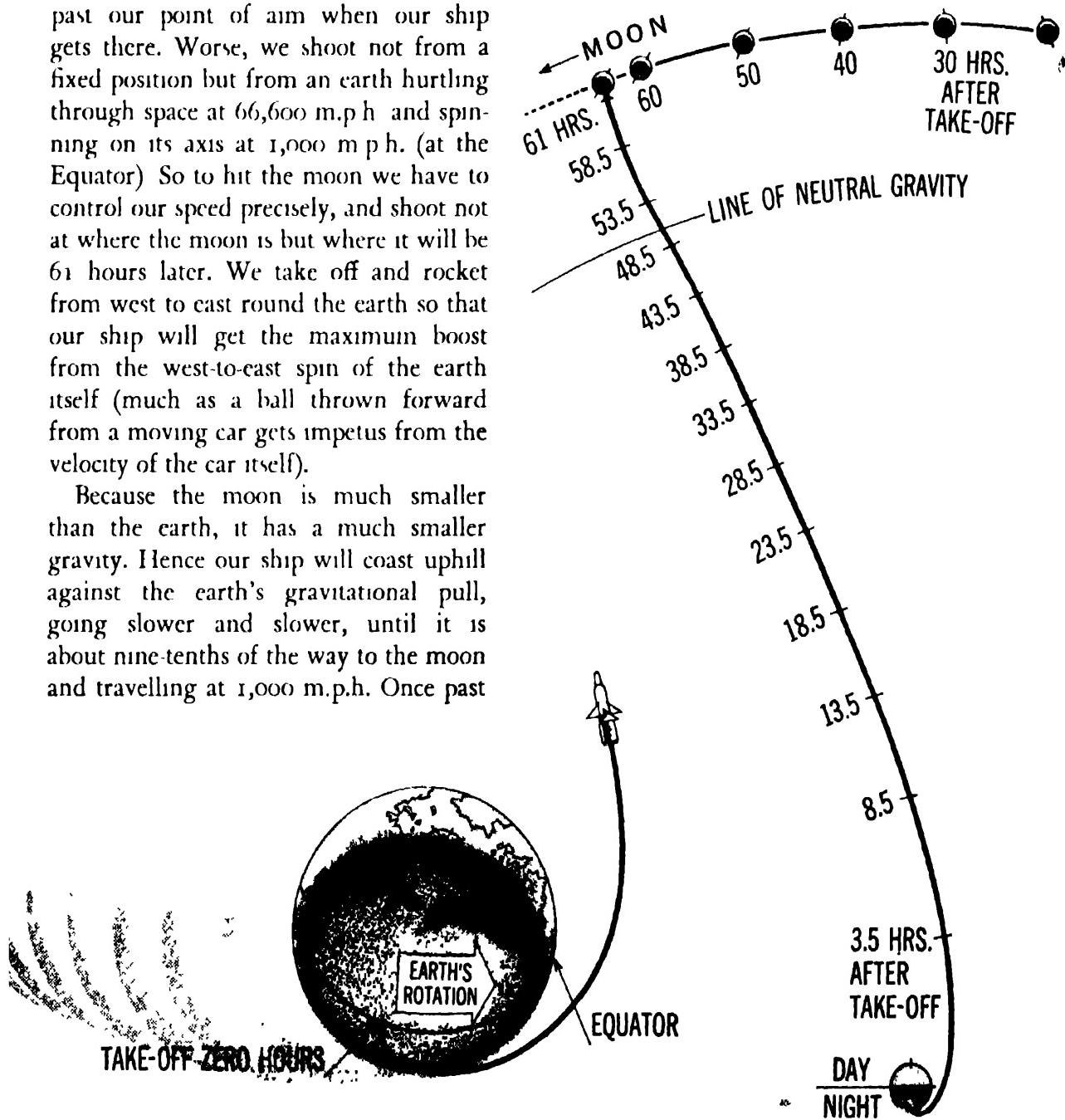
testing the hydraulic mechanism of the landing gear, Mason turned on the pressurization cycle for the propellant tanks. At an exactly predetermined altitude, when they were

still several hundred miles above the lunar surface, a radar altimeter cut in the rocket engines, which began to retard the fall. Mason watched the blips on the screen which the

Hitting the moon is enormously difficult. It is 239,000 miles away and speeding through space at 2,300 m.p.h. If we fire directly at it, it will be 140,000 miles past our point of aim when our ship gets there. Worse, we shoot not from a fixed position but from an earth hurtling through space at 66,600 m.p.h. and spinning on its axis at 1,000 m.p.h. (at the Equator). So to hit the moon we have to control our speed precisely, and shoot not at where the moon is but where it will be 61 hours later. We take off and rocket from west to east round the earth so that our ship will get the maximum boost from the west-to-east spin of the earth itself (much as a ball thrown forward from a moving car gets impetus from the velocity of the car itself).

Because the moon is much smaller than the earth, it has a much smaller gravity. Hence our ship will coast uphill against the earth's gravitational pull, going slower and slower, until it is about nine-tenths of the way to the moon and travelling at 1,000 m.p.h. Once past

this neutral-gravity point it will begin falling towards the moon (still 23,600 miles away) and fall faster and faster



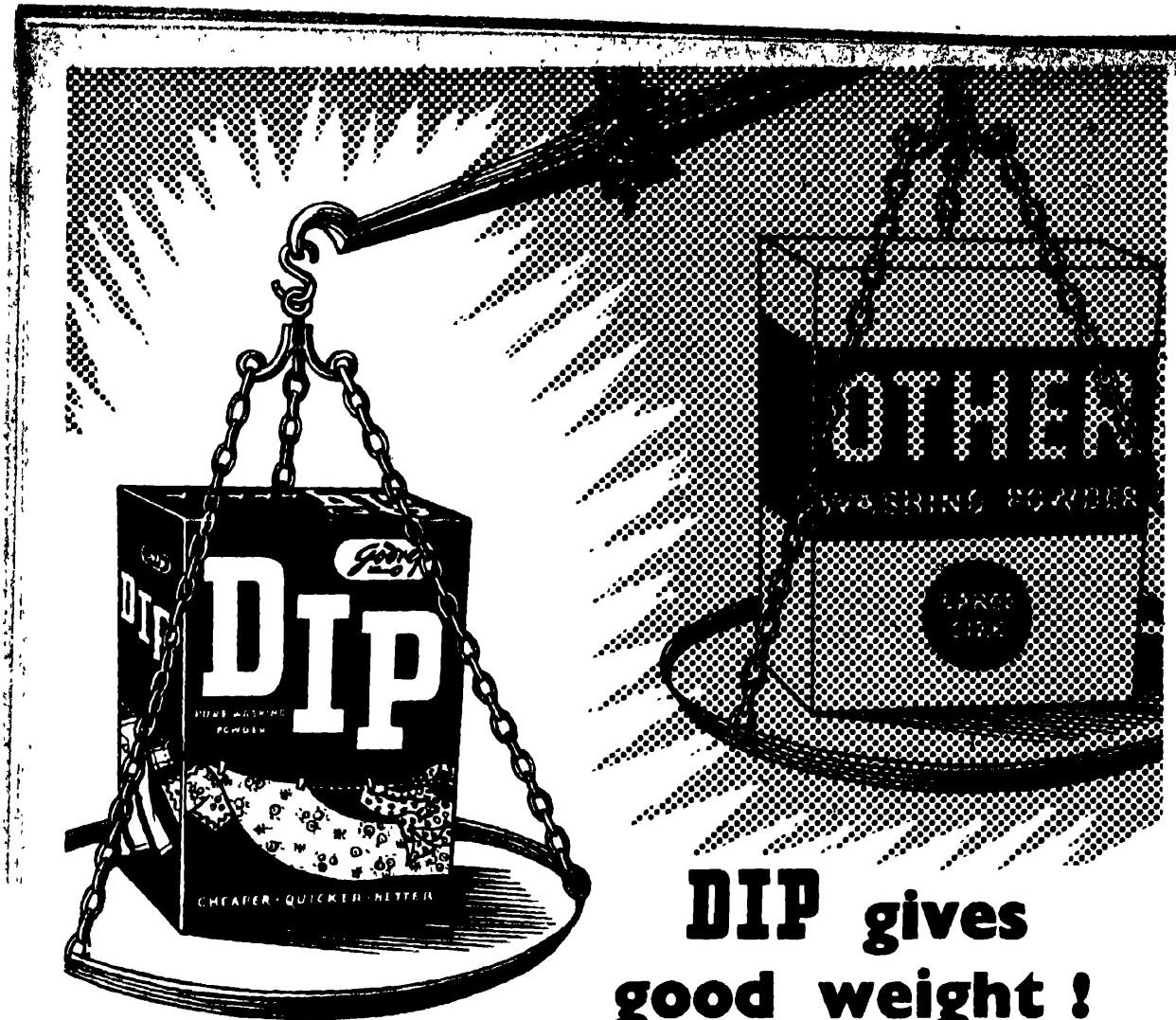
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altimeter recorded. Short radar pulses were beamed to the moon and echoed back. The travelling time of these pulses from ship to moon and back gave the altitude, and the rate at which the altitude changed furnished the rate of descent. Mason's task, with these two

pieces of information in front of him, was to control the thrust of the rocket motors in such a fashion that both altitude and rate of descent would become zero simultaneously. If he did it with skill, the ship would set down as smoothly as a helicopter.



The space pilot has two suits. Inside his ship he wears a "partial-pressure" suit. It can be inflated instantly in case of accidental loss of cabin pressure, so that it draws tight round his body. Without it, should the cabin be pierced by a meteor, the drop in pressure could be so rapid that the pilot would lose consciousness within 10-20 seconds. He would virtually explode.

Before he goes outside the ship to explore the moon, the pilot pulls a second suit over his first—the "full-pressure" suit shown on the left. It has two layers: the inner is airtight rubber; the outer is a tough nylon-like fabric. It contains its own heat and atmosphere inside and is ballasted with just the right weight to give the wearer the feeling that he is walking the ground with his normal earth weight.

THE READER'S DIGEST

Lying in his chair, Mason watched the rapidly approaching crater landscape as it appeared on his television screen. By turning two adjustment knobs he kept a pair of crosshairs bracketed on the predetermined landing spot—a shallow crater in the vicinity of the moon's North Pole, where temperatures would be moderate due to the low elevation of the sun.

When the ship was a few thousand feet above the moon, Mason motioned to Carter, and four hydraulic spider legs were extended groundwards, followed by a fifth central leg which was lowered through the fiery exhaust. This central leg would be the first to make contact with the moon. It was a strong spike 15 feet long, with a built-in shock absorber. None of the scientists at home had been able to predict precisely the hardness of the lunar soil at the landing point. They said that the ship might hit anything from a layer of volcanic ash several feet deep to a rather hard surface of pumice rock. But, using a spike, they had demonstrated safe tail-first landings on a wide variety of surfaces.

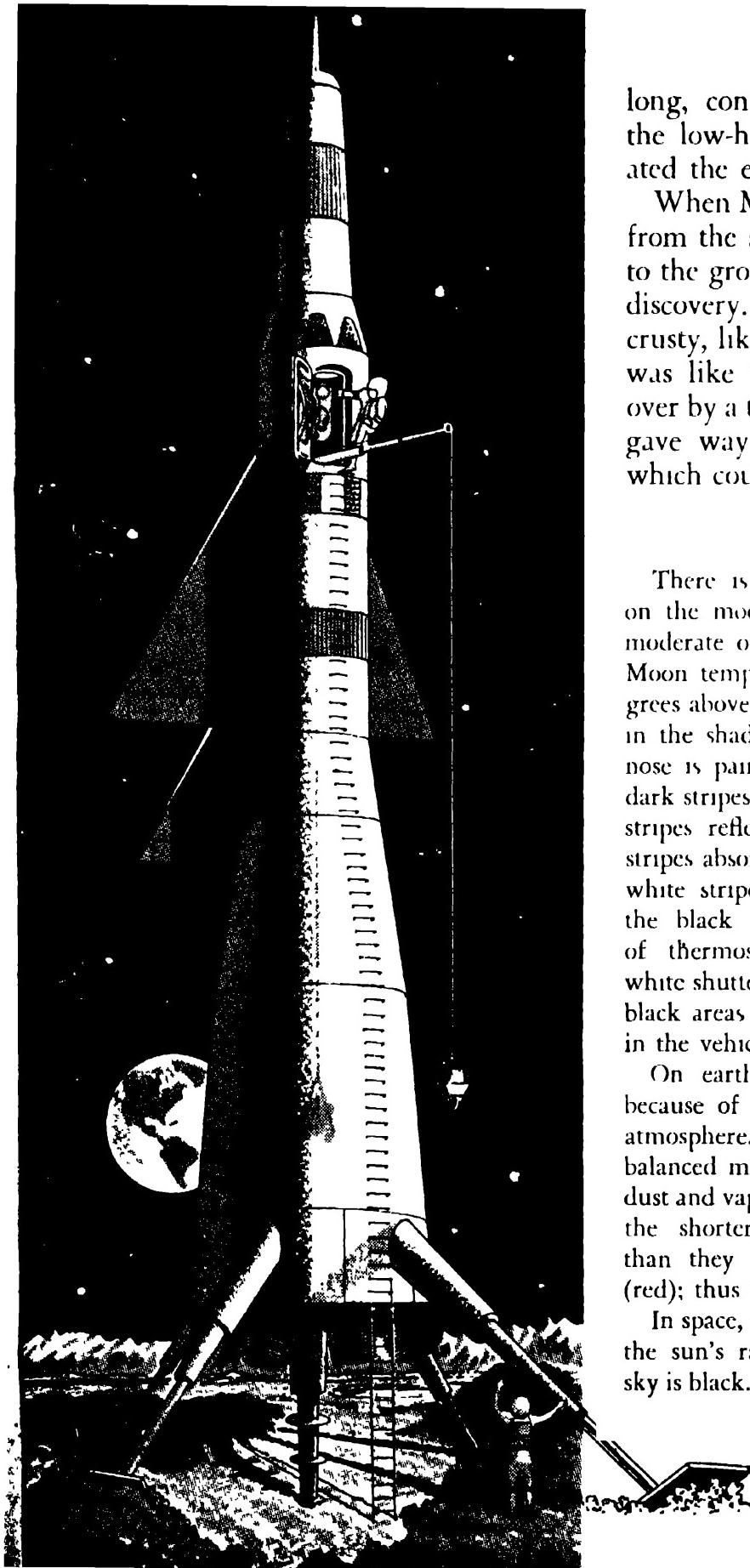
The ship was backing very slowly now, almost hovering. All Mason could do was to keep his fingers crossed, for the picture on his screen

was completely blurred by lunar soil kicked up in the rocket blast. He felt a moderate shock hit the ship—the spike burying itself in the ground. For a few seconds the ship balanced precariously, then settled down on four outrigger legs on the moon.

IT WAS a grandiose yet desolate sight that Mason beheld when he pushed back the outer door of the air lock.* A brilliant sun stood close to the horizon amid a velvet-black sky spangled with stars. The mountain peaks cast long black shadows, void of any hues or shades, across the crater the ship had landed in. This crater itself was all shades of grey, with only a little amber or red thrown in here and there. Almost opposite the sun—also close to the horizon—hung a strikingly beautiful object different from anything around: the multi-coloured disc of the earth, from which they had come.

On photographs taken from the earth the entire crater basin in which the rocket ship had landed looked like a perfectly smooth plateau ringed by a steep and rugged mountain ridge. But here it looked quite different. In the whole wide crater basin there were few smooth areas. The bottom was covered with boulders of all shapes and sizes. And the crater's rim looked far less impressive than it had on the photos. It was neither as high nor as rugged as Mason had imagined it. The

* Note the air lock in the illustration on page 154. To leave the ship without wasting the oxygen in the cabin, the pilot opens the sealed door between the cabin and the air lock, squeezes into the air lock and re-seals the cabin door behind him. Then he depressurizes the air lock, unseals the door between him and outside space, and steps out.



long, contrasting shadows cast by the low-hanging sun had exaggerated the elevations.

When Mason and Carter dropped from the spaceship's descent ladder to the ground, they made their first discovery. The soil felt porous and crusty, like soft lava. Walking on it was like walking on snow frozen over by a thin layer of ice. The crust gave way with a crunching noise which could be clearly heard inside

There is no atmosphere in space or on the moon as there is on earth to moderate or retain the heat of the sun. Moon temperatures range from 250 degrees above zero in the sun to 215 below in the shade. So a section of the ship's nose is painted in alternating light and dark stripes. On the sunny side the white stripes reflect the sun's heat, the dark stripes absorb it. On the shadow side the white stripes retain the ship's warmth, the black radiate it. Thus by means of thermostatically controlled, movable white shutters, which expose or cover the black areas underneath, the temperature in the vehicle is regulated within limits

On earth the sky appears coloured because of the dust and vapour in our atmosphere. Sunlight itself is white—a balanced mixture of all colours. But the dust and vapour in our atmosphere scatter the shorter wave-lengths (blue) more than they do the longer wave-lengths (red); thus the midday sky appears blue

In space, where there is no atmosphere, the sun's rays fall unimpeded, and the sky is black.

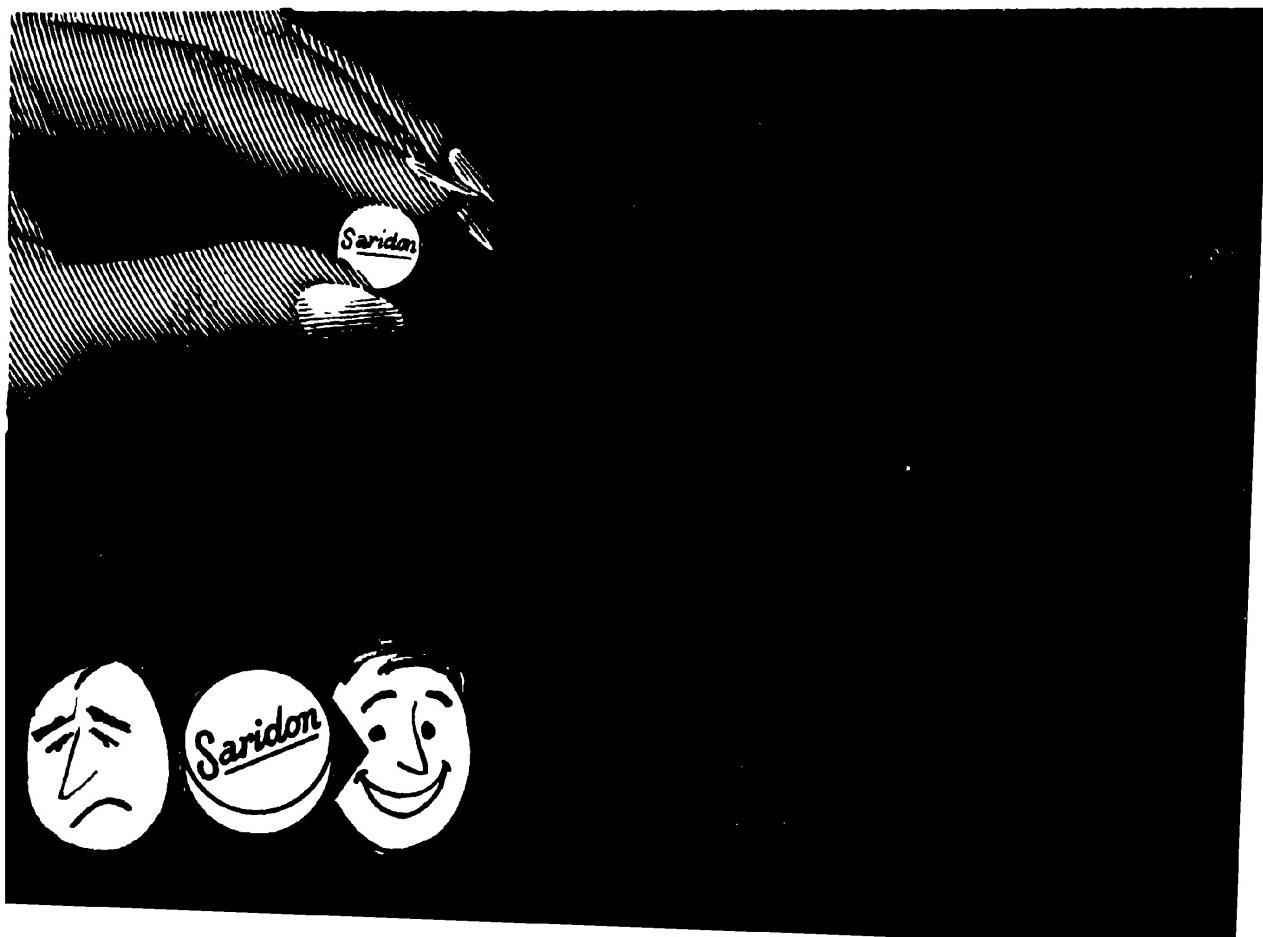
the pressurized suits, despite the fact that the vacuum outside could not carry sound. But beneath the crust their heavy, ballasted shoes found a firm footing. Mason bent down to pick up a rock. Although it was almost the size of a watermelon, he could hardly feel its weight in the moon's feeble gravity. He poked at it and found it was only a hard crust round a porous, brittle core.

Both Mason and Carter were talking softly, constantly, within their space helmets, describing impressions of everything they saw and felt to the miniature tape recorders built into their equipment. When they returned to earth, these tapes would be searched by eager scientists

for the answers to riddles man has asked since he first raised his eyes to the heavens.

As he talked, Mason wrapped selected samples of rocks and soil in cotton-wool and packed them into plastic containers, to be analysed later in laboratories on earth.

Astronomers and geologists wanted lumps of the moon's surface for clues about its origin and what it was made of. Astrophysicists and radiologists wanted them, in order to study the effects of millions of years of unmitigated solar and cosmic radiation. Engineers wanted them for experiments to see how they could use them in construction on the moon.



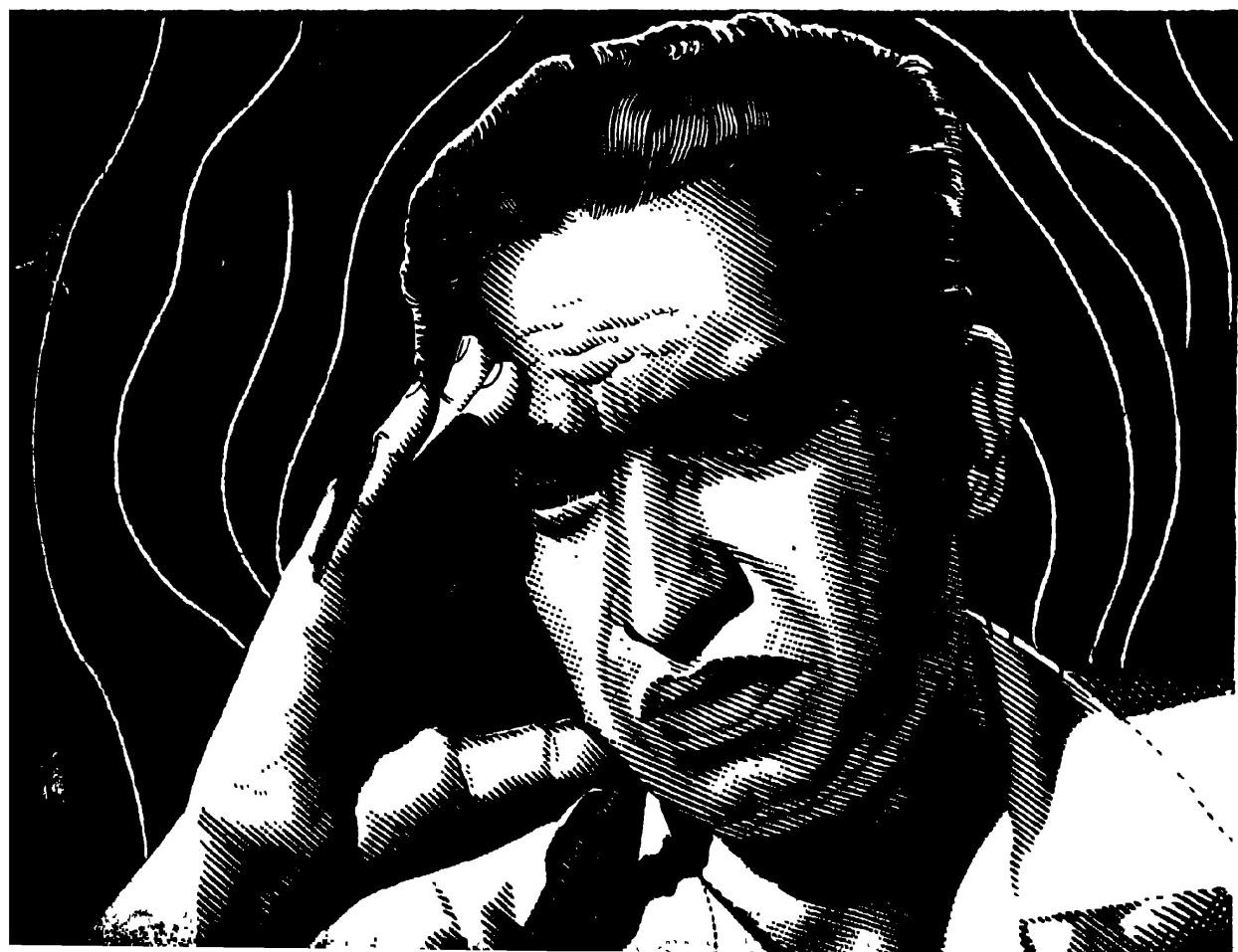
One group of scientists wanted samples of gas. Atmosphere or not, there was speculative evidence, on telescopic photographs taken from earth, that during the hot lunar day some heavy gases trapped in crevasses might expand and spill over the rim to cover adjacent flat areas with a ground-hugging gas. With the abrupt return of the lunar night at sunset, these gases were believed to condense and freeze on the soil beneath.

So as the hours wore on, Mason and Carter went about lowering open-ended, six-foot-long plastic bags into crevasses to catch this perhaps non-existent gas. After a bag had been in a crevasse for ten

minutes they would pull it up, seal its open end and then roll the bag up as tightly as possible to concentrate the gas sufficiently for it to be drawn off with a vacuum pump into a steel flask.

For the next four days they kept rigidly to the schedule that had been prepared before they took off. They ate and slept in the ship, and twice each day Mason spent 15 minutes radioing back their impressions and findings to the eager stations on earth.

On the last day their schedule called for launching the moonquake test—to try to answer at last the question of what the interior of the moon was made of. Was there a



core of molten material like that inside the earth? Was the interior solid through and through? Or was it just a loose conglomeration of rocks with vast underground gaps?

That morning Mason and Carter started by swinging out the ship's hoist and lowering 26-foot rockets to the ground. In the payload of a dozen of them was an extremely sensitive radio-seismograph to record and then to transmit the moon's internal tremors. On the ends of these rockets were spikes sturdy enough to penetrate several feet into the ground.

Mason fired these dozen seismograph-carrying rockets in all directions. Then, down in the crater plateau, he set off eight rockets of a second kind—the moonquake rockets themselves. One after another, the slender missiles rose and carried their warhead of explosives to targets 20 to 80 miles away. Every one of the widely scattered impacts sent its shock waves through the moon's interior to the radio-seismographs, which transmitted their signals to a radio receiver Carter had set up on the crater's rim. There the tape recorder stored up the impact recordings, stuff for the geologists to sift through back on earth.

The test finished, Mason signalled Carter, who then packed up his equipment and followed Mason towards the ship. When he arrived, Mason was already inside the cabin up in the fifth stage. Dog-tired and hampered by his gear, Carter started

up. He was just manoeuvring his pressurized bulk into the air lock when one of the pull-out rungs of the ladder snapped back into the ship's hull, and he lost his foothold. In his instinctive grasp for support the tong-like hand of his space suit caught the rim of the air lock, but whatever he reached there gave way. To Carter, the six seconds it took him to fall the 100 feet to the ground, in the moon's weak gravity, seemed like an eternity.

When he regained consciousness he found himself in his contour chair, with a gashed and aching head. A loud noise filled the cabin, but there was no sign of Mason. Carter stumbled to the small bull's-eye window in the inner door of the air lock. Mason was in his pressure suit in the air lock, awkwardly working at the air lock's outer door.

Over the intercom, in a voice that betrayed fatigue, Mason told him what had happened: Carter had damaged the door's pressure seal when he had grasped for something to hang on to. Now the door could not be closed, and with an open air-lock door they would be unable to take off, let alone re-enter the earth's atmosphere. There were only four hours left until take-off, and four hours were needed for the count-down.

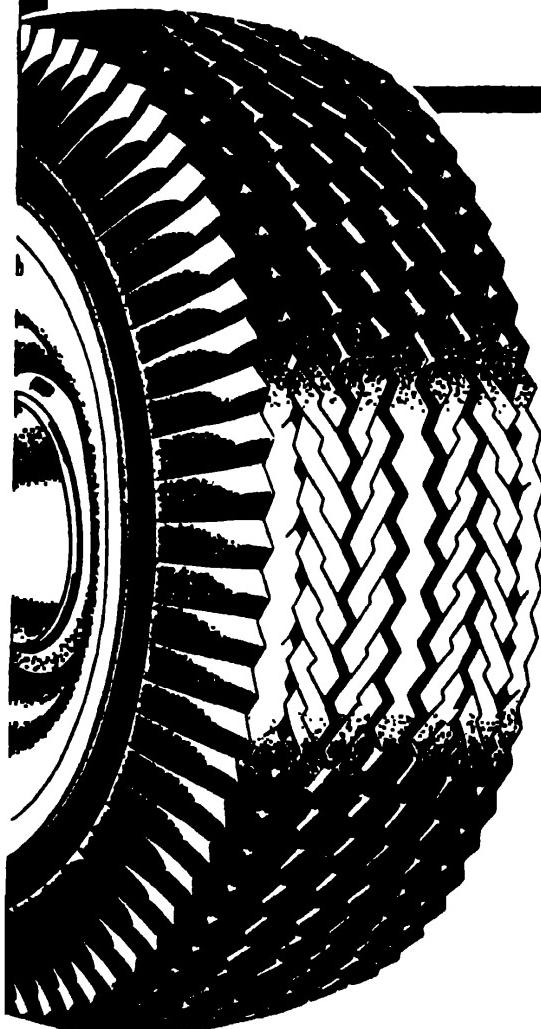
Carter felt panic rise within him. "Let me begin the count-down now," he said. It was against the old space man's rule of having every vital preparation or setting

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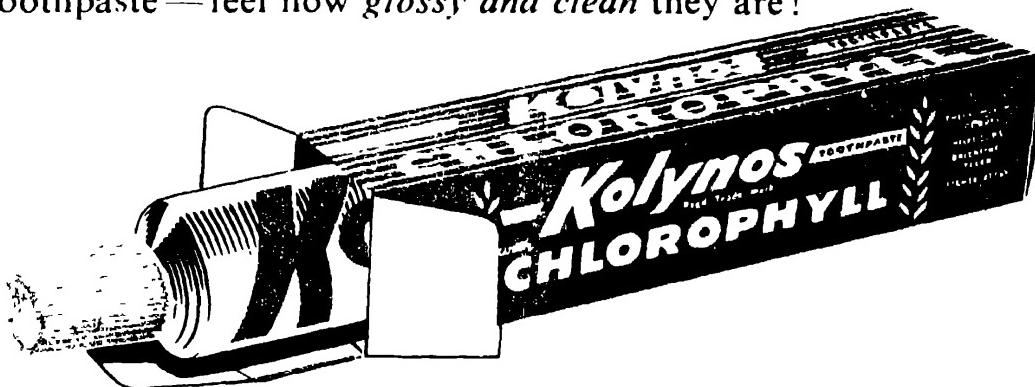
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independently checked and double-checked by two men, but now the fate of the whole flight was at stake.

OUT IN the air-lock chamber, Mason weighed one danger against another. It was vital that they should blast off at the exactly scheduled moment, for any delay would result in a different return flight path which would never bring them home to their base. The simplest way to return from the moon to the earth was on a flight path which lay in the plane of the earth's Equator. But to enter such a return path was possible only if they left the moon on a day when the moon's orbital plane crossed the plane of the Equator. This happened only twice every month.

Against this was their man-made crisis—the fact that with an imperfect air-lock door this vital part in

the skin of the ship might be torn loose during their glowing entry into the earth's atmosphere. But there was no question which alternative to choose. They *had* to get away.

"Start the count-down, Larry," Mason said. "But read every item out loud so I can listen in on the intercom."

For an hour Carter checked propellant levels, battery conditions, pressure switches, while Mason worked outside. Suddenly Mason's banging subsided and he called, "I've got it. I'm coming in." A moment later he took position in his contour chair and joined Carter in the often-practised check-off.

Between instrument readings and entries on their count-down clipboards they watched the chronometers anxiously as the half-hours, quarter-hours and minutes moved relentlessly towards the required



If, in imagination, we pass a thin flat plate through the earth at its Equator, we have the "plane of the Equator," an imaginary extension of the earth's Equator into space.

In the sketch here, we have extended the plane of the Equator out to the orbit of the moon. But the orbit of the moon is at an angle to the Equator. This is why the moon crosses the plane of the earth's Equator only twice in the month it takes the moon to circle the earth, and why departure for the return flight is so critical.

second of take-off. When it became obvious that they were running a few minutes behind, they hurried through the critical task of aligning the guidance-system platform to make sure the ship would tilt into the correct direction towards the earth, following the vertical take-off. This alignment was just as important, however, as the accurate timing of their departure. Their destination, after all, was not merely the planet earth up yonder, but a tiny equatorial island in the Pacific which was whirling round the earth's axis once every 24 hours.

They had to make sure that, at the end of their 60-hour flight through outer space and their 90-minute descent through the atmosphere, they could spiral their moonship down in what would be almost a dead-stick approach to the island's landing strip. What little fuel their ship carried for its small fifth-stage engine was just enough to circle the field once after a missed runway approach. It was not enough to carry them over thousands of miles of ocean if their initial timing was off.

"Steady," Mason warned. "Coming up on X minus 120 seconds. Arm the automatic sequencer."

Strapped down in their contour chairs, both men watched the second hand sweep over the chronometer while lights flashed over the control board indicating that the tanks were being properly pressurized, the ignition circuitry was armed and the gyros were uncaged. When the

hand touched zero the second time, the rocket engine thundered into life. The ship trembled a moment, then leaped upwards. In his rearward-looking television set, Mason could see the lunar surface slowly sinking. "Ship's away!" he said softly into his mike.

On earth, 239,000 miles away, millions of anxious listeners breathed lighter that moment.

The fourth-stage rocket fired for two minutes. At burn-out the ship was only 40 miles above the lunar surface, 120 miles distant from the take-off point and travelling almost horizontally over the lunar surface. It had attained a velocity of 5,850 m.p.h.—not more than that of a medium-range ballistic missile. But this was enough to escape the moon's weak gravitational field.

Ten hours after power cut-off the ship again crossed the line at which the gravity pulls of the earth and moon were equal. Up to now the moon's pull had been steadily slowing the ship. Now, as the earth's overpowering attraction started pulling, they began picking up speed. In the next 50 hours their velocity would increase from their present modest 1,000 m.p.h. to a blazing 25,000 m.p.h., without application of any rocket power.

At the end of these 50 hours would come the crucial test: getting rid of that tremendous speed without burning up in the earth's atmosphere.

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everything went well—and then it happened. Mason had dozed, and Carter was just floating back to the pantry for a snack when there was a violent explosion. The blast was followed by a hissing noise, and the cabin air pressure began dropping rapidly. Mason slammed his oxygen helmet over his head and felt the fabric of his partial-pressure suit pull taut across his body. He touched the leak-detector switch, and the cabin lights went out.

In a few seconds he saw a stream of fluorescent smoke clearly drifting towards a gaping hole in an instrument panel to his left. The smoke, given off by a special cartridge which his switch had triggered, was

glowing in the light of an ultra-violet lamp on the cabin's rear bulkhead. The simple idea behind this installation was that the leak had to be where the smoke went.

Mason turned the lights back on and pulled at the instrument console. It swung open like a shelf door. Behind it, in the cabin wall, was a small hole, its outer edges bent inwards, indicating that a meteor about the size of a marble had struck the ship. Mason snatched up one of the disc-shaped rubber and metal meteor patches that were standard equipment on all manned space vehicles and held it in front of the hole. The outrushing air slammed it tightly against the leak.

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Mason shrugged the incident off, though it had never happened to him before. While myriads of meteors roam the heavens at tremendous speeds, he knew, the danger of a serious collision with a space vehicle was not excessive. Space is a very big place. Also, the vast bulk of meteors are smaller than a grain of sand, and few meteors are bigger than a walnut or a pea.

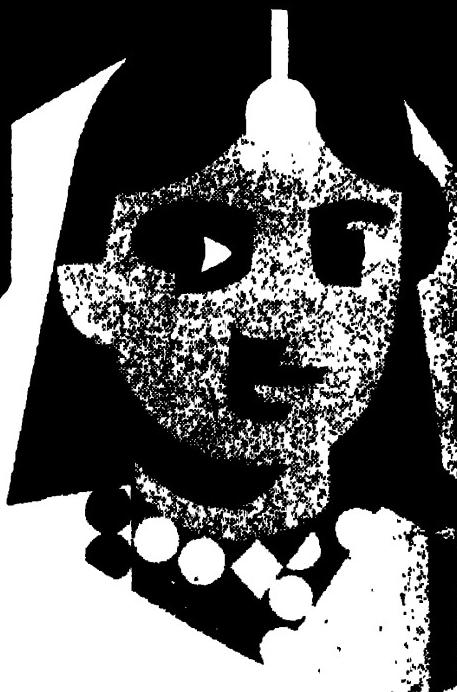
Mason was now in continuous radio contact with the ground stations. They were feverishly busy plotting the exact approach path of the returning moon ship. From all available data it looked as if Mason and Carter were approaching a little too far out. This meant that

the relentlessly increasing pull of earth's gravity would finally bend their approach path sharply round the earth, but that the lowest point—the so-called perigee of the approach hyperbola—would be well outside the earth's atmosphere. As a result, the ship would simply sweep round the earth, but would be too far out to lose speed to the drag of the atmosphere. Like a skater going at full tilt and seizing a post to whirl himself, they would swing round the globe and coast out to the moon's orbit again. But the moon herself would be somewhere else by then, and they would keep coasting farther and farther out until they left the earth's gravitational field

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and became an artificial planet of the sun.

Their problem now was to work out a correctional manoeuvre so as to sweep tangentially into the earth's atmosphere down to an altitude of 35 miles above sea-level. But what if they overdid the correction? That, too, would be disastrous. If they should penetrate the earth's atmosphere at too steep an angle the best they could hope for would be that some fisherman in the South Pacific would tell his fellow tribesmen that he had seen an unusually bright fireball consuming itself in the starlit night sky.

Three hours before re-entry the requirements for the correction manoeuvre were established. Mason set the spatial-attitude control in operation, and the ship cartwheeled until the nose pointed in the specified direction. The ground experts had worked out that in this particular direction the ship's velocity had to be increased by 128 m.p.h.

The correction manoeuvre would be short and cruel. It called for a short burst of acceleration of over 6g's. For their weight-unaccustomed bodies this would be a vicious blow. "Ready?" Mason asked through clenched teeth.

"Ready!" Carter muttered, and closed his eyes.

The shock hit them hard, but it was gone as fast as it had come.

Mason's concern now turned to the weather reports. They did not look good. Their first contact with

the atmosphere—made at more than 25 times the speed of sound—would be far above any weather, of course. But when this fantastic speed was reduced to that of a conventional jet plane, they would have to descend the remaining 30,000 feet at subsonic speeds, and finally make a dead-stick landing on a 5,000-foot runway in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. And their island reported a 400-foot cloud ceiling and half-a-mile visibility.

Mason barrelled the ship over, so that they were flying upside down. Under the still prevailing weightless condition this didn't change things aboard. Above his head, in bright daylight but partly obscured by patches of clouds, Mason saw the Indonesian Archipelago and, a few minutes later, the bird shape of New Guinea. Their radar altimeter indicated that the ship was streaking along at an altitude of 70 miles, but that altitude was dropping at a rate of more than two miles a minute.

Mason had pulled his aircraft-type control wheel from the instrument board where it had been latched and was now constantly testing the controls. Almost imperceptibly he felt response. A moment later there was a hissing noise about the ship. Simultaneously the temperature gauge started up. There was a slight sensation of deceleration, which increased from second to second. When the Galapagos Islands came into view the speedometer read 25,110 m.p.h. and the altimeter



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35 miles. This was exactly right.

As they streaked along over South America, still head down, the wing temperature reached 2,000 degrees. But Mason kept the same altitude all the way across the Atlantic, and all the time the ship was losing speed.

Over the west coast of Africa the sun set behind them, and in the dark they saw that they were sailing along with white-hot leading edges and cherry-red wings. Less than 30 minutes after the sun had set behind them in the west they saw it rise again in the east.

At an altitude of 30,000 feet, directly over the base, their speed finally became subsonic. Still above

the clouds, Mason lowered the landing gear and flaps, and at 2,000 feet he dipped into the clouds for an instrument landing. When he broke out of the overcast, he was already inside the atoll and the runway was half a mile straight ahead.

Moments later they had come to a halt on the runway. Their rocket engine was hardly suitable for taxiing, so they waited for a tractor to pull them to the ramp. But instead of the tractor they expected there came a whole armada of cars charging across the field. In a minute their little ship was ringed with a shouting, cheering mob.

Mason looked at Carter. "Mission accomplished," he said. THE END

Children Should Be Seen and Heard

SEVERAL DECADES ago it was common practice to get daughter Suzy to play her latest piano selection for "company" and for son Tommy to recite "The Charge of the Light Brigade" in the parlour after dinner. Today this is considered bad taste. But as an actress and mother I feel that we ought once again to invite our children to entertain us—to read aloud, act, play the piano and learn to express themselves in front of others. What better way to teach them confidence and composure?

What's more, I believe it is good education, sound psychology and fine social training to require children to commit to memory, or to read fluently, significant passages from our great religious, philosophic and artistic literature. The Sermon on the Mount, the 23rd, 24th, and 100th Psalms; *Romeo and Juliet*—all the wonderful, reverent, challenging thought of our time and times past—are a priceless passport to sympathy with one's fellows.

As part of the audience at a child's recital, you should give hearty applause. You are clapping for the effort, the experience and the social growth that you can almost see taking place between the lines. Applause is a heady, intoxicating draught that leaves the performer beaming with good will towards the world—and more important towards himself. That's something you can't buy with any front-row ticket! —Helen Hayes



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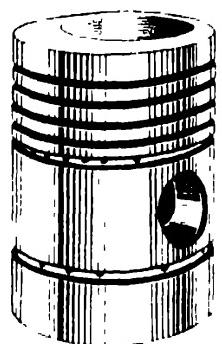
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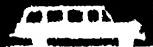
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It pays to increase your WORD power

By WILFRED FUNK

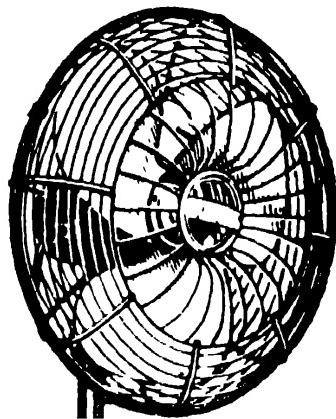
IN THIS LIST of nouns, tick the word or phrase you believe to be *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on page 12.

- (1) **overture**—A: apology. B: tentative proposal. C: omission. D: obtrusion.
- (2) **deterr ent** (de tĕr' ent)—A: uncertainty. B: objection. C: restraint of action. D: deviation
- (3) **verbiage** (vur' bĭ īj)—A: wordiness. B: emptiness. C: bragging. D: foliage.
- (4) **purport** (pur' port)—A: force. B: meaning. C: desired result. D: wish.
- (5) **detracti on** (de trăk' shun)—A: act of evading by trickery. B: confusion. C: frenzy. D: slander.
- (6) **puerility** (pū er il' i ti)—A: childishness. B: strength. C: innocence. D: manliness.
- (7) **composure** (kom pō' zher)—A: assumed attitude. B: literary or musical work. C: calmness. D: restlessness.
- (8) **perspicuity** (pur spī kū' i ti)—A: trickiness. B: acute mental vision. C: wit. D: clearness of expression.
- (9) **appellation** (ap ē lā' shun)—A: unexpected sight. B: conferring of an office. C: name or title. D: act of making a plea.
- (10) **rendition** (ren dish' un)—A: state of repair. B: artistic interpretation. C: tearing apart. D: state of mind.
- (11) **compilation** (kom plā' shun)—A:
- collection of material from various documents or sources. B: repose. C: thought. D: accounting.
- (12) **abeyance** (ə bā' ance)—A: obedience. B: suspension. C: servile humility. D: lassitude.
- (13) **increment** (in' kri ment)—A: gradual intrusion. B: involvement in guilt. C: burial. D: increase.
- (14) **odium** (ō' di üm)—A: heaviness. B: repulsive smell. C: hatred. D: fear.
- (15) **exaction** (ĕg zăk' shun)—A: aggravation. B: demand. C: accuracy. D: criticism.
- (16) **concomitant** (kon kom' i tant)—A: that which accompanies or attends. B: agreeable friend. C: contestant. D: collaborator.
- (17) **symposium** (sim pō' zi üm)—A: meeting hall. B: musical composition. C: debate. D: collection of opinions on a subject.
- (18) **inequity** (in ek' wī ti)—A: injustice. B: wickedness. C: weakness. D: uncertainty.
- (19) **impetus** (im' pe tus)—A: courage. B: impatience. C: driving energy. D: arrogance.
- (20) **solace** (sôl' is)—A: peace. B: consolation. C: quiet. D: health.

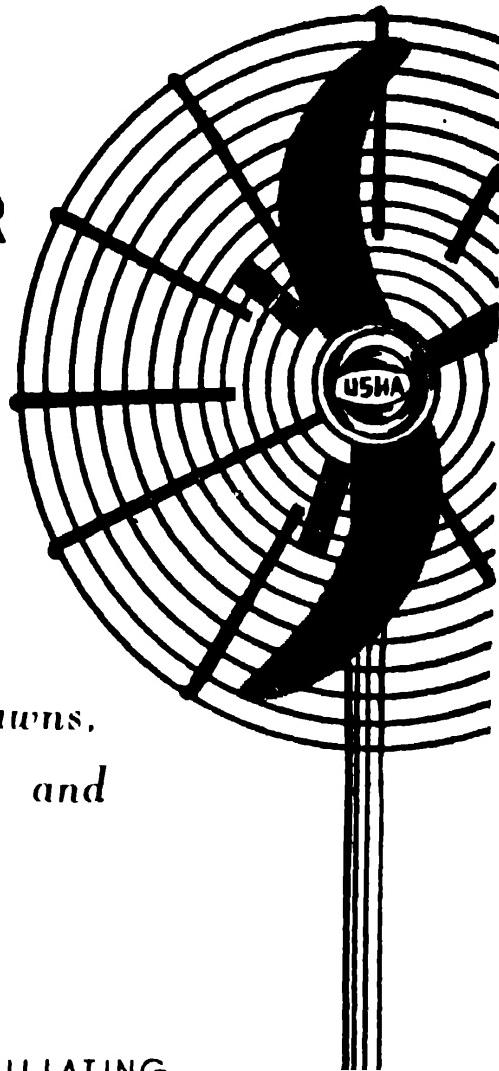
(Now turn to page 12)

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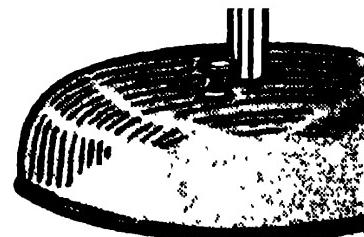
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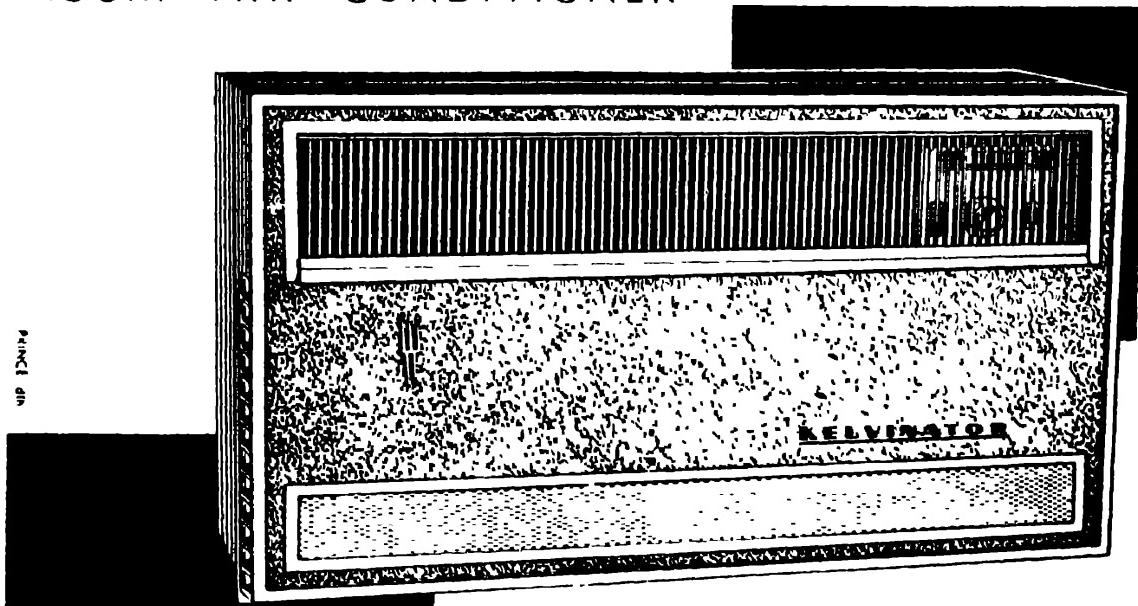
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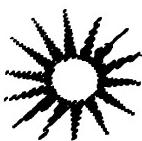
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IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER

Answers to the quiz on page 7

- (1) **overture**--B: Tentative proposal; intimation of a willingness to negotiate terms; as, to make diplomatic *overtures*. Old French *overt*, from *oirir*, "to open."
- (2) **deterrent**--C: Restraint or prevention of action, as by fear of consequences; as, a *deterrent* to aggression. Latin *de*, "from," and *terrere*, "to frighten."
- (3) **verbiage**--A: Wordiness; unnecessary use of words; as, "His thought was lost in *verbiage*." Latin *verbum*, "word."
- (4) **purport**--B: Meaning; main idea; as, the *purport* of a speech. Old French *purporter*, "to extend, convey."
- (5) **detraction**--D: Slander; defamation, taking away from the good name of another; as, exposed to the *detraction* of his enemies. Latin *de*, "from," and *trahere*, "to draw."
- (6) **puerility**--A: Childishness; silliness, immaturity. Latin *puerilis*, from *puer*, "boy."
- (7) **composure**--C: Calmness; tranquillity; serenity; as, a look of complete *composure*. French *composer*, from *com* and *poser*, "to place, rest."
- (8) **perspicuity**--D: Clearness of expression; the quality of being easily understood; as, a literary style noted for its *perspicuity*. Latin *perspicuus*, "transparent," from *perspicere*, "to look through."
- (9) **appellation**--C: A name or title. Latin *appellare*, "to name."
- (10) **rendition**--B: Generally, an artistic, dramatic or musical interpretation; also the performance itself, as, a *rendition* of Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony." French *rendre*, "to render."
- (11) **compilation**--A: Collection, as in book form, of material from various documents or sources. Latin *compilare*, "to gather together."
- (12) **abeyance**--B: Suspension; temporary suppression; as, to hold in *abeyance* a decision or action. Old French *abeance*, "expectation."
- (13) **increment**--D: Increase; enlargement, additions; as, an *increment* in property values. Latin *incrementum*, from *in*, "in," and *crescere*, "to grow."
- (14) **odium**--C: Hatred; disgust; keen dislike; now, usually, the state or fact of being hated; as, to bring *odium* upon a person. Latin *odium*.
- (15) **exaction**--B: Demand; requirement; as, the *exaction* of a high duty on imports. Latin *exigere*, "to exact, demand."
- (16) **concomitant**--A: That which accompanies or attends; as, "High prices are often the *concomitant* of a scarcity of goods." Latin *concomitari*, "to accompany."
- (17) **symposium**--D: A published collection of opinions or comments on a particular subject; also a conference at which a subject is discussed. Greek *symposion*, "drinking party, feast." In ancient Greece the *symposium* followed the dinner and was characterized by entertainment and intellectual conversation.
- (18) **inequity**--A: Injustice; unfairness; as, the occasional *inequity* arising from bureaucratic rulings. Latin *m-*, "not," and *aequus*, "equal."
- (19) **impetus**--C: Driving energy; momentum; also, impulse; stimulus. Latin *impetere*, "to rush upon."
- (20) **solace**--B: Consolation; comfort in grief or trouble. Latin *solari*, "to console."

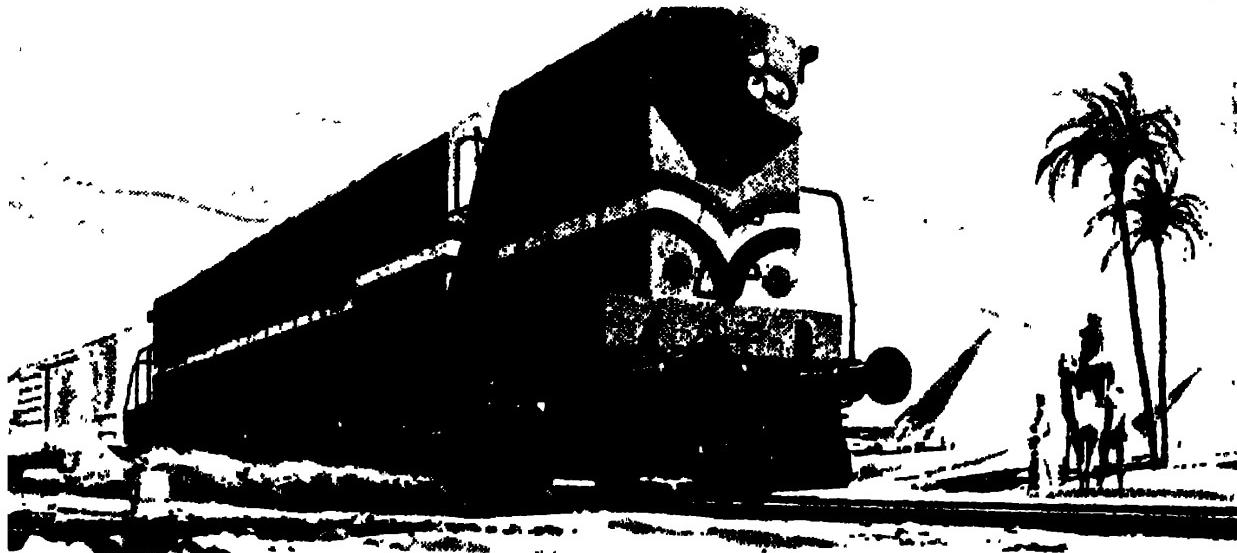
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18-16 correct.....	good
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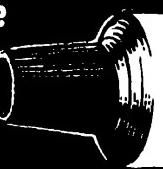


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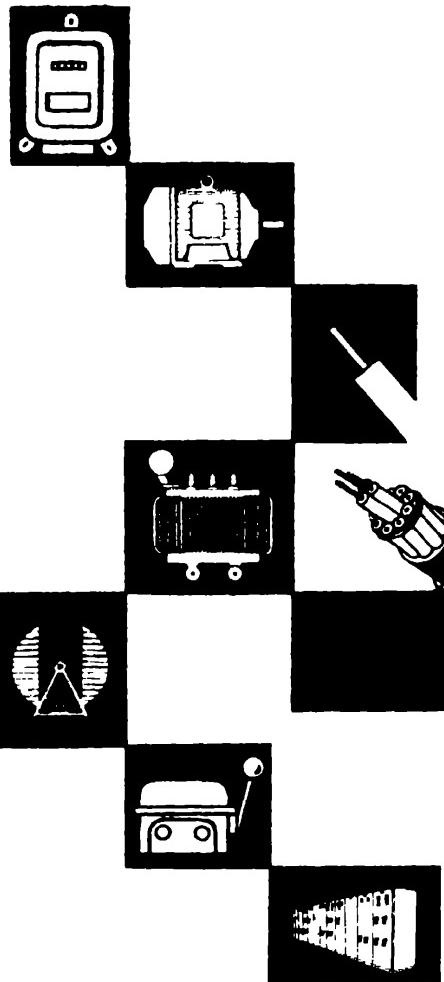


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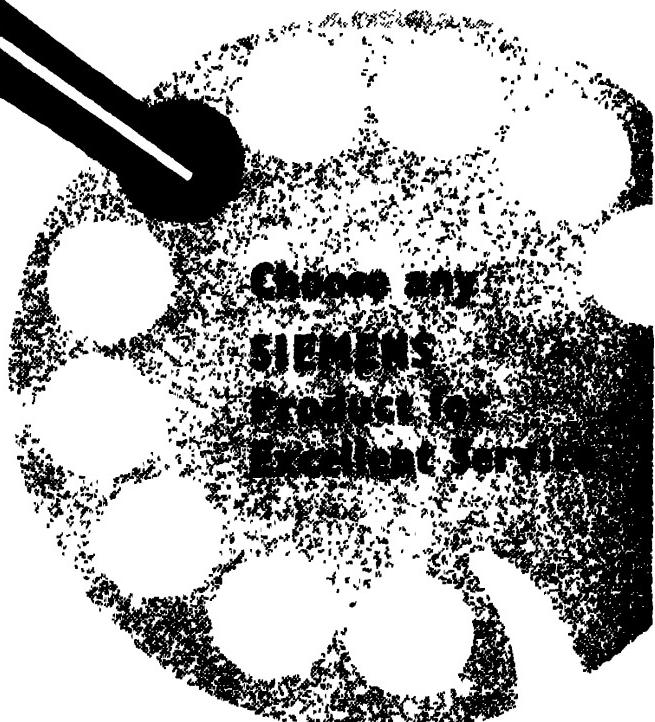


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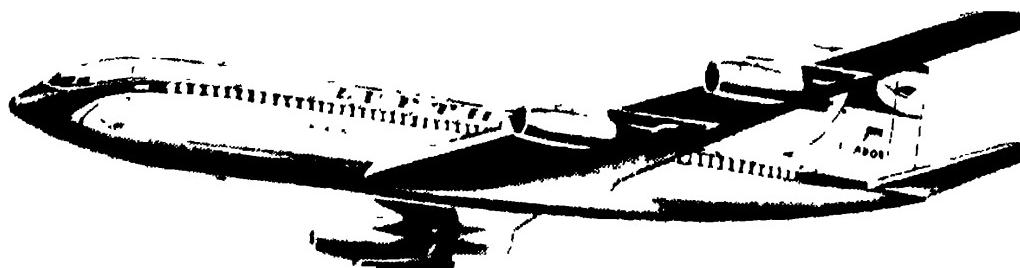
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SPIRITUAL THERAPY: *Modern Medicine's Newest Ally*

"If the head and body are to be well," Plato wrote almost 2,400 years ago, "you must begin by curing the soul." The medical profession, impressed by mounting clinical evidence of the curative power of religion, is rediscovering this ancient truth. It is beginning to welcome the chaplain on the hospital "healing team"—doctor-psychiatrist-minister—and the clergy in turn is now training an increasing number of ministers for such service.

The story of the Reverend Richard Young, chaplain at North Carolina Baptist Hospital and pioneer in the movement towards partnership between medicine and religion, reveals in practical, everyday terms the unique power of religion to aid all of us in solving our most pressing and personal problems.

BY CLARENCE HALL

THE YOUNG mother in the emergency ward at Winston-Salem's North Carolina Baptist Hospital was sinking rapidly. Her baby had been killed in the car crash, but her own injuries did

not seem serious enough to be fatal. After the surgeon had done all he could, he called in a psychiatrist. "There's no medical reason why she shouldn't recover," he said. "But she wants to die—and she will,

unless her attitude is changed."

The psychiatrist's careful analysis uncovered the root of the woman's problem: the baby killed had been born as the result of an extramarital affair.

She had been able to live with her secret as long as the child was alive, but now nothing the psychiatrist said could shake her guilt-ridden interpretation of the accident's meaning. "I've got to die," she kept repeating. "It's God's punishment for my sin. I deserve it."

The psychiatrist summoned the chaplain. "This case calls for theological answers I haven't got," he said.

On several occasions the chaplain visited the patient, saying little, allowing her to express her remorse fully. When she was exhausted, he said quietly, "You say you must die. But isn't killing yourself—and that's what you're doing—just taking the easy way out? The selfish way? Your death will only bring what you feel is your judgement upon your fine husband and your other child. Do you think that's fair?"

During a long silence he let this sink in, then said softly, "Wouldn't you like to use this tragedy to redeem your marriage and your life?"

Reassured and shown an avenue of hope, the woman cried, "Oh, I would, I would!" And she did. Once she had found a new purpose in living, her wounds healed rapidly. She has been an exemplary wife and mother ever since.

The minister who effected this spiritual therapy was a member of the staff recruited and trained by the Reverend Richard Young, director of the School of Pastoral Care at North Carolina Baptist Hospital.

Young is a firm believer in the great therapeutic value of practically applied religion. And his highly successful pioneering in this field has led to the idea of a hospital "healing team" in which doctor, psychiatrist and clergyman each pool their disparate talents to mount a co-ordinated assault on disease.

A Growing Movement

THE SPIRITUAL - THERAPY programme to which Dick Young has devoted his professional life is by no means his alone. It is sufficiently widespread to have brought about a quiet revolution in the relationship between medicine and religion. Today it is estimated that, of the 8,000 ministers who have received some form of clinical training, roughly 5,000 are applying this training by helping doctors to produce spectacular results with the healing-team approach to human ills. Such specially trained spiritual therapists are now active all over the world. But nowhere have their new concepts been more thoroughly laboratory-tested than at Winston-Salem, in Young's School of Pastoral Care, largest of its kind in any hospital. And nowhere has religious therapy more convincingly proved its worth.

Centred on the hospital's ground

floor, the school is staffed with six permanent chaplains, 12 chaplain-interns and 20 clinical trainees. Members of this staff are not mere ministerial visitors, spreading good cheer to the sick. They are skilled therapists, applying the spiritual ministry to mind-body problems which have been medically established. Confidence in the value of that therapy pervades the entire medical centre, which houses both the North Carolina Baptist Hospital and its affiliated teaching institution, the Bowman Gray School of Medicine. It was officially acknowledged in 1948 when Dr. C. C. Carpenter, dean of the school, offered Young a permanent appointment "to teach medical students the relation between religion and health."

A man of medium height, lean, with prematurely white hair, Dick Young wears no clerical robes, does not lard his conversation with pious allusions. Yet his whole manner bespeaks competence, authority and an unusual sense of mission.

Born on a tobacco farm in North Carolina, Young was steeped in religious idealism at an early age. His

father and mother were both devout Christians and as a youth he determined to enter the ministry. When the Depression forced him to give up his studies at college, he started work in a textile mill. During this time he passed through a phase of rebellion and experimented with various forms of devilry.

"Dick learned about human failings at first-hand," a friend says.



The Reverend Richard Young

The Wrong Career

AFTER HE had outgrown this callow phase, Young started a co-operative store. Because of his flair for management and

handling people, it was a success from the beginning. He was then 22 and happily married, and appeared to be embarked on a promising career.

Unfortunately, it was the wrong career.

A frail rural minister brought this fact home to him. Moving through the community like a benediction, beloved by everybody—because he loved everybody—the Reverend N. J. Todd asked nothing of anyone but the chance to help. Day and night, Dick would see him driving

along the country roads in his ancient bone-shaker, on his way to someone in need.

One day, while filling the old minister's petrol tank, Dick saw on the back seat a neighbour, crippled with arthritis and moaning in pain. Todd was taking the man to a clinic many miles away. When he tried to pay for the petrol, Young demurred: "It's on me, Reverend." Then, impatiently, "But why do you do it—wearing yourself out for people?"

Todd smiled. "You'll forgive an old man for thinking there's no fun in life like helping folks," he said. "So long, son, and thanks for the petrol."

As he watched the aged clergyman drive off on his errand of mercy, Young was again seized by a compelling urge towards Christian ministry. After an anguished night of argument with himself, he successfully fought it off. The matter might have ended there, but some men can reach out from the grave to touch the living. Upon Todd's death, Young became obsessed with the conviction that someone must take the old minister's place. This feeling was enhanced when his father mentioned that "the Reverend" had singled him out for a meaningful destiny. "I don't know what that boy of yours is going to do," he had said to the elder Young, "but he's going to do *something*."

For Dick Young the conclusion was inescapable. He would have to

finish his studies and devote himself to the service of God.

Young re-entered college in 1941, specialized in philosophy and psychology, and set out for Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, Kentucky. As he listened to lectures on the nature of God and Christian doctrine, he frequently found himself wondering: how could these ancient truths be applied to *people*—people in trouble? Did academic theology have any practical application to human ills?

To put the question to a test, he devoted a summer vacation to work at the Elgin State Hospital in Illinois.

"I learned more about humanity in those few months than I could have learnt at the seminary in a lifetime," he says. "Mental patients have no inhibitions. And because you see illnesses there in extreme forms, it becomes easier to identify symptoms in the milder, less obvious cases with which I deal most frequently."

You begin to help people, Young found, the moment you listen with genuine sympathy to their troubles. "Don't *talk* to the patients," his supervisor insisted. "*Listen* to them." As an experiment, Young decided to see what would happen if he followed this advice to its literal extreme.

A much-discussed inmate at Elgin was a mathematical genius once employed by a famous research laboratory. Harmless, but painfully

withdrawn, he would respond to direct questions but would not speak unless spoken to. Young went to the man's room, greeted him, but made no attempt to engage him in conversation. For 45 minutes he sat there in silence, then stood up and left with a cheerful, "I'll see you later, Pete," as if they had been chatting pleasantly.

The patient was allowed certain privileges, and was accustomed to stroll every afternoon to the main gate to meet his parents. On the afternoon following Young's visit, he sat down beside his mother and said enthusiastically, "You know, Mother, they've got a new chaplain at the hospital who just comes in and stays by you. You don't have to talk to him if you don't want to."

It was difficult for the parents to contain their astonishment, for *these were the first words their son had spoken voluntarily for two years.*

The patient was not "cured," of course, during Young's brief stay at Elgin. But the part Young played in the case did produce immediate results.

The patient's mother was so impressed that she sought Young out and gave him an unprecedentedly complete account of her son's life, divulging for the first time details about everything from his nursing pattern in infancy to his problems of adjustment in adolescence. For the mental hospital, it was an invaluable mine of material, often cited later as a model case history.

A chaplain, Young was learning, could perform certain functions in a hospital which no one else was precisely equipped to accomplish.

An Uphill Fight

ON GRADUATION from the seminary, Young was offered the chaplaincy at Winston-Salem. When he accepted, one of his classmates lamented, "It's too bad that Brother Richard is leaving the ministry."

Stung, Dick retorted, "I think I'm going deeper into the ministry than you'll ever realize!"

In time he would prove it. But in 1946 his detractor was right. Among seminarians, as in the religious field generally, a hospital chaplaincy carried little importance and no prestige.

To his dismay, Dick Young found the hospital staff's regard for his role equally dim. For weeks after taking up his undefined duties, he wandered about the wards talking to patients, quietly listening to problems, trying to help—and feeling in the way. Nurses rushing about with charts, and doctors with stethoscopes looped over their necks, looked at him curiously, politely elbowed him aside when visiting their charges. As they got used to seeing him about, the more jocular ones would ask, "Well, how's the sky pilot? Saved any souls recently?"

Although discouraged, Dick Young nevertheless understood the staff's attitude. The volunteer ministers who had previously dispensed

spiritual services to patients had often allowed zeal to outrun common sense.

"Many of those who came to call on my patients," a cardiologist who had been with the hospital for 18 years told me, "knew no more about the fine art of visiting the sick than I do about preaching a sermon. One minister, visiting a man with a dangerous heart trouble, actually took the patient's pulse, then prayed over him as though preparing him for death. I had to hustle the man into an oxygen tent to save his life. After that, I forbade any minister to see any patient in a critical phase of heart disorder."

A thorny problem was the so-called "faith healer." One such "healer" called to see a deaf mute recuperating from a delicate eye operation. Taking out a bottle of olive oil, he brashly lifted the bandage, ceremoniously swabbed the patient's face with oil—and in the process ruptured several blood vessels in the injured eye. Only by skilful re-surgery was the damage repaired.

Gradually, however, it became apparent that Dick Young's approach was different, that it helped rather than hindered the work of healing. Nurses reported that after his visits patients were more tractable. Anaesthetists said surgical patients were calmer, required far less anaesthesia. Doctors murmured, "The man has a magic. I don't understand it."

The heart specialist button-holed him one day in puzzled enquiry.

"You were in Room 221 just before me this morning. What happened?" Young said he had tried to help the patient to revise his attitude towards a man who had wronged him and face up honestly to his own share of responsibility for what had happened. The doctor exclaimed, "It's amazing! For days I've been trying to bring that man's blood pressure down."

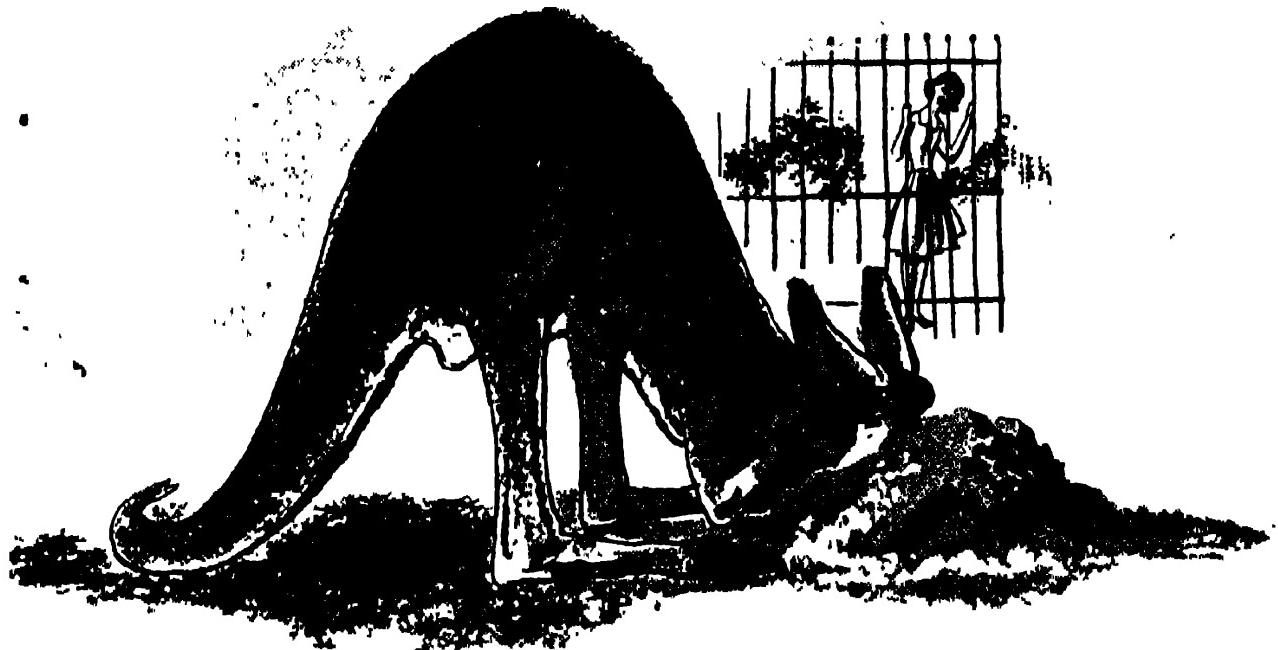
There were other things Young accomplished where doctors failed. One day, he overheard a doctor vainly trying to persuade the family to allow a post-mortem on a man who had died. Later, after seeking to comfort the distraught wife, Young asked, "By the way, what caused your husband to die?" She replied, "I don't know; nobody knows." Dick Young said, "It's a pity the doctors can't investigate further. Your children could have the same thing, couldn't they?"

The doctor was astounded when, that afternoon, Young called to report that not only were the family willing to have the post-mortem, they requested it.

Word of such incidents spread through the hospital. And soon Dick Young was being called into consultation on difficult cases, invited to ward conferences where doctors and nurses discussed their patients, asked to give his impression of those who displayed obvious emotional symptoms. Within six months he was addressing classes of

(Please turn to page 146)

The Meaning Manglers



*A word to the wise
hits the nail on the head*

BY JAMES THURBER

SOMETHING central and essential in the mechanism of meaning began losing its symmetry last summer. At first I thought the fault must be in myself, some flaw of comprehension or concentration, aggravated by the march of time. Then I realized one June afternoon at a cocktail party in Bermuda that the trouble was largely female, or at least seemed to originate in that sex, like so many other alarming things.

At this party, a woman began telling me about some legal involvement her daughter and son-in-law had got into. She ended her cloudy recital on a note of triumph. "So finally they decided to leave it where sleeping dogs lie," she said.

I was upon it in a moment. "How perfectly charming of them both, dear lady," I cried. "One can only hope the barristers for the other side will tumble for it, hook, line and

barrel. To be sure, they may overtake it in their stride, in which case may the devil pay the hindmost."

Upon this my companion cautiously withdrew to the safe company of younger minds.

The charmingly tainted idiom of the lady of the sleeping dogs must have infected other members of her circle, among them a beautiful young woman who told me, "We are not going to hide our heads in the sand like kangaroos." This twisted and inspired simile was just what my harassed understanding and tortured spirits needed. Whenever I think I hear the men coming with the stretcher or the subpoena, I remember those kangaroos with their strange and enormous rear quarters protruding from the earth, and I am ready to face anything.

It was only a fortnight later, at a cocktail party in New York, that the proud mother of a young man who had just completed his first year as a history teacher sat down beside me and plunged into a discussion of history professors in general. "It is not easy to make them colleagues," she said. "They are always looking down each other's noses."

I let my awareness deal with this troubled idiom for a long moment before replying. "At least," I said, "when there is so much smoke one knows one is in Denmark. But be of good cheer. I can fairly see the butter melting in their mouths now."

Ours is a precarious language, as

every writer knows, in which the merest shadow line often separates sense from nonsense. One linotype operator became co-author of a piece of mine by introducing a bear into the story. He simply made one out of a bead that was lying around in the middle of the narrative. This set me brooding, and for weeks I lay awake at night playing unhappily with imaginary havoc wrought by single-letter changes in the printed word: "A stitch in time saves none . . . There's no business like shoe business . . . Don, give up the ship."

One day last August, I fell into conversation with an actress I had known in my devil-may-care days, and we began counting our friends of 30 years ago. One, it turned out, was still living in the same old place.

"Her flat was broken into so often, she finally had to have it burglarized," my friend told me.

My ageing mind had to turn that over several times. "You mean there's a *company* that burglarizes places now?" I finally demanded. "What do you do—ring them up and tell them when you won't be at home?"

My companion eyed me warily. "You don't have to be not at home," she said.

"Most people are not at home when they are burglarized," I told her. "Are you sure she didn't just have the place alarmed?"

"I don't know what you are

talking about," said my old friend, moving away.

I am at home now. Our community wears a special radiance in the person of a French lady whom I shall call Renée. Renée is mistress of what I call not the dangling participle but the dazzling participle, often, when excited, using it in place of the past tense.

"How did you like the concert last night?" I asked her one day.

"I was fascinating," she said.

Renée is always fascinating. She is a social critic, too, and I am a fond collector of some of her rarer pronouncements, of which my favourite is this: "The womans are stronger at the bottom."

Some 15 years ago, our usually tranquil community was violently upset by the attempted murder of a woman. The police questioned us all, and did not come off very well with Renée.

"One thing I am certain of," a detective said to her. "Somebody in this town is guilty."

"So am I," said the innocent and wonderful Renée.

The cop stared at her. "Where do you live?" he asked.

Renée, who was standing on her front porch, waved a hand at her house and said, "I am leaving here."

The harassed police officer gave her a long, rueful look, sighed, and said, "So am I," and went away.



Child's-Eye View

A YOUNG London schoolboy named Billy Hudgins has worked out specifications for an interplanetary junket that include 584 ham sandwiches, 764 Coca-Colas and 407 cakes and pies.

—Harold Helfer

RELATING the wonders of the circus he had just visited, my five-year-old son made this excited comment about the lions: "They were so ferocious that when the tamer went into the cage with a chair and a whip, he didn't get a chance to sit down."

—Contributed by J. R. Milburn

SEEING so many cars with boats in tow, my four-year-old daughter asked why we didn't have one. I explained that there was no water near by to put it in. "But we don't *have* to put it in the water," she said. "Can't we just pull it up and down the road like everybody else does?"

—Contributed by Phyllis Stowe

My small daughter, seemingly entranced with a wrestling match on television, finally looked up and said: "Look at those two men fighting in their play pen."

—Contributed by Beverly Facchina



The urban jungle of Africa

Photograph by Norman Cousins

"Waking" Sickness— Scourge of the New Africa

*A first-hand report on what happens when tribal peoples
are catapulted out of the simple rural past
into the tumultuous urban present*

By DR. H. JACK GEIGER

THE HEADLINES from the Congo have made it clear that there is a new sickness in Africa. It is not like yellow fever, or malaria, or

schizophrenia or sleeping sickness, though all these exist in ugly abundance. We do not yet know much about this new disorder, but in a

continent coming violently, explosively awake, it might be called "Waking" Sickness.

Waking Sickness is the disorder of rapid social change. Its focus is in the African cities, which have doubled and even trebled in size in a decade. Here it is epidemic, for the cities are the homes of the "new" African, the urban African, the fastest-changing African.

As with all diseases, we can best see Waking Sickness in one community, one family, one man. This man and his family were patients of mine, in a unique African health centre whose chief concern was the complicated relationship of social change to all illnesses.

We will call him Abel Ngasa. He is a thin, quick-moving man of 46. He happens to be a Zulu, but his story would be much the same if he came from any one of a thousand other tribes. He lives just outside a South African city in a segregated government housing project we will call Newtown.

Abel is a Christian, a deacon in his church, a Sunday-school choir-master, a competent electrician, a devoted family man—yet on three nights of any average week he will come home sodden drunk, rage at his eldest son, frighten his babies and beat his wife.

He is a sick man. Yet his clinical diagnoses (chronic malnutrition, chronic alcoholism, cirrhosis of the liver) do not explain his illness. To understand it, one must know at

least a little of the long road that brought him to Newtown, what Newtown is like, and what is happening to the lives of those close to him.

Abel Ngasa was born in the shattered, thatched-hut remnants of a tribal society, on raw farmland 100 miles away. The fifth of eight children, he grew up in a sprawling company of parents and grandparents and sisters and cousins and brothers and uncles. Everyone worked, and no one went hungry.

It was a deceptively simple world. When Abel was five, he cared for the chickens, as his older brother had done before him; when he was six, he watched the goats; when he was seven, he herded cattle. If his mother had to work in the fields, there were plenty of sisters and cousins and aunts to hold the newest baby. If someone was sick, he was nursed; if he was bewitched, he was treated by the witch doctor. A child's rearing was the same as his mother and father had.

Two things changed the pattern. When Abel was seven, he went to a mission school and began to learn about another world. When he was nine, he was catapulted into that other world: his father, mother, two brothers and he moved to the city.

Their house was different, made of tin and cardboard and bits of wood. The food was different. The people were different: suddenly the world was full of strangers,

behaving strangely, speaking other tongues. The family was different, too: there was no supporting network of relatives. The fields and the cattle were gone; people worked for money. Mothers often worked away from home; children, if lucky, went to school. The problems were different: there was talk of police and passes, jobs and jails. The diseases were different, and witchcraft failed to cure them.

There was, in short, what the sociologists call *anomie*—normlessness, a kind of chaos. Here Abel Ngasa grew up, went to school, learned a trade, suffered the pangs of adolescence, learned to drink, made love, spoke English and Zulu and Afrikaans, became a Christian, found a job and married the girl next door.

Her name was Evelyn Makhtin. She bore her first child when she was 16. When he was a month old, she strapped him on her back and returned to work in the "white" city as a domestic. Years later the new family moved to Newtown.

After the smells, the filth and the higgledy-piggledy squalor of the slums, Newtown looked pleasantly suburban. Its roads are paved. Its 2,000 two-and three-room concrete houses are settled neatly over three hills. Scattered among them are churches, schools, a community centre, shopping centre, community health clinic. Some of the houses have electric light; all have running water.

But *anomie* and chaos are here,

too, in somewhat subtler form. More than 23,000 people live in Newtown—an average of almost 12 people per house. Every year some 2,000 residents leave—and 2,500 move in. Seventy per cent of the new arrivals come from the slums, bearing, among other things, tuberculosis, typhoid, syphilis and slum toughness. Twenty per cent arrive fresh, raw, confused—and semi-tribal—from rural areas.

Ninety per cent of the parents are rural-born; 75 per cent of the children are city-born. Of the children under 16, nearly a third are not living with both parents; 23 per cent of the Newtown mothers work away from home. Adolescents are on their own; there are juvenile gangs; and today every third baby is illegitimate.

There are other, even grimmer, statistics. Of every 1,000 babies, 90 die in the first year of life. Of the survivors, half have been exposed to tuberculosis by their second birthday. Nearly 70 per cent of the children go to school, but schooling costs money, and the *per-capita* income is £2 10s. (Rs. 33) a month. The luckiest children get half a pint of milk a day. A few eat an egg once a week.

Abel and Evelyn Ngasa have lived here for 14 years and brought up nine children. Four other children are dead.

At the age of 43, Evelyn is the anchor of the family, and vastly changed. This once timid domestic

servant can now speak and read two languages, balance the books of the church auxiliary, estimate the protein in a baby's diet, operate a sewing machine, teach a daughter to cook and a son to save the money from a newspaper round. She is chairman of the Newtown Combined Women's Club. And she has other skills: she knows how to go hungry so that schoolbooks can be bought for eager children; she knows how to sleep on the floor so that a tubercular child can sleep in a bed.

There is nothing magical about Evelyn's transformation. For 14 years she has been in close touch with Newtown's health centre, which has helped the community to educate itself. A dozen times a week, health-centre workers meet with small groups of mothers to talk over the problems of feeding babies, rearing children, living in a new society. There have been two overriding goals: to increase the sensitivity of the community to new ideas, and to increase its ability to discriminate between alternatives. Evelyn Ngasa has learnt both.

But Evelyn is not sure, any longer, of techniques that once required no conscious thought: how to guide an unruly son, how to please a husband.

A quick look at the next generation—at Hamilton Ngasa, first of the city-born, for instance—reveals the same story of change, but even more rapid. In his mid-20's, Hamilton is an entrepreneur, half-owner

of an old lorry, operator of a laundry round. In his twenty-odd years of life, he has been successively schoolboy, truant, delinquent, convict; factory worker and vagrant; syphilitic and hospital patient; Christian and agnostic; striker and African nationalist. Now, tight-lipped and self-contained, he has a cold wariness of white people, and contempt for his father's intermittent efforts to play the patriarch. The old lorry is, in a way, symbolic of the rate of change. Abel Ngasa walked; Hamilton drives.

On a card in the Newtown health centre is a list of clinical diagnoses for Evelyn and Hamilton and all the others who are crowded into Abel Ngasa's two-roomed house. But the card describes more than it explains. It is not enough to know that Frank, aged 21, is delinquent, an early alcoholic, and has been treated twice for venereal disease. Holly, 16, a gifted high-school student, has anaemia. Elizabeth, 14, is infested with roundworms. Faith, ten, is blind in one eye. Mabel, nine, has early tuberculosis. The younger children have malnutrition, ringworm and decaying teeth.

For urban Africa, the Ngasas are not atypical, any of them. They are a little richer than some perhaps, better-educated than most, healthier than many. What has happened to them? Medicine, psychiatry, social anthropology, public health—all can contribute to an answer, and each has its experts. But there are, as yet,

few who are also experts in social change.

The fundamental problem has been most forcibly stated by a diplomat, George Kennan. "Wherever the authority of the past is too suddenly and too drastically undermined," Kennan said recently; "wherever the past ceases to be the great and reliable reference book of human problems; wherever, above all, the experience of the father becomes irrelevant to the trials and searchings of the son—there the foundations of man's inner health and stability begin to crumble. These, unfortunately, are the marks of an era of rapid technological and social change."

In such an era doctors and engineers and schools and capital investment are urgently needed, it is

true. But even more urgent is the need for teams of social scientists to study the swiftly changing cultural patterns. Otherwise the doctors and the agricultural scientists and the engineers will find themselves working futilely, and wondering why methods that proved so effective elsewhere fail.

One such study is being considered. It may take ten years—to discover how best to help native peoples to attune the physical and mental health of their compatriots to the 20th-century environment.

Ten years may seem too long to spend in merely learning how to do something. But Waking Sickness is going to be with us for generations. No cure for it will be found without enormous patience and persistent curiosity.



Things to Come

EVERY male has a right to some privacy—there are a few things wives just shouldn't know about. But what's happening to the privacy of the male ruffed grouse, according to a Press agency dispatch, bodes no good for his human counterparts. "Six male grouse will be equipped with one-ounce battery-operated transmitters that will send signals to monitors in the Cloquet Forest Research Centre," it reports, and the purpose is ominous: "Biologists manning two receivers are expected to get an idea of how the grouse spends his time."

This is obviously the thin edge of the wedge. It's a well-known fact that scientists first try out on animals those things destined eventually for humans. It's only a matter of time until some entrepreneur offers housewives a similar contraption that can easily be attached to wandering husbands. Just think of the little woman crouched over her monitoring set tracing the incoming bleeps as her husband orbits around town.

—Editorial in *The Financial Post*, Canada

The Secret Strength of Women

Nature has endowed the female of the species with superior physical resources—and medical science is now discovering what they are

BY CAROLINE BIRD

WITH ALL the talk about putting the first man into space, scientists suggest it would actually be more logical if the first human space traveller were a woman. This is not only because of woman's smaller size, and the superior thermostat which enables her to stand extremes of heat and cold better

than the male; the belief is growing in scientific circles that women have a special talent for survival, a secret weapon against physical and emotional wear and tear.

"Women are the stronger sex," a researcher into metabolic aspects of heart disease has stated. "All their adaptive mechanisms are better.

They stand the stress of surgery better than men. They have a better resistance to most diseases."

Doctors report that during the war women stood up to the horrors of concentration-camp life better than the men did. Research workers studying eyewitness accounts of disasters find that women are actually cooler-headed than men, especially when their families are in danger. Though specialists treating neuroses in private practice see about as many patients of one sex as of the other, there are more men than women patients in mental hospitals. Many more men than women commit suicide.

Women have a longevity advantage over men. Though women fall ill more often, they resist more successfully than men every major killer except diabetes. Of the 64 killers which British doctors most commonly put on death certificates—accidents, birth defects, diseases, as well as murder and suicide—57 kill more men than women.

What is the explanation?

Many think that modern life is particularly hard on men compared with women. But this theory does not hold good when put to the test. Father Francis Madigan, a Jesuit, and sociologist Rupert Vance of the University of North Carolina studied the life-spans of some 37,000 teaching monks and nuns. For 50 years both groups had lived the same exemplary lives, equally free from self-indulgence and nervous

strain. In 1957, the research workers reported that the sisters had increased their lead over the monks from 0.1 year in 1900 to 5.8 years—just about the gain made by the women of the outside world. Apparently the stresses of modern life have little to do with longevity differences. The sociologists could only hand the mystery back to the biologists.

The first reaction of a biologist is to credit the extra X chromosome, or gene-packed carrier of heredity, that is dealt to females at conception. Thus at the very start men are exposed to haemophilia, colour blindness, hereditary muscular dystrophy and hundreds of other "sex-linked" defects. Research is turning up unexpected sex-linked defects all the time. A new one is agammaglobulinaemia, or lack of gamma globulin, a substance in the blood necessary to the production of antibodies to fight disease germs. Before antibiotics, boy babies born with agammaglobulinaemia died before anyone could find out what was wrong.

But the most fruitful and fascinating clue to durability has been the fact that woman's advantage over man is never greater than during her childbearing years.

In America, now that women seldom die in childbirth, we are losing twice as many men as women in the 25-to-44 age group. One authority believes that coronary-artery disease accounts for much

of the disadvantage; it strikes down five or six men for every woman during these childbearing years. But after 45, women's coronary rate increases—as it also does for young women whose ovaries have been removed or who have stopped menstruating early. Apparently the ability to bear children has something to do with coronary arteries.

The prime suspects are the sex hormones testosterone (male) and the oestrogens (female) which have chemically similar molecules. Each sex has both male and female sex hormones, but in differing amounts. Oestrogen generally calms; and when a woman's ovaries are functioning they send it to all parts of the body. Testosterone stimulates. Because it raises metabolism, pulse and respiration, doctors think that men may literally burn themselves out sooner than women.

When heart specialists began investigating cholesterol they noticed that men—and older women—have the "bad" blood-fat ratios associated with heart attack. Early in the 1950's, research workers began changing the proportion of blood fats towards the "good" female pattern by giving men and older women doses of oestrogen. When testosterone was given, it made the blood pattern "bad."

At a Chicago hospital, Dr. Ruth Pick, working with chickens, gave them a diet which has the same effect on their blood as a high-fat bill of fare. When she cut the

chickens open, she found that the roosters' coronary arteries were scarred like the arteries of human coronary victims, while those of the hens remained smooth. When Dr. Pick mixed oestrogen in the roosters' food, their arteries stayed smooth, and damaged arteries cleared.

"A woman's natural oestrogen protects her against the solid fat which she serves her husband," Dr. Pick concluded.

Many men in England and America who have had coronary attacks have been taking oestrogen, and they show a substantially improved survival rate. About half of them, however, experience side effects. They may feel sluggish and depressed; some don't have to shave so often; others are delighted to find hair growing on their bald spots. Although some have fathered children, loss of sex drive or fear of such loss has haunted almost all of them. Research workers are now trying to isolate the protection of oestrogen from its feminizing effects.

The effect of oestrogen on blood fats may be only one of the hormone's secrets. Some medical men believe that women when pregnant shake off most infections more easily.

They suspect that the increased supply of oestrogen stimulates phagocyte cells to step up their scavenging of germs and other foreign troublemakers in the blood.

Doctors have also observed that

pregnancy can temporarily "cure" a woman's arthritis. Even though early investigators could not cure arthritis with doses of oestrogen, they decided that the extra amount of natural oestrogen which a woman produces in pregnancy must have a beneficial effect. They found that production of oestrogen may be stimulated by hormones secreted by the adrenal cortex. This led to the development of ACTH and hydrocortisone hormone drugs, which ease the suffering of rheumatism and arthritis victims.

Dr. Robert Furman of the Oklahoma Medical Research Foundation now suspects that the liver, which processes hormones, may shed further light on women's secret

strength. Dr. Furman's interest was aroused by finding that the liver of a man who has had a heart attack so changes the oestrogen in his system that a chemist can tell, through urinalysis, that the patient has had a coronary attack. Dr. Furman has counted several dozen liver processes which differ in men and women. He intends to find out why.

If oestrogen is woman's strength, the secret may be in femininity itself.

"Men are highly specialized, delicate creatures," suggests Dr. Louis Katz. "They are like the spermatozoa—a moment's stimulation and their biological job is done. Women may live longer simply because they are the bearers of life."



The Plot Thickens

A FILM producer flipped the pages of a script, then told the writer, "Much too long. Give me a synopsis." When the writer brought him a ten-page synopsis, the producer said, "Still too long. I'm a busy man. Just give me a digest of this."

Within an hour the writer returned with a sheet of paper on which was written: "Hero is lieutenant, heroine is married to his colonel. Madly in love with each other. Commit suicide."

"No good," said the producer. "It's *Anna Karenina*, word for word."

—T. E.

IN SPAIN they're making a £2 million epic called *The King of Kings*, the story of Jesus. When Richard Wald of the London office of the New York *Herald Tribune* read a Press release saying that the producer was keeping the plot a secret, he called the Press agent and asked what the release meant. The agent explained that the producer wanted it like that.

"Well," said Wald, "I know a book that has the plot in it. It's called the New Testament."

"For Pete's sake," pleaded the Press agent, "don't tell the producer."

—Art Buchwald

On God Alone the Joy

*The stirring story of Johann Sebastian Bach,
the humble organist whose religious music forms
one of our loftiest monuments*

BY PETER FARB

No GREATER musical fiasco could be imagined than that which seemed in the making at Berlin's austere Academy of Song in March 1829. A rambling work so unwieldy that it called for two sets of orchestras and choruses was in rehearsal. A Passion based on the

Gospel of St. Matthew, it had caused scarcely a ripple of attention at its first performance, 100 years before.

Its composer was as little known as the music: Johann Sebastian Bach had lain in an unmarked grave for eighty years. And conducting this Passion was its unknown

"discoverer," Felix Mendelssohn, a 20-year-old Jew, who would now stand before a combined orchestra and chorus for the first time. As a boy of 14, Mendelssohn had come across a manuscript of the Passion at his teacher's home and had fallen in love with it. The music had hardly any other credentials.

Yet, members of the Academy spread such favourable reports of the rehearsals that, for the public performance, every seat was taken. And from the first notes the listeners were swept up in a tide of religious emotion, for the "St. Matthew Passion" is perhaps the most deeply stirring music ever written. A cathedral hush greeted the lyric solos, the moving arias of contemplation, the ringing hymns of exaltation. Not only did the audience hear and feel deeply; it also *saw*. For so great was the genius of this unknown Bach that he seemed able, with mere notes, to paint vivid stage scenery and create mood lighting. Each time Christ spoke, for instance, Bach had surrounded the words with a shimmering "halo" of sound. As Christ was led away, sounds evoked an image of footsteps dragging under the weight of the Cross.

So successful was the performance that it had to be repeated not once, but twice—to packed halls. Thanks to Mendelssohn, a sudden interest was kindled in Bach's music, and great composers fanned the enthusiasm. Chopin advised all

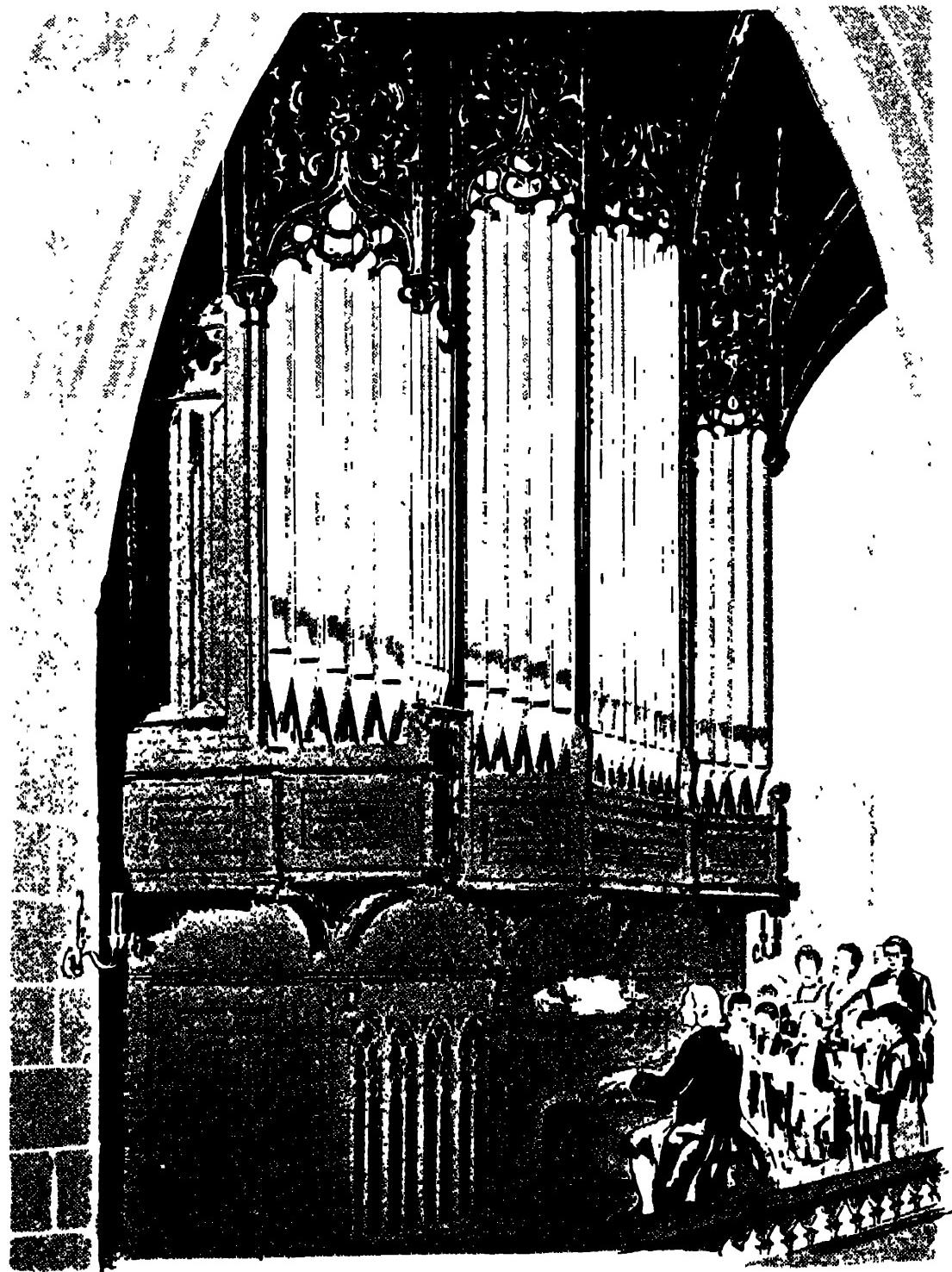
pianists to study Bach closely. "This is the highest and best school," he said. "No one will ever create a more ideal one."

Investigation revealed that many unpublished masterpieces by Bach had fortunately survived—Passions, masses and oratorios, church cantatas, works for orchestra, string instruments, forerunners of the modern piano. Bach societies sprang up in Europe to search out and perform these neglected works.

Today Bach is entrenched in our hearts and lives. Only Mozart and Beethoven have more of their music on long-playing records. The Bach Guild, a record company devoted exclusively to Bach and his period, has sold well over a million records. Last year Bach festivals were held in eight countries on four continents.

Bach's musical settings for many Christian hymns can be heard any Sunday in churches all over the world—"O Sacred Head sore wounded," "Jesu, Joy of man's desiring," and many others. His music burns with an unquenchable religious vitality. For him, music was an act of worship, as if the notes, once out of range of human hearing, still ascended heavenwards in a song of praise.

"The sole object of all music," he advised his students, "should be the glory of God and pleasant recreation." On the margin of many of his scores he scribbled the dedication: "To God Alone the Glory."



Johann Sebastian Bach, playing his beautiful choral music at St. Thomas's Church in Leipzig

Bach's inward nobility of spirit received rough packaging. His portraits show him to be thick-set, with a stubborn jaw that thrusts out beyond a double chin. His nose is massive, his eyes squint—the expression is that of a man who has tasted the bitterness of life as well as its glories. For into the piety and generations of musical craft that moulded this master went huge doses of humanity. The man who praised God in his scores also jotted on them his household budget. Fervour flamed within him, but he was also constantly driven to seek better-paying jobs to support his 20 children, 11 of whom died in childhood.

As a church organist and composer, Bach ground out thousands of compositions, much as a minister prepares a weekly sermon. His compositions were accepted by the parishioners just as routinely. Not one of his church works did he ever bother to have published; some of them, left in a church-school cupboard, were said to have been used by schoolboys to wrap their sandwiches in. Bach would have been astonished to hear that 200 years after his death he would be a fixture of the concert platform, for he was roundly condemned by the two leading music critics of his day. The only large commission he received was to compose a set of clavichord pieces, the "Goldberg Variations," to soothe an insomniac Russian envoy on his sleepless nights.

Johann Sebastian Bach was born in 1685 in the town of Eisenach, in northern Germany. For nearly two centuries his family had produced expert musicians—town organists and bandsmen. In fact, such was the family reputation that in his part of the country a musician was known as a "Bach."

Orphaned at the age of ten, he went to live with an elder brother who, jealous of his talent, denied him a collection of advanced keyboard pieces. So, almost nightly for months, the boy climbed to the top shelf of the bookcase, helped himself to the pieces, copied them out by moonlight, then returned them to their shelf at daybreak. When his brother heard him playing these forbidden pieces, he confiscated the long-laboured-over copies. The boy was left only with permanently impaired eyesight.

When Bach was 15, he heard of good singing jobs available at Lüneburg, so he walked the 200 miles to make his fortune. He stayed three years, singing in a choir, playing in an orchestra and spending endless hours at the organ and clavichord. In later years, when asked the secret of his keyboard brilliance, he said, "If you are equally industrious, you will be equally successful."

Bach became so expert that he was eventually offered the important post of court organist at Weimar, where he spent nine years. Here he wrote his famous organ toccatas (literally "touch" pieces,

because of the dexterity required to perform them) and enormously complicated fugues. His renown spread so that once when, unannounced, he visited a village church and drew magnificent tones from the wretched organ, the amazed organist exclaimed, "This can only be an angel from heaven—or Bach himself!"

Bach was not happy in the court at Weimar, however, and in his next post—director of chamber music for the Duke of Cöthen—he had no access to a decent organ. So, when he was 38, he turned away from court life and applied for the recently vacated job of organist at Leipzig's Church of St. Thomas. His basic salary was only a quarter of what he had been getting, and the job was demeaning and tiresome. In addition to pouring out a continuous stream of music, he had to teach classes in Latin and music and also act as housemaster for noisy youngsters in the church school.

During his 27 years in Leipzig, Bach complained of "vexation, envy and persecution" at every step. Still, the pettiness of his life could not dry up his inspiration. In his first 20 years there he wrote a body of religious music that has never been equalled: nearly 300 cantatas for every holy day in the church calendar, two oratorios, masses and motets, the "St. John" and "St. Matthew" Passions, and the monumental "Mass in B Minor."

But the years of writing out the

notes, studying and playing all night what he had written during the day, ruined his already weakened eyes. He took hope in the visit to Leipzig of a famous English oculist, who performed two operations. Both were failures. Bach was left blind and in shattered health. During the time of his blindness, however, he wrote the "Art of Fugue," a work of breath-taking intricacy and skill.

Today much of Bach's music sounds strange to our ears at first. The music we are most used to—popular songs, folk music, even much of the classical music of the last century—is constructed like an arch, with pillars of chords in the bass holding up a single melody. Bach's music is contrapuntal: melody is piled on top of melody, and all the melodies are sounded at the same time, crossing one another, blending their tone colours, making a veritable aural tapestry. So perfect was the Bach craftsmanship that when, in an experiment not long ago, a pianola roll of one of his compositions was reversed so that the high notes became the bass and the low notes soared upward—the music sounded as melodious as before.

Play a recording of a Bach choral work, or one of his familiar organ works. The first time you hear it, pay attention to only the highest melody, the soprano. Now listen again, this time separating from the strands of melody the bass part. Next, concentrate on the middle

voices alone. Soon much of the music you are used to—those pillars of chords—will sound almost pedestrian. It is the genius of Bach that you can listen to him hundreds of times and continue to discover beauties previously unheard.

Suddenly, in July 1750, Bach's sight miraculously cleared. Almost immediately, however, he suffered a stroke. He died ten days later—but not before he had completed one

of his most stirring works, an organ arrangement of the hymn of distress, "When in the hour of utmost need." There is no sound of suffering in this final composition, and at the last moment Bach changed the hymn's title to "Before Thy throne, O Lord, I come." He died as he had lived, praising God in his music. It was the ultimate personal offering of one who had heard the chords of a heavenly harmony.



Farewell to Television

John Crosby, radio and television commentator of the New York Herald Tribune, announces his column's abandonment of television criticism for wider fields.

Television in America no longer deserves daily criticism on a serious level. Intermittent criticism is good enough for its increasingly lonely big shows. Silence is the only sensible greeting for most of the dreary new ones.

Thirteen years ago American television came out of the laboratory aglitter with great expectations. New techniques sprouted on experimental programmes, educational programmes and travelogues.

Today, filmed television series are being turned out by bored professional hacks. Today, a television show seems designed only to kill time. Today, television isn't awful. It's worse than awful. It's a bore.

I am appalled that this great medium of information and education is so totally dedicated to utter vacuity. Don't be misled by the professional apologists that this is all television can afford to do or all the public wants. The people want something better. As for what television can afford, all I know is that it annually grosses 1,163,900,000 dollars and for that kind of money it ought to *do* better.

If I limit myself to television much longer, I'll go crazy. Television is turning us into "starers." We don't watch it, really. We stare at it—uncritical, undemanding, half awake and only half alive. The television set has ceased being an instrument of entertainment. It has become an anaesthetic.

The other day I was arguing with an Englishman who hates our American commercials. I found myself saying—it just slipped out inadvertently—"I don't mind the commercials. It's just the programmes I can't stand."

Cuba— Two Years

*Since the revolution,
an iron curtain has
descended round Castro's
country, enclosing the
bleak monotony of a
Soviet satellite*



After

By DAVID REED

RETURN to Cuba after being away for twelve months, and the contrast is startling. A year ago Havana was grim enough. But there were still some vestiges of the old gaiety.

Now they are gone. At the newsstands, Free World publications have largely disappeared and been replaced by the Communist newspaper *Hoy* and paperback editions of Marx and Lenin. The city is drab; it has an unmistakable atmosphere of hardship and fear.

The bearded soldier of the early days of the revolution is disappearing. Castro obviously doesn't trust his 30,000-man army. Scores of officers are in prison or exile; others are being sent to "co-operative farms."

Soldiers often serve in labour battalions, building roads.

In place of the army, Castro is building up a militia of workers and peasants that may soon number half a million. Militiamen have taken over garrison duties in Havana and in the countryside. They are being used to fight anti-Castro guerrillas in the mountains of south-central Cuba. Most Soviet-*bloc* weapons coming into Cuba go to the militia. Estimates are that Castro has spent more than £100 million (over Rs. 130 crores) on Communist arms.

Scarcities show up everywhere. It's becoming a familiar sight to see people lining up to buy black beans, a staple in their diet. It is also hard

to find poultry, vegetables, pork, potatoes and rice. In normal years, Cuba imported much of its food. Now, with hard currencies scarce, imports have been cut to the bone. Last year, Castro promised that Cuba would be self-sufficient in rice within 12 months. Today it is far from that goal, and Castro is turning to China, half-way round the world, to buy rice.

Most cars in Cuba are U.S.-made. Many are breaking down for lack of parts. Windows and doors in taxis often don't work, but it makes little difference, since there are few customers. Said one driver, "Sometimes I wait about all day for one fare, and sometimes I go home with nothing."

A camera shop in Havana's Vedado section has been "nationalized." A banner in front declares that the employees support the move. Inside, the employees look glum. There is no film left; there are few cameras—and no customers at all.

Despite his troubles, there are signs that Castro will have a good sugar crop in 1961. His big problem is to find a buyer. The predictions are that the United States will not buy any sugar from Cuba in 1961 at any price. Castro would thus be cut off from his last big source of foreign exchange. Only massive aid from the Soviet Union could save him.

One surprise to Cubans is that there is little inflation—so far. Price

controls and currency restrictions have kept the cost of food and consumer goods from rising to any great degree. Many economists feel that a disastrous inflation is, nevertheless, in the making. Castro printed more than 300 million pesos last year. It's only a matter of time, economists say, before the scarcity of goods, coupled with the flood of new money, drives prices sky-high.

Castro's popularity is slipping noticeably. It's not only the upper and middle classes who have turned against him, but growing numbers of workers as well. A lot of the discontent goes back to Castro's steady campaign to turn Cuba over to the Communists. This remark by a Cuban worker is typical of what you hear in Havana: "When Fidel came to power, everyone liked him. Everyone hated Batista and his killers. At first Fidel said, 'We aren't Communists; we're Cubans.' We believed him. Now they don't even bother to say that, because everyone knows what they are."

Don't get the idea, however, that everyone has turned against Castro. On a tobacco-growing "co-operative farm" in Pinar del Rio Province, a 23-year-old peasant named Rogelio Martínez showed a visitor his new home—one of more than 100 model homes that the government has built on the farm—and said, "All our lives, we lived like pigs. We never had electricity or running water. We never had a floor under us—just earth. Now we have hot and cold

water, electric lights and a modern bathroom. Fidel has even given us new furniture for our home. We never had a school before—now we've got a new one with more than 300 children in it. We've got a clinic, too, for the first time in our lives, and next week a doctor is coming here to live with us. We also have our own sports field."

Is Martínez worried about Communism? "If this is Communism, it's fine," he says. "Let's have more."

Across the bay from Havana's business area, Castro is building a whole city of model housing for slum-dwellers. Shopping centres, schools, swimming pools and cinemas will be provided.

"It's wonderful," said one labourer. "No government ever did anything like this for us before."

But from a well-informed visitor who has followed Castro's "welfare programmes" closely, comes this comment:

"These aren't really what you can call reforms. The country's rulers are not bringing prosperity to Cuba. They have their showplaces, like every totalitarian state, but they're ruining the country in the process."

The Communist trappings are far more evident now than a year ago. Even the private lives of Cubans are being regimented. Castro is organizing "vigilante committees" in each street in Havana. Members spy on their neighbours and report

"counter-revolutionary talk" or visits by strangers.

Wherever you look in the city, you see Communist-style banners with such sayings as "Shoot the traitors—to the firing-squad wall with the Yankee imperialists." Make a telephone call in Cuba today, and you hear revolutionary slogans spoken by a recorded female voice while the number is ringing.

There are new faces in Havana now—Russians, Chinese, East Germans, Poles and Czechs, many of them living in comparative luxury in the city's once-fabulous resort hotels. No one in the Castro government will tell you how many Communist-*bloc* advisers and technicians are in Cuba, but unofficial guesses range from several hundred to 2,000. Some are training Castro's army and militia; others work in the National Institute of Agrarian Reform and in industries seized from U.S. and Cuban owners. To handle the growing traffic with the Communist world, the Cubana airline operates direct services to and from Prague.

A reign of terror is carried out by the secret police, known as G-2, the army's intelligence department. The secret police are headed by Major Ramiro Valdés. In his 20's, he is a protégé of Ernesto "Ché" Guevara, who, as head of the National Bank, is really running Cuba.* Estimates of the number of political prisoners held in Cuban jails range from 10,000 to 35,000.

Said a Cuban lawyer, "A friend of

* See "Russia's Man in Havana," The Reader's Digest, January 1961.

mine was in prison for a year without knowing why. Then they came to him and said it was all 'a mistake.' And I know of a case where a teenage boy got five years in prison for writing 'Down with Communism' on a wall."

The secret police frequently use mock executions to get tips on anti-Castro activities. The lawyer explained, "A prisoner faces a firing squad. The rifles are raised. Then someone rushes up and says, 'Don't shoot. You're making a mistake. This man is my friend. He's going to tell me all we want to know.' "

More than 50,000 Cubans have their names on waiting lists to get out of the country.* An iron curtain is descending round Cuba. Several professional men have been turned back at the airport when they tried to leave—Castro is worried about the

* In January Castro halted the exodus of Cubans from the island by suspending the issue of all exit permits.

flight of skilled people from Cuba in recent months. Approximately 600 doctors—ten per cent of the entire medical profession—have left since Castro took power. There have been similar losses in industrial management and technical fields. As a result, former clerks, labourers and lorry drivers have been put in charge of confiscated industries.

Armed resistance to Castro is growing. Scare bombs are exploded almost every day. The crackle of gunfire from speeding cars is heard frequently as the underground movement steps up its efforts to harass the regime. But people in close touch with the situation say that the anti-Castro forces are too weak and disorganized for a successful revolt. Said an ambassador from another Latin-American country, "It would be difficult to stage a serious uprising. People are terrified. All they can think of is getting out of here."

Good Intentions

WHEN I got home from my holiday, I sent my films to be processed. But the photographs that came back were not mine. I posted them back, explaining that there had been an error. Promptly I received my photos with a letter apologizing for the mistake, thanking me for returning the photos and saying that my postage was enclosed.

It was. Carefully attached to the bottom of the letter were the three cancelled stamps that had been neatly cut from my package.

—Contributed by Barbara Hooker

AFTER ordering a box of men's initialled "H" handkerchiefs from a large mail-order firm, I received a box of handkerchiefs with the initial "J" and the following explanatory enclosure slip:

"Regret that we are at present out of the goods which you ordered. The enclosed is the nearest thing to it and we trust that the substitution will be satisfactory."

—Contributed by J. S. Boyle

WE WENT BANKRUPT —ON “EASY” PAYMENTS

“What have we got to lose?” this American couple used to ask themselves whenever they signed up for a new set of instalment payments. Now they know!

A Reader’s Digest “First Person” Award

By HELEN ARNOLD

“... And we finally decided we just had to have the station wagon.”

Hastily I read on through my sister’s breathless letter. *“It’s a real bargain, and with the payments so small, what have we got to lose?”*

What have you got to lose indeed! I thought. Everything, that’s all—just everything.

Lately, all her letters had sounded like this. Either they were buying a new television set or they had just bought a fridge or were busy trying to decide on some other new way of getting into debt. Sue had all the symptoms of an insidious disease for which there is only one treatment—“strictly cash” buying until

the pain subsides. The longer she delayed, the more painful the cure would be. I ought to know. My husband and I went bankrupt—and we did it on the easy-payment plan.

Very likely Sue doesn’t even know what the word bankruptcy means—any more than we did a few years ago. The condition is acquired quite painlessly: it only takes just one more “so much down and so much a week” when, whether you realize it or not, you are already committed to your limit.

Our own decline began ten years ago. To buy the very latest thing in kitchen cookers, Don and I established Credit. From then on we were never without assistance in

acquiring one indebtedness after another.

Some months later I became pregnant and had to give up my job. But even though we now had only Don's income, and even though the cooker was only half paid for, we easily financed a new refrigerator and the other "bare necessities" required for our child's health and comfort: cot, high chair, carry-cot, play pen, toilet trainer, swing. The salesman who advised us was just about the nicest we had ever met.

We did well on the cooker payments, and it was almost ours. But the refrigerator and baby furniture were still heavy on the books when we found we needed clothing and some household items. Charge accounts seemed the obvious answer. Our credit rating was very good, and opening accounts was effortless.

The next plunge into debt was easy, too. We grew tired of watching our friends' television. By this time the baby was so close that our friends were uneasily watching me instead of the television. So we bought our own. It was a beautiful set. The clearest picture in the street, and only $9\frac{1}{2}$ dollars a month. Such an understanding salesman! He even lowered the down payment, because of our excellent credit.

The year after our daughter was born we began to feel cramped for space. One by one our friends were buying homes. Because Don was the son of a builder, and a craftsman himself, we chose to build our own

house. With little more effort than it takes to open a savings account, we had a 10,000-dollar mortgage, signed, sealed and owed in full—plus interest. How much we owed elsewhere, how often we were paying, seemed not to affect the mortgage approval at all. We told the bank manager frankly that 10,000 dollars would not entirely cover the cost of building. Smiling benignly, he assured us that we could no doubt get a larger mortgage should the need arise.

When you build your own home, everything is "as long as." As long as we were doing it ourselves, it might as well be longer, wider, deeper, higher, stronger. In less than a year we had a pile of unpaid bills for materials and tools (it's amazing how much a wheelbarrow can cost!). Worse, we had to draw on the mortgage money more than once for other emergencies, particularly doctors' bills resulting from nervous indigestion and sleepless nights—common symptoms when outgo exceeds income.

To tide us over, and to keep our enviable credit rating, we visited a loan company. After nearly an hour of pleasant conversation and polite questions, we filled in the necessary forms, listing most of our debts (we didn't have room for them all), and walked out with the cash to pay our most pressing bills.

At last we moved into our new home. It didn't take long to discover that we had a common bond

with most of our new neighbours: all of us were living in style, in comfort—and in debt.

Our immediate worry was that larger mortgage. Banking institutions, it seems to me, employ only dignified, solid citizens who are ever ready to assist you in obtaining your most expensive desires and who apparently assume you know exactly how you will repay the money. We were able to raise the mortgage to 14,500 dollars, to be paid off at 110 dollars a month. How were we to know that it would take a genie to manage this on a weekly take-home pay of 100 dollars? The "experts" said it was all right; that was the way their statistical tables worked it out—but the tables must have ignored our other commitments.

We have often wished that our banker had been a not-so-solid citizen, one who had come through the tight places in life. Then he might have reminded us that the unexpected fees for dentists and doctors, for spectacles, for the dancing lessons little girls *have* to have, and for the birthday presents you just can't deny them—all these deplete your income with alarming regularity whether you can afford them or not.

Even with the increased mortgage we still had overdue bills. And though we tried to pay something on these each month, there never seemed to be enough money. We began to get letters from creditors

who threatened to attach Don's wages. Slowly, inexorably, we were being pushed over the brink.

For the first time, we took stock. To our horror we found that we owed over 2,000 dollars, not counting the mortgage. We didn't know where to turn. With our second child quite young, I could not take a job. Fearing that some creditor might sue us, we made the heart-rending decision to sell our dream house. Perhaps we could make enough profit to get the slate clean again.

To make the house sell quicker, we decided to finish off the playroom. Again, we had no trouble getting money from the bank, this time a housing loan for 1,200 dollars. But time went on and no buyer appeared. And in the meantime our mortgage payments began falling behind. To keep the house from going to the bank, we *had* to catch up on these payments.

Our bank manager co-operated when we told him exactly why we needed the money. Confident that we could accomplish the sale quickly, he deposited 700 dollars to our account in return for a note. We couldn't pay the note when it fell due, and a time-payment arrangement was set up. Interest charges over the 18-month period were 63 dollars! And even then the house did not sell.

In desperation, we turned to our timber merchant who held a second mortgage of 3,400 dollars for the

balance of the materials. Now, just two years after we had moved in, we sat in a lawyer's office and signed our beautiful home over to the timber company. This removed both mortgages and saved us from the ordeal of public auction. But it was only the beginning of a nightmare of disgrace, shame and humiliation.

During the three months' "grace" we were allowed before we had to move, our time payments, notes, personal loans, doctors' bills and charge accounts brought a steady flow of correspondence. Then the letters ceased, and I developed a ringing in my ears. Telephone and door! Soon I learned to ignore the phone altogether. Our elder child, now ten, found this hard to explain to her friends.

When creditors find that you do not answer your phone during their normal business hours, they appear at 7 a.m. and 10 p.m. to demand their money. Whenever I heard a car in the drive, our procedure became automatic: the children, and even the dog, would dive into a back bedroom until the unwelcome visitor went away.

Finally, our day of reckoning arrived. A firm to which we owed 78 dollars tried to attach my husband's salary. Knowing that this would start a flood of similar actions, which might leave us without food money, Don filed a petition of voluntary personal bankruptcy. Our creditors were notified. In all we

owed 2,960 dollars 53 cents! the 1,200 dollars housing loan, the bank loan of 700 dollars, 200 dollars to the loan company, 259 dollars to doctors, 216 dollars to department stores, and several other items. Nothing we had was worth repossessing. We had to sell our aged car just to pay the bankruptcy and legal fees.

We were completely unprepared for the degrading accusations and downright acrimony that now confronted us. Our creditors were outraged. Many of them phoned to express their indignation. How different the voice was now from the soothing tone that had purred, "You'll never notice this six-dollar payment. Can you really afford to be without . . .?"

As an average middle-class family you are the cream of credit society. Honest, reliable, active in civic and church groups. At least you were! The denouement is painful. The people you are cheating—and you are cheating them in fact, if not in law, when you declare yourself bankrupt—had trusted you. The snubbing that prevails at church gatherings, social meetings or just in the street comes not only from your creditors but from their friends and relatives, and from your own friends, too. Your children are no longer welcome in homes they have frequented for years. Try explaining this to a ten-year-old!

I was near collapse from the constant hounding, hiding and nervous tension. Don was on a steady diet of

tranquillizers. We both have active consciences. It was not our nature to live like this.

It took several months, but at last the court discharged our debts—all except the housing loan, which had been made in both our names. I was still responsible for that, since our bankruptcy was in Don's name only. Thus my wages could be attached if I took a job. We had nothing left except our clothes and furniture. Even so, the burden had been taken away.

But not quite. Six months later, our failure to list *all* our debts when borrowing from the loan company came back to plague us. We had to promise to pay off that loan in full.

It is a long road back to self-respect, and deeds, not words, are the only convincers. There are still people who cut us dead, and there are places of business I would rather not enter. A new dress or a better car always brings forth a jab from someone who intimates that we had the money all the time.

Actually, we are trying to pay back all the money we owed. Some of the smaller debts that were never included in the bankruptcy we have long since paid up. Recently I have gone back to work—at the same place where I was employed before

all this happened—and our payments on the housing loan have been resumed. Eventually we hope to square things up entirely.

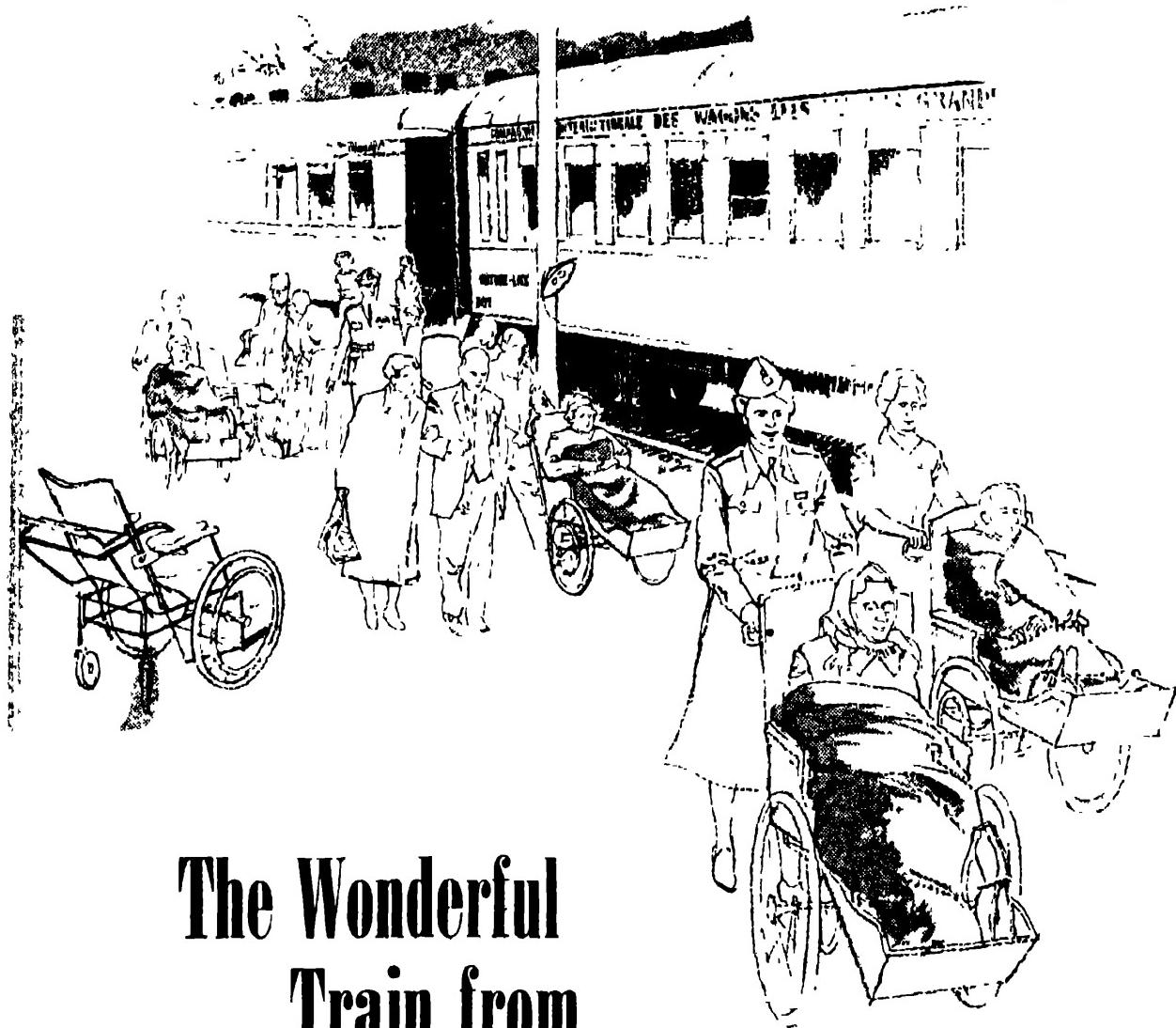
If our case were unusual, there would be little point in relating it—or in worrying about the extravagance of my sister. But the fact is that personal indebtedness is on the increase, and what may seem like a molehill of debt can quickly become a mountain when you have exhausted your resources.

What about you? Take stock of your situation before it is too late. When you have to let even one bill slide for a month you are in potential trouble. So beware of instalment buying, and don't use charge accounts unless you are positive that you will be able to pay the bills promptly. Above all, don't borrow from Peter to pay Paul: consolidating all your little bills with a big loan merely postpones the evil day and, with interest charged per month on the unpaid balance, costs more, too.

You'll never have to worry about bankruptcy if you can rediscover voluntarily, as Don and I finally did the hard way, the exquisite pleasure of buying for cash, the joy of handing over *money* in response to the salesman's silken query, "How do you want to pay for it?"

*M*Y NEIGHBOUR, striding purposefully down his garden with a seed catalogue in his hand, explained, "I'm going to show it to my tomatoes."

—Sylvia Bremer



The Wonderful Train from Copenhagen

BY GEORGE KENT

This little Danish excursion train, with its cargo of invalids, has all the heart-touching qualities of a fairy tale

THAT October afternoon, Anna Jensen sat in a wheelchair in the Odense, Denmark, railway station hardly daring to breath.

Aged 66 and paralysed, she had

suddenly felt her left leg tingle. Timidly she told the nurse, who said, "Wonderful! Let's see if you can stand on it."

Helped to her feet, she stood. And a little later, still aided, she took

three tottering steps. A flood of happiness went through her. The next morning she walked 20 steps and in the evening, still beaming with the memory of her achievement, she was listening to an orchestra playing a waltz when the mayor of Odense bowed to her and asked, "May I have this dance?"

"I can't, I can't," she said.

"You *can*," said the mayor, lifting her gently to her feet; and to the applause and tears of the assemblage he revolved with her slowly round the ballroom.

Anna Jensen's triumph is one of many similar episodes in an annual event in Denmark that has all the tenderness of a Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale.

Once each year a train like no other train in the world rolls out of Copenhagen and for a week goes deep into the Danish countryside. The passengers, apart from nurses and attendants, are 49 people like Anna Jensen, paralysed in arms or legs, or handicapped in other ways. All of them are poor, all have been living for years in bed or wheel chair, away from the world. This trip into a land of lakes and farms and forests, from solitude to the company of other people, brings a shock of happiness that helps most of them to a more cheerful outlook on life, and some to better health.

In the nine years these fairy-tale trains have been running, not one of them has ended its journey without a case or two of an invalid who has

summoned the courage to stand and walk.

The little train was the result of a talk in 1952 between two men. One was an executive of the Danish State Railways, M. B. Hedegaard, whose brother lay unmoving in his bed with multiple sclerosis; the other was Anders Nørgaard, a reporter for the newspaper *Aktuelt*.

"All day long," Hedegaard said, "my brother stares at a mirror in which he sees only the sky and one small tree. I wish I could think of a way of giving him something else to look at."

"On a train, the view changes," murmured Nørgaard. "With every click of the wheels there is a new landscape."

"That's it!" the two men exclaimed together. "A train ride for the sick!"

The idea caught on. The railway offered to provide engines, first-class carriages and crews. Wagons-Lits followed with a dining-car and two sleepers. Nørgaard described the idea in *Aktuelt*, and overnight ten trained nurses volunteered their services free of charge. From the Samaritans, a working-men's organization, came men to act as attendants, all giving up a week of their holidays and refusing to accept pay.

There was enough food and drink to nourish ten times the number of travellers. Department stores made up parcels of night clothes and bedroom slippers and toilet kits;

chemists volunteered all the medicines needed. Offers of money, bed clothing, wheel chairs, the use of cars poured in by the hundred. The choice of the invalids was left to the doctors of Copenhagen.

Three weeks after the idea was born, the little six-coach train awaited its passengers. It was scheduled to leave at nine, but by eight o'clock the disabled were already settled in their seats. On the platform the railway employees' band played and gift parcels were put aboard. At the microphone the Danish prime minister and the mayor of Copenhagen delivered speeches. Movie cameras hummed; friends and relatives cheered. Then the whistle blew, and the train moved slowly out of the station.

The annual excursion starts off much the same today. A long ride with the lame and the halt does not sound very cheerful. It turned out to be one of the jolliest I have known.

In the first hours, the passengers are still the shut-in, the unwanted. They sit stiffly, staring dully out of the windows. But after a while conversation starts and they become aware that these are others like themselves, some in even worse plight. In an amazingly short time they are sociable human beings again. And they begin learning from one another little tricks that will make them more self-sufficient in the future.

"How on earth do you manage to

get your stockings on?" a woman who cannot bend asks another in the same predicament.

"It's easy," replies her companion. "I just reach down with a curling iron, take hold of the hem and pull."

By the time dinner is over they are calling one another by their first names, they have heard one another's stories of how it happened, and they have begun to think up ways of cheering those who still refuse to smile.

Someone starts a song, and soon all are singing: patriotic songs, folk tunes, occasionally slightly ribald ballads. The cook in his high chef's hat comes out of the galley and joins in, and so, too, do the guards, the conductors, the nurses, the Samaritans. This singing goes on for the entire seven days. It is better than medicine, say the doctors, for the music releases energy and restores confidence in people who have shrunk from life for too long.

The train pulls in to the first stop. A band is on the platform blasting a welcome. Then a station luggage truck comes into view, a mass of red roses and fern. Beneath the roses are cakes and sweets which the townswomen have been preparing for the passengers since 5 a.m.

The man in charge of the mobile news-stand which displays magazines, books and chocolates stares at the train. Then on an impulse he gives his entire stock to the passengers and walks away, whistling

happily. At another stop a woman dashes across the street to a tobacco shop, fills her arms with cigars and cigarettes and tosses them all through the window. Others hand out a crazy assortment of gifts: silver spoons, bits of Royal Copenhagen china, books, sweaters, scarves, vases.

A great treat the first year was the visit of the Queen Mother, Alexandrine. She passed through the train greeting each passenger and then left regretfully. "I wish I could go along," she said, "just to help."

The train moves on, taking in spots of scenic beauty, monuments like the castle of Sønderborg, the famous museum of ancient Danish dwellings in Jutland, medieval inns, farms, battlefields, the sea. Everywhere the passengers are carried or wheeled to sight-seeing buses, and later to the town hall where they banquet on fine food and watch variety shows.

It is the farms that excite the city dwellers. Many of them have never been out of Copenhagen.

"Take me outside. I want to feel the rain on my face," said a woman. "I used to love walking in the rain, and I have been indoors for five years."

The ocean is another source of wonder. On postcard after postcard the sentence appears, "I heard the sea today." One pretty girl, a victim of polio, found her desire to live again after sitting for an hour on the beach, letting sand dribble

through her fingers. When she got back she entered a school and resolved to make a career for herself. And this she would no doubt have done if she hadn't fallen in love with a classmate and married him.

The miracles occur unexpectedly. There was one young woman who had lost her voice as the result of a stroke. For six days she struggled unsuccessfully to talk. It was embarrassing to watch her grinding her teeth and futilely moving her lips. On the last day she seized the arm of a nurse and uttered one word, "Thanks." It was a beginning. A year later she was able to express herself with moderate clarity.

By the time the ride is over, the dining-car gathering place is as animated and disorderly as a kindergarten with everybody talking, laughing, shouting, singing. What started out in sadness ends in joy, although when the moment comes to be lifted down to the railway platform in Copenhagen and say farewell to the little train, they are weeping—like children who do not want the party to end.

Ambulances deliver them to their homes and the fairy tale is told. But it is by no means the end for the disabled. The little train has stimulated many organizations to continue the good work. This year, for example, the Danish Railwaymen's Union will take 100 of the disabled on a week's holiday with all expenses paid.

One group of young Danes has

undertaken to push wheel chairs. A crippled person has only to telephone to be taken for a ride in the park. Others pool their cars and take the disabled to the cinema, to ice shows or to the privately maintained gardens that encircle the city.

One of the disabled was so stimulated by the train ride that she set to work to arrange school courses and concerts for her fellow sufferers. To-day in Copenhagen, schools keep open late and teachers stay behind to lecture to the invalids, who are fetched and returned by what is known as the School Society.

Of all the volunteers on the train, the most interesting are the Samaritans. These men, who in private life are ironworkers, garage mechanics, carpenters, put in 18-hour days waiting on and watching over their charges.

How they feel was expressed by Ove Hansen. "I thought I had become case hardened, but when a person who cannot move her head has tears of gratitude in her

eyes because all you do is turn her chair so that she can look at the sea, it's as if you suddenly got a prize you didn't deserve."

I visited Anna Jensen last year, five years after her memorable dance with the mayor of Odense. She produced a scrapbook with newspaper cuttings of her journey and a photograph of herself dancing. She glowed as she talked of the evening. "I still remember," she said. "I think I will always remember. It has given me something to live on."

There were some who had misgivings about the venture when it began nine years ago. Wouldn't the invalids coming back to their drab existence after the glamorous excursion find life unbearable? Their fears were unfounded.

Years after the experience, the train riders still finger their scrapbooks and say, with Anna Jensen, that it has given them something to think about, to dream about—and *something to live on*.

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Humour in Uniform

* * * *

BEFORE THE war, when the attendance of Royal Navy officers on board their ships was not always so regular as it has to be today, a periodic staff meeting was being held in the admiral's cabin of a flagship. When the agenda had been covered, discussion turned to the date of the next meeting. Monday and Friday were both proposed, and discarded because of interference with week-end arrangements. Eventually Wednesday was agreed on as being least likely to interfere with the staff's convenience. As the meeting broke up, however, one officer was heard grumbling, "Wednesday, dammit, spoils both week-ends!" —R. R. D.

THE INSTRUCTOR in a basic-training course asked a sleepy private, "If you were on night sentry duty and saw a figure crawling towards camp, what procedure would you follow?"

"Well, sir," the private answered, "I'd help the officer to his quarters."

—WALTER CREGGAN

THE CO-PILOT of a transport making an in-flight check of the passengers—airmen and their families—was a bit embarrassed to see one young mother breast-feeding her infant. Noting the co-pilot's startled expression, the husband remarked casually, "Mid-air refuelling."

—JOHN KEENER

A CRUSTY colonel came into his adjutant's office with a letter in his hand and asked curtly, "Haven't these people got the word on the proper form for reports of this kind?"

The adjutant replied that the unit probably had not had the necessary instructions at the time of the request, but that he was sure they had them by now.

"Right. Send this back and have them resubmit in the proper form," the colonel barked.

Then he added, "And when it gets back here the answer is 'NO.'"

—G. N. DANIEL

A GROUP of us who had just finished basic training were awaiting postings. Because knives and forks had been disappearing at a great rate, our job was to count the silverware in the mess after every meal.

In a realm dominated by pilots and gunners, this "knife, fork and spoon" speciality proved embarrassing, especially at camp dances, where the young hostesses would inevitably ask, "What do you do in the service?" Finally one of our "specialists" came up with this face-saver: "I'm a calculation technician, precious-metals division. I can't say any more." And with an overawed girl in his arms, he would happily dance away.

—W. R. G.

THE U.S. NAVY prides itself on assigning most of the graduates of its Basic Submarine School to the home port of their choice. At the formal inspection just before our graduation, the inspecting officer asked the chief petty officer next to me, "Where are you going for a home port, chief?"

"Norfolk, sir," was the reply.

"Did you ask for Norfolk?"

"No, sir."

The inspecting officer's smile faded. But before he could say anything, the chief added, "My wife did!" —S. B.

DOING SOME flying-safety research, I came across a report on a training accident. Explaining how the crash occurred, the young cadet had written, "I landed very smoothly but long on the runway, overshot the end, went through a fence and hit a stump, and then I lost control." —WALTER CLARKE

AT THE height of the war I was ordered to take command of a ship then in port. After several years of tough fighting, I was eager for my first night in the town. In a gala mood, I put on my best uniform, decorated it with all the ribbons I could muster, and headed for the local officers' club. As I entered the crowded foyer, an exceptionally pretty girl sitting across the room rose like a startled fawn. For one exciting and electric moment our eyes locked. Then she came eagerly across the intervening space. This was even better than I had hoped. "Are you married?" was her first breathless question.

"Yes," I faltered manfully.

Her face fell, but she rallied and asked, "Are you happily married?"

I truthfully replied that I was.

"Isn't that just my luck?" she moaned. "The moment I saw you I knew you were just the man for my attractive, widowed mother."

—C. R. BROWN

TWO OF my husband's friends at a training camp became very upset when they discovered that they would be required to learn to swim. They were both terrified of water, and were racked their brains to think of a way to avoid the swimming lessons. Several days later my husband asked if they had found a solution.

"We certainly did," they exclaimed gleefully. "We volunteered as life guards!"

—MRS. L. W. BRANNAN

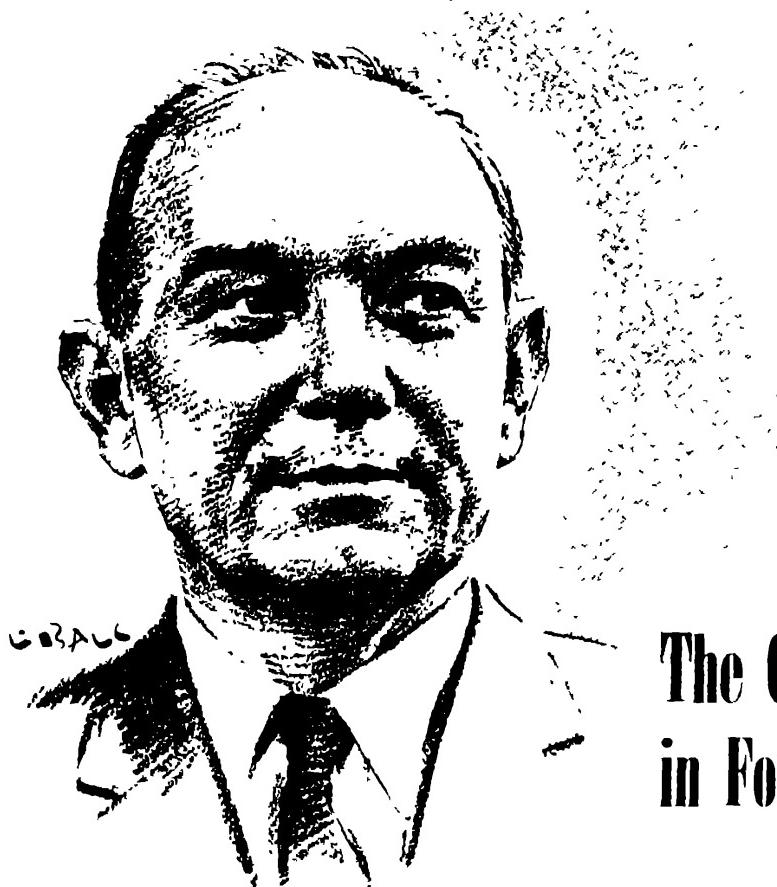
VISITING the Chinese Marine Corps on Taiwan to gather information for an article, correspondent Dickey Chapelle was viewing units of the Landing Vehicle Tractor Battalion. As she completed her visit and prepared to leave, Mrs. Chapelle noticed all the Marines standing at attention and saluting. After several seconds, she realized that the salutes were for her. Not being authorized to return salutes, she was at a loss until she heard the voice of her escort officer boom out, "Hell, do something—curtsy!"

—LT.-COL. P. H. BRATTEN

WHEN WE WENT to an army camp to see a young friend who had just been called up, we were impressed by the sight of some 3,000 boys alike from head to toe in brand-new uniforms and cropped haircuts. When we finally located our friend, I asked him how it felt to be wearing a uniform.

"It's O.K.," he said, "except that I feel so conspicuous!"

—MRS. ROBERT SWANBORN



The Quiet American in Foreign Affairs

Profile of the one-time Rhodes Scholar who now holds one of the most important diplomatic posts in the world

To the intimate few who had seen Rusk in action at the U.S. War Department or State Department during a decade of government service, the news of his appointment as U.S. Secretary of State under President Kennedy brought a fraternal glow of delight. "Terrific news," said one State Department official.

The late John Foster Dulles was a Rusk admirer; so was Rusk's old boss at the State Department,

Secretary Dean Acheson. Rusk is a quietly-dedicated man who combines easy-going geniality with intellectual toughness. His ability to persuade by marshalling facts and arguments in logical array is impressive.

"I don't recall that he ever had to say no to anybody," says a former colleague, "because they usually came round to his point of view."

Unlike many logical men who pierce straight to the point but often

miss the surrounding nuances, Dean Rusk has an eye for the complexity of things. He rejects the notion that diplomacy is simple applied common sense. A foreign policy, he says, is "a galaxy of utterly complicated factors," not something that suddenly pops out of somebody's head. As for face-to-face encounters between world statesmen: "Summit diplomacy is to be approached with the wariness with which a prudent doctor prescribes a habit-forming drug."

He thinks that heads of government should stay away from summits, leave negotiating to the foreign secretaries—and that they in turn should leave it, as much as possible, to ambassadors.

Instead of bold new policies and personal diplomacy, Dean Rusk plans to bring to the foreign relations of the United States thorough-going staff work, precision and forethought.

As an Assistant Secretary of State, he kept in his top drawer a big yellow pad on which he listed all the problems that he should be worrying about—"as many as 70 to 80 worries at a time," a friend recalls.

Some of the worries went away, some were solved, some blossomed into full-scale crises. But the sum total verified his creed that forethought should be a foundation stone of U.S. foreign policy; it is not enough merely to think about problems and challenges as

they arise. "We are going to have to aim at the future," he says, "if we expect to come on target in the present."

Pursuit of Excellence. Dean Rusk, now 52, has come a long way from his edge-of-poverty beginnings in the Southern state of Georgia. His father was a Presbyterian minister who had to give up the pulpit because of a throat ailment. When Dean was born, the fourth of five children, the elder Rusk was scratching a living as a rural school-teacher and small cotton farmer.

Dean was four when his father got a job as a postman in Atlanta, and the family moved to a house on the edge of the Negro district. The children wore underwear made of flour sacks, and often trudged along the near-by railway tracks in winter to gather stray lumps of coal. But the parents had something more valuable than material advantages to give. "We grew up," recalls Dean's elder brother Roger, a university physics professor, "in a strict atmosphere of moral integrity, imposed by both parents and school-teachers. We were under constant admonition to excel, to go out in the world and do something."

Dean excelled early. He started school in the second form, skipping the first because he had already learnt to read by poring over his brothers' schoolbooks. His school reports showed nearly all A's, term after term. A secondary-school teacher recalls him as "one of the

few students I came across in 45 years of teaching who seemed to be born mature and adequate to any situation." In 1925, 16-year-old Dean "Rusty" Rusk was president of the senior class, colonel of the officers' training corps, president of a school club, a member of the debating council and the athletics team, associate editor of the school newspaper and editor of the yearbook. Along the way he had also started a class in Greek.

The Great Seal. When he was 12, Dean drafted a document entitled "What I Plan to Do With the Next Twelve Years of My Life." The schedule called for finishing secondary school, then working for two years to earn money to go to college, then attending North Carolina's Davidson College (where his father had studied), then winning a Rhodes scholarship and studying at Oxford. True to his plan, Dean worked as a general helper in a small law office for two years after secondary school, then used his savings to enter Davidson College, where he graduated in political science. At Davidson he had a 50-dollar-a-month job in a local bank, waited at boarding-house tables in exchange for meals, got elected president of the student Y.M.C.A., became captain of the reserve officers' training corps, and won a Phi Beta Kappa key.

When he applied for a Rhodes scholarship some members of the selection committee were puzzled

by an apparent contradiction in Dean Rusk. On his application he had said that his main purpose at Oxford would be to study ways of achieving world peace, but all through school and college he had worked hard at being an O.T.C. officer. How did he reconcile these two directions? Replied Rusk, "The eagle on the Great Seal of the United States has two claws, one with an olive branch and the other with arrows."

At St. John's College, Oxford, Rusk studied politics, philosophy and economics, played tennis and lacrosse, and won the Cecil Peace Prize with a paper on "Relations Between the British Commonwealth and the League of Nations." During vacations he put in extra studies at German universities.

Towards the end of his Oxford days, Rusk received a telegram from the United States offering him a job as an assistant professor of political science at Mills College at 2,000 dollars a year. That was his only job prospect in the Depression year 1934, and he cabled acceptance. Then he hurried to the library to look up Mills College, and was surprised to learn that it is a school for girls in California.

Delicate Missions. When war came, Rusk was called to active duty as an infantry captain. But soon he was ordered to Washington to become head of the "British Empire" section of G-2 (military intelligence). Rusk was distressed to find

that the files consisted of a couple of drawers of yellowing newspaper cuttings, a handbook on India and Ceylon, and a military attaché's report filed from London in 1925. With the help of a young second-lieutenant named Robert Goheen (now president of Princeton University), Rusk methodically set about building up the files.

In 1943 Rusk was sent to India to serve, as a colonel, on the staff of General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, U.S. commander in the China-Burma-India theatre. He wound up as deputy chief of staff of the C.B.I. theatre.

After the war he shuttled back and forth between jobs in the U.S. State and War Departments until invited by Secretary of State George Marshall to head the Office of Special Political Affairs in 1947.

Rusk was something of an anomaly at the State Department: neither careerist nor political appointee, but a citizen diplomat. In 1949, the then Secretary, Dean Acheson, asked Rusk to take over the newly created post of Deputy Under Secretary in charge of policy co-ordination, No. 3 job in the department.

In 1950 Acheson's State Department came under a heavy cannonade for its placid tolerance of the Communists' conquest of China. During a shake-up in the department's Far Eastern Division, Rusk volunteered to step down from Deputy Under Secretary and take over direction of Far Eastern affairs.

With no responsibility for past China policy, he felt relatively invulnerable to criticism. Acheson agreed that the shift made sense.

History-Making Venture. Among the innovations that the State Department introduced at Rusk's urging was a round-the-clock "watch." An Assistant Secretary was always to be on call in case of emergency. On the night of June 25, 1950, when the U.S. Ambassador in Seoul cabled that Communist troops had invaded South Korea, the officer on watch was Assistant Secretary Rusk. He saw two facts clearly: (1) the Free World's confidence in the United States would suffer a smashing blow if the U.S. failed to halt Communist aggression in Korea; and (2) the temporary Russian boycott of the United Nations Security Council gave the United States a precious opportunity, unblocked by a Russian veto, to intervene through the United Nations.

Rusk telephoned Acheson, got his permission to get U.N. Secretary-General Trygve Lie started on summoning an emergency meeting of the Security Council. Next morning Rusk bent all his gifts of argument in Administration councils on the side of prompt U.S. military intervention in Korea. His viewpoint prevailed, and the following day the United Nations embarked on a history-making venture in collective security.

When the Rockefeller Foundation, the huge U.S. charitable trust,

set about looking for a new president, John Foster Dulles and Defence Secretary Robert Lovett, both trustees of the foundation, convinced their fellow trustees that Dean Rusk was the best man for the job. In mid-1952 Rusk moved his family to suburban New York. He disappeared from public view into the comparatively calm harbour of the Rockefeller Foundation to preside over the spending of some 250 million dollars in world-wide projects over the course of eight years.

Now he has emerged from that harbour into what he himself once called an "almost impossible office." The greatest problem to face him will be, of course, the continuing

conflict with Communism. To prevail in that struggle, Rusk believes that the United States needs only to remember, in effect, that the eagle has two claws. The nation, he says, "is not a raft tossed by the winds and waves of historical forces over which it has little control. Its dynamic power, physical and ideological, generates historical forces; what it does or does not do makes a great deal of difference to the history of man in this epoch.

"When the emphasis of discussion falls too heavily on the limitations of policy, I recall from early childhood the admonition of a preacher: 'Pray as if it were up to God; work as if it were up to you.' "



Agony Column

"ATTENTION Gentle Dentists. I have a lot of dental work to be done, and I am a big coward. Would like some confident dentist, who can sympathize with my fear and go carefully. Leave your phone number, and I will call you promptly, as I have toothache now. Write Miami News Box ____."

—From the *Miami News*

"MR. AND MRS. JACK ALEXANDER announce the arrival of Betty Diane, 8 pounds 4 ounces, November 6, 1960. We have made arrangements for (or can't afford) insurance, nappy service, milk delivery, encyclopaedia, child-care books, photographers, nursery equipment, furniture and baby sitters. Don't call us, we'll call you."

—From the *Lufkin, Texas, News*

"IF TODAY'S copy of this newspaper looks neater, nicer and better printed, it is because it was printed on our fabulous high-speed web press which was christened locally with this issue.

"If today's copy of this newspaper does not look neater, nicer and better printed, it is because no one really knows how to run our fabulous high-speed press yet."

—From the *Corning, California, Observer*

"It is very much like having an annual medical check-up or seeing your dentist twice a year. Except that in the area where the church operates, most of us need to be overhauled more often"

I Go to Church

BY STANLEY HIGH

HAVE sat in my quota of hard pews, heard my share of "volunteer" choirs and listened to enough uninspired and uninspiring sermons to last a lifetime. But I still go to church. I go to the church at the end of the road in the little town where I live.

I was brought up as a Methodist and at one time was a Congregationalist. The church at the end of the road happens to be Presbyterian. My wife belongs to the guild. We both like the preacher. It is convenient. But it lays claim to no special distinction. We have good music



but it is no better than the Sunday-morning music I could get on the radio. The preacher is better than average. But his renown is pretty much limited to our town.

My church, in short, is like thousands of others. But I enjoy it. I feel that I have missed something when I do not go.

I grant that habit may have something to do with it. My Methodist parents laid great store by church-going, and so, as a boy, did I. It would be difficult to shake the influence of that early training. At half-past ten on Sunday mornings,

the old youth-bred inclination lays hold of me. If I stay at home, I do it in the face of an internal protest. I suppose if I stayed at home often enough I would get over that feeling. But I generally go.

I go to church for the same reason that I go to the theatre—because I get something out of it. What I get is different. But it is something that I want and I have not found any other place where I can get it.

For one thing, at church I generally get some perspective—often not so much as I would like, but always a little. That little is more than I can be sure of getting anywhere else. And I am glad to have it. The rest of the week I am addicted to all those devices by which the average person is led to believe that a thing is important only if it is recent; that the biggest news is the latest news.

Then, on Sunday, I go to church. We sing the doxology, "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow." Some form of doxology has been sung by men and women at worship for at least 21 centuries. The hymns do not go back that far. But they go back far enough to be out of the running for the radio's Song Hits of the Week. I sang them on Sunday mornings when I was a boy. My father and mother sang them, and

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STANLEY HIGH, a Senior Editor of *The Reader's Digest*, achieved a world-wide reputation for his articles interpreting Christianity. His death at the age of 65 was announced as this personal testament of his belief was going to press.

their parents before them. I like them for more than their age, but I do like them for that.

The minister reads the Old Testament lesson. That goes back farther than either the hymns or the doxology. It may go back 30 centuries—a thousand years before Christ. He reads the New Testament lesson. There is nothing new enough in what he reads to make the headlines. I heard the same passages in my youth. Men and women not very different from those in our church have heard them, generation before generation into the past. My children and their children will hear them generations into the future. They are more to me than a bridge to the past or the future. But they are that.

And before the preacher begins his sermon, I find that I have become consciously aware of something which, for the rest of the week, is no more than a hunch. I realize that people like myself, with problems like mine, have been here a long time; that yesterday's newspapers did not say the first word and tomorrow's newspapers will not say the last word on anything. I know that tomorrow is another day. But I can say to myself: "Why so hurried, my little man?"

That is what I mean by perspective. I get that—a few minutes of it, at least—when I go to church. And that is more of it than I get anywhere else I go.

For another thing, I go to church

because I like to be in a place, once in a while, where men take their hats off. I know all the places where, customarily, men's hats come off. What I mean is something more than custom. I suppose that "reverence" is the word for it. It may be just another survival from my youth, but I still find in my surroundings an atmosphere and in myself a sense of reverence when I go to church. I am glad that I do.

I think it is important to have something to revere—a banner, or a cause, or a person that is bigger than we are and better than we are when we are at our best; some place where, now and again, we can climb down from our high horses, and are in proportion. Bumptiousness is no virtue, despite its prevalence among intelligent people.

I have reservations, of course, when I go to church. I cannot, for example, accept word for word the Apostles' Creed. For that matter, I do not take the church itself in my stride, as I once did. I have seen the ecclesiastical wheels go round, and I know that they are very much like any other wheels. Nevertheless, when I go to church I meet a great deal that I can still revere—more, in fact, than I meet anywhere else.

A few of my friends are intellectuals—ultra-ultras. They say that in an intelligent man's universe "there is no room for God." I never argue with them. But when I ask them what their "intelligent man's universe" does have room for, I stand

in awe before the things that they admit nobody knows. On the next Sunday morning, therefore, I go to church. I go reverently, because I believe in God. But if I did not believe in Him, I would go anyway—out of reverence for the size of the mystery with which the little we know is surrounded.

Then, too, I go to church because the big idea behind what goes on there is to encourage whatever, in me, is good. My preacher does not go in very much for politics and economics. He just keeps hammering away on right and wrong. Sometimes I think he hammers away at me. But he is almost always right, and I take it.

It is very much like having an annual medical check-up or seeing your dentist twice a year. Except that in the area where the church operates, I think most of us need to be overhauled more often than that. I go to church because, after having sized things up all the week by more or less selfish standards, I am ready for an hour in which they are sized up by moral standards. I can generally tell what I want to do without calling in any outside help. When it comes to deciding what is *right* to do, I can afford to have some counsel and advice.

The things that I get from my church are not offered anywhere else. And I have been going long enough to be sure, in my own mind, that I get on better with those things than without them.

The trials and triumphs of a pair of Canada geese symbolize the world's mightiest drama—the never-ending battle of life

Mother Goose and Her Family

By KERRY WOOD

IFOR OVER an hour the giant gander had led the flock, and now he was weary of the wind's buffeting. The rush of air struck him full force at the head of the wedge-shaped formation, where his 16-pound body broke the shock for the 30 Canada geese slanting out in two lines behind him. Flying sometimes at nearly a mile a minute and staying on the wing ten to 15 hours a day, the birds were all showing signs of fatigue as they neared the finish of their 3,000-mile journey from the south.

Smoothly the flock changed formation, the apex of the V shifting with precision. Every bird in the flock had to serve a period as flight



leader, sharing the hardship. A plump goose forged to the front now, and the gander bugled his pleasure at the restful change.

Later that day the geese reached the parklands close to the Canadian Rockies, and at once the big gander's mate started a low-pitched,

excited cackling. During the four years of their mating they had nested somewhere in this territory, and perhaps memory stirred. The gander uttered a reassuring answer as the flock slanted down to a well-earned rest on a broad lake.

Next morning the gander and his mate did not leave the water when the flock continued its flight. All that day the pair stayed on the lake, the restless goose leading the gander on long swims, exploring every bay. For days, until April was almost gone, they investigated the waterways of the region, returning each night to the safety of the lake.

The home they finally chose was on a wooded island: a nest platform left by red-tailed hawks 40 feet above ground, in the highest tree on the island. She and the gander spent a whole day collecting dry grass; then they plucked loose feathers from their breasts for the nest lining.

When the nest was finished, silence settled on the pair. Notes became low pitched for each other's ears alone, and they seemingly gave up the use of their wings--their yard-long bodies attracted too much attention in flight. The goose took her throne on the nest, while the gander stayed alert but hidden in the willows below.

Her lone task came to an end when the five-egg clutch was complete. Now the patient mystery of incubation started, work that the two birds shared. Never for more

than the brief moment necessary to change turns were the eggs uncovered.

One hot day in June, small yellow beaks drove through the now brittle shells to release four goslings. Both adults gabbled in excitement. The fifth egg was slow to hatch, and when it did, a feeble youngster emerged.

Only a short time elapsed after the last gosling's appearance and the nest-leaving. The gander stationed himself near the trunk below.

Then, with gentle but relentless beak, the goose pushed and hoisted one of the noisy goslings out of the nest.

For a teetering moment the youngster clung to the edge; then small, unformed wings threshed instinctively as the baby bird tumbled to earth.

The gosling bounced on the ground, but promptly raised itself on sturdy webs, comically shaking its head as it waddled to the shelter of the gander's flanks.

The other three, early-born goslings safely travelled the same route, but the fifth bird fell like a plummet. Not once did it move its wings, and when it struck the earth it lay still. Nature has little use for weaklings.

From the first the goslings needed no lessons in swimming. They rolled into the water fearlessly, their bodies buoyant as cork.

The goose took the lead, and tiny webs worked vigorously as the

babies tried to keep close, the watchful gander behind to nudge on the stragglers.

His vigilance relaxed for a costly moment on the third day after the hatching.

Waiting on the shore near by, he failed to notice when one of the goslings was caught by a river current and borne swiftly downstream.

When he heard the gosling's shrill peepings, he plunged into the water, his wings churning the surface to add to his frantic speed. But before he could get close to the struggling youngster, there was a violent upheaval and the giant jaws of a pike gaped from the depths. An agonized last note, then the gosling was jerked from sight.

Another time, danger in the form of a cat came stealthily towards the clearing where the goslings were relaxed in a dust bath, and streaked towards them from the bushes with claws unsheathed. Squawking madly, the young birds managed to flop clear of the cat's rush, and quickly the goose slapped the animal off its feet with her wings and rolled it in the dust.

As the cat came up snarling the gander advanced, beak held close to the earth, hissing loudly.

Swiftly the cat launched at his head, not reckoning on the upraised wings. The giant 5½-foot pinions flashed down and struck the animal's back in mid-air; there came a sharp cracking of bone, and

the cat's screech of hate sirenized to silence.

Such dangers taught the young geese the need for ceaseless vigilance. A hawk's shadow brought a low gabble from them; the presence of a skunk sent them out to mid-stream.

They learned to discriminate, too. The quill-rattling porcupine could be ignored with safety, and the dainty deer was no menace to their kind.

And there were many ways of knowing when surroundings were safe or not.

In the shallows where the tall blue heron, sharp of sight and hearing, waited on patient stilts for unwary frogs and fish, a goose could be sure of momentary peace. The friendly sandpipers, on the other hand, were unreliable sentinels, trusting overmuch to their small size and quiet colours to save them from predators. The beavers up the river could scent and hear evil from afar, and a resounding tail slap on the water was a danger signal for all to heed. Crows, too, were always wise, so when a flock rose in sudden flight there was reason for caution.

All this the growing goslings learned, and a canny, proud wildness was brewed in their blood.

As the hot days of August passed, the goslings began to stretch and flex their rapidly maturing wings, flapping them in slow, experimental strokes that sent the blood coursing through the dormant muscles. At

first the old birds led them a cautious course above the river, and gradually the youngsters mastered higher altitudes. Gander and goose never failed to utter the brief alarm note every time they sighted man, and soon the young ones followed this example, forging higher without realizing the reason for their wariness.

Their first lesson came one day when they settled on some wheat sheaves to raid the ripening grain. It was the gander who noticed the human leave the distant buildings and cross the stubble towards them. His summons sent the birds aloft.

Suddenly there was a puff of smoke and the thudding boom of a gun, and the gander was pushed upwards as if by a blast of wind. The goose and two goslings obeyed his shrill cry, putting power into their wing strokes to lift them high and sideways. But the third gosling was curious, ogling at the willows below. He ventured closer. Smoke streamed from the gun a second time, and a terrible pain wrenched a last despairing call from the young bird as his body crumpled and dropped.

The farmer did not notice the stiff, slow flight of the gander, lagging behind the other birds. He did not see the faithful goose circle back, calling to her mate. Blood was dripping from his breast, and the island home seemed far away.

The short September days sped by and still the gander could not

leave the island. Under the feathers rankled deep wounds. His beak had explored the injuries, seeking the leaden pellets that festered. Then followed the tedious healing.

At first the goose and goslings were content to stay near the leader, foraging in the near-by weeds. But as the zestful days went by, the wings of the healthy birds yearned for the broad sky. The goslings yielded first, launching aloft one morning. Protesting, the goose flapped after them. Frenziedly the gander sought to send power into his pinions. He raced along the length of the island and then plunged into the water, seeking to swim as fast as the flyers. All the while his angry and plaintive notes called them. The three birds finally wheeled back and slanted down to the water. The gander's pleasure was unmistakable as he swam among them.

But there came a day when a wedged flock was sighted, whose spaced honking told they were in long flight. They settled near the island for the night. The next morning the two goslings were in the ranks as the flock rose. Despairingly came the gander's plea, the goose noisy at his side. It was not the loss of their young that hurt, for the parent instinct was finished for that year. But they mourned desertion by the flock.

The first snow fell, and the goose became uneasy, honking intermittently through the day, forecasting

the blizzard that was soon to wrap the land in winter. The gander made valiant efforts. Daily his wings lifted, at first beating hesitantly against the stiffness of the injured muscles. Gradually the soreness worked off and his strokes lengthened, but still he would not leave the island.

Then one day, driving ahead of a mid-November storm, came a hundred-bird flock. And at last the

big male sprang into the air, his great wings labouring. Gladly the goose hurried to his side. The two birds called urgently as they strove to mount the roaring wind.

The leader heard their desperate clamour, sighted them, and slackened the flock's speed. There was an eager chatter of welcome, and in another moment they had gained positions in the V and the migration music resumed its rhythm.

Space Fiction

HUNGARIANS like to tell the story about two friends who met in a Budapest street just after the Russians' first success in space. "Have you heard?" asked one. "The Russians have invented a device to take them to the moon."

"What!" exclaimed the other enthusiastically. "All of them?"

— "Peterborough" in *The Daily Telegraph*, London

ANOTHER space story concerns the two Russian scientists who were discovered by St. Peter lurking just outside the pearly gates.

"You fellows can't come in here," said St. Peter sternly. "You're atheists."

"We don't want to come in," answered one of the Russians. "We just want to get our ball."

— Bennett Cerf

* * *

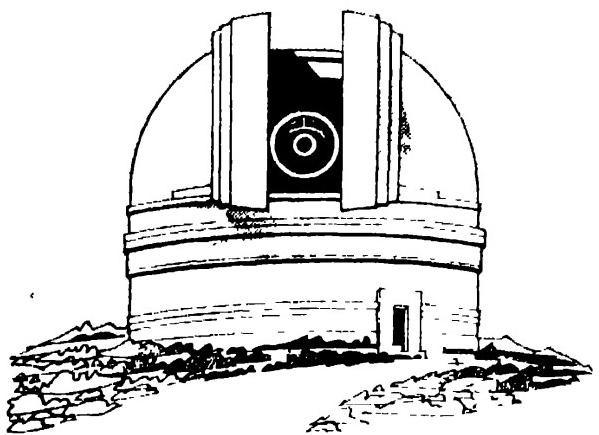
Church Bulletins

THE children were invited to participate in the ground-breaking for a new Sunday-school building. Each child turned over a small shovelful of earth. Later in the day the grandfather of one little girl asked what had happened at church that morning. "Well," she replied dejectedly, "we dug for a new Sunday school, but we didn't find it."

—Contributed by Hazel Coates

OUR neighbours were on a motor trip. Driving down a hill into one town, they saw a church with several silvered spires pointing at the sky. "Oh, boy!" shouted their four-year-old son, who had been sitting quietly in the back seat. "A rocket base!"

—Contributed by Mrs. E. J. Ansteensen



Personal Glimpses

PRESIDENT de Gaulle's comic sense is ironical and Olympian. One of his adherents in the years of exile had taken a few glasses too many and was angry with the world. "Death to all fools! Death to all fools!" he began to shout again and again. Whereat the door of the adjoining office opened. The towering figure appeared upon the threshold and uttered three words, "An ambitious programme!" And the door closed again. —Joseph Alsop

NORMAN COUSINS, editor of the *Saturday Review*, tells of his arrival at Dr. Albert Schweitzer's colony in Africa. "It was about 115 degrees when the rickety boat pulled in to the dock. The good doctor merely grunted at me and reached for my suitcase. Before I could protest, he was several yards away and aiming for a long steep hill. I finally scrambled out of the boat and ran after him. Half-way up the hill, panting furiously, I caught up with the 82-year-old doctor and begged him to let me carry my own suitcase. Dr. Schweitzer stopped, set down the suitcase and said sternly, 'Young man, if

you are going to get along with me, you are going to have to stop being so contrary.' With that, he picked up the suitcase and completed the trip to my hut." —Contributed by Jan Chinnock

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Jr., once failed to get his money back from the coin box when making a "transferred charge" telephone call.

The operator told him that if he would give her his name and address the money would be sent to him. Rockefeller said, "My name is John D. . . Oh, forget it; you wouldn't believe me anyway." —R. K. T. Larson

To KEEP off hunters who had been bothering him for years, Canadian writer Farley Mowat put up signs announcing:

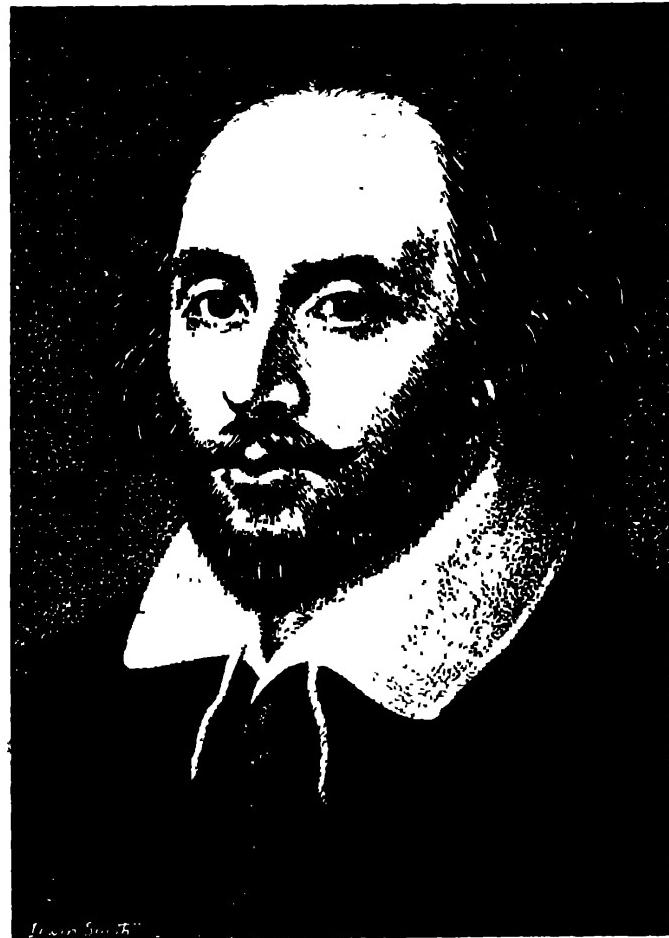
DANGER—RADIATION HAZARD TO
UNPROTECTED PERSONNEL.

The effect was stunning. Nobody would even drive past the property, land values plummeted, his neighbours tried to bribe him into taking the signs down.

Finally four men drove up in a black car labelled "Ontario Department of Health." They were too terrified to get out of the car, but they cruised about with a Geiger counter stuck out of the window.

Eventually they asked Mowat what was going on.

"My dear sirs," the writer said, "you've obviously spent too much time studying engineering and not enough studying English. All those signs say is that, if you walk on my property stark naked on a sunny day, you'll get a sunburn." —Cathy Breslin



*"Every age and every man finds a reflection
in Shakespeare's universal mirror"*

WEVER IN the nearly 400 years since their creator was born have Shakespeare's characters spoken to so many, or meant so much. Along the brooding battlements of Yugoslavia's 12th-century Lourijenac fortress, the ghost of Hamlet's father spurs his son's revenge; deep in Soviet Russia, at Tashkent, the jealous Moor strangles the blameless Desdemona. Halfway round the world,

black-jeaned Australian actors tour the outback by bus, with a crown and a sword or two as their props. This year, tribesmen in Southern Rhodesia will play *Macbeth*, costumed as Zulu warriors in animal tails and feathers.

In the theatres, tents and school-rooms of every land, wherever the sun sets and curtains rise—in the Queen's English and in tender or rough translation—Shakespeare's

people speak to man from mankind's heart. Nowhere do they seem more at home than at the three Stratfords—in England, Canada and the United States.

Stratford-upon-Avon, where the season opened in April, is at the age of 80 the oldest continuing Shakespeare stage. It receives a million ticket requests annually and is forced to turn down three out of five. Canada's Stratford, in Ontario, started in 1953, has lured more than a million theatre-goers for a box-office gross of £1,400,000 (Rs. 2 crores). In the United States, Stratford, Connecticut, had over 175,000 ticket queuers for the 1960 season. To judge by the traffic rush to the Stratfords, today's audiences agree with Maurice Morganin, who wrote of Shakespeare in 1777: "It is safer to say that we are possessed by him than that we possess him."

What possesses the modern Shakespeare fan? Above all, it is the chance to get away from modern drama that often represents little more than introverted self-communion, from little plays about miserable little people. In Shakespeare, he sees characters probed in Freudian depth, without the jargon. Instead of words that splosh over the footlights like dead tennis balls, he hears language that surges like the sea. The modern stage bleats with special pleadings; Shakespeare never sermonizes—his "largesse universal like the sun" showers on saint and sinner, fool and sage, king and

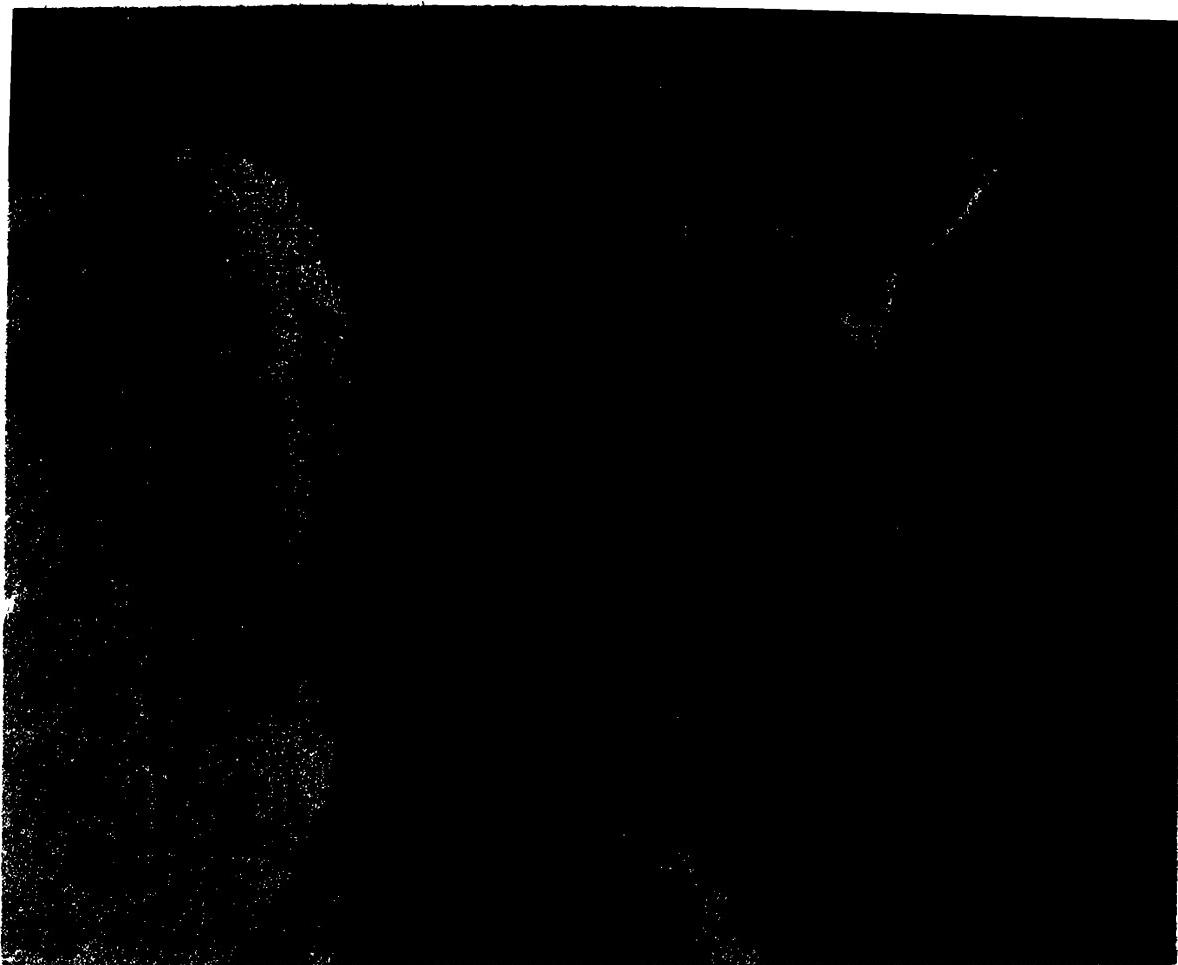
commoner. To modern playwrights, man is puny; to Shakespeare, who knew all his faults, man was nevertheless "the paragon of animals." To an Age of Anxiety, he incarnates the courage, humour and fortitude that have always seen men through the dark nights of the soul; to a burnt-out drama he is the ever-renewing fire in the ashes. Immortal, he became a myth; miraculously, he was once a man.

Great gaps in our knowledge of Shakespeare's life have encouraged the strange game of pseudo-scholarship designed to show that Shakespeare did not really write the plays—that he was a "cover" for Sir Francis Bacon or Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford; or Christopher Marlowe; or Sir Walter Ralegh; or Queen Elizabeth; or even the Bard's wife, Anne Hathaway. Amateur cryptographers have thought they found hidden codes in Shakespeare's writing, pointing to the true authors.

Underlying all this is a peculiar kind of snobbery—the idea that a man of simple origins and education could not have been so great a genius.

These theories have been refuted in many ways, but the strongest refutation, apart from the historical record, is the plays themselves; the style is the man—the unmistakable code in which life and work meet.

Young Will had a far better family background, and probably far



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better schooling, than the anti-Shakespearian theorists usually concede. The Shakespeares were Warwickshire farmers, but Will's father, ambitious John, moved to Stratford and became a glover. He was one of the town's official ale-tasters, and donned the scarlet robes of high bailiff, or mayor, when Will was four. The boy presumably went to King's School in Stratford—no doubt unwillingly, since the schools of the day consisted of Latin drill, long hours (7 a.m. to 5 p.m., often longer in summer) and Spartan discipline.

Touring companies of actors played in Stratford. Attracted by their glamour, Shakespeare, while still in his 20's, left for London and joined an acting company. As actor and playwright, Will was a quick success. He wrote speedily—his editors noted that his manuscripts were scarcely ever blotted. Plots to Shakespeare were like pots to Merlin: any borrowed tub, from Holinshed's *Chronicles* to Plutarch's *Lives*, would do to mix the magic in. Londoners worshipped him.

The city whose temper Shakespeare had caught was in a ferment. After the defeat of the Spanish Armada (1588), England ruled the waves, and the Elizabethan was agog at the sheer wonderment of himself: "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel!"

In apprehension how like a god!"

Dazzled by life, the Elizabethan was none the less on familiar terms with death. Plagues riddled London. The Elizabethans lived dangerously, and while they lived, they were as smile with daring. Shakespeare held a magnifying glass to the spirit of his age, and set the Globe Theatre blazing with his Muse of Fire.

Every age since has attempted to press Shakespeare into a contemporary mould. A history of changing Shakespearian fashions, as T. S. Eliot has pointed out, is a history of Western civilization. Orson Welles dressed his Caesar in quasi-Fascist uniform. Moscow has staged *Hamlet* as an army plot against the King. In London's Mermaid Theatre, *Henry V* was performed in modern battledress.

Some of the gimmick productions are offensive, but they do not necessarily violate the author's spirit. They are possible only because Shakespeare is timeless. He says everything. Protestants, Catholics and agnostics claim him. So do aristocrats and egalitarians, optimists and pessimists. He is loved by the pure in heart, and delights those who feel that "a dirty mind is a continual feast."

What does Shakespeare say to an era that feels that the times are out of joint? He does not renounce the world or wallow in self-pity. He is the poet of this worldliness; he celebrates love, food, drink, music,

Skilled hands working with the touch of steel—steel weaving
in and out of fabric, making a pattern or sewing
together, steel fashions the clothes we wear

Fine needle to giant machinery in
modern cloth mills, much of the
textile industry's equipment is
shaped from steel—tons of steel
are required to produce the fabrics
which clothe our millions. Soon we
shall know abundance in an even
greater measure—the finest textile at a
price all can afford. Soon all this will be ours
as there is a little more steel for each of us

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more steel to help you and you and you
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friendship, conversation and the changing, changeless beauties of nature. Shakespeare's mature man distils his experiences into common sense and uncommon wisdom.

Yet man is also the "quintessence of dust," and "men must endure their going hence even as their coming hither." Shakespeare's tragic hero is called upon to face the unfaceable, to die with no hope of reward. As he meets his fate, the audience feels, "There, but for the grace of God, goes a better man than I." What links the audience movingly with the tragic hero is the quality that essentially separates them: nobility.

In the hands of lesser playwrights that nobility often rests on the splendour of the language; but beautiful lines alone may rest no farther than the ear. Shakespeare speaks to the soul. He speaks in metaphor, which relates world to self, thing to thing, in the endless chain of being. Shakespeare could do anything he wanted with language; the way he talks of a thing conjures up the thing itself. He packed worlds into monosyllables. "To be, or not to be" is man's largest question put in man's smallest and simplest words.

Shakespeare's breath-taking

change of pace carries a man to the brink of eternity and then restores him to common humanity. On seeing Cordelia's body, the grief-stricken Lear cries, "Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life and thou no breath at all?" In the extremity of human despair ("Thou'l come no more") he utters his towering, fivefold "Never, never, never, never, never!" Then the dam of his unbearable anguish breaks with the homely request, "Pray you undo this button." No one but Shakespeare would have dared put those two lines together.

Shakespeare survives because the next to the last word can be said about him—but not the last word. His creations are as opaque as life's; his characters remain inexhaustibly baffling. Next to Jesus, Napoleon, and Shakespeare himself, Hamlet has been written about more than has any other man. Yet all one knows for certain is that being Hamlet is Hamlet's tragedy—as being himself is every man's. Every age, and every man in his seven ages, finds a reflection in Shakespeare's universal mirror. The passion and the poetry echo in the corridors of the mind and, truer than "the infancy of truth," will go on echoing to the last of time.

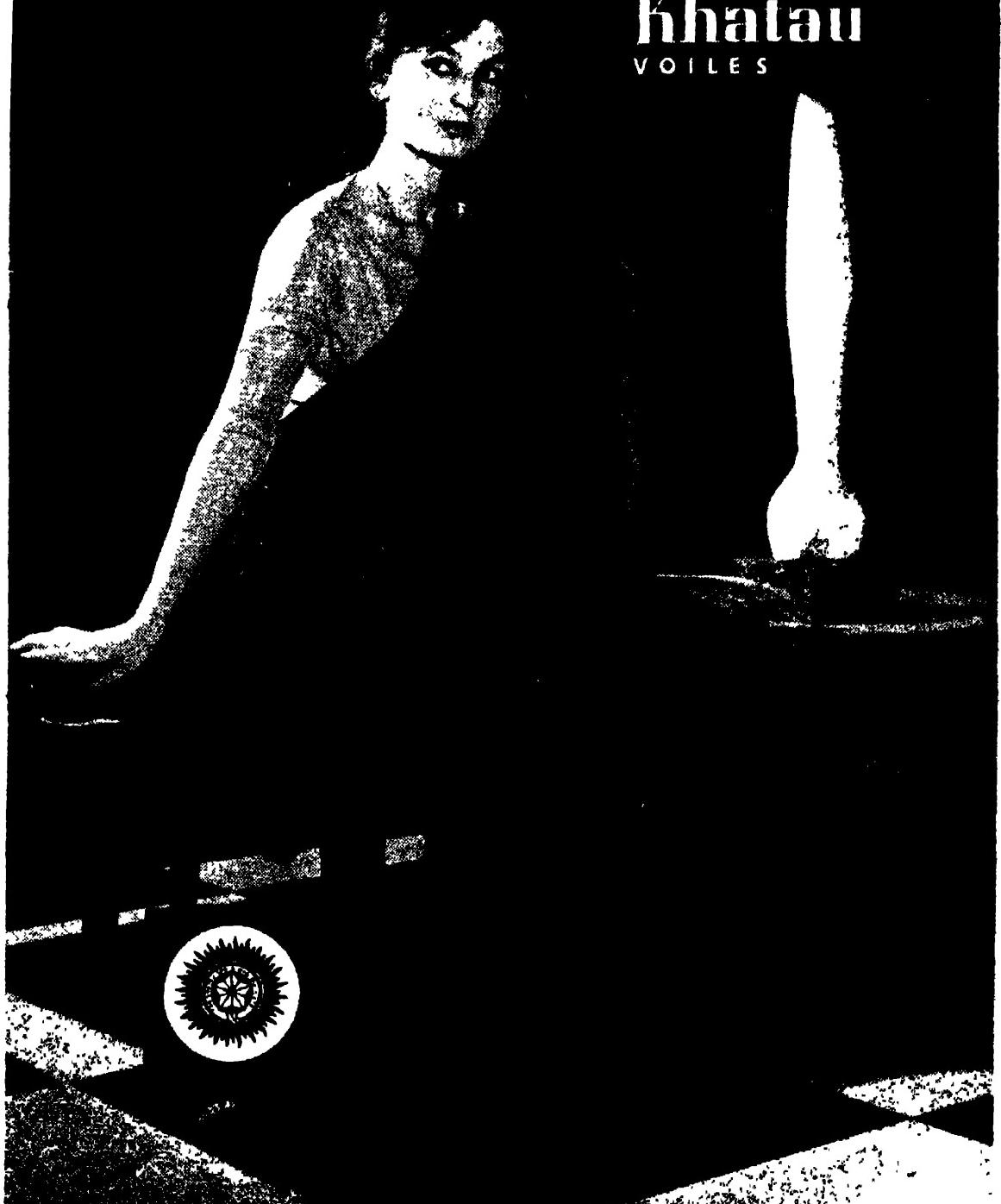
APRIEST was urged to play golf for exercise, but he gave up just as his game was getting good. "I thought it was time to stop," he explained, "when I found myself using the interlocking grip on the chalice."

—BISHOP FULTON SHEEN

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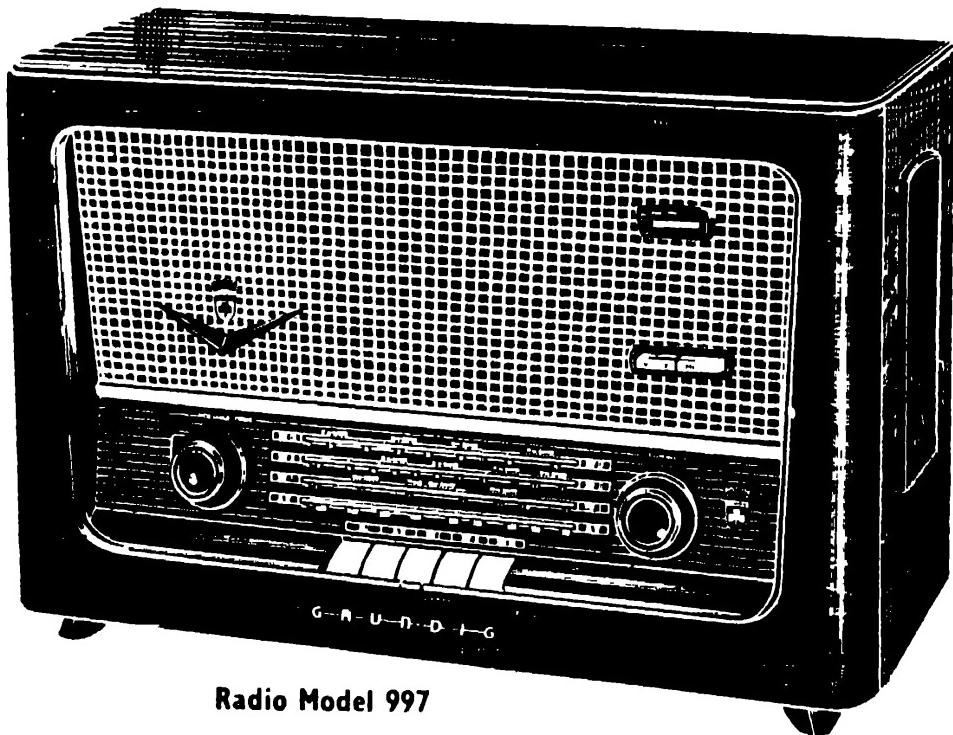


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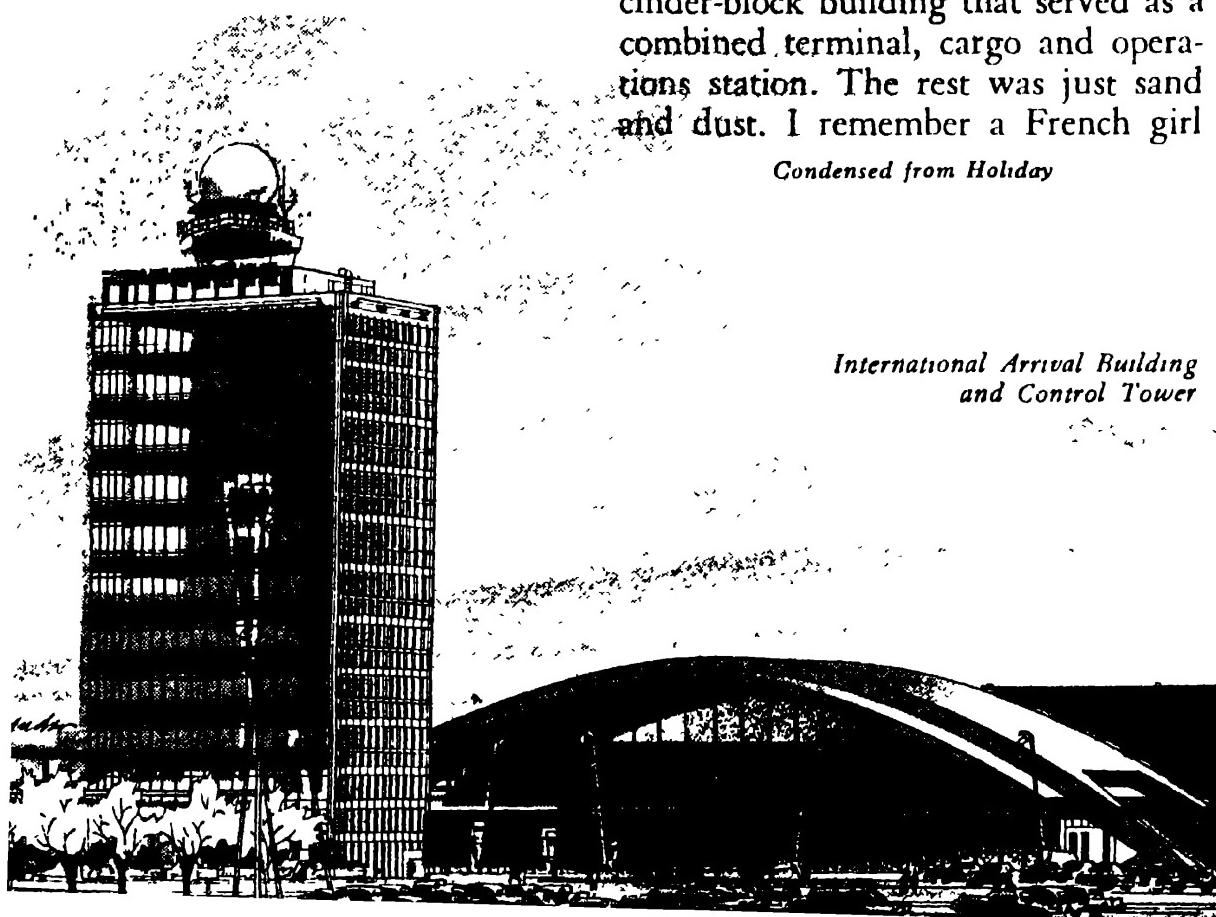
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*Anything you can think of
has happened at
Idlewild's Terminal City,
gateway to the world*

Jet-Age Airport

By JOE McCARTHY



NOWADAYS MORE people cross the North Atlantic by plane than by ship; on some summer nights as many as 8,000 men, women and children may be in the sky over the ocean. Nearly all of them are flying into or out of Idlewild, the New York International Airport where a gigantic new circle of buildings called Terminal City is capable of loading and unloading 140 planes simultaneously.

Things were very different when Pan American World Airways first started flying out of Idlewild in July 1948.

"The office was a phone box in the ladies' room," Jack Ranaghan of Pan American recalled recently. "There was nothing on the field except a couple of hangars and one small cinder-block building that served as a combined terminal, cargo and operations station. The rest was just sand and dust. I remember a French girl

Condensed from Holiday

*International Arrival Building
and Control Tower*

getting out of a plane from Paris and saying, heartbroken, 'Is *this* the America I've heard so much about?'"

Since then Idlewild, under the operation of the Port of New York Authority, has grown to cover 4,900 acres, much of it filled-in swamp, on the south shore of Long Island. In its centre, the glittering Terminal City necklace of airline terminals encircles 655 acres of elaborately landscaped areas, lagoons and fountains, ten miles of curving roadways and parking space for 6,000 cars.

Pan American's new ten-million-dollar terminal, designed for the Boeing 707 jets that can fly from New York to Paris between lunch and dinner, is shaped like an umbrella, with a four-acre circular cantilever roof that extends far beyond the glass walls of the terminal itself. Departing and arriving planes park under the roof. This eliminates three previous bugbears—the long walk to the assembly gate, the dash through rain and puddles from gate to plane and the steep climb up the boarding ramp. Buses and taxis unload passengers on to a ramp, also under the roof, on the second floor of the terminal. From the same level, the passengers walk across a gangplank into the plane. Unlike the Pan American phone box of 1948, the new Pan Am terminal has no door. The main entrance is protected from the elements by a curtain of temperate air, 100 feet wide and two feet thick, flowing from vents in the ceiling to a grille

in the threshold. The velocity of the moving air doesn't bother the traveller but it is guaranteed to keep out insects.

Next to Pan American is the International Arrival Building, whose two wings house the departure stations of the foreign-flag airlines, and form a single structure 11 blocks long. The I.A.B., like all the new terminals, is designed to keep the flow of incoming passengers separated from those who are leaving. Immediately to the east of the I.A.B. is the Trans World Airlines terminal scheduled for completion this year—a dramatic conception of architect Eero Saarinen which will have the shape of a giant bird in flight.

Other depots are being built along the rim of Terminal City's circle by the large internal airlines—American, United, Eastern and Northwest. Eastern's terminal, with underground tunnels for moving baggage and an underground pipeline for fuelling planes, will be the largest ever built for a single airline's use. Idlewild expects to handle more than 12 million passengers, four million of them overseas travellers, by 1965.

Although each passenger today has an average of three or four relatives or friends to greet him or to see him off, the huge I.A.B. never seems crowded or noisy. This is a big change from the confusion prevailing over the last ten years when the whole of Idlewild's passenger



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operations were jammed into the so-called Temporary Airlines Terminal. "That building was so crowded it's a wonder passengers ended up on the right planes," an airline man remarked.

Some didn't. One family with three children boarded the wrong plane and flatly refused to get out. Finally the airline solved the problem by moving the other passengers to another plane.

"Anything you can think of has happened here," says Captain Richard Brady, officer in charge of Idlewild's police and fire-fighting force.

Stowaways are found less frequently on aircraft than on ships because there are few places on a plane where they can hide safely. A few years ago, however, a Brazilian boy made not one, but two, trips from Rio de Janeiro to Idlewild in the front nose-wheel socket of a DC-7. Nobody can work out how he survived the flights without freezing to death. On the first trip, he was quickly spotted at Idlewild when he was seen barefoot among the arriving passengers. Sent back to Brazil, he did it again. This time a California couple, impressed by his determination, legally adopted him.

In past years the police were often called upon to catch wild animals that had escaped from the air-cargo terminal. Twelve rhesus monkeys were once found climbing the control tower. Another time, in a crowd waiting to greet Trygve Lie, a

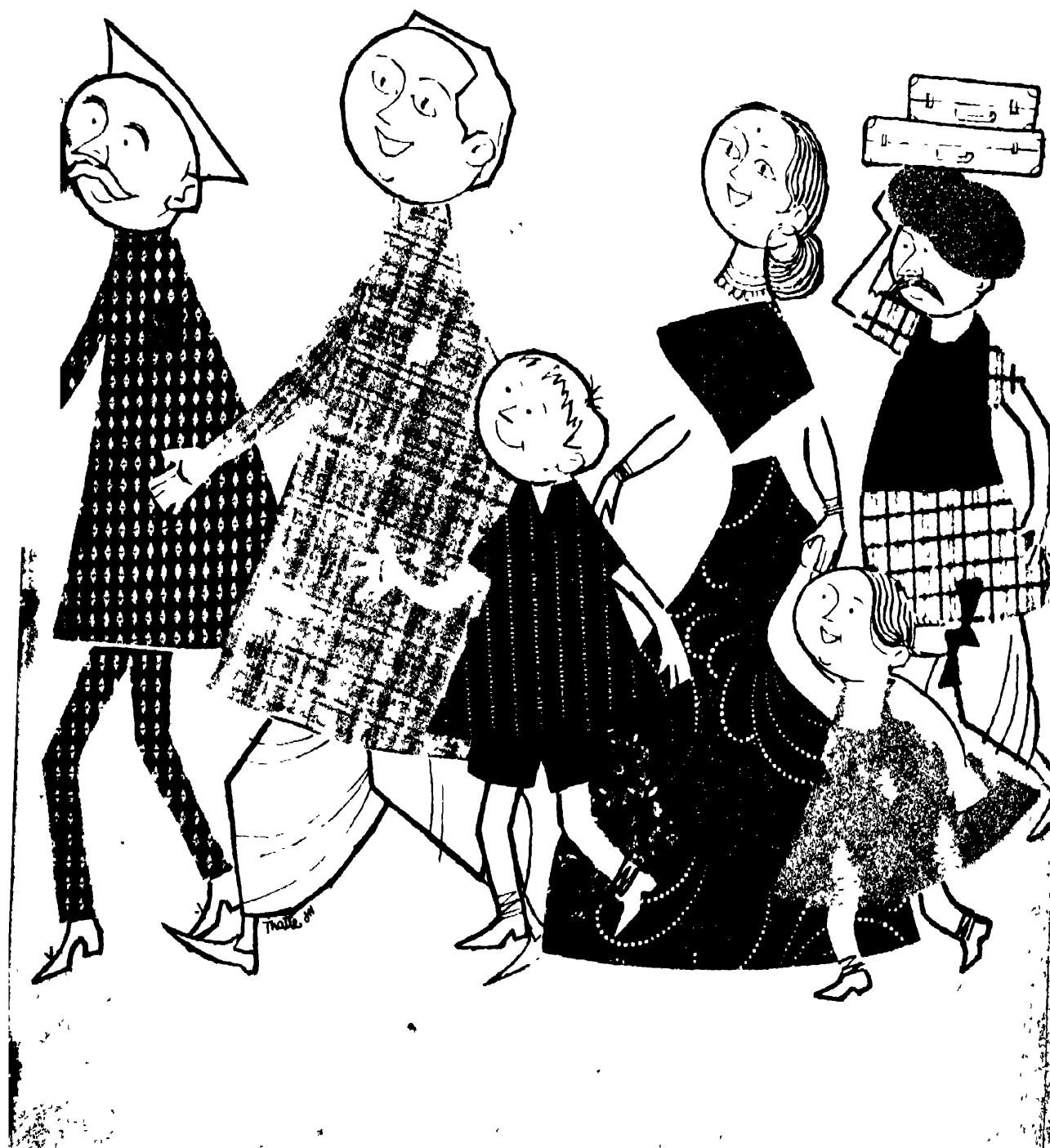
former airport manager noticed a chimpanzee. The manager took the chimp by the hand and led it back to the cargo terminal. Animal problems have now been taken over by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which has built a 250,000-dollar animal hotel at Idlewild with horse stalls, kennels, outdoor runs and temperature-controlled areas. Rates range from four dollars a day for lions and tigers to five cents a day for parakeets.

The airlines take pains to keep customers happy, but it is difficult to hold up a flight. Airport officials remember only one plane in the last decade being recalled from the runway to pick up a passenger, and that was at the request of the White House, when the U.S. Secretary of the Army was hurrying to Europe on an emergency mission.

The cost of an airliner and the expense of maintaining it are so great that most foreign airlines do not keep a spare plane at Idlewild for emergency use. The same plane that arrives in the morning makes the flight back that evening, and if it develops engine trouble the passengers must wait until it is put right. This keeps business booming all hours of the night at Idlewild's attractive new 320-room International Hotel, where delayed passengers are housed and fed at the airline's expense if the repair work takes some time.

In the office of Colonel Vincent

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NEW SHORROCK Nadiad
STANDARD Bombay

NEW UNION Bombay
BURAT COTTON Surat
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GATHALINPATI Tulle Calcutta



Carson, airport manager, are a red telephone and a short-wave radio. There are 11 red telephones in key points at Idlewild, connected with a special line from the control tower that is used only when a pilot radios that he is bringing his plane in for what may be a crash landing. When his red phone rings, Colonel Carson picks it up and listens. No one speaks except the man in the tower and the officer at the fire station.

If the emergency does not seem serious, the tower calls for a 32 alert, which sends two fire-fighting trucks and an ambulance to the landing runway. If the alert is 33, all the Port Authority's police become firemen, all Idlewild's fire trucks speed to the runway and the fire brigade at nearby Jamaica is summoned.

Colonel Carson has greater maintenance, traffic and security problems than many mayors of large cities.

"Idlewild is a round-the-clock operation," he says. "If a light goes out on a runway or taxiway at midnight, it has to be fixed immediately. And we have 1,000 runway lights and 2,000 taxiway lights, not to mention some 4,000 miles of underground high-tension wires."

The airport's worst maintenance problem is snow. "The thing that kills us is the wind that whips across the airport from Jamaica Bay," Jack Poll, assistant manager in charge of maintenance, says. "As soon as we get a road clear, it fills in again. It takes as much as 12 hours to clear a

runway. The Air Force is working on a piece of equipment that aims to clear a runway in 30 minutes. We hope they manage it."

Idlewild has one of the most powerful central-heating and refrigeration plants in the world. When Terminal City was being planned, no one could find a place to hide the heating plant. Thomas Sullivan, then the Port Authority's chief of aviation planning, put forward the idea of making the heating plant an attractive feature of Terminal City's central plaza. The plant's inner works are painted in an assortment of gay colours—bright blue pipes for chilled air-conditioning water, red ones for hot water, black for gas, yellow for fuel oil, and so on—and all this is displayed in a glass building facing the lagoon and the Fountain of Liberty. When it is lit up at night, the heating plant steals the show.

No one can foresee how much air travel will grow during the next ten years, but many new things at Idlewild may begin to seem inadequate sooner than we think. The parking sites, so large that finding a car is often a harrowing experience, may have to be expanded. A short while ago, at Pan American's giant new hangar, a group of mechanics were looking at a shining model of a jet engine revolving slowly in a glass display case.

"By the time we find out how this thing works," one of them said, "we'll be going into rockets."

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[*Fiction Feature*

The Girl Who Would Always Have Everything

An unusual short story set in a North American college

By WILLIAM BRANDON

Condensed from This Week Magazine

R. TODENTANZ elevated himself a time or two on his toes and fixed his eyes on the lecture-room ceiling. "To the superior intellect," he said, "the mass man is always utterly predictable. That is a basic principle of my teaching."

The psychology class opened notebooks and 30 sweatered backs bent to scribble.

Dr. Todentanz was thinking, as he often did, that the undergraduates represented the mass man—and he himself, naturally, the superior intellect. He entertained himself by

establishing, even this early in the term, the utter predictability of each student. The two boys and the blonde girl in the centre of the front row, for example: there was a pattern to be read at a glance.

The girl was extraordinarily pretty, with a nice smile and sea-blue eyes. Her skirt and cardigan had probably cost more than an associate professor earned in six weeks. She was the young who would inherit the earth and find it delightful. Dr. Todentanz thought of her, almost without irony, as *The Girl Who Would Always Have Everything*.

The young man on her right was a "big-man" type, club president, football star, and the owner of a yellow sports car. Dr. Todentanz mentally named him *Big Pupil*. Big Pupil obviously wished to promote a close acquaintance with *The Girl*, and it was utterly predictable that, being *Big Pupil*, he would manage this small matter with ease and dispatch.

The lanky student on her left was also deep in dreams of her, Dr. Todentanz had observed, but he was a grim lad, grinding out the last year of his scholarship, hopelessly distant from the glamorous life of the other two. He was travelling under the added handicap, Dr. Todentanz happened to know, of a war orphan he had quixotically adopted in France, a little girl now nine years old and attending the elementary school operated by the

university's College of Education. To support this rather absurd responsibility he worked in the college staff restaurant and in a local laundry. Dr. Todentanz gave him the title of *Earnest Quixote*.

Earnest Quixote would sooner or later attempt some stumbling overture towards *The Girl Who Would Always Have Everything*, but it would fail. It would win him nothing but embarrassment, and afterwards *Big Pupil* and *The Girl* would laugh about it together.

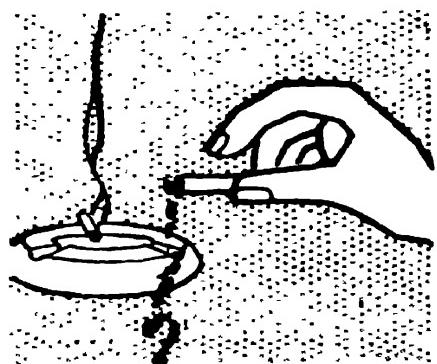
As the first weeks of the term passed, Dr. Todentanz was pleased to see his predictions working out with their usual accuracy.

Big Pupil seized his opportunity to shine in the eyes of *The Girl* on an occasion when the professor had turned a remark of hers with a witty reply. The class guffawed, and Dr. Todentanz got lost in a lengthy pause of self-appreciation. The silence stretched on—until *Big Pupil* said impulsively, "Am I writing too fast for you, Professor?"

Dr. Todentanz forgave him because he understood *Big Pupil's* intention of presenting himself, by that wisecrack, as the gallant defender of *The Girl*. He was not surprised to see them later walking under the elms, holding hands.

Earnest Quixote was some time longer in building up to his forlorn pitch. It was an extravagant gesture, dramatic in a desperate way and unhappily corny, much as Dr. Todentanz had anticipated.

Smoking Etiquette...No. 5



It does credit to your good manners not to spill cigarette ashes on any objects around you. You had better ask for an ash tray if you don't find one. Tucking stubs in the match box or elsewhere may prove dangerous.

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It took place on the afternoon that the psychology class spent in an elementary school, studying the children there. A fourth-form teacher, asking her charges to tell the people what they wanted most in all the world, called upon the dark-eyed little girl, Jeanne, who was Earnest Quixote's child of charity. It developed that Jeanne did not want a puppy or kitten or even a bicycle—which last Dr. Todentanz knew to be a red-hot lie, as Jeanne had often admired his own bike longingly.

The teacher said, "Then won't you tell us what it is you do want, dear? There must be something you secretly wish for."

"I want a mother to go with my father," Jeanne said. She pointed at Earnest Quixote. "That's my father there—only not really, but he's sort of my father, and he's very nice."

Earnest Quixote turned red.

"I see," the teacher said. "And you want a mother, too."

"I want one awfully badly," Jeanne said. "A nice one. Maybe one like her." This time Jeanne pointed at The Girl.

The class giggled.

"She looks as if she'd go well with my father," Jeanne said.

The class howled happily and Dr. Todentanz declared the day's session at an end.

Earnest Quixote, wretched with embarrassment, went to The Girl and said, "Look, shall I drop dead or something?"

"Well, no," The Girl said, smiling, "but it's nice of you to offer." She was not captivated or offended but only amused—all as Dr. Todentanz had foreseen.

But the professor was intrigued enough by the little girl's part in this patently put-up job to look for her later in the school grounds. He found her starting to ride away on a shiny new bicycle.

"Ah," Dr. Todentanz said, "a present!"

"I just got it today," Jeanne said. "That's why I said I didn't want a bicycle, because now I've got one."

Dr. Todentanz saw Earnest Quixote and The Girl Who Would Always Have Everything on a bench near by. Earnest Quixote was talking with great seriousness. Now the lame apology, Dr. Todentanz thought, the embarrassed silence, and then consignment to outer darkness, as far as The Girl was concerned.

"Could it be," Dr. Todentanz suggested craftily, "that somebody gave you that bicycle for saying what you said today about wanting a mother?"

"I'm not supposed to tell," Jeanne said.

"But it was a gift from someone, eh?"

"Well, yes."

Dr. Todentanz indicated Earnest Quixote on the bench. "Him?"

"Oh, goodness, no," Jeanne said, astonished at his unworldliness. "Her."



Portrait of the warm-hearted surgeon whose family have carried into the fourth generation their dedication to a world-famous hospital

By VICTOR COHN

A sick and unhappy patient at the Mayo Clinic, with none of her family within reach, was frightened when the surgeon gave his verdict: "You need an operation immediately."

"But I'll be all alone," she said.

He patted her hand. "No, you won't," he said. "I'll be with you."

She was comforted by his warm sympathy—and by the knowledge that her doctor was an outstanding one, at a place where outstanding doctors are the No. 1 stock in trade. His name is Dr. Charles Mayo. Hundreds of patients call him "Chuck." A trim man with white hair and a smile that breaks like a

sunrise, he is the third generation of medical Mayos in Rochester, Minnesota: grandson of Dr. W. W. Mayo, a pioneer country doctor; son of "Doctor Charlie" and nephew of "Doctor Will," the two brothers who in the early years of this century made the Mayo Clinic famous.

The clinic is today more than ever the world's biggest private medical practice, and the largest graduate training centre for medical specialists. There are some 900 doctors: a staff of 348 M.D.'s and other professional men such as biochemists and physiologists; plus 575 "fellows" (or "residents"), who are all M.D.'s studying for specialists' degrees. Patients have come in greater numbers almost every year: paupers and millionaires, politicians and desert sheikhs. More than 166,000 registered last year. Built in a former cornfield, the original clinic has now stretched into a spectacular set of aluminium-and-marble buildings.

Yet the simple origins of this renowned institution are not forgotten. Over the desk of today's Dr. Mayo is an old, framed prescription, headed: Dr. W. W. MAYO—OFFICE OVER POOLE'S DRUG STORE. It is a prescription for a tonic: "Black cherry bark, prickly ash, angelica root, bloodroot, sulphur and brandy—use $\frac{1}{2}$ wine glass."

"Grandfather started all this," says Dr. Mayo.

Born in England in an age of guess-and-pray doctors, William Worrall Mayo believed in scientific

doctoring. In his Minnesota frontier office during the 1800's he used a crude microscope. At a bedside he boiled urine in a teaspoon and tested it for sugar and albumin.

His sons, Will and Charlie, had to sweep his surgery before school and learn to put on plaster casts and bandages. They peeped through the door at kitchen-table operations, and soon found themselves called in to assist by heating instruments in the fireplace. Once W. W. was removing a huge ovarian tumour—a daring operation then—when a doctor giving the anaesthetic fainted. W. W. kicked a box towards the table and told his younger son, Charlie, "You stand on this and give the anaesthetic." The family story places Charlie's age at ten. "We were reared in medicine," Will Mayo later said, "as a farmer's boy is reared in farming."

Both Charlie and Will became inspired surgeons. As their work piled up they took in partners, thus permitting specialization and the application of group knowledge to a single patient. They originated private group medicine—that is, teamwork by a voluntary association of medical specialists. Their fame, and their clinic, continued to grow until both brothers died in 1939, within two months of each other.

The present Dr. Chuck, born in 1898, grew up, like his father and uncle, in an atmosphere of medicine. His mother was Rochester's first trained nurse and anaesthetist. "No

one ever told me what I ought to do," he recalls, but he never even thought of being anything but a doctor.

As a student at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, young Chuck met a lovely 19-year-old Philadelphia art student named Alice Plank. His mother invited Alice for a visit and explained to her that Chuck would soon be at the clinic. "Before you really decide whether to marry him, I want you to know what you're getting into. The clinic must always come first. Then your husband. Then your children."

Alice and Chuck were married in 1927, and he started as a surgical fellow at the Mayo Foundation for Medical Education and Research, which had been established as an arm of the University of Minnesota. Everybody was watching him now, and he knew it. Some patients were tougher than the doctors. He still remembers one of the first patients he interviewed, an old fellow of about 70 who thought all his questions were irrelevant nonsense. When the old gentleman learned that his interviewer was one of the Mayos, in fact Dr. Charlie's son, "he looked me over and said, 'Well, I've seen a lot of smart fathers who had dumb sons.' "

By 1931 he was first assistant to Dr. E. Starr Judd. Then one morning, without notice, he found his own name on the operating list. "They had 13 cases for me that first day. My God, I was scared."

But he operated, and has continued to do so ever since. During those earlier years he still had his father and Uncle Will to advise him on how to handle his patients. "Father was always dropping some hint. One woman had lost her voice; nothing helped, and the doctors here thought it was psychological. So Father had her put under light anaesthesia, and as she was waking up he scratched her throat. She got her voice back. When she was ready to go home, Father told her what the 'operation' had been. 'Doctor Mayo,' she said, 'I think that is a very silly operation.' Father replied, 'Yes, but we always do silly operations for silly diseases.' "

Chuck Mayo is not the boss or "chief surgeon," but simply one of many at the clinic. An outstanding general surgeon, over the years he has also become a leading specialist in surgery of the colon. With nerve and persistence, in the face of contrary expert opinion, he helped to pioneer a more successful, gentler, single-stage surgery on the cancer-prone loops of human intestine, where a two-stage operation had been the standard. He edits a leading medical journal: *Postgraduate Medicine*. He is a member of the board of governors of the Mayo Clinic, and chairman of the board of the Mayo Association, the non-profit organization which owns all clinic properties. With his clinic colleagues he holds university professorial rank, and he himself teaches

four fellows. But most of all Chuck Mayo is known as a warm-hearted doctor, in a day when doctors are widely accused of becoming coldly impersonal.

To follow Dr. Charles Mayo on his daily rounds is to feel the human warmth and understanding—commodities more reliable than medical miracles—which have helped this clinic to grow. On a typical day he rises at 6.25 a.m. and drives to Rochester Methodist Hospital, where he operates. He goes down the wards to visit patients awaiting surgery.

At 7.30 he puts on his white overalls and goes to the operating theatre. By the time he is scrubbed and masked he expects his assistants to have his first patient ready. This time it is a woman with a little lump in her neck, a goitre or enlarged thyroid gland. As he stands over the table his stubby protruding nose, bushy white eyebrows and antique-type half spectacles—made like that because they get less steamed up during surgery—suggest that Santa Claus is operating.

"Don't worry about a thing," says Dr. Mayo to the patient. Then he explains, "You're going to remain conscious. We're not going to hurt you."

The surgery starts: he makes a two-inch incision in her neck; he begins to see the swollen thyroid gland, shiny and dark purple-blue; he cuts away the offending tissue, leaving most of the thyroid. The

specimen is sent on a metal dish to a pathologist down the hall. Nine minutes later a messenger comes to the door with a slip of yellow paper. The swelling is malignant.

No word is spoken to alarm the conscious patient, but now Dr. Mayo enlarges the incision. His first assistant across the table helps. Two pairs of hands probe, snip, tie off blood-vessels, probe, snip, tie, a bit at a time. In surgery there is not much fast, drastic cutting, but mostly just this bit-by-bit paring.

At 8.52 Dr. Mayo snips out most of the thyroid gland. This cancer case—caught early—is almost certainly one for the "win" column.

Dr. Mayo works steadily, with two crews in two operating theatres. After the thyroid case he goes into the next room to perform a stomach operation. His assistants there have already opened up the patient. When this operation is over, he leaves them to close up while he moves on to the next case, an intestinal obstruction.

The "morning" of any Mayo Clinic surgeon may consist of six to 12 operations, and rarely ends before 2 p.m. or later. Dr. Mayo at 62 is all action. He pauses only for a bottle of pop, though he lets his crews stop for lunch, one at a time, while he continues operating. "I get keyed up and want to get done," he says. Later, with his assistants, he makes a bedside tour to see all his patients, and finally he leaves the hospital to walk to his surgery near by.

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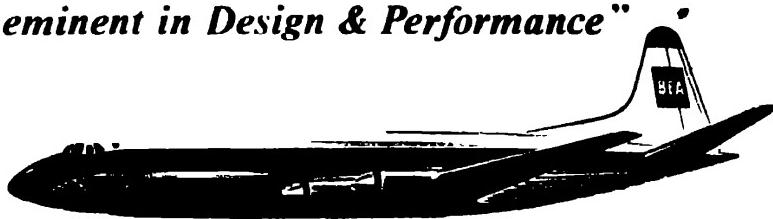
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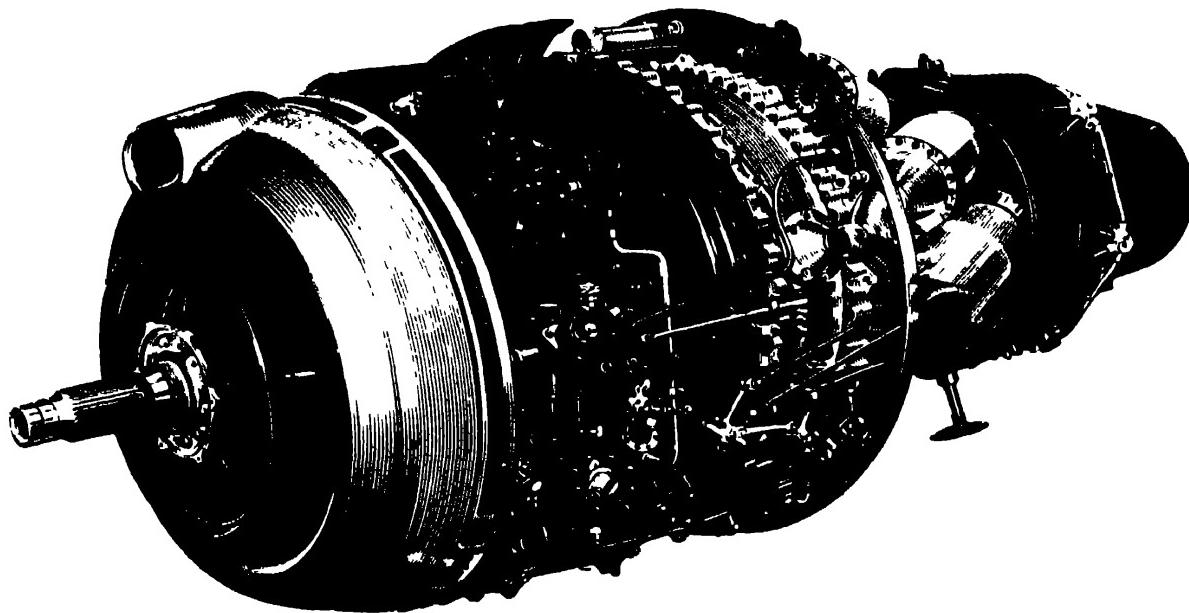


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His surgical assistants are all M.D.'s, the four fellows whom Mayo is teaching. "Two of us stay with him each day," says the fellow who is his first assistant. "When he examines a patient, I usually make an examination too. I'm next-in-charge of our hospital cases. One of our 'seconds' stays in the hospital all night, and if the least thing goes wrong, calls me. If it's serious, I call Doctor Mayo."

"I never let a first assistant do anything unless I'd let him operate on me," says Dr. Chuck. "I never take on a first assistant who hasn't got a feeling for people.

"At night if I'm worried about a patient I may just get in my car and go down to the hospital—and if I find my first assistant there, worried and hanging about, too, I know he's all right."

Dr. Chuck's home is Mayowood, 1,600 acres of dairy farm and trees, with a massive old house on the crest of a hill overlooking the Zumbro River. He turns up almost daily with one to five guests, to be wined and dined and often put up for the night. But after dinner he often excuses himself around 9 or 9.30, no matter who is there. "I have to sleep if I'm going to operate," he explains. Then he may go up and watch television for an hour so as to

unwind before going to bed—or he may start thinking about a patient, and dash to the hospital. For he remains a doctor 24 hours a day.

His mother used to tell his father, "Leave your patients in the hospital, don't bring them home."

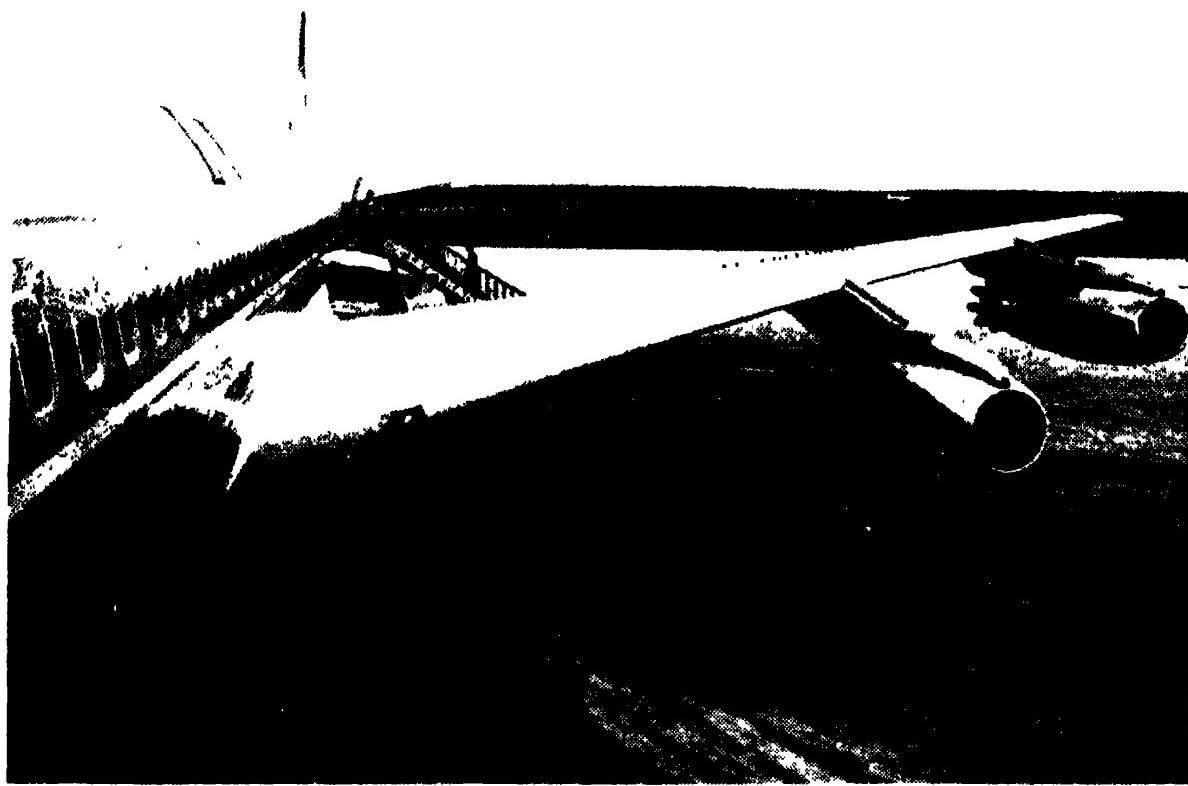
"But I don't think any good surgeon ever just leaves 'em in the hospital," Chuck says. "I don't want to be operated on by anyone who forgets me once he gets home."

The Mayo Clinic, he may add, needs personal doctoring all the more as it grows and grows. It is still often called the "Supreme Court of the Sick," a name it acquired years ago. Today's clinic doctors deprecate this sort of praise and say, "There are many fine medical centres now." But they still cherish the early Mayo ideals, and the Mayo tradition.

As part of that tradition, Chuck gets great pleasure out of having another young Mayo around the clinic: his son, Charlie, 30, a 1958 University of Pennsylvania medical graduate who is now a surgery fellow. In his office Chuck points to the old prescription hanging over his desk and to a bottle filled with red fluid. "Charlie made up some of my grandfather's tonic prescription for my birthday. It tastes just about like a Manhattan cocktail."

A MAN I know has solved his lawn-mowing problem. Several loads of green pebbles are spread out where his lawn used to be. In the centre is a large star made of white pebbles. On the star rests a gilded lawn mower.

—Contributed by N. N.



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A YOUNG doctor who had instructed a class of women in first aid for several weeks resolved to put his teaching to a practical test. As he stood on the platform he suddenly paused, staggered and then fell to the floor. A wave of horror ran through the class. Some women gave faint screams, some rose and sank back to their seats again; but nobody came to the rescue of the prostrate doctor. After a few moments he got to his feet and soundly berated his students for their lack of enterprise. "What use is my teaching," he demanded, "if you can't tackle a simple fainting spell?"

His star pupil rose from her front seat with an injured air. "But, doctor," she exclaimed, "we thought it was a *real* faint!" —Contributed by Dan Bennett

A FAMILY who had just moved into a new neighbourhood was anxious to make a good impression. But the neighbours seemed cold and made no overtures of welcome. The mother of

the brood was overjoyed when finally her youngest son ran in and announced happily, "Mummy, the lady down the road asked my name today!"

"Oh, how nice!" exclaimed the mother enthusiastically. "And then what did she do?"

"Then she gave it to the policeman," the boy said. —A. W. Stinson

TAXI DRIVERS were the subject of a lengthy diatribe by two women sharing a cab. "The outlandish prices these cab-drivers get," the first remarked.

"Yes," said the second. "And they must make a small fortune on tips."

Then, addressing the cabby, she enquired imperiously, "Where is the ash-tray? Why is there no ash-tray in this cab?" The driver shrugged his shoulders. "Just drop the ashes on the carpet," he suggested nonchalantly. "I have a cleaning woman who comes in three days a week." —Peter Lind Hayes

OVERHEARD: "I went out with the boys last night and didn't get home until four this morning. When my wife met me at the door—Boy, did I give her a good listening to!"

— Contributed by G. S.

APPARENTLY my son telephoned his friend at the wrong time. "Johnny can't talk to you now," explained small Margaret over the phone. "He's busy getting ready for school. He's eating his porridge. Grandmother is combing his hair. Sister is under the table putting his galoshes on. Mother is getting his books together. Bye, now. I've got to hold the door open. The school bus is coming." —V. T.

MANY HOUSEHOLD chores fell to a fellow recently when his wife went to the hospital to take delivery of a new child. One of the wife's parting comments was: "Be sure to clean the goldfish."

The dutiful husband reported that it took him 15 minutes to capture the fish and place them in a glass—where he scrubbed them with a toothbrush.

"They're certainly hard to hold," he observed.

—S. A.

THE BRIDE was anything but a tidy housekeeper. It bothered her no end until one evening her husband called from the hall somewhat dismayed: "Darling," he shouted, "where's the dust on this table? I had a phone number written on it." —M.S.

SCOTSMAN to wife departing for shopping trip with their little boy: "And dinna forget to take little Donal's glasses off when he's na lookin' at onything." —*The Irish Digest*

THE SHIP was sinking; the passengers were crowding to the lifeboats. An heroic officer stood on the foredeck and called out above the noise, "Women, children, and people on the 'go now, pay later' plan first!"

—Jack Sterling

TWO MEN stopped their car outside a village pub and went in for a drink. They asked the proprietor whether anyone in the village had a black cat with a white ring around its neck.

"Yes," he said. "There's one in a cottage up the road."

"Is it a very, very big cat?" asked the driver.

"No, just a kitten."

"Well, is there a very big black dog with a white ring around the neck?"

"No, no dog," said the proprietor.

The driver turned to his friend. "There," he said, "it *was* the vicar we ran over!"

—Gilbert Harding

A MEDICAL-SCHOOL class was asked to name five reasons why mother's milk is better for babies than cow's milk. One student wrote:

1. It's faster.
2. It's cleaner.
3. It's safer; the cat can't get it.
4. Easier to handle when travelling.
5. Comes in more attractive containers.

A FARMER in the drought country was able to survive only because a kindly storekeeper gave him unlimited credit. Then came good fortune: plenty of rain and steadily rising prices for the farmer's crops. He paid back his entire debt—but then the storekeeper never set eyes on him for a solid year.

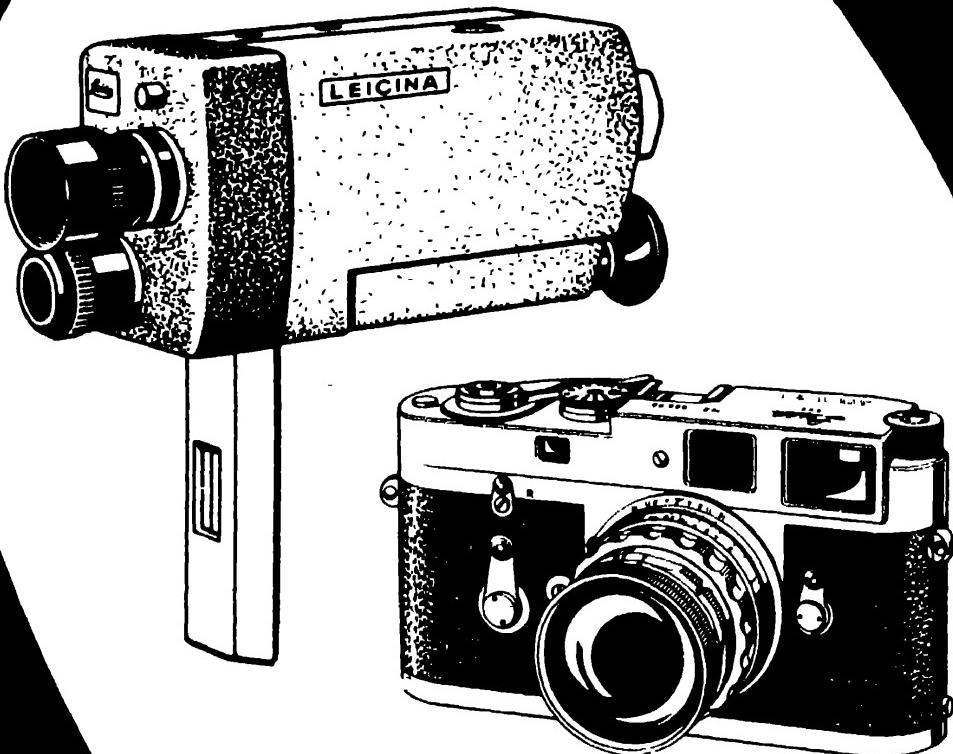
The next time they met, the farmer was driving a shiny new car, and he and his four sons were dressed fit to kill. "How come you now shop elsewhere," asked the storekeeper reproachfully, "after I carried you on my books for so many lean years?"

The farmer all but wept. "Goshamighty, Tom," he mourned, "I didn't realize you sold for cash!"

—Bennett Cerf

BREATHLESS scientist, to returning spaceman: "Is there any life on Mars?"

Spaceman: "Well, there's a little on Saturday night, but it's awfully dead for the rest of the week." —T.E.



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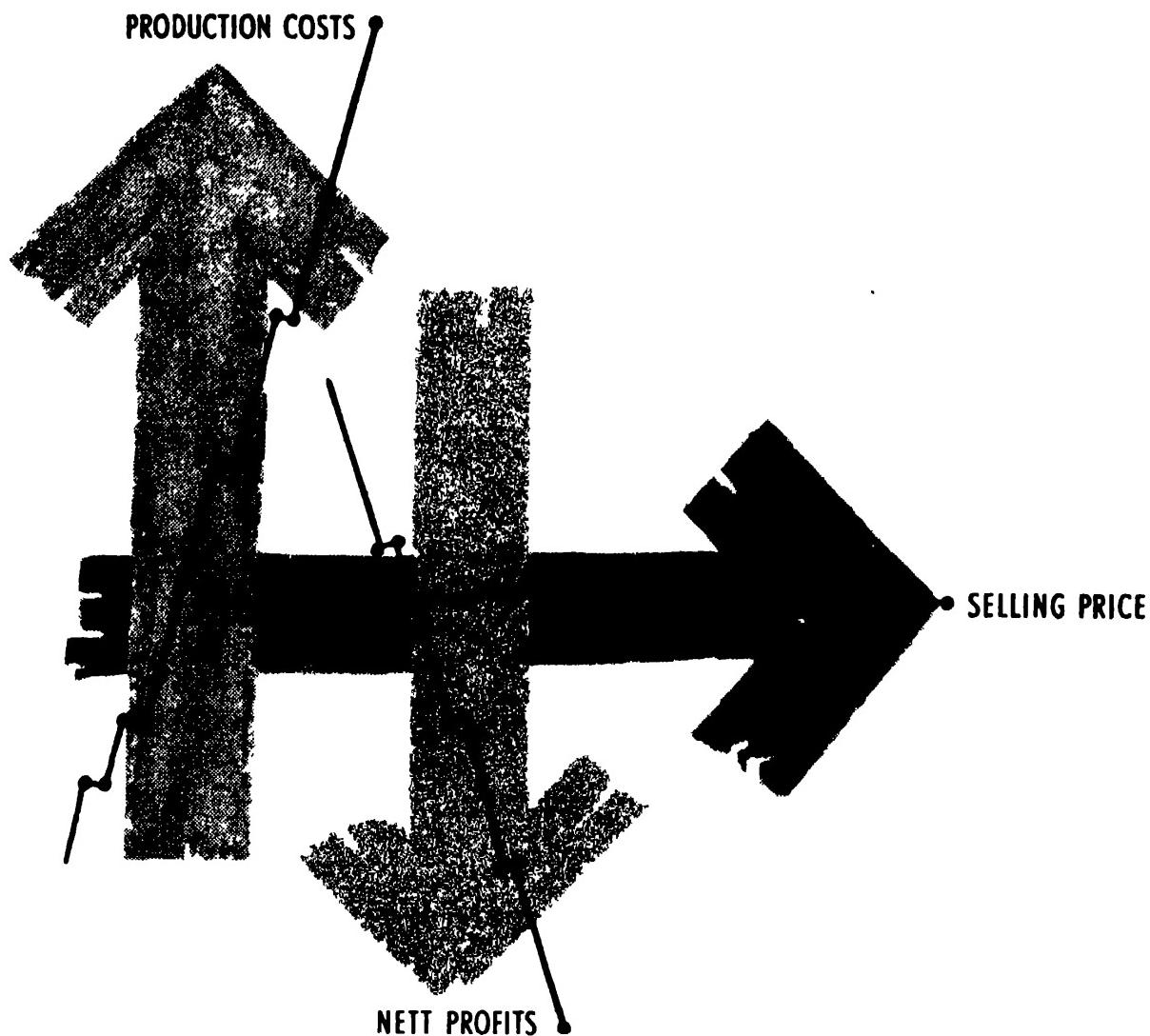
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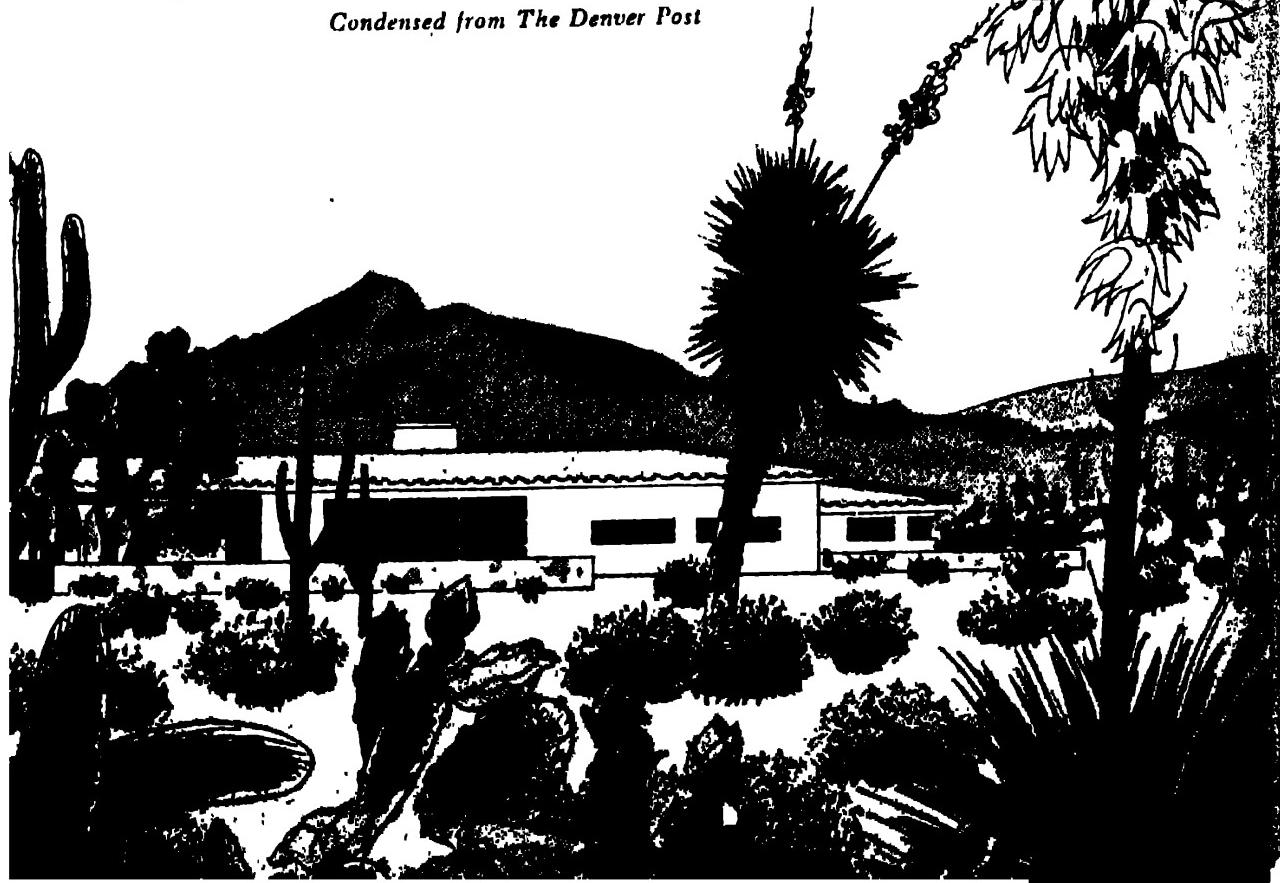
The American Desert Comes to Life

BY FRANK CAMERON

The arid wastelands of the south-western United States can be desolate and brutal—or an exciting environment for luxurious, healthy living

FOR MILLIONS of Americans, the desert is becoming a way of life. Throughout the south-western states a combination of water-pumping, air conditioning, population pressures and exotic luxury is turning some of nature's more grievous faults into booming virtues. Today, on land once thought fit only for scorpions,

Condensed from The Denver Post



blossom huge developments bearing such names as Siesta Hills, Stardust Skies, Rancho Mirage.

Phoenix, Arizona, for example, has grown by 300,000 residents and about 100,000 houses and flats in the past ten years. In Indio, business centre of California's sun-rich Coachella Valley, commercial building sky-rocketed from 650,000 dollars in 1958 to more than two million dollars in 1959—a tidy gain for an isolated town of 10,000. In Palm Springs, near Indio, it is possible to take a Swirlpool bath in the sybaritic splendours of the "world's most beautiful bathhouse"; in Phoenix, you can spend your "privileged years" in a new community planned exclusively for the retired and semi-retired; in Albuquerque, one may bask in winter warmth in the first office building ever heated by solar energy.

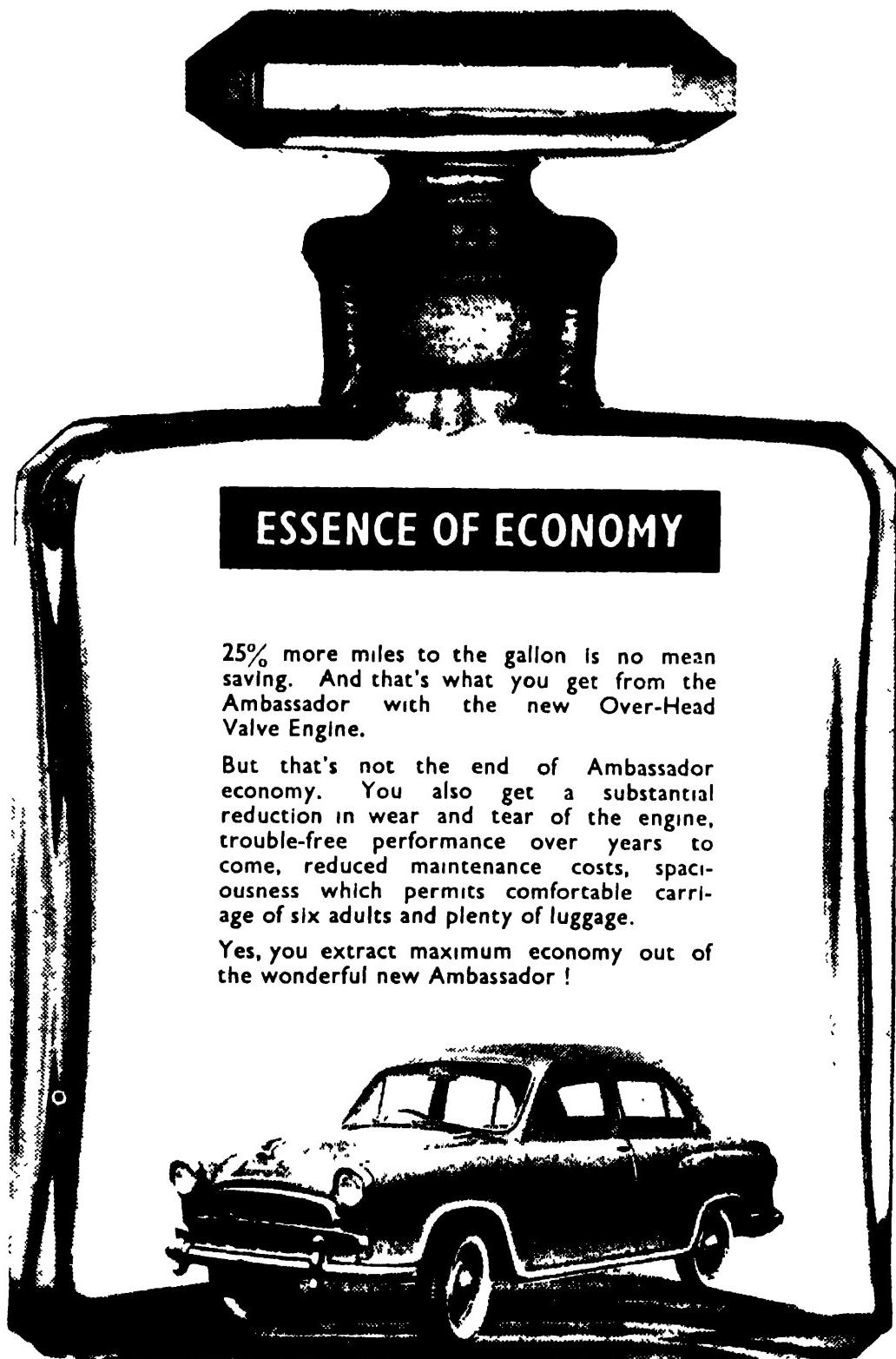
More significantly, Americans are learning to like their deserts with what amounts almost to a passion. An old Southwestern saying has it that you'll never leave the desert if you stay long enough to wear out one pair of shoes. Why? Desert dwellers have a dozen answers: sun, clean air, open spaces, easy access to recreation, friendly people, moderate fuel and clothing bills, somewhat cheaper building, since houses can be put up without basements and a car shelter serves as a garage. In addition to these practical reasons, there are aesthetic ones, such as the desert's fierce and desolate beauty.

What is a desert? Generally speaking, it is any land outside the polar regions which receives less than ten inches of rain annually. Hot though the desert often is during the middle of a summer day—sometimes a scorching 120 degrees—it gives up its heat readily and can be cool, even cold at night. Air conditioning in the Southwestern deserts is now almost universal and, as every desert dweller has discovered, 100 degrees of their dry heat is considerably more comfortable than 85 humid degrees.

America's new look at her deserts dates from the Second World War when the military—chiefly the Air Force—found that the Southwest offered not only plenty of space but a dependable sun that allowed them to test aircraft (and, later, missiles) all the year round. Manufacturers followed the military, and the swiftly-developing electronics industry discovered that low desert humidity gave more accurate control over sensitive products. The newcomers adjusted, and found the desert climate healthful. (Labour turnover and absenteeism are well below the national average.)

The taste for desert living is, however, a cultivated one. The reaction of many newcomers upon arrival is, "How long before we can leave?"

Three years ago Tom Drummond, manager of a desert test site for an aircraft firm, moved his wife and 12-year-old daughter from the north to Lancaster in California's



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Mojave Desert. The wide, glass-panelled doors of their new house were undeniably attractive, but they looked out on miles of space, empty except for tumbleweed and Joshua trees. "I'm stranded," Mrs. Drummond thought unhappily, and began counting the days until they could escape.

Fortunately the Drummonds were able to make several trips back to the New York area; and when they contrasted its noise, crowds and dirt with the clean, sun-drenched desert, the Mojave began to take on a new charm. Today Mrs. Drummond says, "I'm not sure I could live back there again. Now I try to explain the desert's attractions to other wives who feel as I once felt. The desert really grows on you."

The buyer of a new desert house is likely to get more for his money than he would in Los Angeles or Philadelphia. In a representative development on the treeless outskirts of Tucson, homes of pumice block, mission stone or adobe bricks imported from Mexico begin at 13,825 dollars. For 650 dollars down and 115 dollars a month (including tax and insurance), the purchaser gets a four-bedroom, two-bath house that includes a stereophonic sound system, an electric range and separate oven.

New Mexicans refer to desert life as "patio living"; the travel brochures call it "sun living". In Arizona the executive level has "ranch

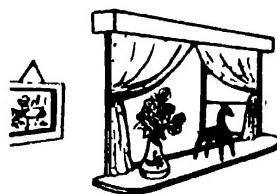
living", which consists of a family spread with one or more of these adjuncts to the good life: a swimming pool, putting green, badminton court, stables whose doors face the wide open spaces. Palm Springs has what it calls "fairways living"—for golfers whose homes adjoin any of the 11 courses in the area.

One of the world's most amazing pieces of desert real estate is California's Coachella Valley. About 50 miles long and averaging 12 miles wide, this valley has, with the help of man's diligent hand, become a marvellously productive garden dramatically ringed by ochre-coloured mountains. Once sear wasteland, it today produces an annual 30 million dollars' worth of grapes, dates, grapefruit and at least 35 other varieties of produce on a year-round schedule.

At the lower end of the valley, 232 feet below sea-level, lies the strange Salton Sea—the result, largely, of several epic overflowings of the Colorado River. It is called the "world's fastest body of water" because boat owners claim that their engines run better this far below sea-level.

Boating, water ski-ing, swimming and fishing have produced a Salton Sea boom; towns are springing up in an area once so empty that an isolated petrol station had the look of a metropolis.

The fascination the desert exerts on its residents is a compound of climate, geography, flora and fauna,



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all of which share a common element of drama seldom found in the earth's more prosaic regions. Nothing has yet topped the majesty of the Grand Canyon in Arizona. No other city in the United States has the ephemeral glitter of Las Vegas. Few animals are as unrelievedly ugly as the Gila monster. And no plant is as grotesque as the giant cactus called the saguaro, which grows almost forest-thick in the Saguaro National Monument near Tucson.

Desert dwellers' personal pride in such phenomena reaches a particular pitch when the desert is in flower. Once and sometimes twice a year, large areas are briefly transformed by an astonishing variety and colour of blooms. This rich, exotic flower show came to the attention of many people through Walt Disney's film *The Living Desert*. The fragile beauty with which even the ugliest plants

blossom is a source of wonder and delight.

With all its wild charm, a brooding element of danger hangs over the desert. Death Valley was so called because of the fate of some gold prospectors who failed to survive its crossing. There are still many areas of the Southwest where it is unwise for the uninitiated to stray from marked roads. It is commonly believed that a man stranded in the desert without water can walk two nights, or about 36 miles, and survive an additional two or three days by resting during the day—if shade can be found.

Yet, despite the heat, the dust storms and the loneliness, the American desert as a place to live is coming into its own. In addition to the practical and aesthetic reasons, desert-living converts offer mystical reasons as well. One enthusiast says of New Mexico, "It's different, like going into a church is different."

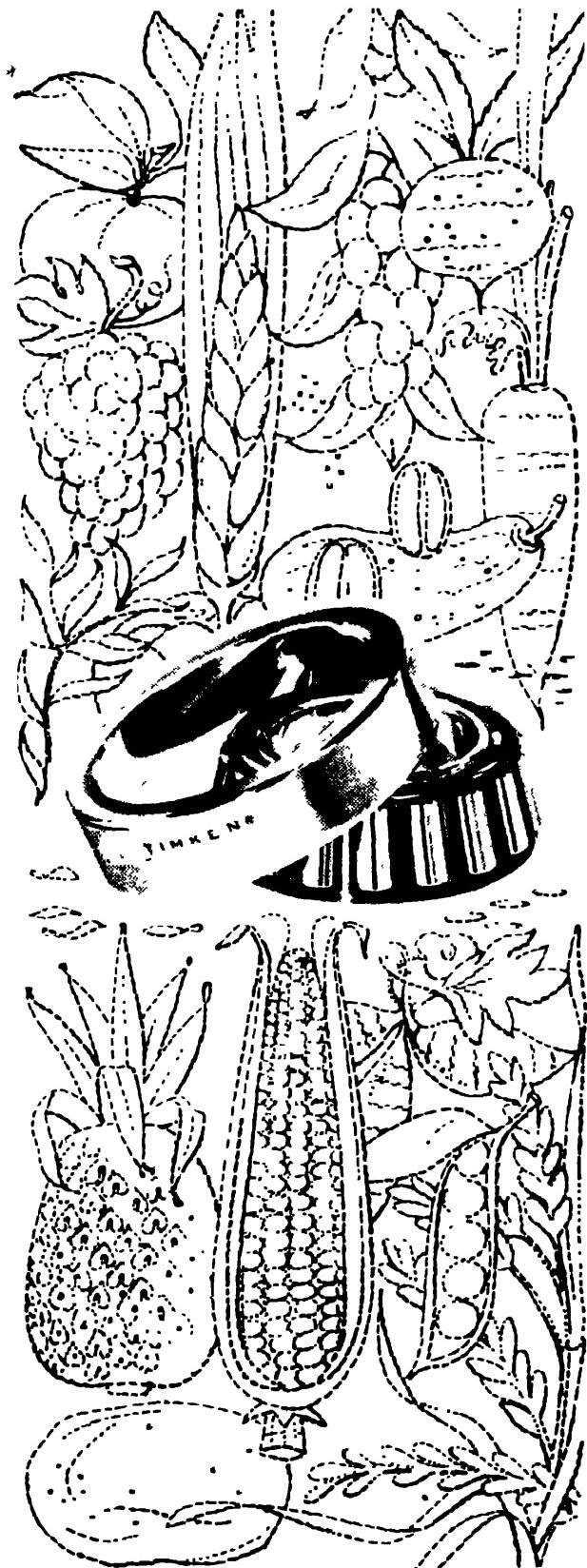


O Husband Mine

BREAKFAST, my love, with me gaily.
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What joy you consider it daily
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Let love be a flame that burns brightly
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Or pass me some part of that paper!

—May Richstone



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My Uncle Pepe

All women will love this story—and all men should read it!

BY BENJAMIN REGUERA FERNANDEZ, AS TOLD TO JEAN MUIR

IVERY DAY at five, which is the end of the afternoon in Madrid, my Uncle Pepe used to take me walking in the Retiro. He would proceed along the tree-shaded walk, very sedate and erect, his paunch cutting the breeze before him; and every now and then, as is the custom among the Spaniards, he

would compliment some passing woman. This was always done with dignity and stateliness, a simple "*Ah, bonita!*" dropped into the sunny afternoon, for after all my uncle was a man of station. Yet the words were spoken with feeling.

Sometimes we would stop at the Prado art museum and then my

uncle would seek out the paintings of Goya. He would stand in front of the *Nude Maja*, his hands clasped behind his back, rocking a little on his heels. Or perhaps he would choose the lovely ladies under their sun-dappled parasol, with their tiny feet and their wealth of colour. And my uncle would hum a little to himself, happily.

It always seemed to me that these visits left him with a great sense of well-being. As we strolled home-wards through the afternoon crowds, he was almost sure to murmur his admiring words into some passing woman's ear.

I was 12 years old and growing, perhaps, more observant of women myself before I noticed that there was a strangeness about this custom of his.

One day I glanced up when I heard him say, "*Guapa!*" to a woman hurrying by.

"But, *Tío Pepe!*" I cried. "That woman was not beautiful at all!"

I turned round and looked after her. Certainly not beautiful. Quite the contrary.

My uncle glanced at me and blew a little through his moustache, but he made no comment. Then suddenly I realized the truth: none of the women my Uncle Pepe had complimented were beautiful. Without exception they had been quite ill-favoured.

To me this was a shocking discovery. I admired my uncle very much. But since he had proved so

poor a judge of women, how then could I trust his judgement in other things?

We continued our walk in an embarrassed silence, until we had reached a certain small *café* and settled ourselves at a table under the green-and-red awning. There my uncle's cognac was brought to him, and to me the chocolate crested with whipped cream.

With the cognac, Uncle Pepe appeared to relax. "My child," he said, setting down his glass. "Are you aware that at one time I was an artist?"

This was something I certainly had not known. In fact, to me it was incredible. I always thought of him in connexion with his big house in Avenida Felipe Segundo, with the flourishing soap business which took so charmingly little of his time, and with the ponderous car in which he occasionally went bowling into the country for a day's sport with a shotgun.

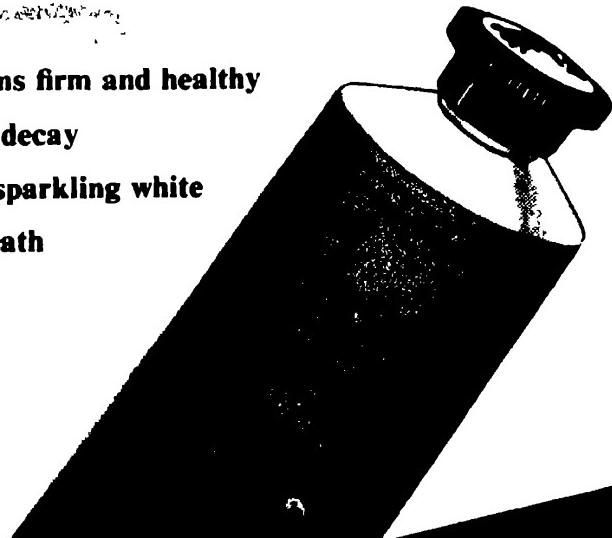
"Perhaps," my uncle said judiciously, "I exaggerate when I say I was an artist. Let us say, instead, that there was a period of three years when I turned my back upon my family and its soap, when I rented a shelter of sorts in a part of town unknown to you, and there painted with fury and an empty stomach. Would you believe it? There was a moment when I seriously considered stealing a *panecillo* off a baker's cart."

My uncle stroked his moustache,

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which had the suspicion of a smile below it. "But to be honest, my boy, I do not remember this period with sadness. I had a friend. A dancer. La Florencia. Perhaps you have heard the name?" He looked at me hopefully and then his face fell. "No, of course not. At your age. Still, let me tell you, there was a time when Madrid rang with that name.

"You understand, this was not such a woman as the dancers are today," he said, and his nostrils delicately indicated his disparagement. "This was a woman of true bravura and of a great beauty. She had that line of back and hips which the women of Spain alone possess, and the long eyes whose gaze can rock a man's heart."

My uncle was becoming very intense. "And the fire!" he cried. "Well," he said and shrugged, "either it is there or it is not. I tried desperately to catch that fire and beauty in paint. Desperately and, finally, in despair. Because, my boy, it was not in me. Slowly I came to realize this. The drawing was creditable. The colour good. But that which is beyond, that which lifts a man's soul and which, without understanding it, we call beauty, this evaded me.

"Florencia was not conscious of it. To be frank, La Florencia knew little of painting—her art was all in the dance, which is the rhythm of the blood. Paint her with a pretty face, with a rose in her teeth, and

she would cry, 'Magnificent!' But I myself knew. And finally, in a naked moment of the soul, in the most honest moment of my life, I destroyed my pictures. I tore them from their frames and shoved them into the stove. Florencia turned on me in great anger. 'You will go back to your family,' she cried. 'You will smother yourself in soap and you will marry some woman they pick out for you.' "

My Uncle Pepe lifted his shoulders and let them fall again. "It happened very much as Florencia prophesied. I returned home, where I was received gladly. A place was made for me in the soap business, and I did indeed marry a woman acceptable in every way to my family." Uncle Pepe hesitated. "You do not remember your Aunt Teresa? An admirable woman and beautiful, too. I have the greatest respect for her memory. We prospered, as you know.

"But here was a strange thing. I could no longer go to the Prado. I could not face the futility of my own soul which confronted me there, on those walls aglow with beauty, with the works of the great ones. I could no longer look at a Goya, my child, and still respect myself. They showed me too plainly what I lacked.

"Of Florencia I lost track. I heard she had gone to South America. It was only after years that I again had news of her.

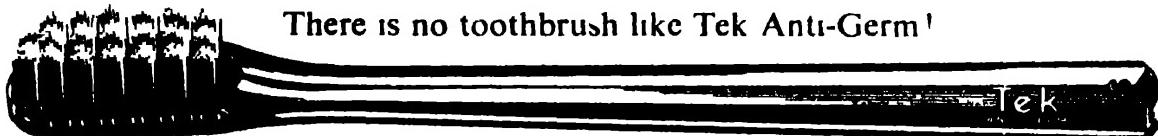
"She had been very ill. She was

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back in Madrid, passing through on the way to her childhood home in the north.

"Clearly, for the sake of my youth, I must call. I expected that there would be a change. There had been the wasting illness, the passage of years. Still, I steeled myself and with a bunch of the yellow roses of Seville which she loved, I went to her hotel. It was more dreadful than I had feared. Ah, my poor Florencia.

"'You should not have come,' she cried when she saw me, and her hands fluttered as if she wanted to hide her poor face. 'I don't want you to remember me like this.'

"What could a Spaniard, a man of gallantry, do? 'But, my Florencia,' I said, 'to me you are more beautiful than ever.' And because the words came straight from the pity of my heart, the Mother of Mercies lent them the ring of truth. Then something very like a miracle happened. For an instant, summoned up by the words, all the beauty came flooding back. The blinding beauty. I was speechless before it.

"That was the great experience of my life.

"My Florencia returned to her home. I have never seen her again. But my life after that was different. Now I go walking every day in the Retiro and sometimes, when I see a woman coming towards me, I know the moment has arrived. As she passes—perhaps an awkward young girl, a poor unfavoured one without hope; perhaps a weary little woman who has forgotten or one whose bones hint of past beauty, blurred by disaster—then I speak. And sometimes (rarely, it is true, but how unforgettable!) when I say into an ear, 'You are beautiful,' I see again that indescribable beauty touching the face. It lasts only for a moment, but for that moment it is of an unbelievable radiance.

"Now once again I go to the Prado. I stand with confidence among the spirits of the great ones and I am not ashamed. There, among those glowing pictures, we meet as equals, Goya and I. For I, too, am a creator of beauty."

Inside Stories

GIVING a show for the inmates of Dartmoor Prison, singer-comedian Ken Dodd was not altogether surprised when his audience requested him to sing "The Key."

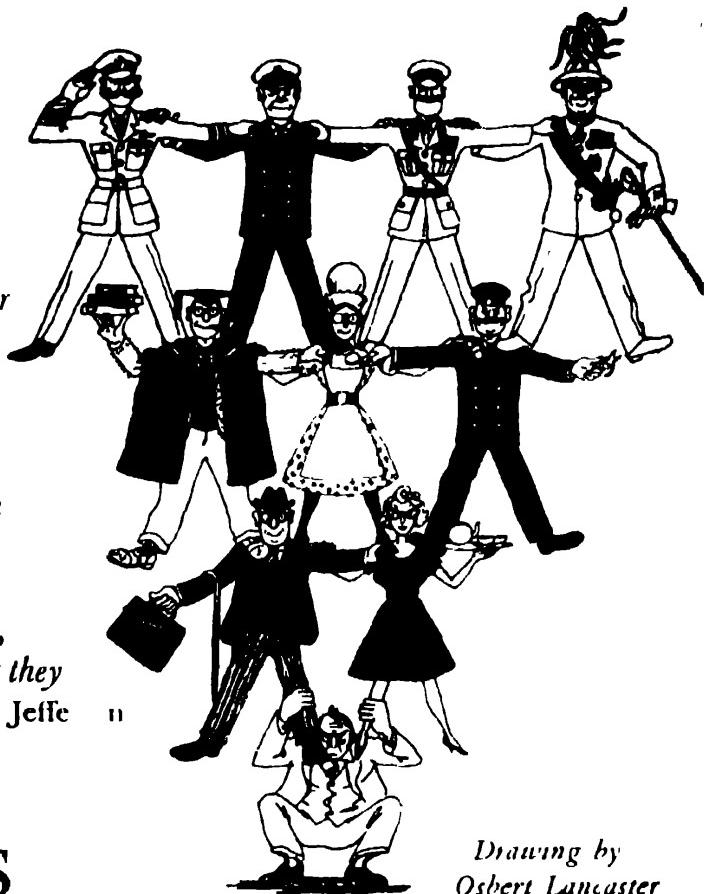
—UPI

A MAN who broke into a clubhouse and robbed the cigarette machine signed the guest book: "Burglar."

—Time

"I place economy among the first and most important of virtues, and public debt as the greatest of dangers to be feared. To preserve our independence, we must not let our rulers load us with public debt. If we run into such debts, we must be taxed in our meat and drink, in our necessities and in our comforts, in our labour and in our amusements. If we can prevent the Government from wasting the labour of the people, under the pretence of caring for them, they will be happy."

—Thomas Jefferson



*Drawing by
Osbert Lancaster*

Parkinson's Second Law

By C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON

THOMAS JEFFERSON's prophetic words cannot be quoted too often. For wasting the labours of the people, "under the pretence of caring for them," is exactly what our governments do.

Contemplating astronomic figures of public revenue along with the fantastic spectacle of governmental extravagance, the embittered taxpayer begins to regard taxation as theft. That is where he is tempted to go wrong, for taxation as such is vital to civilization. The *proper amount* of the revenue, however, is a problem of proportion. Between

the point where the citizen gives nothing and the point where the state takes all, there is, somewhere, the golden mean.

History tells us that governments of the more remote past have tended to exact about ten per cent of the people's income. Tax-demands above that level have often driven people to emigrate. An early example is to be found in the *Book of Exodus*. Pharaoh taxed the Israelites in terms of service. At some unspecified point in raising the assessment, the Israelites judged that the time had come to go elsewhere.

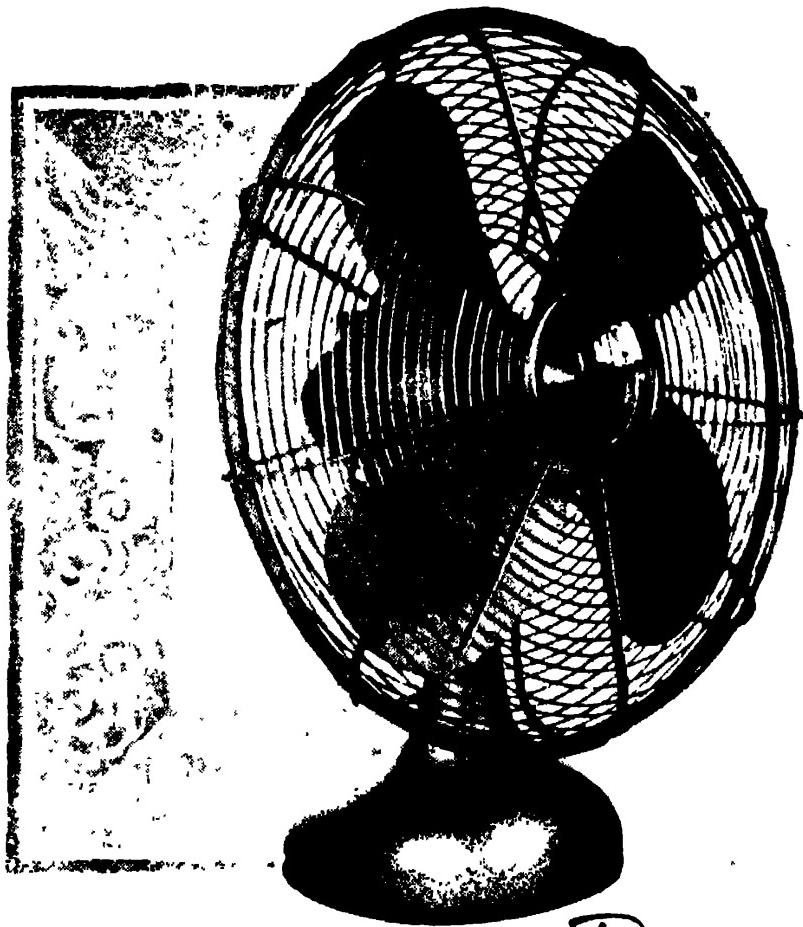
Within the rigid frontiers of modern nationalism, however, the taxpayer is captive. When there is nowhere to go, when taxation elsewhere is just as bad, the barrier at ten per cent is removed and taxes will rise to a new maximum. Countries which have recently exceeded the bounds of safety are (in order of extravagance) Britain, France, New Zealand, Japan and the United States. Of the taxation precipice, 36 per cent (for most countries) represents the brink, beyond which lies disaster, complete and final, though not always immediate. In Britain, taxes amounting to 40 per cent of the national income have been paid without protest for a number of years.

With a high rate of taxation when the Second World War began, a longer period of war and cities heavily damaged by bombing, the British would have been financially crippled in any case. Matters have been made infinitely worse by the Conservatives on the one hand trying to save what remained of the Empire, and the Labour Party on

PROFESSOR C. NORHICOT PARKINSON, author of the deadly, best-selling analysis of bureaucracy, *Parkinson's Law*, has been a War Office staff officer and Raffles Professor of History at the University of Malaya. Educated at York, Cambridge and London, he has held lecturing appointments at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, and Liverpool University. He has written several works of military and economic history, the latest being a study of *British Intervention in Malaya 1867-1877*. Professor Parkinson now lives in Guernsey, in the Channel Islands.

the other building a 'Socialist Utopia. No country in the world could have afforded both, and it is doubtful whether Britain could afford either. During the war the standard rate of income tax had risen to 10s. in the pound (or 50 per cent); surtax imposed on incomes over £2,000 was scaled so that those of £10,000 and over were being taxed at 19s. 6d. in the pound, a rate stopping just short of total confiscation; and death duties reached over 65 per cent of the largest estates. This colossal burden was not much reduced when the war came to an end. Moreover, a variety of other taxes, direct and indirect, was added—purchase tax, the national health and insurance contributions, and the greatly increased local rates. There have been some tax concessions of late, with the standard rate of income tax reduced to 7s. 9d. in 1959; but the 1959-60 Budget was still, with the exception of the Budgets for 1955 to 1958, the heaviest ever laid in peacetime on the long-suffering public.

This tax situation created anomalies at either end of the scale. It was noticed in the Department of Inland Revenue that a certain great land-owner was failing to collect his rents; some farmers paid him, others refrained. "My Lord Duke," said the tax authorities, "you must collect your rents." To this he replied tersely, "Collect them yourselves." The cost of collection came



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to more than the rent (after tax) was worth. This is an extreme case, but there is obvious danger of the same inertia spreading right down through industry. For while Viscount Chandos could complain that his actual emoluments as a director of Imperial Chemicals were a little over one-third of the new office boy's net weekly pay, the workman could also complain that the £2 he was paid for overtime on Saturday was 26s. by the time he received it.

Such taxation has its origin in war when no one pauses to question what the country can afford. Wasteful war should, in theory, give place to the husbandry of peace. But people are often prone to think that the effort to save the country from conquest can be prolonged so as to save it from all economic and social ills. There is an undeniable appeal in this idea of using the national effort to make war on poverty and squalor, turning sword-blades into industrial shares and building homes fit for heroes. The only unwelcome feature is the final bill presented to the nation.

It is a matter of common knowledge that an individual's expenditure rises to meet income. But whereas the individual's expenses rise to meet an income level which is *known*, government expenditure rises towards a maximum that has never been defined, towards a ceiling that is not there. Were any of us to adopt the methods of public finance in our private affairs, we should

ignore the total of our income and consider only what we should like to spend. We might decide on a second car, an extension of the home, a motor launch as well as a yacht, a house in the country, and a holiday in Bermuda. All these, we should tell ourselves, are essential. It would remain only to adjust our income to cover these bare necessities.

By contrast, a government which applied the methods of individual finance to public expenditure would begin by estimating what its actual revenue should be. Ministers should not begin by ascertaining what the departments need, but what the country can afford. Given so much to spend, how much should be allocated to what? A government which decided on this novel approach would be responsible for a revolution in public finance.

Such a revolution is overdue. For the first result of a high rate of peacetime taxation is to reduce a country's influence in world affairs. The British Empire collapsed more suddenly and completely than any undefeated empire of the past—an example of what excessive taxation can bring about and in how short a time, for the farewell empire is the logical sequel to the welfare state.

Nor will rival powers, noticing the high level of taxation today in countries like Britain and France, fail to conclude that neither will ever fight again except in defending its frontiers. *



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The second effect of high taxation is the loss of individual freedom. For freedom is founded upon the ownership of property. It cannot exist where the rulers own everything, nor even when they concede some limited right of tenure. The taxation which is intended to promote equality, the taxation which exceeds the real public need and, above all, the tax which is so graduated as to prevent the accumulation of private capital, is inconsistent with freedom.

Some would answer that the working classes have willingly traded freedom for security. But it is a question whether the current security is really very secure. To retain any sort of position in the world in which other countries have larger populations, richer resources, wider territories, the British must rely chiefly upon experience, integrity, enterprise, knowledge and skill.

These are the very assets which the tax system destroys.

Sensible Solutions

THE FIRE brigade in Rheinfeld, Germany, is having trouble recruiting volunteers. However, when there is a fire, dozens of citizens come out to watch. The mayor has therefore ordered the police to make a list of all male spectators at each fire. Every man whose name appears three times on the lists will be automatically called out as a volunteer fireman.

—D. S.

ONE TYPEWRITER manufacturer offers a special key to be added to the normal keyboard. When you're not sure of the next letter in a word you push the special one and it types a neat blur. Result: No more mis-spelt words.

—Cedric Adams

ON A LARGEY unexplored island in the Pacific the natives have a custom of greeting that cannot be surpassed. When a man meets someone he hasn't seen for a long time, he uses his own name in the greeting instead of his friend's. For example, if a chief named Brown meets another named Yardley, he would say, "Hello there, Brown," to which Yardley would reply, "Glad to see you again, Yardley."

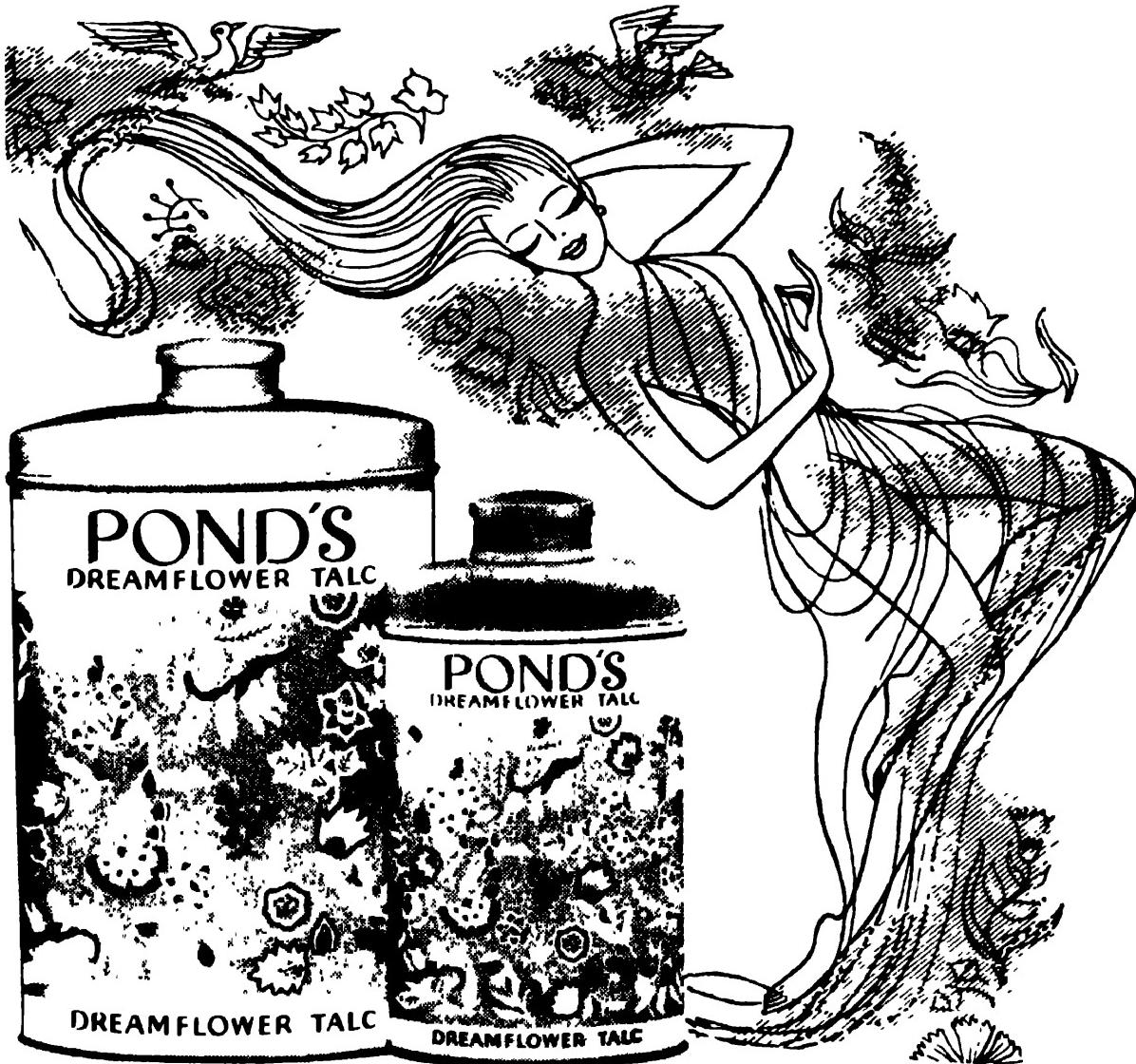
Thus they reveal their names without the social hysteria of trying to remember.

—J. B.

A BOON to the family budget is a new organization called Charge Accounts Anonymous. The founder explains: "CAA is based on Alcoholics Anonymous. When a woman is tempted to go out and charge things to her account, she phones another member. A friend comes to talk to her about how much extra a charge account might cost her. Usually the tempted one abandons the shopping spree. It gives the girls a chance to get together to talk, and it makes the men happy."

—N.W.

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F/P/175

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

A WOMAN whose husband is an engineer moved from one part of the country to another soon after she became pregnant. In a few months they were transferred back, at which time she went to her former doctor for a check-up. The receptionist asked if the doctor had ever delivered a baby for her. You can imagine the reaction of the entire waiting-room when the woman innocently replied, "No, but he started this one."—MRS. B. E. WATSON

HER NEW puppy was a roly-poly mass of black curls, and when people stopped to admire him she explained that he was a French poodle and his name was Pierre. Expecting that the dog would have a pedigree, one woman asked, "But what's the *rest* of his name?"

The answer, in a surprised tone of voice: "What do you think? Shapiro—same as me." —MRS. NELSON COPP

AFTER we boarded the plane the steps were rolled away and the entrance door closed. We waited for the engines to start, but nothing happened. There was a commotion as a stewardess walked briskly down the aisle from the cockpit, opened the rear door and shouted, "We have no captain!"

Several minutes later a harassed, perspiring pilot made his appearance, and the passengers gave him a round

of applause. As soon as we were airborne a voice came over the loud-speaker, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking—thanks for waiting!"

—G. F. V.

A WEATHERMAN was showing his wife a picture taken by a space satellite at an altitude of 450 miles.

"When this particular shot was taken," he explained, "I was out reading the rain gauge, and as near as I can reckon it the camera was passing right over my head."

His wife studied the picture. "Good Lord, George," she exclaimed, "you're going bald!"

—RAY WARD

WHILE at a business conference, I had to make an urgent telephone call. Since all the boxes in the hotel foyer were occupied, I stood by one to wait. The one I chose contained an elderly gentleman who was munching a sandwich and sipping a soft drink during pauses in his conversation. My impatience was apparent to him because he looked at me apologetically and, in a few seconds, emerged from the box.

"I'm very sorry," he said. "But, you see, I was having dinner with my wife. I haven't missed it in 15 years at home, and I don't intend to let a few miles of separation spoil my record."

—STEPHEN HAMLETT

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Newest Thing in Ships— The Hydrofoil

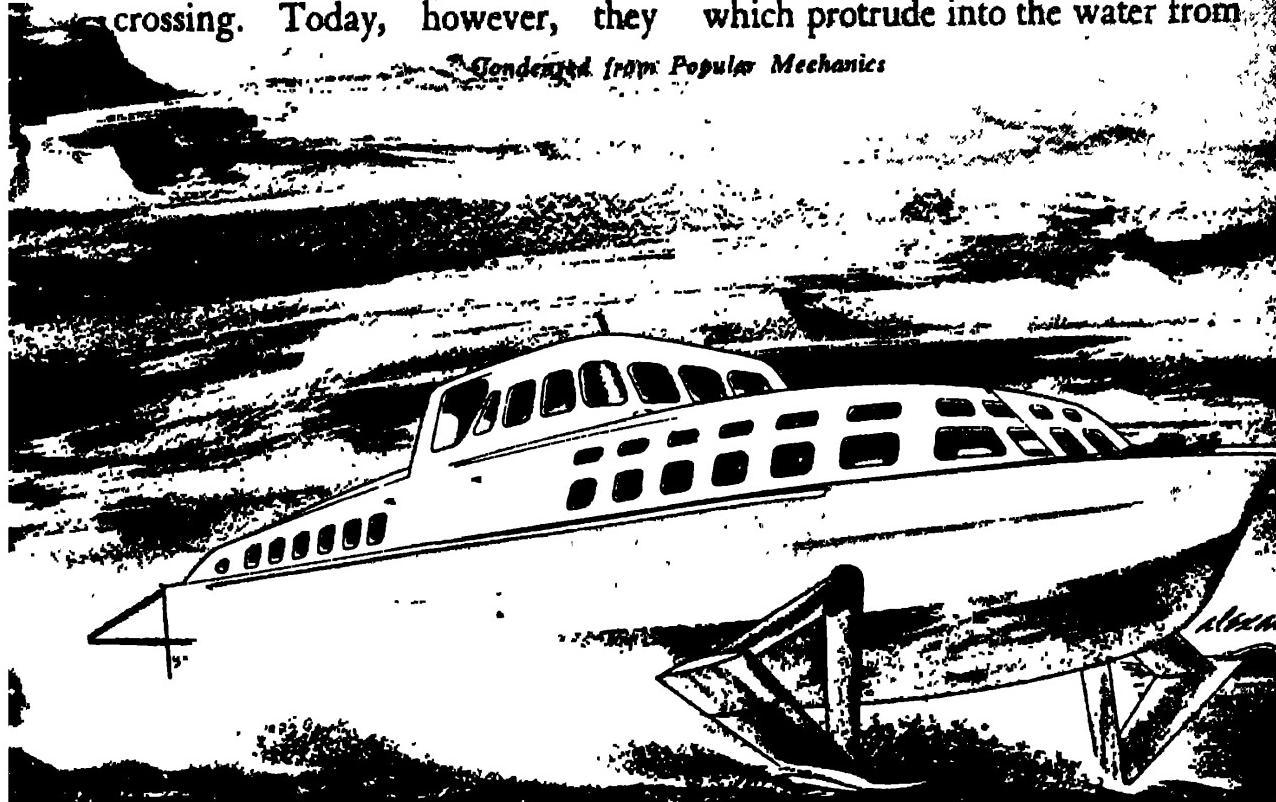
These high-speed vessels that "fly" in the water may well be the greatest advance in naval architecture since steam took over from sail

By C. LESTER WALKER

PASSENGERS ferrying across the Strait of Messina, separating Italy from Sicily, had until recently to endure nearly an hour of the usually rough, eight-mile crossing. Today, however, they

cross in about 15 minutes in a new kind of ferryboat: a trim, 68-foot craft which looks like a small-scale, smoothly streamlined ocean liner—except for some strange red struts which protrude into the water from

Condensed from Popular Mechanics



her bow and stern. The boat is the *Freccia del Sole* (*Arrow of the Sun*), which now skims over the Strait with her 75 passengers at speeds of up to 45 miles an hour.

The *Freccia* is a hydrofoil—a craft that travels through the water on wings. The wings, called "foils" because of their resemblance to the aerofoils, or wings, of an aircraft, create lift for a boat by deflecting water flowing over their surfaces in the same way that an aircraft's wings deflect air. Rising clear of the sea, the hull does not have to fight the big wave that a conventional surface craft makes in front of itself. So, with the same engine, it can go twice as fast as the conventional type. Marine engineers predict that, eventually, hydrofoils will be able to treble hull-in-water speeds.

What this could mean to ocean-going vessels is spectacular. In 50 years naval architects have been able to raise the speed of big ships only by about a dozen miles an hour. "Now the speed barrier has been shattered almost overnight," a distinguished marine engineer said to me recently. "Hydrofoils will bring us liners which will do 100 miles an hour."

Enrico Forlanini, an Italian professor of engineering, originated the hydrofoil at the turn of the century. In 1905, by putting airlift-type foils on a boat on Lake Maggiore, he lifted it clear of the water and "flew" it at 40 miles an hour. Fourteen years later Alexander Graham

Bell introduced the hydrofoil to Nova Scotia waters. Powered by twin aircraft engines, his boat smashed all existing watercraft speed records. Bell died a few years later, and not until the Second World War was the hydrofoil idea heard from again in any important way.

Then Hanns von Schertel, a German naval architect who had studied under Forlanini, began designing hydrofoils for the German Navy. Before British bombing ended his experiments, von Schertel produced craft capable of 50 knots. In 1952 he became affiliated with a Swiss ship-designing firm, Supramar A.G., on Lake Lucerne. Most of the hydrofoils in commercial operation today are based on von Schertel-Supramar designs.

There are now some 25 ship-sized hydrofoils in action—for example, in the Adriatic, on Swiss and Italian lakes, and between southern Italy and Sicily. Probably the biggest and newest is Russian, carrying 100 passengers between ports on the Volga. But an experimental hydrofoil being built for the U.S. Maritime Administration by the Grumman Aircraft Company is the first designed for open-sea operation.

"She'll have a hull shaped like an amphibious aircraft, and be built of heavy sheet aluminium," says William Carl, head of the company's hydrofoil research affiliate. "She'll be 104 feet long, capable of carrying 150 passengers and make about 75

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miles an hour. She could do New York to Bermuda in eight hours, riding five feet above the water."

"How seaworthy will she be if she meets waves ten feet high?" I asked.

"Usually she'll keep going," Carl said. "Especially if the high waves, crest to crest, are long waves. She'll 'contour' them, like a car going up and down little hills. A sister ship of the *Freccia del Sole*, designed to run on her foils in seas no higher than four feet, ran into 16-foot waves in the Caribbean and kept going."

"What about hurricane-size waves, 35 to 40 feet high?"

"Then the hydrofoil just sits on her hull," said Carl, "and rides out the storm as a traditional ship would do. But she's better off because of her foils; they damp out about 80 per cent of her roll and roll."

"Suppose this hydrofoil, going full tilt, hits some floating obstacle?" I asked.

"We've run hydrofoil test craft through all sorts of debris—branches, crates, coconuts, fish. The foils either toss the stuff aside or break it in pieces. If a hydrofoil hits a big object, a safety device comes into play. In our ship there are shearing points, bars of metal which break at a predetermined stress right where the struts join the hull. These shear pins break off and prevent any major injury to either the hull or the strut structure, and let

the ship drop safely to the water, like a seaplane landing."

Along coastal routes the hydrofoil may be able to carry passengers and cargo faster and cheaper than rail or road transport. It should star as a transporter of fruit and vegetables, its speed making cargo refrigeration unnecessary. And it promises a new kind of rapid-transit aid to seacoast and inland-waterway towns plagued with commuter problems.

Hydrofoil experts believe that the craft will be crossing the Atlantic "sooner than you think." As conceived, such vessels would be less luxurious than present-day ships. They would have sleeping-car-type compartments instead of cabins, no ballrooms, no swimming pools. But they would leave New York in the morning and arrive in Liverpool the next day before noon. And the crossing would cost less than aboard a conventional ship or an aircraft.

The U.S. Navy began experimenting with the hydrofoil in 1947, and now says that the new craft has brought the solution to the most troublesome naval problem: how to trump the atom-powered submarine.

These subs can outrun and out-maneuvre any present anti-submarine surface vessel. Faster conventional destroyers or high-speed torpedo boats are not the answer, for in rough water they would be shaken or battered to pieces.

"We needed speed in all sea conditions for anti-submarine warfare,"



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said an admiral recently. "We found it in the hydrofoil."

I rode in an experimental navy hydrofoil at a research centre on Great South Bay, Long Island. The boat was only 23 feet long, and a rough sea was slapping the pier as I climbed aboard. The test operator pushed the stainless-steel foils, which swung up over the boat's sides and down into the water, where they clicked as they locked in place. As our gas-turbine engine (with an extra-long propeller shaft) propelled us into the waves, our bow lifted rapidly on the front foil, then our stern on the tail foil. Within ten seconds we were riding high above the whitecaps, as smoothly as though we were skating on ice!

"She'll do 60," said the operator. "And watch her turn." He put the wheel over hard, and the hydrofoil spun round almost as if she were pivoting. "The hydrofoil can out-twist any of the new subs," he yelled at me. "And notice: she doesn't skid on turns like other speedboats. Her foils check sideslip."

Boeing, the aircraft manufacturer, is building the U.S. Navy's first PC (H) (patrol craft, hydrofoil) now. She will be 115 feet long and displace 110 tons. Still bigger hydrofoils are in the planning stage. Hydrofoil destroyers, for example, may go to 500 tons in size, to more than 100 miles an hour in speed.

Hydrofoils have been found to function excellently on small pleasure craft ranging from eight-foot

outboards to cabin cruisers. Several American boat-building firms are now manufacturing hydrofoils and reporting brisk sales.

Some of these companies sell hydrofoil kits with which a motorboat owner can convert his old boat into a hydrofoil speedster. The foils are made of aluminium or fibreglass, and are easily mounted. Used with a long-shafted propeller, which the motor manufacturers supply, many of these foils can double a boat's speed. Prices range from 200 dollars to 500, depending on the boat's size.

With all their superiorities, hydrofoil craft have certain limitations. In a fast-following, directly astern sea, some hydrofoils will occasionally "stall"—that is, refuse to stay up on their foils. Small craft can have trouble with seaweed reducing their foil lift. The larger hydrofoil vessels, because they are technically and scientifically much more complex than conventional ships, are more expensive to build, size for size. And there is a probable limit to how big the hydrofoil ship can be; as it grows larger, the foils and struts tend to become too long and too heavy to be practicable.

"But this doesn't matter," say hydrofoil enthusiasts. "For the hydrofoil will more than make up for its lack of size by its speed."

A well-known ship designer said recently, "The hydrofoil—watch it. It may well be the greatest advance in naval architecture since steam took over from sail."

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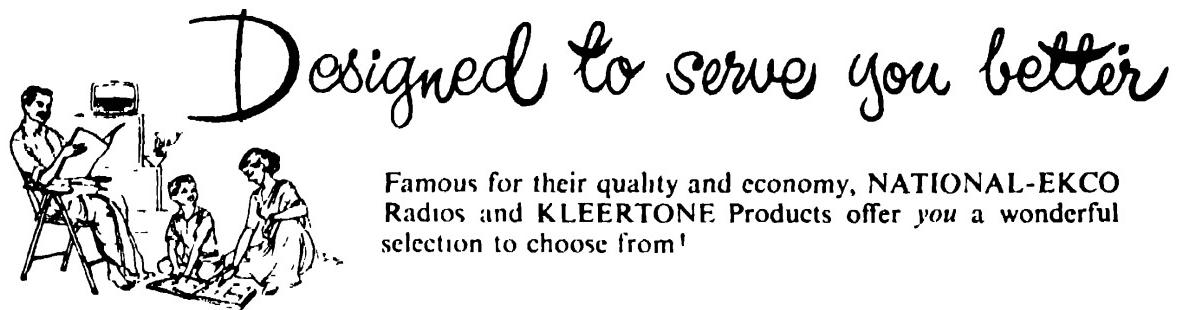
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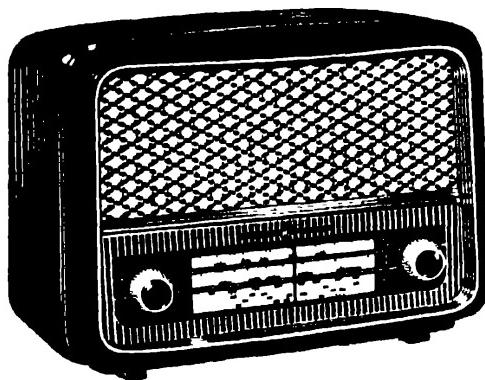


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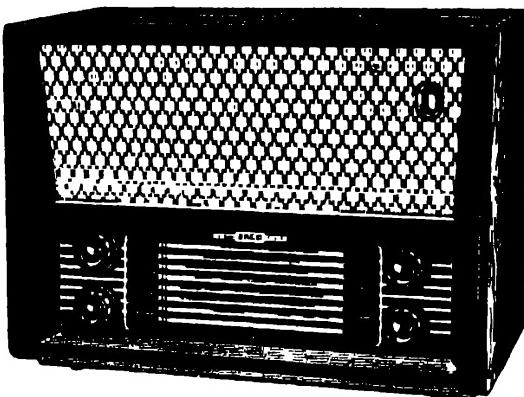
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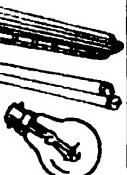
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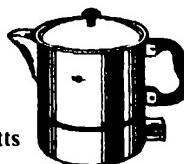


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The Strange Story of Jonny

BY MIRA ROTHLINBERG

This article, by the young therapist who is helping to unlock Jonny's self-created prison, is the story of the dedicated work of one individual with another—the kind of work vitally needed in the treatment of mental illness

HE WAS one of the smallest baby boys ever to survive in the United States, weighing a pound and a half at birth in 1950. Five and a half months in the womb, three and a half months in the incubator. Then, at five pounds,

he was out in our world. He was not a beautiful baby, nor one easy to love. His hair was singed a bright orange from the heat of the incubator, his skin shrivelled and burned chocolate brown. As time went on, Jonny became no more

human; he never cried, laughed, smiled or cooed. He didn't learn to focus his eyes or hold his head up; if there was a sound in the room he didn't hear it; and he could not bear any physical touch—if he was held he would refuse his bottle.

Until he was five, Jonny was either wheeled in a pram or carried about. When he did walk, he was like a drunkard, reeling for a few steps, and then falling on all fours to the floor and crawling. And so he existed—tenaciously holding on to life, yet not taking part in it.

When he was two, Jonny's parents began a pilgrimage which left them helpless, hopeless and almost destitute. Along the way, a well-known medical authority said that Jonny had a degenerate hearing nerve. Later he was given a hearing aid and treated as a deaf mute. Several attempts were made to enrol him in schools for deaf children. Usually he was turned down. When he was accepted, it was only to be expelled after a short time because "something else besides deafness is wrong with him."

In 1953 Jonny's parents took him to a large medical centre. Specialists there made an intensive search for the "something else." X-rays were taken of Jonny's skull, legs and body to find out whether a deformity prevented him from walking. His bones were perfect. A child psychiatrist told the parents that he believed there was no brain injury, and from him they heard for the

first time of the possibility of autism—a symptom of serious mental disturbance. Since little was known about the illness, the suggestion they received most often was "commit him and forget about him."

But the parents refused to give up. And their reasoning was based on the child's behaviour. It seemed strange to them that this dumb, badly co-ordinated child could use his fingers well enough to draw meaningful pictures; that he knew the alphabet and could spell out his name with blocks; that he could manipulate complex puzzles and stand a coin up on its side.

At the suggestion of a young psychiatrist, Jonny's mother phoned me in January 1957. I will always remember that first interview.

I've never seen so strangely ugly a child. The boy didn't exactly walk but dragged himself in, his legs, feet, hands and arms seeming to get in one another's way, making every step an effort almost beyond description. His eyes were out of focus and his head was constantly swaying either forward or backwards or pivoting on his neck like a bobbing balloon. He looked nowhere and made no sound. The "no expression" on his face, as if nothing, no one—not even himself—existed, was frightening. Every now and then his arms would shoot up into the air and then his hands would flap up and down like the broken wings of a bird that had forgotten, by some terrible misfortune, how to

fly. From time to time he would form fists with these hands and hit himself in the face.

In the utter silence of the room I could almost hear the child's need, his terror and his unasked questions: "Will you love me? Will you know the truth? Will you see the lie?"

I looked at him hard and in that moment I felt that I *knew*. I put a record on the player and let Jonny watch it spin. Supposedly he heard nothing. When he was completely absorbed in the record, I suddenly said in a calm, natural tone, "That's enough, Jonny. Turn off the record player." Jonny turned round with arms akimbo, faced me and shook his head quite angrily, motioning a "No" before he was aware of what he was doing. Then, realizing that he had given his secret away, he put his hands over his ears as if to shut out any sound, and his face expressed a strange combination of terror and relief.

From that point on, the fact was established that Jonny could hear, that the lie, his secret, was out. His deafness was simply a means of shutting out the world when he didn't like what was going on there. It was clear, too, that the relationship between us was to be a real one, an honest one, that I loved him enough, understood him well enough to know him beyond his defences, into his shell; that I would protect him not only against the outside but against himself. Somehow

I also took away from him to some extent the magic that he had created, the terrible power to deceive and so "control" the world.

After that first session I saw Jonny for four and then six hours a week. Gradually he made more and more mistakes with his "non-hearing"—first with me, then at home and finally with strangers.

Almost parallel with his trust in me, his walking began to improve. We went out into the street and then to the park. He got there partly walking, partly dragged or carried by me. As soon as I felt he was getting stronger I refused to carry him when he fell and sometimes let him crawl for 75 yards. This phase didn't last long, since it was neither profitable nor comfortable. Within a few months Jonny walked like any other boy of his age.

One afternoon at my house he fell into a deep sleep for about 15 minutes. As he slept I noticed him making sucking motions with his mouth and reaching out his hands. I got a baby's bottle, filled it with milk and when he awoke I put the teat in his mouth. He stayed at rest sucking on the bottle. As he sucked I put his head on my lap and began to stroke it. For the first time he consciously allowed himself to be touched. Soon I was able to take him on my lap, kiss him and cuddle him and he seemed to enjoy it.

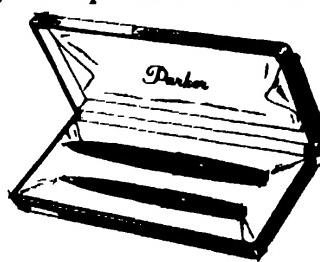
From the first, I was struck by Jonny's tremendous preoccupation with lights; the brighter the light,

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the greater his need to get close to it. He would crawl right under a lamp, stare directly into the bulbs, then his hands would flap in his winglike motion, his body would become firmer and his face would be contorted as if in some super-human effort. Without blinking, he could look up at lights of blinding intensity; he could touch hot bulbs without burning himself or feeling pain.

Then suddenly his relationship to the bulbs changed. He began to feel their heat and scream when he touched them and squint when looking into them. The lights were beginning to have a different meaning for him. For a long time I was mystified by his behaviour. Then I began to think of the warmth of the electrically-lit incubator. Perhaps to Jonny the lights were a symbol of warmth, possibly of life itself. As he became able to accept the more real warmth of his relationship with me, his family and others, he began to give up the fake warmth of the "mother lamps."

However, as his fascination with lights began to have meaning to me I felt it should be pursued further. I decided that the way to do this was to give him an incubator. I had an idea that this might help him to move forward a bit more, but I also knew there was a real danger that it could push him back. I discussed the risk with his parents and they made the decision.

His father built a replica of

Jonny's incubator and brought it to my house. In it we put a doll of the same size as Jonny when he was an incubator baby.

When Jonny first saw it his whole body began to tremble and his face turned green. Then came the decisive moment. He seemed to reel back but instead, within a split second, he turned and looked straight at me with his eyes completely in focus for the first time. On his face was a look of anguish and accusation that said, "How could you do it to me?"

It took all my strength to remember that I had been brutal only for his good. Within a few minutes he seemed to have become a different child. No longer was his face blank. It expressed feelings. For the first time I saw Jonny integrated, intact emotionally and physically. I knew then that this part of the battle was won.

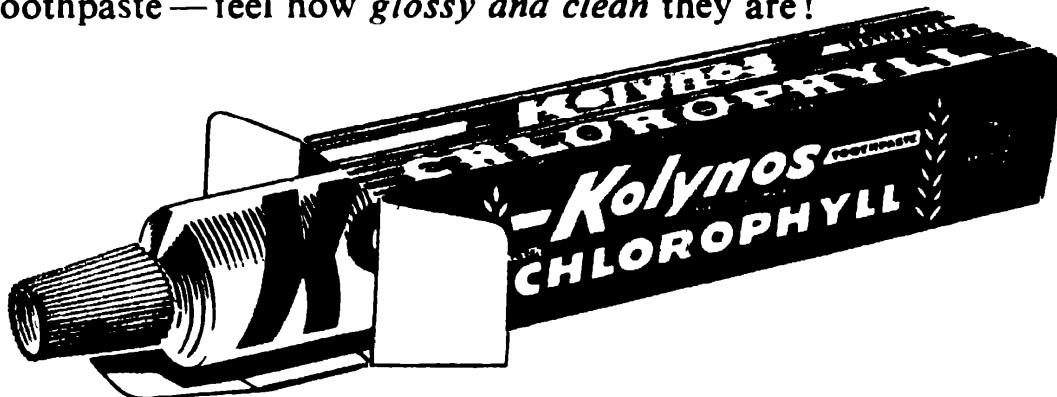
Each day, as Jonny investigated the incubator, played with the "baby," washed it, spanked it, his face revealed more feeling. The bottomless detachment was disappearing. He also began to make more sounds—as if he were trying to communicate with or about it. This usually silent child became so audible that I stopped worrying about whether his vocal chords were defective.

As I listened it became clear to me that, among other things, he wanted to escape responsibility for using or hearing his own voice just as he had

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tried earlier to avoid the responsibility of hearing others. So I put a recorder next to the incubator and all the sounds he made were captured on tape. When I played the recordings his first reaction was shock, which he expressed by covering his ears with his hands. But Jonny is enthralled by all mechanical gadgets. After a while the fascination was too much, and he began deliberately to record his own sounds and listen to them. Gradually his sounds became more varied, including one day, "mama."

The recorder became the means of telling Jonny things too painful for him to hear directly. It was in this fashion that he wept for the first time. This came about through his relationship with the puppy he was given when he overcame his earlier fear of dogs. After some weeks his pet fell ill and died. As I told him the puppy was dead, I could almost see him "turning off" his hearing to look at me blankly. However, I had taken the precaution of turning on the tape recorder. Later in the day I unexpectedly turned it on and Jonny, caught relaxed and unawares, heard of the death of his dog. Then, for the first time in the two years I had known him, he broke down and sobbed bitterly. After this it became possible for him to cry when he was hurt. And with daring to cry, he began to dare to laugh, often heartily and with a mischievous sense of humour.

Jonny is now ten years old,

and he has gone a long way. He hears now most of the time, walks well, jumps, runs, swims, rides a bicycle, paints, draws, puts together his hi-fi sets, uses all kinds of power tools, and builds. He cries when hurt, laughs when happy, loves and evokes love in others. He is altogether a very bright child. Above all, today he is alive.

But he still has a long way to go. He still does not speak, though he once said, "I can't," and has been heard talking in his sleep. Until he does talk, he will not be well. It will take many long hours and perhaps years.

Children like Jonny, whether we call them schizophrenic, autistic or seriously disturbed emotionally, are not very different from other children. They need, they want, they hurt, they fear, they love, they hate and die just like all of us. The difference is in how they defend themselves against their terrors and their wants. We withdraw a little when we are hurt and cry a bit. They withdraw all the way so that the awful hurt can never happen again. They are just one big tearless sob, living inside a shell, hardly partaking of the life around them.

All work with such children must be based on an understanding deep enough to see, beyond their defences, the self that they are hiding.

Then they can begin to trust and hopefully to come out on this new bridge of trust from their private world to reality.

Continued from page 28

SPIRITUAL THERAPY

Modern Medicine's Newest Ally

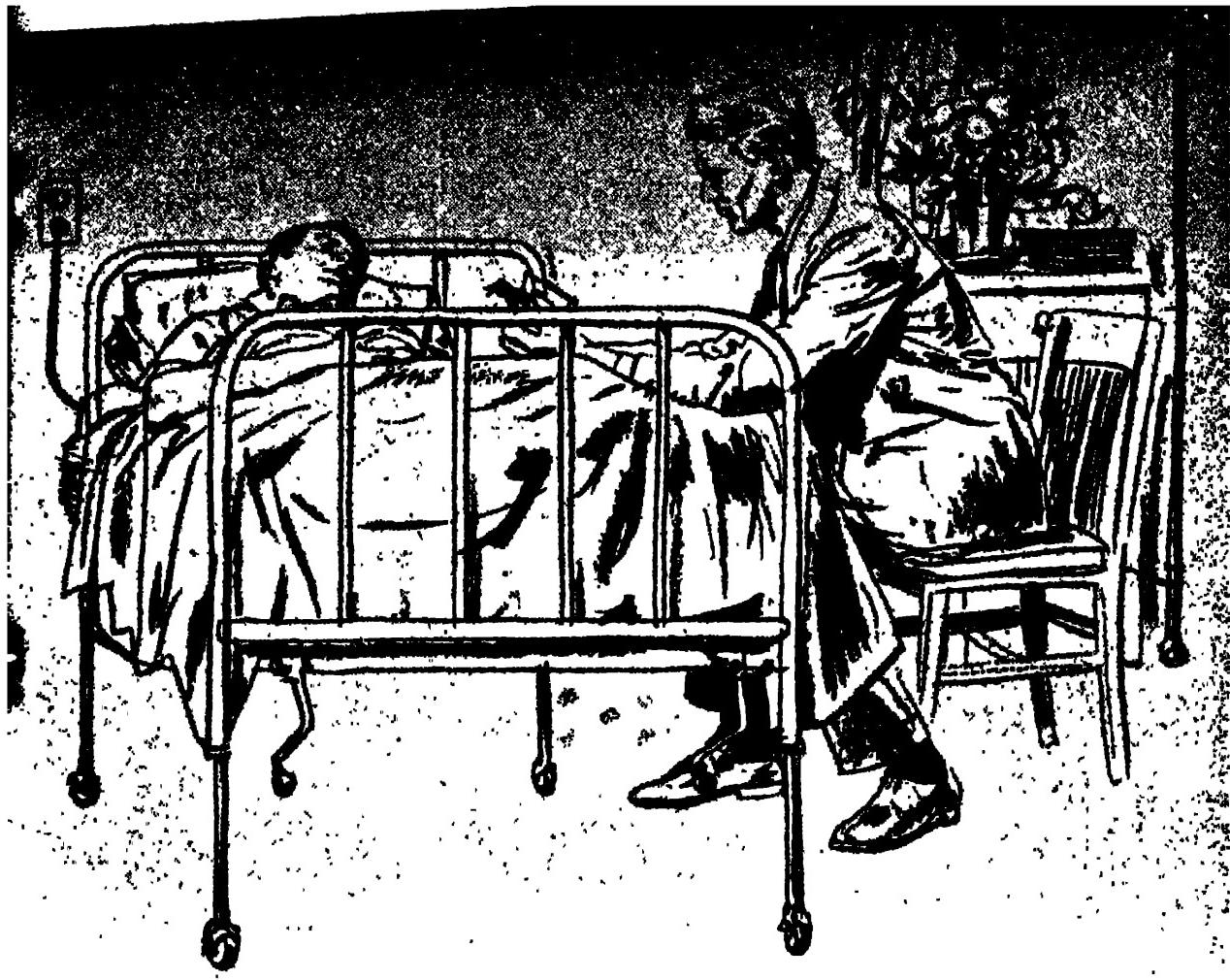
By CLARENCE HALL

medical students on the work of the chaplain as a member of the healing team.

But effective counselling methods were developed only by painfully slow trial and error, and there were haunting cases of failure. For example, the man with cirrhosis of the liver brought on by alcoholism. "In our first interview it became plain that one of this man's basic troubles was an exceedingly complicated marital situation. In my eagerness to help, I brought him along too fast—leading him to confide things which, though willingly told at the time, he was later ashamed of. He

refused to see me again. His cirrhosis was corrected, but he left the hospital to drink himself to death." Today Dick Young says wistfully, "I can't help feeling that if I had known then what I know now, he might have been saved."

The first hurdle was winning the patient's complete confidence. "There's a difference between people voluntarily coming to see you, and you going, uninvited, to see them." If he tried to elicit information too quickly, as in the case of the man with cirrhosis, patients tended to tell more than they realized, later regretted it and froze up on the next



visit. Moreover, when he passed on pertinent information to the doctor —people will often tell a minister things they don't tell their doctor —the patient felt his confidence had been betrayed. Young learned that it was wise to ask the patient, "Do you mind if I share what you've told me with your doctor?"

Stalking the Real Problem

ONE OF the first things Young discovered was that "an individual rarely states the real nature of his problem in a first encounter."

The deception is not intentional. Filled with fear, anxiety, guilt or

humiliation, our subconscious minds provide all kinds of ingenious excuses for behaving as we do.

"The symptom itself is so pressing, its side effects so devastating," says Young, "that it blocks out the condition that caused it. Even if patients have insight into the real problem, they don't know how to handle it. Slowly, gradually, they must be led to see the real problem and draw upon resources, both inside and outside themselves, to solve it."

There was, for example, the man whose *stated* problem, after an apparent heart attack, was: "I'm scared to death to drive my car. Yet I

must; I'm a travelling salesman." Counselling revealed that his *real* problem was a fear of having to violate his conscience by drinking with customers who expected liquid entertainment. When he accepted the necessity of boldly standing up for his beliefs, the problem faded; he won the respect of his customers and became one of the most successful salesmen in his large firm.

Then there was the patient whose chest pains and heart palpitation were, he was sure, caused by "business tensions." A medical check-up showed no heart disorder. Only when, in talking to Dick Young, he mentioned his hostility to his in-laws who lived next door and, he said, "hem me in and criticize me all the time," did he come to see that the real trouble was unwillingness to face his own personality defects.

"When this man got his hoarded resentments out into the open, he began to see why his in-laws reacted to him as they did. He went home to establish a more mature relationship with them—and his cardiac symptoms never reappeared."

As Young pioneered the techniques of getting beyond symptoms to the root of the trouble, he came to see that three factors were of paramount importance. These were "relating," "accepting" and "listening." "Relating" required that the counsellor should convince the patient that he was sharing his experience with someone who understood and cared, who perhaps could

see his situation more objectively than he himself could, and who wanted, more than anything else in the world, to help. "Accepting" demanded that the counsellor should show no evidence of moral disapproval, no matter how distasteful the patient's revelations. "Listening" ("the heart of all effective counselling," Young says) had to be "active, reassuring, interpretative."

The most delicate part of the counselling process, Young found, came when the story was all out, the catharsis complete. Having fully unburdened themselves—which might take many hours, or even weeks—patients tended to feel an overwhelming sense of relief. It was sometimes difficult to convince them that this was not a cure, but was merely the first step back to health.

To a woman who came with a marriage problem and, after what seemed like full ventilation of her disrupted home situation, exclaimed, "Oh, I feel so relieved; now I'm cured!" Dick Young said gently, "Tell me, *what are you cured of?*" The woman stammered, "Why, as I've talked, I've resolved not to nag my husband any longer, but just accept him and his failings."

Young said, "Is that all? Then we need to talk some more." Slowly she began to see that her husband's "failings" were largely reactions against her own determination to alter him, her unwillingness to accept him as a person. "When she saw *that*, and was ready to begin

work on herself, she was cured. And so, in time, was her sick marriage."

Giving a patient insight into his real problem was sometimes enough. Often it wasn't. Some patients had to be jolted into action by what Dick Young calls his "shock therapy." To a man whose problem was a secret affair with his secretary, but who dallied over breaking it off, he said tartly, "You're wasting my time. You know what you must do. Make a decision one way or another, and stick to it." The man did, and his health and marriage were saved.

He was no less blunt with a brawny troublemaker who, facing a serious operation, was obviously covering up his fears by profane bluster that upset nurses and other patients—and hoisted his own temperature to hazardous levels. To him Dick Young said pointedly, "Why do you think it's necessary to throw your weight about? You're just scared, and you know it." Surprised, the big man discarded his bluster. Tears came into his eyes. "You're right, chaplain. Will you pray for me while I'm on the operating table?" Young promised; the man was on the table for five hours, but came through well. "Today," Young says, "he is one of my best friends."

Who Treats What .

THE LINE of demarcation between psychiatry and spiritual counselling is fixed in neither theory nor practice. "We meet in the middle of the

individual's emotions," Young defines it tersely. But this unmarked boundary has never affected his warm co-operation with the hospital psychiatric staff. When he found himself baffled by a patient's symptoms, Young would drop into the office of Dr. Angus Randolph, then resident psychiatrist, describe the case and conclude frankly, "I can't make any sense of it at all. Do you see a pattern here?"

The close working relationship that developed soon proved its value to both men. The psychiatric clinic was swamped with a mass of cases. Young's presence enabled the staff to weed out those who were more in need of a trained minister's counselling than of full-dress psychiatric treatment, and thereby to concentrate on the most serious cases. Young in turn would sometimes uncover deep-seated psychopathic tendencies in the course of routine marriage counselling; by referring the victims immediately to the psychiatric staff he materially increased their chances of recovery.

One case in particular illustrates the insight Young developed as the result of such co-operation. An attractive student nurse came into his office one afternoon in a state of acute depression. "I was doing well in my work until recently," she told him, "when I started crying over little things that I would never have noticed before. I can't concentrate. My marks are going down. I don't know what's come over me."

As his questioning revealed that there were no romantic entanglements, none of the commonplace personal or parental abrasions that generally underlie problems of this kind, Young began to suspect that a much deeper conflict lay at the heart of the girl's symptoms. To explore this possibility he shifted his enquiries into broader perspective.

Counselling that proceeds on the simple basis of single question-and-answer is fruitless. To get to the core of a patient's problems the counsellor must fire a barrage of three or four related questions at once; the very order in which the patient elects to answer them may provide significant clues to the experienced therapist.

"Tell me something about your background," Young requested. "Are your parents living? How many children are there in the family? Which one were you closest to?"

The girl had hardly begun to describe her home life before she paused momentarily, a barely perceptible flicker of emotion crossing her face. "My parents had four children," she said, and then hurriedly, "but one of them died. My mother worked—"

"Just a minute," Young interrupted. "You say one of the children is dead. Would you tell me how it happened?"

The nurse winced; here surely was the hidden wound. But what had kept it from healing?

Gradually the clues began to emerge. As a teenager, the nurse had had to assume most of the responsibility for her baby brother while her mother worked. "I almost came to feel that Billy was my own child," she confessed. One spring day she had seen the boy reaching out from the bank of a pond to pick a water lily. Terrified, she had snatched him up and spanked him. "If you had fallen in we would have had to dig a deep dark hole and cover you up with earth," she had said, in a childish effort to make him understand how dangerous the water was.

Three days later, following his mother across the street, the boy had been struck by a car and killed. The young girl had had to watch the grim fulfilment of the threat she had depicted so precisely only a few days before. She was too shocked to tell anyone about it, too shocked even to cry.

Young knew that something must have subsequently set in motion the grief which she had been unable to release on that terrible day. Gently he asked, "Had you formed any emotional attachment to a patient here in the hospital who died recently, perhaps just before your crying spells developed?"

She had, to an elderly woman. Her overwhelming subconscious need to release her grief had seized upon this subsequent, otherwise unconnected death, though in a confused and indirect fashion. As the



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strange link dawned upon her she dropped her head on her knees and sobbed uncontrollably, venting the pent-up anguish that had been festering for four years.

"Go ahead and cry," Young reassured her. "I'd cry too." His calm, understanding acceptance of her outburst was a greater balm than any sedative in the medicine chest.

But the next step Young took was, in the long run, the most important of all. Once the girl's tears had washed her emotional dross away he suggested that she should take an entirely fresh look at her relationship with her brother. "I'll bet there were times when you wanted to do things at school and you couldn't because you had to come home and care for him," he suggested. "You were saddled with too much responsibility for a 15-year-old, and at times you must have resented it."

Drawing upon all the technical psychological knowledge he had acquired, as well as his own profound understanding of the human heart, he then led the young nurse to see, as she reviewed a series of long-forgotten incidents, how her resentments had grown beneath the surface, how they had been transformed into a deep sense of guilt upon her brother's death. He explained that such divided emotions are common to all normal relationships, and that she therefore had nothing to be ashamed of. "You loved your little brother far more than you resented him," he concluded.

In this instance, Young's therapy went beyond the cure of mere physical symptoms. The girl achieved a measure of mature self-knowledge that would be of inestimable value for the rest of her life. "What kind of work could possibly provide greater rewards?" Young asks in summing up the case.

Young Launches a School

IN 1947, following the plan he'd had in mind from the beginning, Young decided that it was time to pass on to others what he had learnt, and launched his School of Pastoral Care. The hospital backed the project with enthusiasm and, from a first pilot class of eight carefully selected students, enrolment has steadily increased year by year.

To reach the largest possible number of ministers, training is now provided at several different levels. Ten resident posts of a year's duration are offered annually, five of them salaried and limited to Baptists only, the other five open to all denominations. Trainees in this programme rank with the hospital's resident assistant doctors and surgeons, and each year two of them are given a further year of resident training. Recurrent six-week courses for pastors are also offered from September to May, and eight-week summer courses for seminary students. Some 500 ministers clinically trained by Young are now applying their insight in 15 countries, including India, Nigeria,



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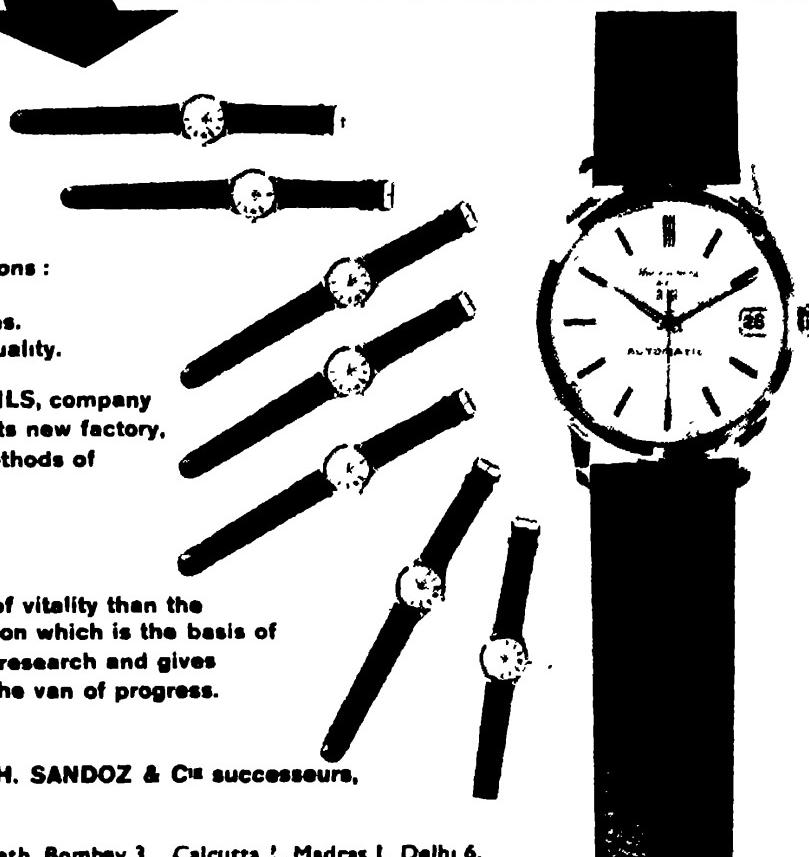
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Dick Young is deeply convinced that pastoral care of the sick is so delicate an art that no seminary should graduate ministers without it. He says, "A medical doctor is not permitted to go directly from the classroom to practise medicine; he must have a year of supervised clinical experience. How much more should this principle apply to the training of physicians of the soul!"

All classes are limited to ten people, and lectures are kept to a minimum. "Skill in intensive counselling does not come from reading a book or hearing a lecture," Dick Young says. "It comes by exposing yourself to the hurt of humanity."

His staff and students made 70,000 such "exposures" last year alone. Brought face to face with people in their most agonized moments, seminarians find the experience both humbling and spiritually challenging.

He tells of one seminary graduate who swept grandly into the school and annoyed everyone with his attitude of superiority. "He had a degree in psychology, knew psychiatry's jargon, could quote from every authority on pastoral counselling—yet had never met a really troubled person face to face." After putting up patiently with the young man's lofty theological theory, laced with Freudian lingo, Young said quietly,

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Young himself never uses the complex technical language of psychiatry, although he knows it well. "I'm convinced you don't really understand something," he says, "unless you can talk to *anybody* about it." And he tells his students, "You're being trained to become not second-class psychiatrists, but ministers of the grace of God, *practical* theologians. No pat answers or stereotyped solutions will do for

people whose problems are as personal as their thumb prints."

In his view, a simple prayer and an exhortation to read the Bible and think positively may be a superficial panacea but seldom a cure. When a young pastor taking part-time clinical training jubilantly reported that he had healed a broken marriage, Young asked how he had done it. "Oh, I got the pair down on their knees together, prayed with them, and then got them to kiss and make it up." Next week when the student returned, Young asked him, "How are your reunited couple getting on?" Crestfallen, the young pastor replied, "They're not. They separated that same day."

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Pastoral care that is mostly exhortation, says Young, is "placing a truth down over a trouble, not pulling it out by the roots; sooner or later the emotional problem will blow the lid off."

Sending his students into the rooms and wards, he tells them, "If you know anything about man's heartbreak and God's love, here's the place to apply that understanding. Up on those floors you won't hear what the poets call the music of the spheres. You'll hear what Wordsworth called the 'still, sad music of humanity.' Absorb it—until it breaks your heart!"

To test their absorbing ability he requires full written reports of interviews with patients. These "verbatims" are studied by the staff, discussed in class, subjected to piercing analysis. To measure growth in "receptive and reflective" listening, Young submits each student to a scientific "listening test" at the start and conclusion of his course.

"What you learn here," Young tells his trainees, "will be as useful in a parish as in the chaplaincy. Every church, every community, is full of people with problems. Clinical training will make you better ministers—wherever you are called to serve."

"Thy Sins Be Forgiven"

DEALING with guilt feelings—the sense of having sinned against oneself, against some other person, against God—is perhaps the major

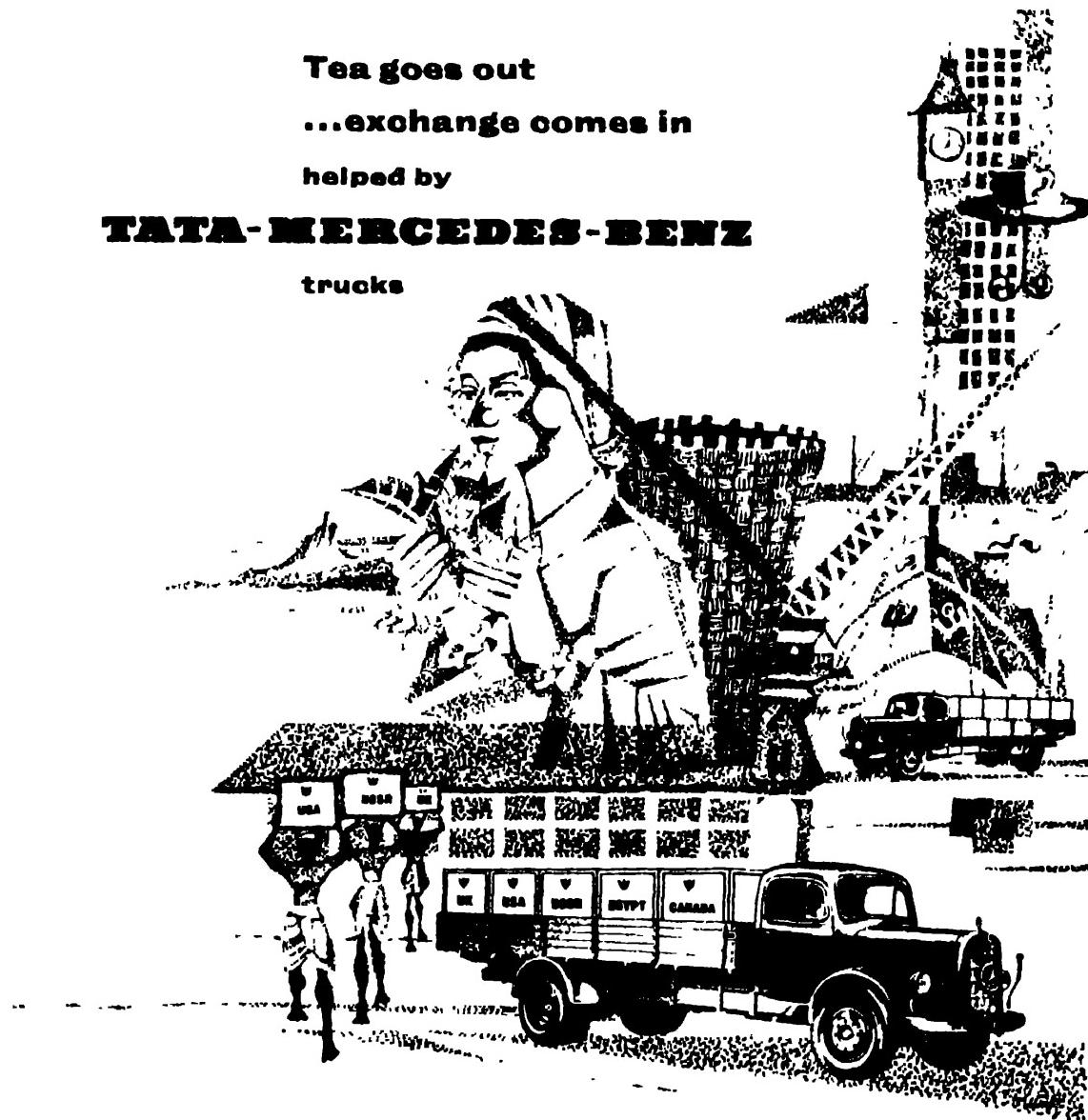
problem in Young's School of Pastoral Care.

Nowhere is modern psychiatry undergoing so sharp a revision of thought as in its approach to these morbid symptoms. The theory used to be: dredge up your guilt feelings, talk about them, look at them in the light of day—and they'll go away. "The trouble was," says one prominent psychoanalyst, "that for many they didn't go away. I discovered that it takes more than just uncovering guilt as the psychogenic factor in illness; there must be an assurance of forgiveness. For such patients I now engage the help of a minister."

Before this attitude became widespread, doctors often resented Young delving into guilt feelings. Anxious to keep their patients relaxed, their blood pressure down, they feared anything that would make the patients even temporarily more tense.

To one such doctor, Young said bluntly, "The medical profession must learn that a chaplain's role itself arouses guilt. He doesn't have to say a word; his very presence does it. A patient often has to get worse emotionally before he can get better physically and spiritually. Peace of mind is no more possible to a man harbouring real guilt than is bodily health to a man with a hidden cancer. I'd no sooner try to create spiritual tranquillity in the admittedly guilty—even for so excellent a reason as to keep his blood pressure down—than you

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would slap sticking-plaster on a festering boil!"

A case in point was that of Tom Arnold,* a puzzler to the whole gastro-enterology section of the hospital. For over a year the 43-year-old businessman had been treated for severe and repeated relapses of ulcerative colitis. Now Tom was back with his most acute attack—one that might easily prove fatal.

Dick Young was called in. "Something's troubling this man," said the gastro-intestinal specialist, "that neither the psychiatrist nor I have been able to discover. He has admitted mental and emotional stress over a divorce two years ago, plus various business worries. And he's had the best help psychiatry can give in handling such anxieties. But I suspect we've both been treating symptoms. Maybe you can uncover the real cause."

For hours Young sat by Tom's bedside, skilfully leading him to talk about his problems. Finally Tom blurted out, "There's something else I haven't told you; I've got to get it off my chest." And out came the details of an affair he was having with a married woman. "Only yesterday," he said, "her husband found out. Last night I got this attack. There must be some connexion. What can I do?"

The chaplain replied, "You've diagnosed your own case; you can write your own prescription. Isn't it

that you must break off this affair, confess, and ask forgiveness of the two people you've wronged and of the God whose laws you've violated? You can be well only when you're ready to take that medicine. Are you?"

Tom Arnold was ready—and did. In the five years since, he has had no recurrence of colitis.

Guilt feelings take many forms, produce many complications. Even when no actual wrong has been done, merely dallying with the temptation to transgress our own moral standards can induce degenerative symptoms.

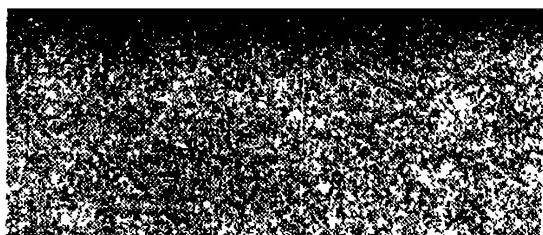
Such was the curious case of Everett Barton, brought in with a paralysed right arm. A neurologist could find nothing physically wrong. His motor responses, even in the affected member, were perfect. The doctor said, "You have what we call functional paralysis. Will you see one of our psychiatrists?"

Barton flared. "Of course not, I'm not mad. It's my arm. You're a specialist—cure it!"

The neurologist shrugged. "We'll try." Back in his office he called the School of Pastoral Care. Within the hour Dick Young casually stopped at Barton's bedside, introduced himself. "Glad to see you, chaplain," said Barton. "I'm pretty active in the Church myself; financial secretary. Easy job for me, though; I'm an accountant by trade."

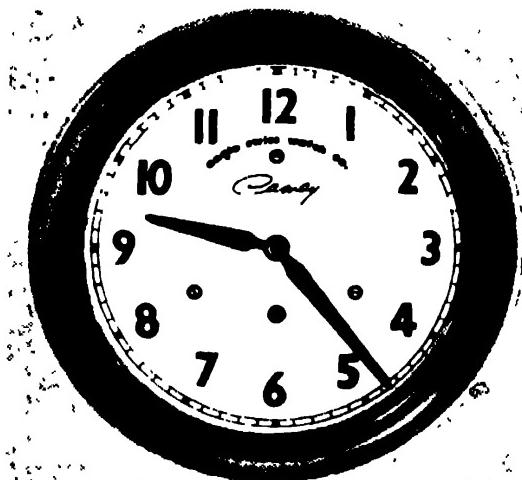
Young deftly led the conversation round to the difficulties of relating

* Real names of patients mentioned here are changed, for obvious reasons.



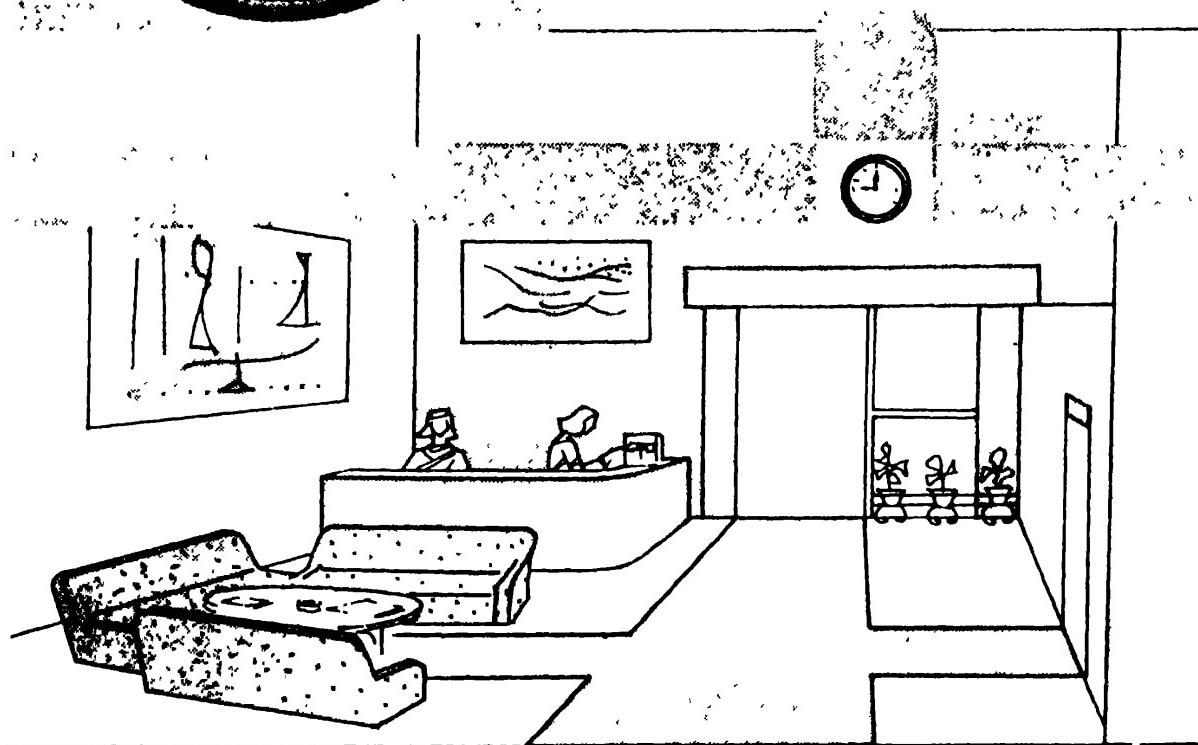
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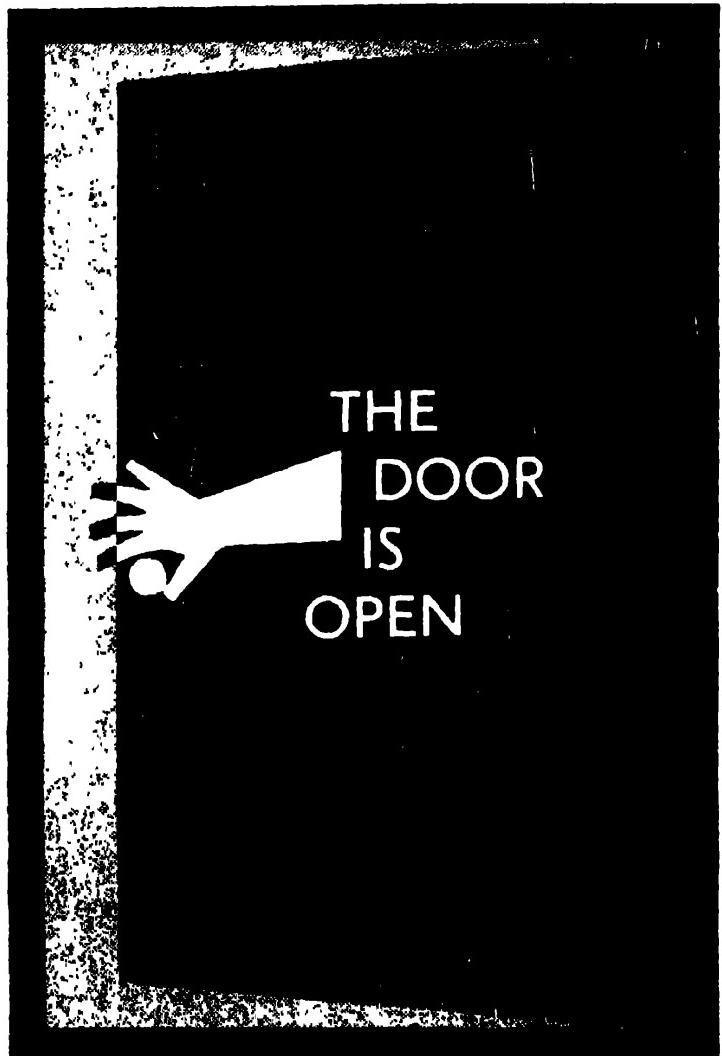
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one's Christian faith to the realistic demands of secular work. Barton responded, "Don't I know it! I've been with one firm for 20 years. Only the other day my employer asked me to fiddle the firm's accounts—for income-tax purposes. When I objected, he hinted that he could get another book-keeper. But this arm trouble developed before I could get started."

"Think there's any connexion?" Young asked.

"How could there be?" Barton demanded.

Young explained: "A man's conscience is a powerful thing; may it not be that yours resolved this moral problem by making it physically impossible for you to obey your employer?"

Barton nodded thoughtfully. "But what can I do?" he asked. "I'm getting on in years, and jobs aren't plentiful."

"We all have to make our own decisions," Young replied. "But I have a notion that if you follow your conscience your paralysis will disappear."

The next day Barton went home, explained to his employer why he couldn't be a party to dishonesty—and almost immediately regained the use of his arm. Instead of being given the sack, he got a rise. Said his employer, "That conscience of yours taught us both a lesson!"

In Dick Young's view, the Bible is the perfect casebook in this area of psychotherapy. God is described as

one "who forgiveth all thine iniquities and healeth all thy diseases." Says Young, "Note the sequence there! Christ invariably addressed His prescription for healing to the spiritual, first. To the palsied man asking only for physical help, He said, 'Son, thy sins be forgiven thee'—and the palsy disappeared. Knowing that a healed body with a sin-guilty soul would soon relapse, He said to the paralytic healed at the Bethesda pool, 'Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee.'

"It's as true today as it was when that Book was written: the most powerful force in the universe is Christian love."

Allaying Morbid Fears

JUST AS the sound application of religious insights can be used to cure the sick, so religious misconceptions and distortions can often contribute to illness. The view of God as vengeful, vindictive, spying on human frailty in order to punish us—an image sometimes invoked by parents in an unthinking effort to "discipline" their children—underlies a common pattern of neurotic guilt feelings. When any injury or illness strikes, victims of such garbled teachings quickly conclude, "It's God's punishment for something I've done!"

Closely allied is the morbid fear of having committed an "unpardonable sin." Although, according to Young, "Nine out of ten people who use this phrase can't define what

they mean by it to save their lives," the obsession can be emotionally devastating. Gripped by an overwhelming sense of despair, such patients frequently adopt what psychologists call a "death wish." Restoring their will to live, a task for which the clerical members of the healing team are uniquely suited, can often mean the difference between life and death.

Says Dr. Eben Alexander, neurosurgeon and chief of professional services at the hospital, "Every doctor knows from bitter experience that when a patient says, 'Doctor, I'm going to die,' the chances are that, no matter how minor the procedure or how skilful the treatment, the patient *will* die." Except in emergency cases where delay would be fatal, Dr. Alexander refuses to operate until such a patient's outlook can be changed. "But," he says, "our chaplains can often achieve that change."

Sometimes, the analysis of religious symptoms attendant upon physical illness can lead to the solution of otherwise baffling cases. Such was the problem of a woman admitted to the hospital with a crippling functional disorder which defied ordinary medical diagnosis. Interviewed by a chaplain, she confided in hopeless tones, "I've lost my relationship to God."

As the counsellor carefully reviewed the history of her religious maladjustment, signs of a closely related underlying problem gradually

emerged. After her marriage, the woman had moved back to her father's farm with her husband. There they had become embroiled in a bitter dispute over crop management, and as a result she had not spoken to her father for over a year. As time passed, her depression over this alienation grew so intense that she became unable to pray. Convinced that she was isolated from God, she had fallen victim to the illness which brought her to the hospital. With these facts at their disposal, the chaplain and the psychiatric staff, working in conjunction, were able to restore the woman's sense of emotional and religious harmony, and as a result her physical symptoms rapidly improved.

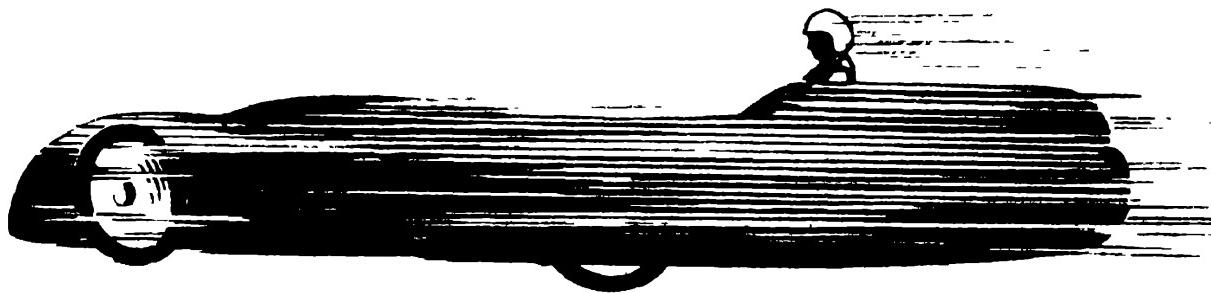
Of course, not all the problems the School of Pastoral Care deals with call for "theological answers." "We do not throw the Bible at everyone," says Young.

There are, for example, patients who, consciously or unconsciously, *use* their illnesses to escape from some intolerable situation, to secure affection not given to them in health, to gain sympathy for their "martyrdom." Confounding medical wisdom by refusing to get well, such people make up a large proportion of the chronically ill who, according to medical surveys, consume from one-half to three-quarters of busy doctors' and nurses' time.

There was, for example, the young woman who was repeatedly

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brought to the hospital—each time with a different malady. "Every germ in the neighbourhood seems to hit me," she reported. Dick Young discovered that she and her husband lived next door to her mother—a dominating, over-protective woman who, ever since her daughter's girl-hood bout of rheumatic fever, had insisted on running her life. "Why am I such a weakling?" the girl wailed. Young replied, "Move to the other side of the town." She did, over three years ago—and hasn't been back to the hospital since.

The characteristic attitude of the martyr type—an exaggerated sense of "duty"—can often induce hypertension. Such was the case of a woman in her middle fifties, whose excessively high blood pressure, resisting all medication, puzzled cardiac specialists. Dick Young took over, gradually getting the patient to talk at length about her family. The story that came out: she had been the eldest child of a large family. When she was 14, her mother died, saying, "Dear, now you must take my place." For years she kept her promise, refusing to marry until all the others had homes of their own. Even after her own marriage she felt responsible, spending herself endlessly for those who no longer needed her.

At the end of the long recital, Young said, "Your family must be grateful to you for sacrificing your own interests to mother them through the years." The woman's

glow of pleasure faded a little when he added, "But isn't it wonderful that they are now all happily able to care for themselves and you are free at last?" Then understanding swept over her face. "I'm *not* responsible any more, am I? How silly I've been! They would probably be happier if I gave up interfering, wouldn't they?"

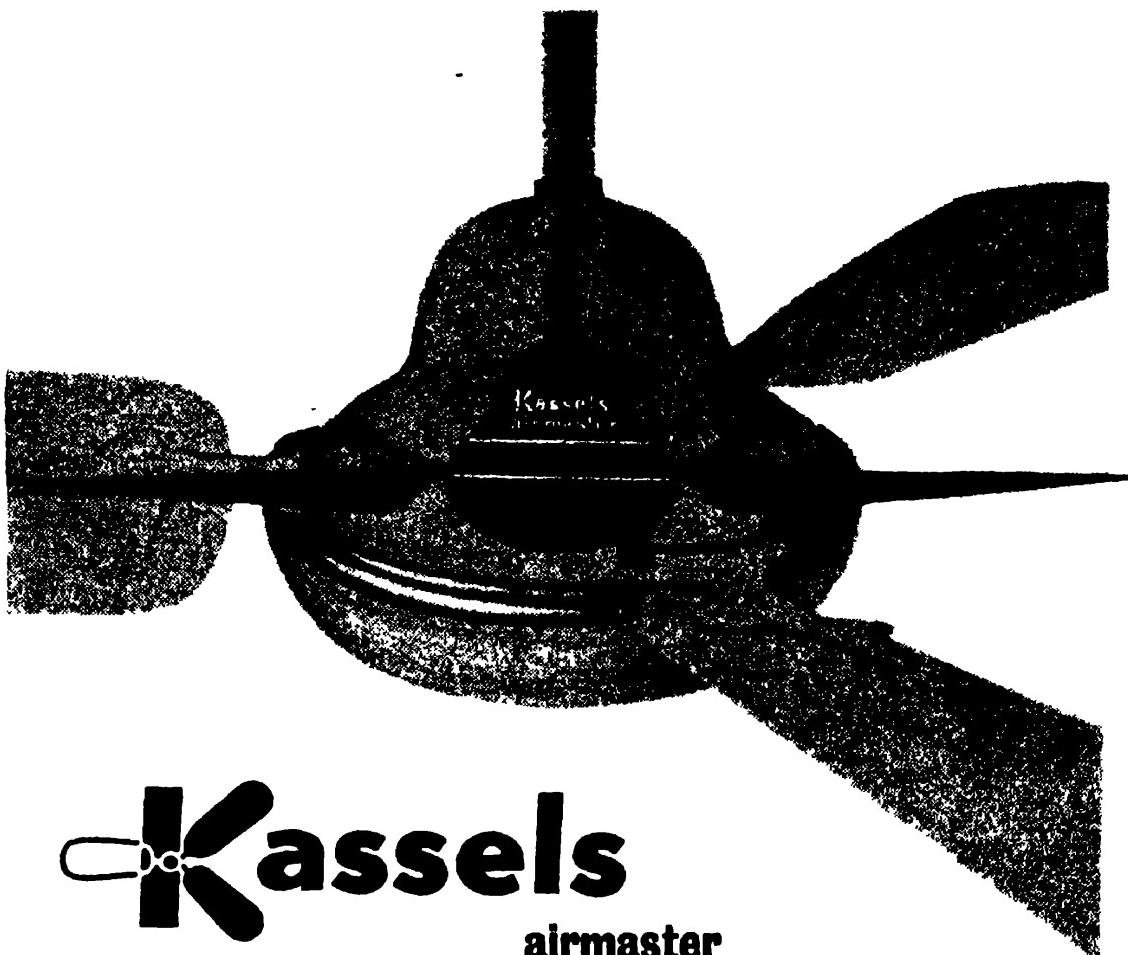
Says her doctor, "Almost immediately her blood pressure sank to nearly normal—and stayed there. Her whole life was altered. She's now leading an active, full existence—without the artificial burden she had refused to let go until Dick Young led her to see what she was doing to herself and the others."

Stories of similar healing achievements are legion. But Dick Young would be the last to claim that spiritual therapy invariably cures all people of their ills—much less solves all the problems that cause them. Many take years to work out. The important thing is, he says, that we should gain insight into our real trouble and identify our resources for handling it.

The Growth of Outpatient Counselling

ONE MUCH-APPRECIATED function of Young's counselling staff is serving the needs of anxious relatives.

"In times of crisis no doctor, however sympathetic, can give much time to a patient's family," says Dr. Alexander, "though they certainly deserve all the information



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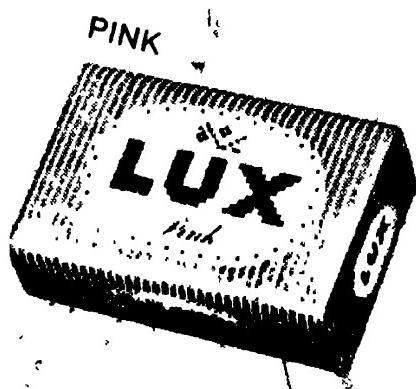


available. Almost every hospital has had sad experiences with relatives nearly berserk with anxiety and frustration. But we have not had one such incident since the chaplains took over."

A dramatic instance of this service occurred after a tragic school fire in 1957 in which one child and one teacher died, and seven children were seriously burned. As soon as news of the fire became known, the medical staff mobilized swiftly to receive the young victims being rushed by ambulances from the scene, a little hamlet 50 miles away. As swiftly, Dick Young deployed his force of 21 ministers; some were stationed at the hospital entrance to

meet the parents; others stayed in the operating theatre and wards to keep advised of each young patient's condition; still others were assigned as messengers to relay such progress reports.

When the parents arrived, frantic and in a state of shock, they were met by ministers who explained why they could not see their children at once, were taken to the home-like waiting-room where piped-in chimes played comforting hymns. For hours the efficient service operated, calming the parents, providing them with refreshments, consolation, confidence—and regular reports from the doctors. Not a single case of hysteria developed.



'FOUR RAINBOW

says WAHEEDA REHMAN

Another particularly fruitful adjunct to the centre's healing facilities is the "outpatient counselling service." This service enables the hospital to follow a patient into his home and community, where his troubles were bred in the first place.

Outpatient counselling was not a part of Young's original plan at North Carolina Baptist Hospital. But many patients requested that the chaplain should talk with members of their families, or returned for additional counselling after being discharged from the hospital. Patients told friends, who began to call for appointments, and pastors frequently referred members of their congregation to this service.

By 1953 the demand for outpatient counselling was so great the hospital administrator agreed to provide additional personnel to handle it.

A glance at the appointments calendar for a typical week indicates the broad range of problems dealt with: a man from a near-by town came because he had been unable to control his drinking for eight years after his father's death. The mother of a retarded child feared having any more children, but her husband insisted that he wanted a son. A young engineer came because his fear of failure had become so acute that it was seriously hampering his work. A couple brought in their 14-year-old daughter because she had

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been expelled from two schools; helping the girl led to counselling with both her parents.

The outpatient service handles over 4,500 visits a year from men and women suffering from kindred difficulties. Many come from more than 100 miles away for each session; almost half come from outside Winston-Salem.

In addition, "extended care" is supplied by the network of pastors (237 in North Carolina alone) who have taken clinical training under Young and who now give concentrated pastoral attention to ex-patients and their families. Hundreds of doctors, many trained at the Bowman Gray School of Medicine, stand ready to join with these pastors in applying the healing-team approach to keeping discharged patients well.

Hospital administrator Reid Holmes credits the work of the outpatient pastoral counselling clinic with "an amazingly effective job of preventive medicine." Evidence of its value is the hospital's strikingly low record of chronic or "repeat" patients. "This pastoral-care programme," says Holmes flatly, "is the finest thing we do."

The Beckoning Future

THE SPREAD of the healing-team concept is almost as impressive as its practice at the Baptist medical centre in Winston-Salem. Although Young's school is unique in holding equal status with the centre's schools

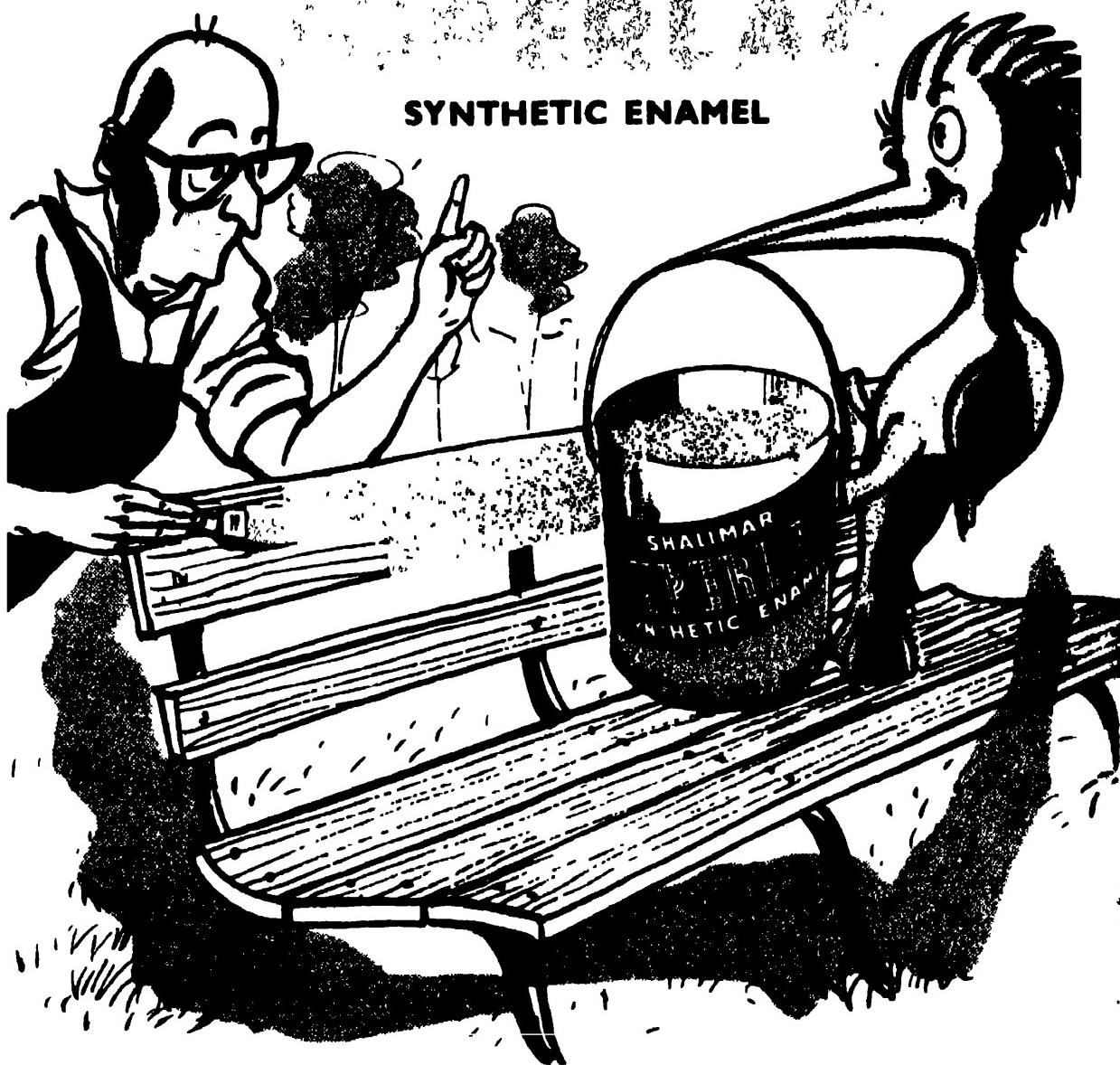
of medicine and nursing, 63 other U.S. hospitals now offer clergymen some form of clinical training in pastoral care of the sick.

Dick Young himself has done much to disseminate interest in the movement. With his associates, he writes voluminously on the subject in books, medical journals and church publications. In addition, he regularly conducts, with the aid of the hospital medical staff, three-day "pastoral-care institutes" for ministers unable to take his standard courses. A recent one drew 350 clergymen. He also conducts one-day workshops at ministerial conferences. Everywhere he goes he encourages ministers to join in "volunteer chaplaincy" programmes for their local hospitals.

Graduates of his School of Pastoral Care return to their parishes to promote doctor-minister get-togethers on a community-wide basis. You can hear hundreds of stories of successful co-operation. A prominent doctor proudly told me, "Men of the two professions—some of whom for years were scarcely on speaking terms—are realizing at last how closely allied their disciplines are." Speaking to the Texas Medical Association, its president, Dr. Milford Rouse, said, "the most fundamental of all partnerships in medicine is with the ministry."

To Dick Young, this modern alliance is new in practice but not in concept. "Almost two dozen centuries ago," he says with a wry grin

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creasing his lean face, "the author of the *Charmides* dialogue wrote that 'if the head and the body are to be well, you must begin by curing the soul; that is the first thing.' We're just catching up with Plato!"

Psychiatry, too, is moving gradually towards similar co-operation with religion. Sparked off by a serious desire for mutual understanding of each other's disciplines, more than a dozen top-level meetings between clergymen of all faiths and psychiatrists of all schools were held during the past three years alone. "The greatest discovery of modern psychiatry is the soul," says one prominent psychiatrist, "not as just another name for the mind, but as an area in its own right, affecting both mind and body for good or ill."

The well-known British psychiatrist, Dr. J. A. Hadfield, maintains, "As a student of psychotherapy who, as such, has no concern with theology, I am convinced that the Christian religion is one of the most potent influences we possess for producing that harmony and confidence of soul needed to bring health to a large proportion of nervous patients." After 30 years of experience, Freud's great disciple Jung confessed that among all his patients over 35, "not one has been really healed who did not regain his religious outlook."

Dick Young summarized the modern practice of comprehensive healing as follows:

The *doctor* says, "Here is a body

that is ill. I will address myself to that illness, and with the latest drugs and surgical techniques I will make this body well."

The *psychiatrist* says, "Here is a mind with an anxiety that has made the patient physically and mentally ill. By analysis I will help him to gain insight into his problem, and by drawing upon his own resources he can help to heal himself."

The *minister* says, "Here is an immortal soul, whose sick body and disturbed mind have defeated him as a person. By giving him love and understanding, and by pointing him towards resources outside himself, I will help him to get beyond his body-mind disorders to their underlying cause: his sense of disharmony with himself, his fellows and his God."

Together all members of the healing team say, "Here is a man who is body, mind and soul. His whole health is the sum of the health of the three. Only by working together, each in his own speciality, can we heal the whole man."

Dick Young finds it intriguing that this modern move towards co-operation comes more enthusiastically from leaders in the medical field than from those in the religious. "In inviting clergymen to join doctors in their total approach to the total person," he says, "medical science is affording the Church its greatest opportunity since Christ commanded His disciples to 'preach the gospel and heal the sick.'"
THE END



Van Gogh from a self portrait

THE TORTURED SOUL of Vincent van Gogh

from "Lust for Life"

BY IRVING STONE

When, in 1890, Vincent van Gogh first found peace, only seven men gathered at his funeral; when, a few years ago, the Tate Gallery in London closed the first comprehensive exhibition of his paintings and drawings, a record number of 157,000 people had viewed the collection, and many more had finally to be turned away. For his entire life's work as an artist, van Gogh received less than £50 (Rs. 650); in July 1957 a single painting of his was sold in Paris for £31,000 (over Rs. 4 lakhs), and appraisals of the total value of his paintings and drawings range between £3 and £4 million (Rs. 4-5 crores).

Vincent van Gogh's paintings are among the most widely reproduced of any artist of any age. In them people of all countries recognize a warmth and essential goodness that reflects the passion for life which gripped their creator. "I want to paint humanity, humanity, and again humanity!" Vincent once cried in defiance of conventionalized romantic art. And it is this universal quality of penetrating love—love for people, for nature, for the ordinary things of daily life—that gives greatness to his work and makes his tortured life one of the immortal stories of the world.

The Tortured Soul of Vincent van Gogh

"*SOME PEOPLE have all the luck. Look at this fellow —his uncle is half owner of all the Goupil Galleries in Paris, Berlin, Brussels, The Hague and Amsterdam, and they say the old man means to leave him the business. Another uncle owns big art shops in Brussels, and another the biggest firm in Holland. Why, the van Goghs are the greatest family of picture dealers in Europe. One day our red-headed friend will practically control Continental Art!*"

The year was 1875, and his fellow

clerks in Goupil's, of London, were speaking of Vincent van Gogh, almost 22, regarded as a most promising young man, though a bit eccentric. But Vincent himself had suddenly lost all delight in selling pictures. He was in love for the first time, and his love had been scorned.

The night when he had told Ursula, awkwardly, that he wanted her for his wife, she had looked at him with wide eyes. "Your wife! Why, that's impossible! I'm engaged. My fiancé is in Wales." She wrenched away from him, then turned and

spoke in a whisper that struck him like a shout—"Red-headed fool!"

The blow stunned Vincent. And pain, curiously, made him both sensitive to pain in others and intolerant of the cheap and blatantly successful. "How can a man spend his life selling bad pictures to stupid people!" His sales dropped off until he was of no value whatever to the gallery. After a month, he calmly announced that he was through with the art business.

He became a curate in a Methodist school, to which came students from the slums of Victorian London. In their homes Vincent first saw real destitution; families herded into cold, barren rooms, shivering in rags, illness staring from their eyes.

One Sunday he was sent to preach at an important church, before a large and critical congregation. There, his fervour, his heavy-handed power, his penetrating eyes all had a tremendous effect. As his listeners crowded to shake his hand, he was thinking, if only he could lay this triumph at Ursula's feet, and share it with her! Tramping through the drenching rain he found her house all lit up, and carriages standing outside. Then Ursula and a tall man were framed in the doorway, and the crowd surged out, laughing, throwing rice . . . Vincent trudged back in the downpour, collected his belongings, and left England for ever.

He soon realized his unfitness for a clerical education. Night and day

the question racked him: Did he want to become a clever gentleman clergyman? What about his ideal of personal service to the poor, the sick, the downtrodden? "I want," he argued, "to do God's practical work —now, not five years from now!"

"Vincent, why don't you go to the Borinage?" said a friend. "It's a coal region in Belgium, where the miners work always in danger from gas, explosion, or flood, at wages hardly enough to keep body and soul together. Their homes are tumbledown huts, and most of the year their families are shivering with cold or fever. These people need men like you, Vincent. And the Committee on Evangelization will give you a formal appointment."

VINCENT went. And shortly there was not a hut in the village where he had not brought food and comfort, nursed the sick, and prayed with the miserable. Around the miners' huts were a few dead trees and ash dumps; and over all, the tall chimneys spread black smoke 24 hours a day. The miners were small people with hunched-in shoulders and bony limbs: "Blackjaws," they were called, for soap was to them an impossible luxury. Until they die, the Borains never completely get the coal dust off their faces. By day the village seemed deserted: half a mile underground was the labyrinth city in which the population spent its waking hours from childhood until death. Not one

' miner had ten francs put away. Often Vincent would give away his own few francs.

When Vincent came back to his room one day, nearly insane from the grief and suffering about him, he looked at his own comfortable bed, its clean sheets and pillows; he surveyed his complete wardrobe. He had more food in one meal than the miners had in a week. Suddenly he felt himself a hypocritical liar and coward, preaching the virtues of poverty, but living in comfort and plenty. He packed up his extra clothes to give to the neediest; he moved into a shanty with no window, its floor the native earth, and swept by icy blasts. Now he was living like the miners, eating the same food, sleeping in the identical bed. He even rubbed coal dust on his face, to look like everyone else. At last he was one of them, and had won the right to bring them the Word of God.

February that year was bitter. Absorbed in collecting coal, preparing hot drinks and medicines, Vincent never found time to open his Bible. The Word had become a luxury the miners could not afford. As the cold abated, fever set in to take its place. Spending most of his salary on others, his vitality sapped by starvation rations, Vincent went round with a fever, his eyes two fire holes in their sockets; his nerves were jumpy, his cheeks hollow—but his chin stuck out as firmly as ever.

Then came the day when Vincent

saw black figures scurrying excitedly away from the hoist building. "An accident! They're trapped!" Frightened women and children came running, some crying hysterically, others staring ahead, wide-eyed. A group appeared carrying three children wrapped in blankets, terribly burned: two girls of about nine and a boy of ten. All three were unconscious, the hair and skin burnt off every exposed part. Inside a cabin, Vincent undressed the first child. "Oil, oil, quick, and bandages!" The mother brought a little oil, then stood staring. "We have nothing for a bandage," she blubbered. Vincent grabbed off his coat, tore his shirt and undershirt into strips, and bandaged the child from head to foot; he did the same with the second girl. When he reached the boy, he had to cut up his woolen drawers for bandages.

At the mine, volunteer crews worked for 12 days without stopping. Since no coal had been brought up, no wages had been paid, and though now the village had not one centime, the miners struck. Vincent spent his next 50 francs on food, but soon there was nothing left, and the miners watched their families starve.

Just then the Committee on Evangelization, declaring Vincent's conduct "undignified and disgraceful," cut off his salary and forbade him to preach. And the mining company announced that if the men did not return to work at once the mine

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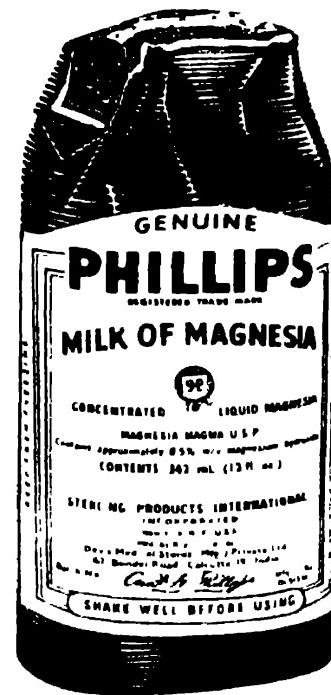
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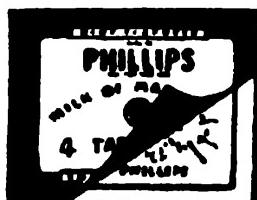
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would be shut down permanently. A group came to Vincent: "What shall we do? You are the only man we trust. If you tell us to go back, we will. If you tell us to starve, we will do that." Vincent pleaded with the manager, but in the end, defeated, he had to tell the miners to go back. From that moment he felt that he could never preach to them again. God had turned a deaf ear to the miners, and Vincent had been unable to soften Him.

HE HAD lost God and had lost himself. But months later, something came to life within Vincent: there must be some good in him; he was not altogether a fool and a wastrel—some contribution he could surely make to the world. But what? Sitting at the mine gate, he began sketching the miners as they emerged. That evening as he copied his rough studies, he realized that he was homesick for the world of pictures.

After that he was busy; again he entered the huts—with paper and crayon instead of a Bible. He sketched the children playing on the floor, the wife bending over the stove, or the family at supper. And he was happy. Not even serving God had brought such sheer ecstasy as creative art. Once, when for 15 days he had not one centime and lived off a few borrowed loaves, he did not complain, even to himself. What was the hunger of his belly, when his spirit was well fed?

Again months passed, and then illness overtook him. He went to bed despondent, hollow-cheeked, fever in the bottomless pools of his green-black eyes. And there his brother Theo, arriving unannounced, found him. Theo, though only 23, was already a successful art dealer in Paris, with all the social amenities; Vincent was unwashed and unkempt, his coarse, red beard splashed all over his face. Theo was stricken with horror, for Vincent was to him the most important person in the world. Now Vincent needed him; he must be taken out of this hole, put on his feet . . . "Look here, Vincent, if you've really found your life's work, let's form a partnership. You supply the work, and I'll supply the funds. You can live where you like: Paris, Amsterdam, or The Hague. I don't care if it takes you years."

HENCE it was that Vincent settled in The Hague as a pupil of Anton Mauve, a recognized painter. For his 14-francs-a-month "studio" he bought a kitchen table, two chairs and a blanket; he slept on the floor. But models were expensive, and if the 100 francs Theo sent each month were late, Vincent was sometimes left penniless. Was he to be hungry all his life? Was there never to be a moment of comfort or peace for him anywhere? And beside the pain of hunger stood always the pain of aloneness. Nowhere could he turn for companionship, for a friendly

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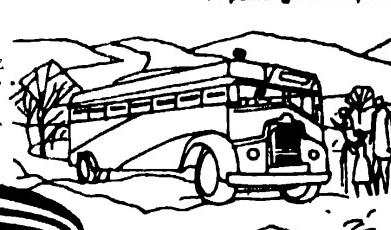
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word. One night he was sitting in a working-man's café, when the waiter spoke roughly to a woman at the next table: "More wine?"

"Haven't a sou," she replied.

Vincent turned. "Won't you have a glass with me?"

She was not young, not beautiful, but faded, with melancholy eyes—one over whom life had passed. "What do you do?" she asked.

"I'm a painter."

"Oh. That's a hell of a life too, isn't it? I'm a laundress except when I'm not strong enough—"

"And then?"

"Then back to the streets. Got to earn food for the kids."

"How many have you?"

"Five. I'm carrying another now." She produced the butt of a cigar and lit it.

They were silent—talked—and again were silent. Finally Vincent asked, "Will you let me come with you? I'm very much alone."

When Vincent awoke next morning, not alone, but with a fellow creature beside him, the world looked more friendly. He was grateful to Christine.

After a little she came every day to pose for him; then, gradually, to do his cooking, his washing and mending. For it all he gave her a franc a day.

But she was not a good housekeeper; she often flew into rages and

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used the vilest of words. Often both his money and his food ran out a week before Theo's money was due.

Vincent's first order came from his uncle, Cornelius van Gogh, wealthy art dealer. Twelve drawings, at two-francs-fifty each! And if these turned out well, 12 more—views of Amsterdam! Vincent was intoxicated with success.

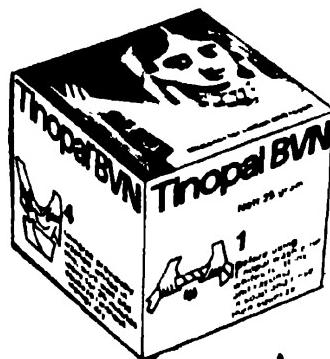
In due time he sent off the 12 drawings, but he had to wait for his 30 francs. Meantime disapproval hit him from all sides. "You are forgetting that you are a van Gogh. You have been seen in questionable places and in the most questionable company." "Well, well, van Gogh, it's all over the town that you've taken

a mistress—a hag at that!" And this in a letter from his uncle: "Vincent: Have just heard of your disgraceful conduct. Kindly cancel my order for drawings. C. V. G."

His whole fate now rested with Theo. Vincent wrote long letters, explaining, insisting that he intended to marry Christine, begging Theo not to desert him. In the end, Theo promised to continue his help, Vincent agreeing not to marry until he began to earn money.

Vincent worked with a new peace in his heart. In the Borinage he had slaved for God; here he had a new religion: that the figure of a labourer or a bit of sand, sea and sky were subjects so difficult, yet so

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SISTA'S-5

beautiful, that he could worthily devote his life to expressing their hidden poetry. The summer went well, for he left the house at dawn, to be gone until the light failed. But when winter forced him to work at home, things became difficult. He still rose at five to do the housework so that Christine would be free to pose, but she had different ideas. "I'm not a model no more," she protested. Then she would flare into fits of temper. "That's all you took me in for! So you could save money! I'm just a servant to you!" Finally he had to hire models, and so increased the number of days they were without food.

As winter slipped into spring, Vincent's circumstances grew worse. At last he wrote to Theo that he intended to sever his connexions with Christine. The answer was an extra 100 francs and a strong approval. Christine went with him to the station. Then, later, this note: "Dear Theo: I have gone to Arles. Put some paintings on the wall so that you won't forget me. With a handshake in thought, Vincent."

THE COLOUR of the southern countryside made Vincent run a hand over his bewildered eyes. The relentless, profound blue of the skies, the burning lemon-yellow of the sun, the blood-red of the soil, the rose of the orchards—how could he paint such incredible colourings? But every morning he rose before dawn, and every night he returned

with a finished canvas. All his years of labour were expressing themselves now in a great burst of triumphal energy. And somehow, each canvas was a glowing, brilliant transcription of nature. Of personal life, he had none. He was a blind painting mechanism, working because he had to. One thing only was his life: the ability to create.

Though the fierce sun struck him blind, he never wore a hat. At night his head felt as if encased in a ball of fire. The Arlesiens, seeing him dashing about hatless, chin forward, his head red as raw meat, a feverish excitement in his eyes, gave him a name: "Fou-roux!" "Red-headed madman?" said Vincent. "Perhaps, but what can I do?"

When sleep would not come one night, Vincent went into the Maison de Tolerance. A girl slid into the next chair, smiling at him. "I'm Rachel," she said.

Vincent saw a plump face, wide, vacant blue eyes, and coiled-up black hair. "You're pretty, Rachel."

She smiled, and took his hand. "I like the men to like me. That makes it nicer, don't you think?"

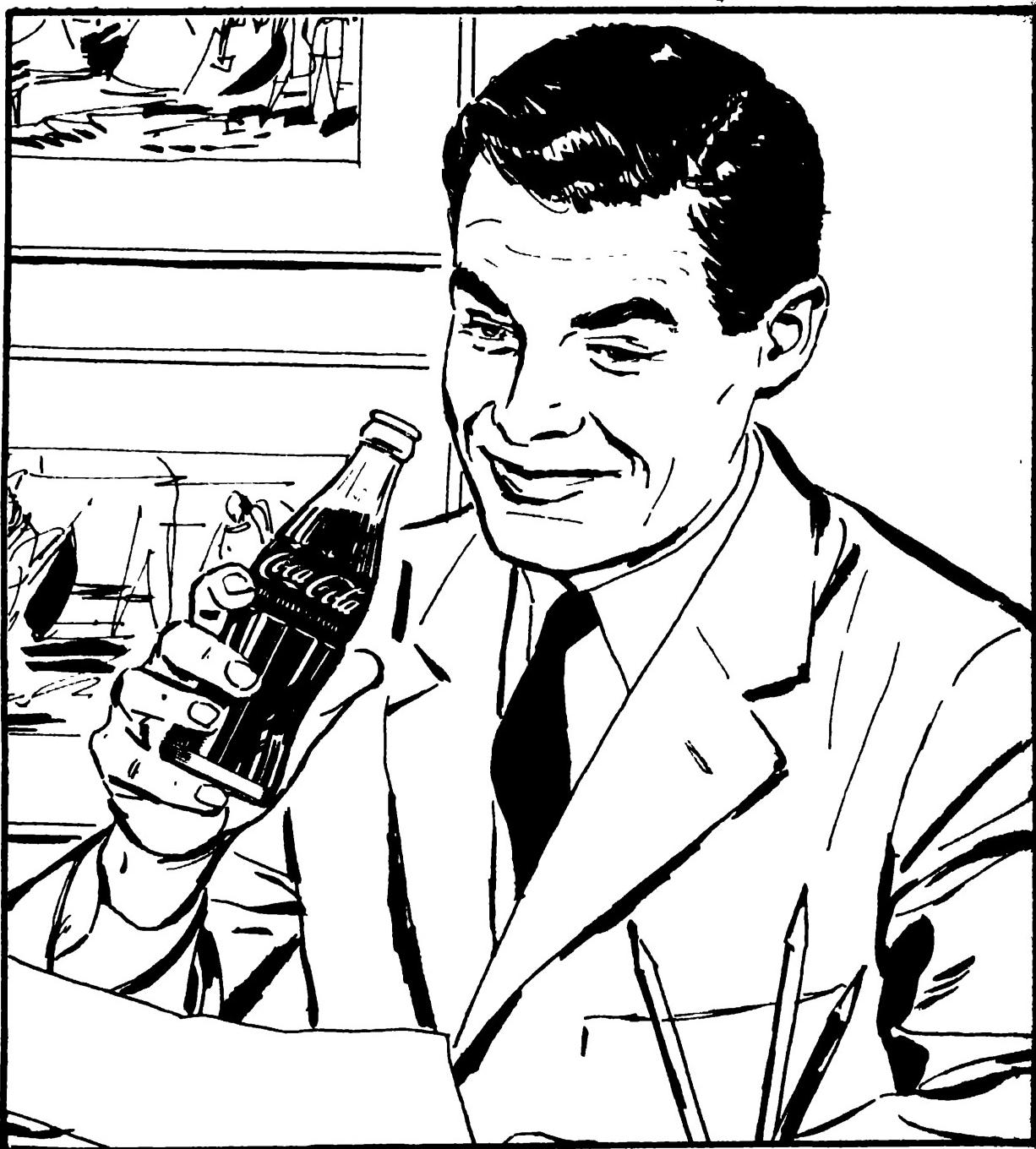
When he was leaving, she kissed him on the ear. "Funny little ears," she cried, "just like a puppy's. Will you come to see me every night?"

"Not every night, Rachel. For one thing, I haven't the money."

"Then will you give me your ear? I'd like to have it to play with. Don't forget to send it."

All that summer he painted like a

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steam engine, until he was nearly dead with work. But again his money ran out, and for four days he lived on 23 cups of coffee and a loaf of bread. Then he found his yellow house, and fell desperately in love with it. A whole house, with red tile floors and whitewashed walls that caught the clean, bright sun, and all for 15 francs a month! And it was large enough for two men: how marvellous it would be to have his old artist friend Gauguin here! And Theo must always come for his holidays!

Gauguin arrived, and the meeting was hearty and boisterous, but the moment they were settled in the house, though they both worked like fiends, they began to disagree. By day they battled with their flaming palettes, but by night they battled with each other's strident egos. They resorted to absinth to quieten their nerves, but it only excited them the more. Glutted with sun, colour and absinth, they lacerated each other with rages more and more violent. One night in a café, Vincent flung his glass at Gauguin's head. Gauguin dodged, picked Vincent up, and carried him home to bed.

He was quiet for several days. Then after a moody, depressed supper, Gauguin left the house without speaking. Behind him he heard a well-known step, short, quick, irregular, and Vincent rushed at him, an open razor in his hand. Gauguin turned. Vincent stopped,

glaring, then ran towards the house. Gauguin spent the night at the hotel.

Not long afterwards Vincent, his head bound in thick bandages, climbed the hill to the Maison de Tolerance and asked for Rachel. "Oh, it's you, Fou-roux! Are you coming up with me?"

"No, but here's your souvenir."

"How nice! What is it?"

"Open, and you'll see."

She unwrapped the bundle and stared in horror at a right ear, dripping blood. She fell down in a dead faint on the flagstones.

When Vincent awoke next day, Theo was at his bedside.

"Theo . . . always . . . when I wake up . . . and need you . . . you're by my side."

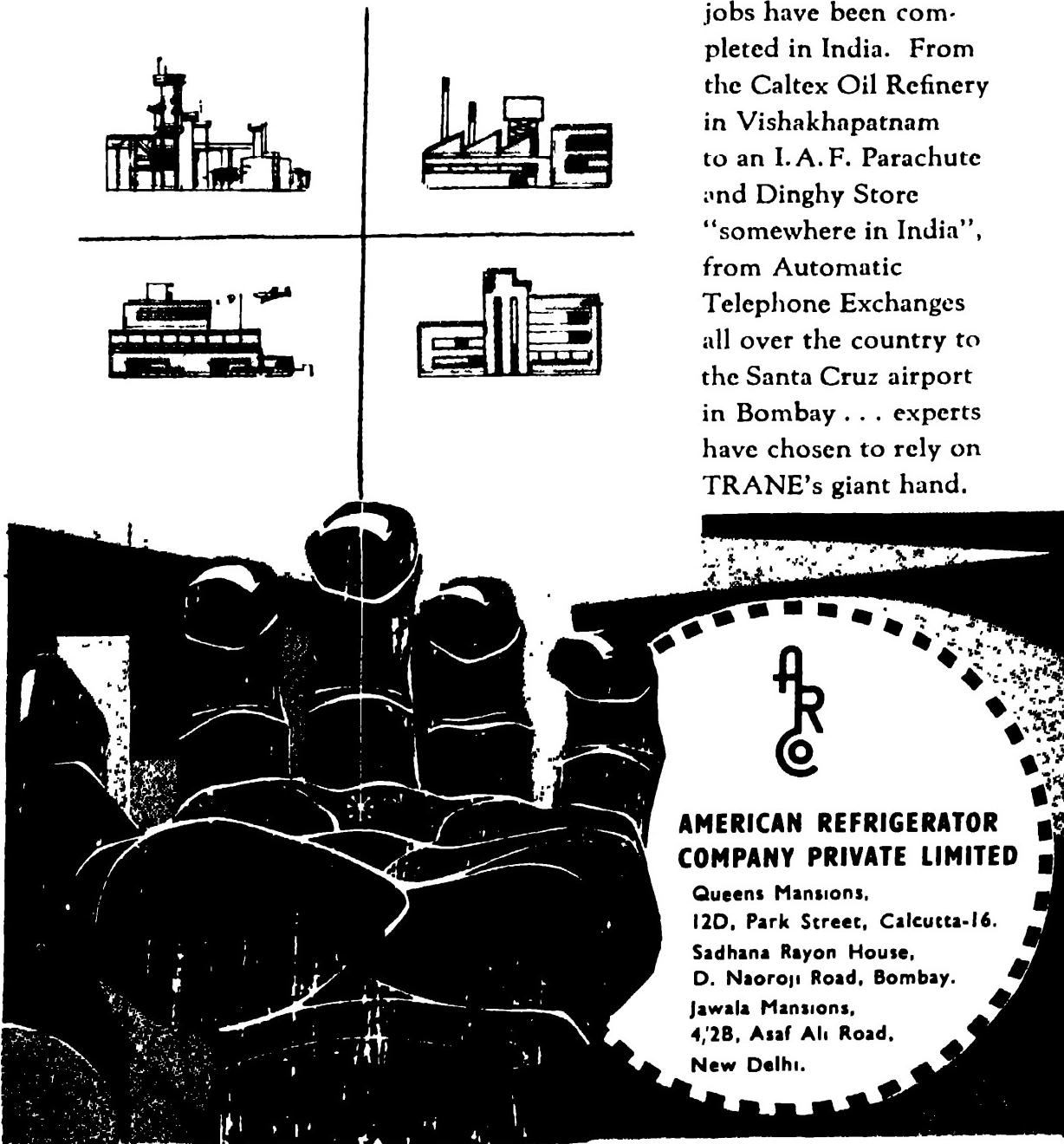
Theo could not speak.

Within two weeks, Dr. Rey permitted Vincent to paint again, but warned him to be careful. Weeks passed, and then suddenly one night in a café, he swept his plate to the floor, jumped up, and kicked over the table, "You're trying to poison me!" he screamed.

Two gendarmes came and carried him off to the hospital. Shortly after, with Theo's consent, Dr. Rey took him to St.-Remy, and the gate of the insane asylum closed behind him.

LATER, going over his illnesses, Vincent saw that the seizures were cyclical, coming every three months. And then a registered letter came from Theo: "At last! Your Red

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4/2B, Asaf Ali Road,
New Delhi.

Vineyard has been sold for 400 francs! Congratulations, old boy! Soon we'll be selling you all over Europe!" That cheque was the largest sum Vincent had ever possessed at one time. His good fortune made him well overnight. Again he threw himself into work with a dumb fury. But, now that he knew just when his attacks were due, he would go to bed for a few days, then be up again and at work.

Two days before the next seizure was due, he went to bed in perfect health. The day arrived, and another—he still felt completely normal; a third day passed, and he laughed. "The doctor was wrong after all. I've seen the last of these things. Tomorrow I shall get to work!" . . . That night when everyone was asleep, he climbed out of bed, walked in bare feet down to the coal cellar, and smeared handfuls of coal dust over his face. "You see, now I am one of them. Now I can bring the Word of God to the miners!"

At dawn the guards found him there, whispering chaotic prayers,

answering the voices which were pouring queer tales into his ear.

The doctor was Vincent's sympathetic friend, and loved paintings. "Ah, Vincent," he said one day, "if only I had painted one canvas like this! I cure people's pain—but they die, in the end. These sunflowers of yours—they will cure the pain in people's hearts, bring people joy, for centuries and centuries. That is why your life is successful—you should be a happy man!"

But Vincent was weary, unspeakably weary. And his mind was in constant torment: suppose Theo lost his job; suppose his own next attack left him a raving maniac; suppose . . .

One afternoon he took his easel and canvas and climbed the hill to the yellow cornfield. He turned his face upward to the sun. He pressed a revolver to his side and pulled the trigger. He sank down into the rich, pungent loam of the field, a more resilient earth returning to the womb of its mother.

THE END



A Month of Sundays

*O*N EVERY congregation there's always at least one misguided individual who thinks the life of a clergyman is one of ease and comfort. One such parishioner approached our dedicated and hard-working vicar before he went on his annual holiday and said, "You certainly have a wonderful job. You work one day each week all the year round, and then you take a month's holiday."

"Why, I don't know about that," replied the vicar. "According to your reckoning I'm taking only a four-day holiday."

—Contributed by Stanley Wagner

*A distinguished
 British student of world affairs
 points out some fallacies in the popular approach
 to today's most urgent problem*

Neither Armament nor Disarmament Will Prevent War

BY EMERY REVES



URING THE last spectacular assembly of the United Nations, the leaders of the world proclaimed disarmament to be the paramount problem of peace.

EMERY REVES is an authority on international politics, a Doctor of Political Economy (Zurich) and author of the 1947 best-seller *The Anatomy of Peace*. Born in Hungary in 1904, Reves took British nationality while in his teens. Much of his knowledge of world affairs comes from his professional work as a literary agent who specializes in handling the writings of European statesmen.

Prime Minister Macmillan and President Eisenhower were emphatic about the urgency of resuming disarmament negotiations. Khrushchev called it "the problem of problems." And shortly after his election President Kennedy said that he considered controlled disarmament "a necessity to guarantee world peace."

In the face of this vast wave of opinion, is it permissible, is it possible, to express a doubt about the soundness of this conviction?

To one who closely followed, as I

did, the discussions which led to the great disarmament conference of 1932-34, the present excitement about disarmament appears unbearably monotonous and repetitious. We express surprise when Khrushchev proposes immediate and total disarmament, and forget that this was exactly what Litvinov proposed in the name of the Stalin government 30 years ago. We follow with utmost attention the American arguments that we must first establish controls before we disarm, forgetting that these were exactly the arguments of the French leaders, Briand, Herriot and Léon Blum, 30 years ago. Not one single argument is being raised today that was not discussed earlier. We have in fact been spending almost 30 years discussing disarmament in innumerable, endless conferences—the negotiations merely interrupted by the Second World War.

Is there a possibility of arriving at a disarmament agreement, and if so, will such an agreement bring peace? Let us imagine that in the near future a treaty is signed according to which all further atomic tests will be banned, all production of nuclear weapons stopped and all the existing plutonium and hydrogen bombs destroyed under a system of control as effective as can be devised. Suppose that such a treaty is signed and ratified by all sovereign nation-states, including China.

Is it imaginable that, given the existing political structure of this

world, the military leaders responsible for the defence of the United States of America will not suspect that, in spite of all treaties and assurances, the Russians may hide in some underground cave in the Urals a few nuclear weapons, making it imperative for the United States to keep secretly some hydrogen bombs for self-defence in case of emergency? And is it possible to imagine that the general staff of the Soviet Army would not have the same feeling towards the U.S.A.?

These are rhetorical questions, as it is obvious that if it were possible for one sovereign great power to trust the actions of another, there would be no need for disarmament—simply because there would be no need for armaments.

But let us be incredibly credulous and accept the possibility that such a treaty of complete nuclear disarmament would be honestly carried out and that there would not be one single nuclear weapon left anywhere, nor the intention to produce one. Would even this unlikely achievement lead us nearer to peace? Not much imagination is necessary to realize that in such an event we would be exactly where we were in 1939, or even back in 1914—two not very peaceful years.

During the 1930's our governments thought that we could achieve peace by reducing the calibre of naval guns, by limiting certain heavy weapons, prohibiting the bombardment of civilian populations, etc.

None of these negotiations led anywhere.

But if a disarmament treaty had been signed in 1935, incorporating all the aims of the 1932-34 Geneva Conference on disarmament, it would not have prevented the Second World War. It would have merely reduced the technical conditions of the opening battles to the conditions existing in warfare during the nineteenth century.

Thus we can go backward, century by century, and realize that no matter what weapons we abolish and what armaments we prohibit, under certain specific conditions there will still be wars, even without artillery, even without gunpowder, even without cavalry and without arrows.

As long as we try to maintain peace between sovereign power groups, we have to apply the old diplomatic formula of the balance of power.

The peculiarity of this principle is that it can maintain peace only during periods when power is *not* in balance. As soon as there is power balance, conflict breaks out. During the phase of history when the power relationship is more or less in balance, we try to prevent war by disarmament. And during that phase when power is not in balance, we try to maintain peace by superior armament, by what we call today the "deterrent."

This is a highly misused and misunderstood term. Between 1945 and

1949 our statesmen said that peace was being safeguarded by the deterrent of the American atomic bomb. Unfortunately, to the Russians the American atom bomb did not appear as a deterrent but as an incentive, which forced them to multiply their efforts to produce the same weapon and even to surpass their rival in the existing power relationship.

Similarly, when the Russians produced their long-range rocket and shot a satellite into space, they called it a deterrent to American aggression. But to the Americans, the Russian rocket appeared as an incentive, which stimulated them to redouble their efforts to produce bigger and longer-range rockets.

If we want to attempt to discuss seriously the problem of peace in this dangerous age of nuclear fission and fusion, we must realize that our thinking and our action are threatened by two fallacies.

The first fallacy is that we can secure peace by armament.

And the second fallacy is that we can secure peace by disarmament.

Endless historical evidence proves the incontrovertible fact that peace is not a technical problem, not a military problem, but an essentially political and social problem.

Within a given political structure, no weapon represents danger. The people of New York are not afraid of the nuclear weapons manufactured in Tennessee or the rockets launched in Florida. But the people

of the Ukraine are frightened of them. And the people of the Ukraine are not afraid of the hydrogen bombs and the rockets manufactured and launched in Central Siberia, but the people of New York are.

Peace between conflicting groups of men was never possible, and wars succeeded one another until some sovereign power was set up *over and above* the clashing social units, integrating the warring units into a higher sovereignty.

Once this is realized, the futility of the passionate debates about armament and disarmament will be apparent to all.

If human society were organized so that relations between units were regulated by democratically controlled law, then modern technology could go ahead and produce the most devastating weapons, and there would be no war. But if we allow sovereign rights to reside in the separate units and groups without regulating their relations by law, then we can prohibit every weapon, even a penknife, and people will beat out one another's brains with clubs.

Most practical politicians will smile at this time and say that any integration of the sovereign nation-states in a higher legal order is Utopia.

This is a debatable assertion. But there can be no question that the ideal of disarmament between the highly industrialized sovereign

nation-states of the twentieth century, with or without controls, is the Utopia of Utopias.

The problem is political. Whether it can be solved before another major catastrophe, given our nationalistic taboos and fears, it is impossible to tell. But our leaders should at least try to think about and discuss the fundamental problem that matters and not waste time in continuing stubbornly to discuss details and technicalities which cannot be solved and which, even if they could be solved, would not advance us one step towards peace.

It seems obvious that globe-trotting diplomacy—an interminable chain of meetings before the eyes and ears of journalists, microphones and cameras—can produce no result other than the reinforcement of antagonistic national positions. Let us try to organize a few months of quiet! No conferences, no speeches. Just a few months. With no travelling, no broadcasting, no propaganda, our leaders might find a little time to reflect in privacy.

Meanwhile the Press, radio, television and films; now used to propagate alliances, non-aggression pacts and a number of other treaty arrangements which in our time and age are thoroughly outdated, should be used to clarify the real issue—which is peace, and not disarmament. A radical change in public opinion is always the first condition for a change in institutions.



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Jackie Kennedy: First Lady of America

"I FEEL AS though I have just turned into a piece of public property," Jacqueline Kennedy said recently. "It's really frightening to lose your anonymity at 31."

Jackie Kennedy, one of the youngest first ladies in U.S. history, by every outward standard would seem perfectly suited to the part.

Born to wealth and high social position, she has beauty, a swift intelligence and rarefied cultural interests.

As Jack Kennedy's wife she has lived for years in the public gaze and should be well accustomed to the limelight. But in fact she shrinks from it. Her struggle to maintain

her own separate identity has been lifelong.

Jacqueline Bouvier's birth, on July 28, 1929, was duly recorded in Manhattan society columns. The Bouviers were rich, Republican, Catholic, socially impeccable and, in their own fashion, fully as overwhelming as the Kennedys of Massachusetts. Twenty-four of Jackie's ancestors came over from France to fight in the American Revolution. All went back; but young Michel Bouvier, inspired by their tales of the frontier, came to Philadelphia in 1814 and became a prosperous importer. The Bouviers have been prominent in America ever since.

From birth to young womanhood, Jackie and her younger sister Lee (now married to Prince Stanislas Radziwill, Polish nobleman turned London businessman) lived according to an undeviating social pattern. Winters were spent in a Park Avenue flat. The languid summers were whiled away in East Hampton, Long Island. At six Jackie had her own pony, by 12 she was riding in horse shows. Her love of horses is abiding.

In 1940 her parents were divorced, and two years later her mother married Hugh Auchincloss, a wealthy Washington stockbroker. For Jackie the locale changed after the divorce, but the routine was much the same: an exclusive girls' school in Washington, gilded summers at the 75-acre waterfront Auchincloss estate in Newport, Rhode

Island. If anything, her life was more mutedly elegant than before. While the Kennedys were haranguing one another over political questions at their Hyannisport table, dinner at the Auchincloss château in Virginia was often conducted in French.

Restive Schoolgirl. In 1944 Jackie was sent off to Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Connecticut—accompanied by Danseuse, her mare. One summer she made the Grand Tour of Europe with three other girls, a chaperone and a drip-dry wardrobe. ("We would spend all night washing.") She had a keen, retentive mind and effortlessly stayed in the top tier of her classes.

At 18, Jacqueline Bouvier was presented to society in a glittering affair at Newport's Clambake Club. Society columnist Cholly Knickerbocker called her the most glamorous deb of the year, "a regal débutante who has classic features and the daintiness of Dresden porcelain." He added, "Her family is strictly Old Guard."

But Jackie was vaguely, restively dissatisfied. She recalls, "Newport—I knew I didn't want the rest of my life to be there. But I didn't know what I wanted."

Then, in 1950, after two years at Vassar, she went to Paris for a year's study at the Sorbonne. It was an experience that has shaped all her tastes, and her letters of the time bubble with excitement: "I lead two lives—flying to the Sorbonne in a

lovely quiet grey rainy world—or putting on a fur coat and being swanky at the Ritz Bar! I really like the first part best."

One Vote for Jack. Returning to the United States, Jackie completed her studies at George Washington University. She had matured. Says Charles Bartlett, Washington correspondent for the *Chattanooga Times*, and an old friend, "She was no longer the round little girl who lived next door. She was more exotic. She had become gayer and livelier."

It was at a dinner in Bartlett's home in 1951 that Jacqueline Bouvier met the handsome, rich and highly eligible young Democratic representative from Massachusetts. Legend claims that Jack Kennedy "leaned across the asparagus and asked for a date." Jackie denies the story; asparagus, she says, was not on the menu. But, she admits, "it was more than just meeting someone. It started the wheels turning."

Jack, involved in his campaign to win a place in the Senate, spent most of his time in Massachusetts. "He'd call me from some oyster bar up there, with a great clinking of coins, to ask me out to the movies the following Wednesday in Washington."

Meanwhile, Jackie had gone to work for the Washington *Times-Herald* for 42½ dollars a week as an enquiring photographer. Jackie had her difficulties with the job ("I always forgot to pull out the slide"),

but she ended her venture into journalism with a flourish, covering the coronation of Queen Elizabeth.

Then, fresh from his senatorial triumph, Jack Kennedy returned to Washington and renewed his courtship with increased ardour. For six months Jack campaigned relentlessly for Jackie's vote, in and out of Georgetown dinner parties, Washington art theatres and cinemas, up and down the Atlantic littoral from Palm Beach to Cape Cod. In September 1953 they were married—in a Newport extravaganza that moved society columnists to transports of joy. There were 700 guests at the nuptial Mass and 900 at the reception.

After cutting the wedding cake, Jackie acknowledged the toasts gracefully, then noted that her mother had always told her to judge a man by his correspondence. With quiet humour, she held up a postcard from Bermuda. On the back was scrawled: "Wish you were here. Cheers. Jack."

"This," said Jackie, "is my entire correspondence from Jack."

Forty for Lunch. Life with Jack was not all rose petals. "It was like being married to a whirlwind. Life was so disorganized." She coped with problems that would have sent the average bride sprinting home to mother: "One morning the first year, Jack said to me, 'What food are you planning for the 40 guests we are having for luncheon?' No one had told me anything about it.

It was 11 a.m., the guests were expected at one."

Along with the unforeseeable misfortunes—Jack's near-fatal illness, Jackie's two miscarriages—the Kennedys had some basic areas of incompatibility, and both were determined individuals with emphatic tastes.

Her arty friends bored him (on one occasion, when the lively arts dominated the dinner conversation, Jack simply left the table). The Senator thrived on large crowds; his lady preferred intimate groups of close friends. Jack read American history; Jackie wolfed down four or five novels a week, ranging from Colette to Kerouac.

"I was alone almost every weekend while Jack travelled the country making speeches," says Jackie.

"The Way It Should Be." Some time before their third anniversary, Jack and Jackie Kennedy had a searching reappraisal of their problems.

Thereafter, Jack learned to like cheese and fruit for dessert. Jackie studied American history, took up golf and water skiing. Under his wife's supervision Jack became a fastidious dresser and even went to art galleries with her. At dinner parties, conversation ranged from the humanities at Jackie's end of the table to politics at Jack's. "The men do talk most of the time," says Jackie. "But that's the way it should be."

In the larger bear hug of the Kennedy family, Jackie Hotly refused to be smothered. After breaking an ankle at touch football, she withdrew from the family scrimmages. She would not attend all the nightly family dinners at Hyannisport, where a dozen or more argumentative Kennedys were always in attendance. ("Once a week is great. Not every night.") The proof that she had won her independence was evident on a recent cruise aboard Jack's sloop *Victura*; Jack and the Radziwills sat with her in the stern, while she passed round *oeufs en gelée* and *vin rosé* from her hamper; and her Kennedy in-laws sprawled in the bow and lunched on peanut-butter sandwiches and Coca Cola from a picnic basket.

The Kennedy clan soon stood in awe of her because she stood up for her own tastes.

"They seem proud of the things I do differently. The very things you think would alienate them bring you closer to them."

Jackie is dedicated to her children, spends much of her day playing with and reading to three-year-old Caroline. And towards her husband she is protective.

When his political activities began to mount, she worried "because he never would eat lunch, and kept getting thinner."

One day her butler turned up in Jack's office with a hamper, expertly laid out a gleaming white cloth on his desk, then served a savoury

lunch. Impressed, Jack began to invite friends in for lunch, and the daily hamper load grew to six portions served on Sèvres china.

New Frontier. Shrinking instinctively from the hail-fellow habits of politicians, Jackie had a hard time adapting herself to her husband's profession. But nowadays she says, "Politics is in my blood; if he changed I would miss it. It's the most exciting life I know."

Her biggest battle during the Presidential campaign was touched off when *Women's Wear Daily* reported that she and her mother-in-law spend 30,000 dollars a year on French clothes. Jackie retorted that she could not possibly spend that much "even if I wore sable underwear."

As First Lady, she has vowed to buy only American clothes and will resort to Mother Hubbards if it will save Jack from embarrassment. Certainly, whether she wants to or not, she will influence taste and style.

Jackie takes no part in her husband's political planning. Her role is mostly visual. On the platform she provides décor, and sometimes delivers graceful speeches to ethnic groups in French, Spanish or Italian. Once, when Jack lost some notes from Tennyson's *Ulysses* that he

wanted for a speech, Jackie obligingly quoted excerpts from memory.

Preparing for her new role, Jackie read every available book on the White House, acquiring a connoisseur's knowledge of the place. (The shortcomings of the household budget astounded her: "It's stony broke, this White House.") Under her direction the old mansion will change in subtle ways: the elephantine official functions will be held to an irreducible minimum. The dinners will be more intimate, the menus more French. The guests will be artists, writers and professors joining the politicians and diplomats.

Sometimes Jackie shows signs of panic at the prospect of her own new frontier. But then she considers the alternative to the White House—if Jack had lost the election. "How could you fill his life? He'd have been round the world three times and written three books. But it wouldn't be the same."

"Happiness is not where you think you find it. I'm determined not to worry. So many people poison every day worrying about the next. I've learnt a lot from Jack." And Jack Kennedy, the President, has plainly learnt a lot from his wife, the First Lady of America.

Cover Girls

*I*n Rio de Janeiro, union chorus girls demanding higher wage scales from theatre owners got nowhere until they threatened to appear on stage fully clothed. Within six hours after the threat, a new contract was signed.

—T.E.

ONLY IN TAHITI...

For two centuries this South Pacific island has exercised a magical power over the minds of men—and this is why

By JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

“ONLY IN Tahiti . . .” I began thinking this at the very moment of my arrival. As my boat pulled into dock, a group of French-shouting Chinese water-skiers sported in the lagoon around

us. Along the *quai* sped a motor scooter carrying a man, a woman, a baby and a live pig. And on the kerb near by sat a classically ragged and whiskered tramp holding a gold-capped bottle of champagne.



'The very name Tahiti has become synonymous with Romance and Escape'

Then came my first evening and dinner at the roof-top restaurant of Papeete's Grand Hotel, where I gorged on the bounties of *la cuisine française*: *pâté*, lobster, artichoke, Camembert, Chablis—the works. Everything was served by a Tahitian

vahine, or native girl, with golden skin, waist-length black hair, and a yellow hibiscus behind each ear.

As I dawdled over coffee and cognac she sat down beside me, introduced herself as Louise, and enquired if I had enjoyed my meal.

I had indeed, I assured her. . . And now that it was over, what were my plans for the evening? Well—er—they were a bit vague. In fact, I had no plans. . . "So we go dancing at Quinn's," said Louise.

And—presto—we were dancing at Quinn's.

I am not, to be sure, the first nor the 10,000th traveller to say, "Only in Tahiti . . ." Almost two centuries ago, its first European discoverers, Wallis and Bougainville and Cook, landed, looked about and were never quite the same for the experience. Through all the years since, it has been the dream island of the Western world, the one out of all the thousands in the South Pacific with a special magical power over the minds of men.

The list of its bemused pilgrims has been long and varied. Writers have swarmed to it: among them, Melville and Stevenson, Pierre Loti, Rupert Brooke and Jack London. And so, too, have painters, among them — toweringly — Gauguin. There have been tycoons with their yachts, playboys with their neuroses, film stars with their mistresses, rebel youngsters and sated grey-beards, romantics and escapists, from every corner of the earth—until the very name Tahiti has become synonymous all over the world with Romance and Escape.

So much so, indeed, that the governing French have in recent years imposed firm controls. The length of an outsider's stay is now strictly

limited, and to be admitted at all he must either possess a return ticket or have posted a bond covering its cost. Only in very special circumstances can he buy property, take a job or go into business.

The land mass of Tahiti consists of two rugged, long-extinct volcanic cones, joined by a narrow isthmus to form a figure eight. The larger loop is Tahiti proper, the smaller the peninsula of Taiarapu, or Little Tahiti, and together they comprise an area of some 400 square miles. The total population is well over 30,000, of whom about half live in the only town—Papeete, on the north-west shore of Big Tahiti. The rest are scattered along the belt of level coast land that encircles the island. The interior is deserted: an almost trackless wilderness of peaks and valleys, crags, gorges and plunging waterfalls, all deeply festooned with lush tropical growth. A trip across it is rugged going. The highest point, Mount Orohena (7,339 feet), was not climbed until 1953—the year Everest was first climbed.

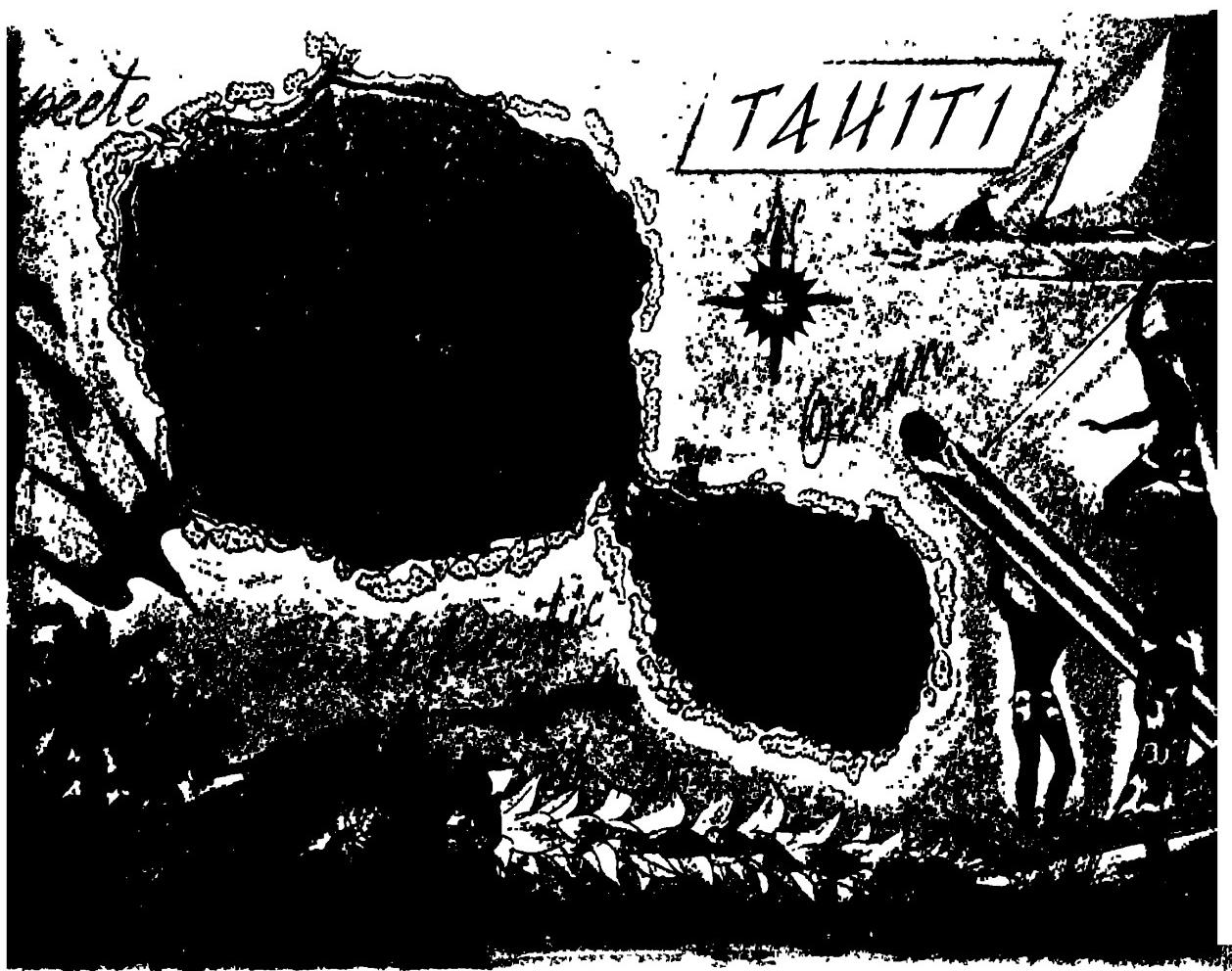
A circuit of the island, along its 90 miles of twisting but surprisingly good coastal road, is a journey through a tropical Land of Oz. Palm trees, of course, are everywhere and, among them, mango and breadfruit, avocado and pandanus, banana and casuarina in prodigal profusion. For a while, as you move on, the scent of vanilla fills the air; then the scent of copra;

then, more enduringly, the scent of flowers. And always in your eyes there is the brilliance of the blossoms: hibiscus, bougainvillaea, frangipani, gardenia.

Almost every Pacific island is as lavish in beauty, but the life of Tahiti is its very own. You feel it in the country villages of bamboo and thatch (or plank and tin), where the roosters can hardly be heard over the thump of guitars and the click of billiard balls; in the rickety buses, jam-packed with brown bodies, smiling faces, squealing pigs and flapping fowls; in the girls in

shorts and sun-tops, whizzing past on motor bikes and scooters, with hair streaming behind them; in the multiplication of bikes and scooters, buses and trucks, Jaguars and jalopies, until, as you approach Papeete, you are in a traffic jam worthy of Paris itself.

Papeete is Tahiti's heart and centre, the focus of its present, the key to its future. Other island capitals are quiet, rather dull tropical towns, drowsing the days away in sun or rain. But Papeete hums and throbs with animation. Certainly its waterfront is one of the sights of the



world: in the harbour, liners and freighters—not to mention schooners and yachts, ferries and fishing boats—tie up directly along the main street of the town. On the inland side of the *quais* are the mercantile houses, the major stores, shipping and tourist offices, cafés and restaurants, all of which seem to be crowded all the time. And behind them the smaller shops, almost 100 per cent Chinese, fan out in confused array along the zigzagging back streets.

Other South Pacific centres fold up completely at nightfall, but not Papeete. The lights go on. The music starts. The swarm of bikes grows thicker. Every night is Saturday night with all the stops out.

I think that, of all the world's people, the Tahitian is the prime apostle of the Good Time, and his dedication to its pursuit is something awesome to see. When he sits down to a feast, it is with a gusto and capacity that would put a Roman emperor to shame. When he drinks, it's bottoms up—and not just for the glass but for the bottle. Give him a guitar and he will strum and sing until its strings break; start him dancing and he may or may not stop for a late breakfast.

Work of the slogging day-in-day-out variety is left almost wholly to the Chinese, who were brought to the island a century ago as plantation labourers and have—at a handsome profit—kept the wheels turning ever since. The Tahitian is not

interested in profit. When he works, it is at something that he enjoys: fishing, for instance, or building a house or canoe, or sailing a ship or driving a nice big noisy truck.

One of the reasons for the Tahitians' happiness is the accident of history that gave their island to France. For the French are concerned with making money, with international prestige and holding together their shreds of empire. They are *not* concerned with private lives; with who drinks what, or what time you go to bed at night, or where. And these—not the ploys and gambits of world politics—are what matter on the island.

Most important of all, there is no colour bar. There has been so much inter-breeding between native and French, native and Chinese, native and almost every other nationality, that it is hard to determine who *is* a Tahitian and who isn't. Social equality is absolute. Your taxi driver of today may well be your host at a party tomorrow.

Of such things is the mood of the island compounded. It adds up to a world of marvellous charm and fascination, but not quite to paradise.

For Tahiti, however "special," is still part of a world in which a price must be paid for everything.

Strictly nonparadisaical, for instance, are its sloppiness and decrepitude; its rats and roaches, and streets carpeted with squashed mangoes. And anyone confronted with

the unfortunate necessity of "getting something done" will feel himself a lot farther from heaven than from its opposite. The moment you leave the lagoon or put down the guitar the frustrations set in. One morning, I spent four solid hours making two phone calls, sending a cable and cashing a cheque at the bank.

For the Tahitian there are other and more serious problems: pre-eminently, disease. The old island curse of filariasis (forerunner of elephantiasis) has by now been brought pretty well under control. But tuberculosis is rampant, as is venereal disease. And, with the sale of liquor virtually uncontrolled, there is widespread drunkenness.

So much has been written about the Tahitian *vahine* that I hesitate to add the two cents of a recent arrival. But a portrait of the island that failed to take note of her would be like one of, say, Detroit without the automobile.

Physically, the women vary greatly; for the pure Polynesian is today a rare bird on the island and, as likely as not, the so-called *Tahitiennes* will have inherited a different racial strain from each of her four grandparents. Those who are of preponderantly native blood are likely to run to heft and girth, to a rather forbidding degree. But those of mixed ancestry—called *demis*—are usually far more delicate of frame and feature; and the half-Tahitian half-Chinese, in

particular, are often (and I make the statement categorically) as beautiful as women can be. But fat or thin, however, beautiful or only middling, all have a quality or style. Whether in a Dior replica, a *pāreū* with garlands, or in blue jeans and her boy friend's sports shirt, I never once saw a *vahine* I would call a frump.

As for their well-known "availability," the answer is that it's as reported. But while the newcomer may be prepared for this, he will probably be surprised by the sweetness and gentility that go with it. In our Western world, society and Church, economics and romance have combined to make sex a fearfully complex affair; but to the Polynesian it is no more complex than breathing, eating, sleeping or any other normal function of life.

Work in Tahiti is not illegal, but it is considered a most peculiar way of spending one's time. When I announced that I had come to work—to write—Tahitians banded together to protect me from such folly.

For instance, on a certain morning in my hotel bungalow, with the sun bright, the blue-green lagoon agleam, I am trying hard to look not at them but at the blank sheet of paper in my typewriter. The phone rings. "Tennis?" "Well—er—no, thanks a lot, but . . ." The phone rings. "How about lunch? Just a few of us—about 20. Rum punch, *vin rouge* and . . . Oh. Oh, I see.

Admirable. Well, tomorrow then . . ." And back to the typewriter. Click, click; perhaps ten clicks. Then from the hotel lounge, 100 yards distant, a blast of Tahitian drums comes from the radio. I walk over.

There is no one around but Marie, the receptionist, and Marie is practising the hula. I point to the loudspeaker, hold my ears, and she

considerately turns down the volume. Then she grabs hold of me and, for another ten minutes, to more dulcet drumming, we practise the hula together.

Whew, that's over. Back to the bungalow. My *amie* Louise, from the Grand Hotel, arrives—unexpectedly—to announce that we're going on a picnic. I have typed three words: "*Only in Tahiti . . .*"

Uplift

IT WAS 9 a.m. on a gloomy Monday, and the lift was crowded with businessmen. As it started up, the lift man began humming a tune and dancing a little jig.

"You seem to be happy today," said one passenger glumly.

"Yes, sir!" was the reply. "I ain't never lived this day before."

-- Contributed by Philip Humphrey

A WOMAN was greatly annoyed because her husband obviously enjoyed being crowded next to a pretty blonde in the lift. Suddenly the blonde turned round, slapped him and said, "That will teach you to pinch girls!"

As the couple got off the lift the man said to his wife, "But I didn't pinch her."

"I know," said his wife. "I did."

--Contributed by Jean Lehman

Irish Blarney

AN OLD-FASHIONED Irish nationalist orator was in the habit of starting his addresses as follows: "My friends, it's a matter of great pride that in all my years of service to Old Ireland I've never uttered one unkind, uncharitable word, not even about Britons and Orangemen—tyrants and reactionaries though they be."

—T.F.

SOME YEARS ago a group of Irish Americans were invited to march in a civic parade, and the question was raised as to whether they should march under the Union Jack or the Irish flag. It was finally settled by one vociferous member. "Let there be no bigotry in this matter," he said firmly. "We'll march under the Irish flag or we'll not march at all."

—Contributed by Florence Donahue

There's No Need for Stuttering

Recent research into this embarrassing speech disorder points to its cause, its prevention and perhaps its cure

By WENDELL JOHNSON

JOHNNY BLAKE* was not quite three years old when his father happened to meet the family doctor on the way to work one morning, and said that Johnny was beginning to stutter. The child would repeat a sound or a word in talking, and his father, assuming this was a new and ominous development, determined to do something about it. With only the word "stuttering" to go on, the doctor suggested that Johnny should take a deep breath before starting to speak. Johnny did his best, but within 48 hours the deep breath had become a pronounced gasping—and Johnny was nearly speechless.

Fortunately for Johnny, he was

* Not his real name.

brought to the Speech Clinic at the University of Iowa soon afterwards, so that my associates and I were able to help him.

This we did by reassuring his parents and giving them some information about the realities of childhood speech. In due time the parents' feeling about Johnny's speech returned to normal—and then so did Johnny's speech!

My interest in the problem called stuttering began as a spirited exercise of curiosity: to find out about and cure my own stuttering. When we started our studies at the University of Iowa in 1934, no thorough scientific research into the beginnings of this speech difficulty had ever been made. Yet hundreds of

thousands of people suffer from its tensions and embarrassments. The results of our studies now indicate, we believe, that the onset of stuttering is an *avoidable accident*, and that it becomes a problem for a child only after someone else decides it is a problem. The implications are meaningful not only to parents and teachers but also to people who have stuttered all their lives.

True, stuttering sometimes seems to run in families—but this, we learned, appears to be a matter of tradition rather than genes. In 1939 one of my students held classes for adult stutterers in an Iowa town. In one class six people came from the same family group. In each of four previous generations of this family there had been stutterers, and in this generation eight out of 24 children were or had been afflicted. The family was convinced that the handicap was hereditary.

Besides the speech correction class, some members of the family attended our speech clinic for conferences. What they learned evidently influenced their thinking, because we recently discovered that in the sixth generation, of 44 children, not one is a stutterer. Why? The stuttering mother of two of these normally speaking children explained, "Because we aren't

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saying to our children what we were told when we were little."

To discover how stuttering starts and how to prevent and treat it, we have, over the years, conducted three studies, involving some 500 children and 1,000 parents. Our research team began with new stutterers who, with their parents, were given intensive interviews. As a control we paired each stuttering child with a non-stutterer of the same age, sex and level of intelligence.

We found that the two groups were in no way different so far as physical development or health was concerned. None of them had suffered any serious birth injuries, the average ages at which the children crawled, stood up, walked, dressed themselves and said their first words were essentially the same. Nor did there seem to be any relationship between the right or left handedness and the speech of these children. The groups showed equal ability to perform rhythmical movements of the lips, tongue, jaw and breathing muscles.

But in interviewing the parents, we were frankly puzzled. When they described the speech difficulties which led them to believe that their children were stuttering—usually this had occurred when the children were between 2½ and 3½—they did not describe the tense, over-hesitant and emotional speech that we customarily call stuttering; they simply said that their children repeated sounds, words or phrases.

We therefore set out to discover how often normal children speak in this repetitive way. From studies of two- to five-year-olds we found that the average child repeats the first syllable of words, or whole words, or phrases, about 50 times in every 1,000 words.

I remember a three-year-old boy talking about something he had seen that day. He explained that "it was uh well uh um ah so high and uh er uh uh so long and it was uh uh . . ." What he had seen was a hobby horse, something he had never encountered before. As soon as he was given the name for it, he settled down immediately to his usual speech. Children of that age are groping verbally because they do not yet know all the words they need for conversation.

It began to appear that the problem of stuttering had come into being at the moment when the parents decided that their child was stuttering! Noticing that the child repeats and hesitates (even though this is normal for his age group), the parents start to worry. "Don't say *uh uh*," they admonish him, or "Take a deep breath before you start talking." At once the child realizes that he is doing something not acceptable to his parents.

When he hesitates in speaking again, and sees them stiffen slightly or look away, he may become so infected with their doubt and worry that he cannot get words out "soon enough." In time—the process may

take from several months to two years—the child becomes speech shy, a little less talkative, a little more hesitant and strained. Soon he has to force himself to say words; he tightens the muscles of his lips, tongue or throat and thus begins to speak even less smoothly. He has become a stammerer.

Corroborating this theory, our studies reveal that stuttering is far more likely to occur in the big house on the hill—where parents are more exacting about their children's behaviour—than in a house in a poor district. The point was underlined when one of my students, intending to make a study of the speech of children of the Bannock and Shoshone Red Indian tribes in an Idaho school, discovered that there are no stammerers in these tribes, nor have there ever been. In fact, they have no word for it. Stuttering, apparently, is part of the price we pay for our kind of civilization.

The prospect that something can be done about the problem of stuttering is encouraging. In follow-up interviews with the parents in the first group helped by the Iowa Speech Clinic, we found that in 85 per cent of the cases either there has been improvement or the problem no longer exists. We stress the importance of not making an issue of a child's repetitions and hesitations, but rather accepting them as part of his normal speech development. In general, children tend to speak less fluently when they are excited or in

a great hurry, when speaking to people who are not paying much attention to them, or to important listeners such as grandparents or teachers. If no notice is taken of his gropings, the child himself will make no issue of them.

Parents should strive to eliminate unusual conditions which tend to make a child speak with repetitions. One mother reported that her three-year-old boy repeated much more than usual when she arrived at the nursery school to pick him up for lunch. We found that he simply wanted to show her what he had done at school—the pictures he had coloured, the houses he had built with bricks—but she was usually in a hurry to get home. I suggested that she should leave for the school ten minutes earlier and give her son time to show her his accomplishments. The resulting change in his speech was remarkable.

For the vast number of adults who have been caught up in the

problem of stuttering throughout their lives, recent research holds out a helping hand. We believe that such adults should seek expert advice; methods of dealing with stuttering have been greatly improved in recent years. But whether or not an adult stutterer takes advantage of treatment, he can now know that the origins of his stuttering do not lie in any physical disability or family genes. His handicap results from something he himself does—the forcing and straining to speak—and this can be overcome. The journey back from disfluent speech may take patience and long conscientious effort, but it is a road which I myself have travelled. That road, from the severe stuttering I used to know to the speaking I do now, has been increasingly pleasant.

With continuing research and proper education of young parents and the public, we may, in the years ahead, all but eliminate the problem called stuttering.

### *Out of Circulation*

A SMALL boy, paying a twopenny fine for an overdue book, looked thoughtfully at the librarian and asked, "Can you make a living out of this?"

—R. A.

WOMAN returning best-seller to librarian: "He should have his typewriter washed out with soap."

—H. C.

ONE of the men moving 20,000 books into a new university library grumbled to another: "They build a new library, you'd think they'd buy new books for it."

—Q. E.

WOMAN to librarian: "Will you look up my card and see if I've read this book?"

—G. d'A.



## Laughter THE BEST MEDICINE

A SMALL Russian boy was asked by his teacher, "What is the size of the Communist Party?"

"About five feet two inches," he promptly replied.

"Idiot!" exploded the teacher. "I mean how many members does it have? How do you get five feet two inches?"

"Well," replied the boy, "my father is six feet tall and every night he puts his hand to his chin and says, 'I've had the Communist Party, up to here!'"

—J.M.

MY WIFE'S use of a liquid reducing diet is having certain odd results. Recently a five-year-old friend of our daughter's became curious about the seating arrangement in our breakfast room. The table was pushed in so that there was one chair on which obviously no one could sit. "Johnny used to sit

there," my daughter explained. "But now he sits over here where Mum used to sit."

"Where does your mother sit, then?" the guest asked.

"Oh, Mum doesn't eat with us any more," answered our five-year-old. "She just drinks!"

—Contributed by Charles Messmore

WHEN a popular film couple broke up, they laid the blame on their diverse interests. "Obviously," remarked one newspaper correspondent. "She's interested in men. He's interested in women."

P.C.

TO TAKE advantage of the lower income tax paid in the United States by a partnership, one chap set up a partnership to include not only his wife but their small children as well. The wife was being cross-examined in connexion with this in court.

"Do you participate in the management of the business?" asked the prosecutor.

"Well, no, she replied. She had been too busy recently to participate."

"Too busy doing what?" the prosecutor demanded.

"Producing partners," the wife said.

—Stanley Surrey

INTERESTED in testing a newly installed computer, an army officer asked the machine to predict the probability of the Third World War and promptly received a one-word answer: "Yes." Annoyed at the lack of detail, the officer queried, "Yes, what?" and a few seconds later the machine tapped out the reply: "Yes, sir!"

—Contributed by Valerie Antoine

A YOUNG WOMAN took her four-year-old son to Mass for the first time. He peered all round the church for a while, then tugged at Mummy's sleeve. "Where is God?" he demanded. His mother gestured vaguely towards the ceiling. "He's up there," she shushed him.

Moments later the jangle of bells from the altar signalled the most solemn part of the Mass. Again the child tugged at his mother's sleeve. "Shouldn't He answer His telephone?"

Dick Nolan

A REGULAR customer at the bar always ordered two martinis. When the barman suggested a double instead, the man said, "No, I drink with my friend."

One day the man ordered only one martini.

"What happened?" asked the barman. "Did your friend die?"

"Oh no, he's fine," the man replied. "But I'm on the wagon." —J. P.

WHEN a woman discovered that she was pregnant she broke the news to her teen-age daughter who had been the only child for 15 years. The girl was aghast to find that there would soon be a baby in the house.

"Oh, Mother, how could you!" she exclaimed. "And you won't even let me smoke!" —Contributed by H. Lehman

THE PRODUCER of a television show had made arrangements for the appearance of a talking dog. Then, as an afterthought, he decided that if one talking dog was entertaining, two talking dogs might be worth even more. So he got in touch with the trainer

of a second conversational canine.

On the night of the show, the proud producer brought the two acts together. At the sight of each other, the dogs bristled.

"What's the matter?" the producer asked with a sinking feeling. "Don't they like each other?"

"Like each other!" shouted one of the trainers. "They aren't even speaking."

—Hal Chadwick

A YOUNG American housewife got fed up with the voluminous correspondence and complicated forms she found herself involved in whenever a mail-order item was unsatisfactory. So when her iron went wrong she simply sent it back with the manufacturer's tag, on which she had printed crudely: "My Iron She No Get Hot."

Without further ado she received a new iron.

—Q.E

THEY BROUGHT their wives to the conference, but managed to sneak away for a meal at a fashionable restaurant.

"Shall I bring you a couple of demitasses?" asked the waiter at the end of the meal.

"Heavens, no," pleaded one of them. "It would be just our luck for our wives to walk in." —G.S.

WHEN CONDUCTOR Leonard Bernstein took the New York Philharmonic on tour, he found this note under his hotel-room door one night: "I think you should know that the fellow in your band who plays the instrument that pulls in and out only bothered playing during the odd moments you were looking straight at him." —Bennett Cerf

# The Incredible Cruise of the *Santa María*

By JOSEPH BLANK



*For twelve tense days a luxury liner on the Spanish Main became a ticking political time bomb—one of this century's most exciting dramas at sea*

**S**TUNNING, enchanting sights and sounds await you in intriguing ports of call," said the little folder that each passenger found in his cabin. But none of those aboard the 21,750-ton Portuguese luxury liner *Santa María* remotely dreamed how strange the sights and sounds awaiting them would be. The *Santa María* was named after Columbus's flagship because she was the pride of the Portuguese merchant marine.

She had sailed from Lisbon on Cruise No. 61, on January 9, 1961. Until 1 a.m. on January 22 the voyage was serene, relaxed and well-ordered—just as the brochures painted her South Atlantic and Caribbean cruise. She had called at

Vigo, Spain, at Funchal in the Madeira Islands, then at Tenerife in the Canaries. After this, she made the long run across the Atlantic to La Guaira, Venezuela, where she picked up some new passengers. There followed a brief stop at the Dutch island of Curaçao, on January 21, for other passengers. Then the *Santa María* weighed anchor for the leg to Port Everglades, Florida.

On board now were 588 passengers and a crew of 350. Among the passengers, however, were 24 men whose destination was not on the ship's itinerary. These men were committed to the most daring hijacking exploit in peacetime maritime history. Followers of General

Humberto Delgado, leader of the opposition-in-exile to Portugal's premier, António Salazar, they planned to seize control of the vessel, to disembark the passengers at a neutral port as quickly as possible, and then to use the notoriety arising from the exploit to launch a revolt against the Salazar regime from the Portuguese colonies in Africa.

Shipboard leader of the small band was Henrique Galvão, a thin, gaunt-faced Portuguese of 66 who had had a varied career as poet, translator of Shakespeare, army captain and colonial inspector for his government. He had been jailed in Portugal for his opposition to the régime, but had escaped in 1958 from a military hospital where he had feigned illness.

The plan for the capture of the *Santa Maria* had begun to form in Galvão's mind when he noted that on each of her trips to the Western Hemisphere the ship stopped at La Guaira, the port for Caracas, Venezuela, where he was then living. His chief accomplices, equal to him in authority, were Jorge de Souto Maior, an experienced seaman and an anti-Franco veteran of the Spanish Civil War, and another Spaniard, José Velo.

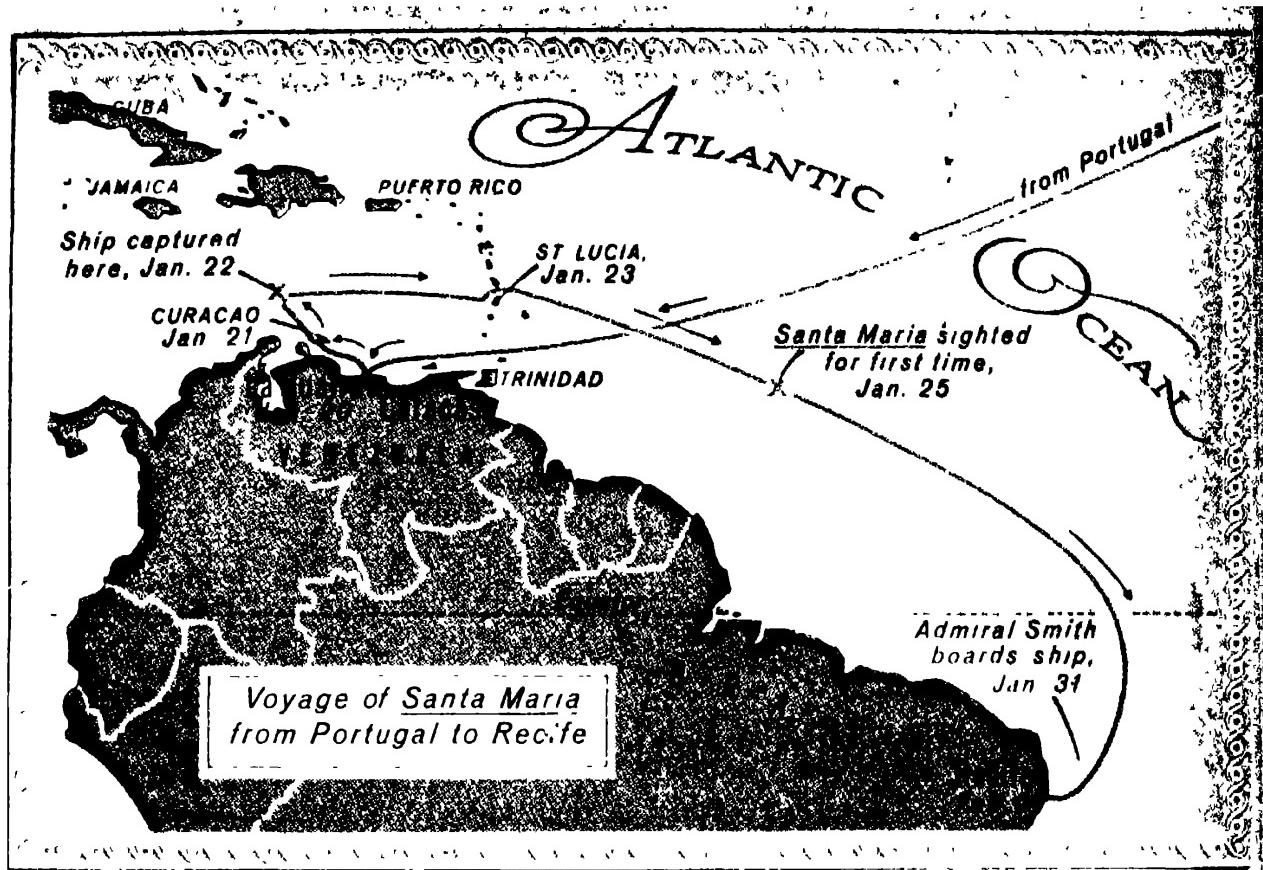
When the *Santa Maria* put into La Guaira on June 18, 1960, Galvão donned a broad-brimmed hat and dark glasses and boarded the vessel with other visitors. For two hours he studied the upper three decks, toured the bridge and even glanced

round the master's cabin where, at the time, the captain was entertaining friends. On the ship's subsequent visits Galvão's associates visited her to find out if she carried arms or political police, and to determine her supplies of fuel, food and water. At their request, the shipping line gave them a detailed plan of the ship. They also studied a large-scale model of the ship in the window of a Caracas travel agency.

Several deadlines for the venture passed because the group, composed of Portuguese and Spaniards, with a few Venezuelans and one Cuban, ran into money problems. They had to buy tickets at £70 (Rs. 920) each for the trip to Lisbon. Passage to Florida would have been cheaper, but the U.S. Embassy in Caracas refused them visas.

Finally, the plans were set for the trip that left La Guaira on Friday, January 20. Twenty-three men boarded the vessel there. Their larger arms—two machine-guns and four rifles—were dismantled and packed in three suitcases marked with small white crosses, a warning to a bribed customs man who passed the bags without opening them. Galvão, who had flown on to Curaçao to avoid the risk of detection, joined them on Saturday.

At 11.55 on Saturday night, Third Officer João José Costa, Apprentice Navigator João António de Sousa and two sailors began their spell of duty on the bridge of the *Santa Maria*. De Sousa checked the



vessel's position on the charts. She was about 150 miles north-west of Curaçao, heading for Jamaica Passage, some 500 miles away.

"Just before one o'clock," de Sousa recalls, "I noted in the log, 'Brilliant starlight. A string of cumulus clouds low over the northern horizon.' Just as I finished writing I heard one of the sailors shout, 'Costa, Costa! Come here! Look!' Then I heard two shots.

"I ran through the door to the bridge and saw Costa doubled up in pain. He spoke his last words: 'Go to the captain.'

"I ran to tell the radio operator, Carlos Garcia, in the wireless cabin about 45 feet aft of the bridge, to look after Costa while I roused the captain. When I opened the radio-room door, a man standing by the

radio operator fired point-blank at me, hitting me in the left arm."

De Sousa bolted for the landing leading to the captain's side door below. Two more bullets slammed into his back, one puncturing two holes in his right lung, the other splintering two ribs before it lodged near his spinal column. Somehow he reached the landing, stumbled and slid down the 20 steps, then crumpled at the side door of the captain's cabin. He didn't have the strength to bang on the door or shout. Blood spread around his body.

Captain Mario Maia slept on for another 15 minutes until a sailor knocked on his front door and excitedly reported that some passengers were shooting up the bridge and had wounded the two duty officers. Captain Maia hastily buttoned

on a uniform. "I assumed that a passenger had gone mad, or that there were disorders among passengers who had been drinking too much," he said later.

He ran out of his front door and up the steps to the bridge. As his eyes reached the level of the bridge deck, he saw a man with a gun. He ducked, ran back to his cabin, locked the door and telephoned the engine-room. After ordering the engines to be stopped, he went to the side door of his cabin. Through the glass panel he saw de Sousa lying motionless on the deck. He partially opened the door, saw a man aim a rifle at him, yanked the door shut, locked it and retreated into his room.

He telephoned the bridge and was answered by an unfamiliar voice, saying, "This is Captain Galvão, who, in the name of General Humberto Delgado, has taken over your ship by assault. You must not attempt any kind of resistance—it will be violently suppressed. Surrender will bring you benefits."

Nobody resisted. None of the crew or officers had arms, and all of them were numbed by the unbelievability of what was happening. Within 45 minutes the rebels had taken control of the bridge, the radio-room, the engine-room and the crew's and officers' quarters. The ship was theirs.

Costa and de Sousa were carried to the ship's hospital, where the doctor gave de Sousa immediate

blood transfusions, probably saving his life. Chaplain Father Xavier Yrigoyen was awakened, and he administered last rites to both men. A short time later Costa, who only a few days earlier had received a cable telling him of the birth of a daughter, died.

Below, all but a few of the passengers slept on, oblivious of the shooting and shouting. Even on Sunday morning most of them awoke, dressed and strolled towards the dining-room unaware that the *Santa Maria* had been transformed from a luxury liner into a political bomb that was supposed to explode into a revolution. But about nine o'clock the first- and second-class passengers were summoned by loud-speakers to the main lounge.

There Captain Maia made a speech in Portuguese, explaining that command of the ship had been taken from him by force and that the crew was operating the vessel at gun-point. Then Galvão and Maior delivered addresses about their fight for liberty, and another rebel told the group in English that none of the passengers would be harmed and that the ship would be at sea for five or six days before reaching an unspecified destination. The public-address system blared the same message to all parts of the vessel as she sped due east at 20 knots.

The announcements provoked a variety of responses among the passengers. "It didn't make sense to me," Mrs. Dorothy Thomas said.

"Such a thing wasn't possible!" Eben Neal Baty, travelling with his wife, wasn't at all dismayed. "I felt rather thrilled," he reported. "I was glad we hadn't sailed on the other ship we'd been thinking about." Manuel Lourenço, returning to Portugal from Venezuela, was outraged: "This is a hell of a thing to happen to a man going home to retire after 30 years in a foreign country!"

Jane Smith, travelling with her husband, Delbert, and seven-year-old daughter, Deborah, decided with some other young women that they might as well take their usual morning swim in the pool. "But when we saw two men with machine-guns standing on deck above the pool, that took some of the fun out of it," Mrs. Smith said.

As the *Santa Maria* proceeded eastwards, no one not aboard the ship, except General Delgado and a few associates in Brazil, knew what had happened. At 7.30 a.m. on Monday, January 23, however, the two lighthouse keepers at Vigie Point on the placid West Indian island of St. Lucia spotted a big liner looming out of the rain and haze. No such vessel was due for another two weeks. They trained their binoculars on the ship but she was four miles away and they couldn't make out her name. They watched her pass across the harbour, sail northwards, return to within a mile of the docks, drop a lifeboat,

then move northwards again. (Galvão, apparently fearing that de Sousa might die aboard ship, had decided to unload him at St. Lucia.)

Shortly after de Sousa was taken to hospital,\* news of the hijacking flashed from St. Lucia to a startled world. Newspapers splashed headlines across front pages. Radio and television gave frequent bulletins. Reporters and photographers flew to Puerto Rico, St. Lucia, Venezuela and Brazil, not knowing where they should go--because the *Santa Maria* had vanished.

Her disappearance was attributed first to pure piracy. Britain dispatched the frigate H.M.S. *Rothesay* from St. Lucia to find the ship. Portugal alerted her navy. The United States sent out naval search planes fitted with the most advanced radar equipment and ordered the destroyers *Wilson* and *Damato* at Puerto Rico to intercept the vessel under the well-defined terms of international law governing piracy and insurrection aboard ship. Merchant ships plying the Caribbean and South Atlantic were asked to keep a look-out.

Finally, on Wednesday morning, the third day after the seizure, a Danish freighter reported sighting her. A few hours later a U.S. Navy plane flew over her; she was 900 miles east of Trinidad, following a course that could take her either to the north-east coast of Brazil or to the west coast of Africa.

\* He recovered in a few weeks.

. Passengers on the decks waved to the plane, cheered, jumped about and embraced one another. The plane commander radioed Galvão, requesting him to reverse course and proceed to Puerto Rico. Galvão refused, saying that he was making for the Portuguese colony of Angola on the West African coast but was willing to confer aboard ship with any government officials other than those from Portugal or Spain.

By this time the tumult about piracy had subsided. In a stream of radio messages, Galvão said that he had acted only for the sake of "liberating" Portugal. The nations involved mostly altered their original stand and viewed Galvão as a true revolutionary who was not out to obtain private gain from his venture. Everyone, however, was concerned about the safe disembarkation of passengers.

The *Santa Maria* followed an irregular course, increasing the confusion among those aboard. "We never knew where we were or where we were going," said one. "We never knew the correct time, either, because no one reported the passage through different time zones."

Despite the uncertainties and the fears, life with its personal problems and pleasures went on. During the first week seven-year-old Deborah Smith had measles. A baby was born. A young Dutchman and a Spanish girl met, fell in love and promised to marry.

After watching the armed rebels

for three days, Mrs. Smith and her friends decided to try the swimming pool again. Others went back to sunbathing, ping-pong, walking the deck, reading and playing cards. The ship's orchestra played for lunch, dinner and dancing.

Galvão, a man of considerable charm and courtliness, addressed the passengers in the first-class lounge and apologized for causing them any inconvenience. When Mrs. John Dietz complained that she could no longer play shuffleboard because the forward deck was out of bounds, Galvão answered, "Madam, you shall play shuffleboard." Next morning Mrs. Dietz was delighted to find a freshly painted shuffleboard court on the deck in front of her cabin.

Other passengers and the crew weren't taking matters lightly, however. A Canadian, Laurence Williams, who expected the rebels' guns to begin firing again at any moment, made notes about his experiences and hid them between sheets of music. On several occasions he dropped bottles containing messages overboard. Professor Floyd Preston, of the University of Kansas, was irritated because the projected revolution would make him late for the beginning of term.

On the lower decks, where more than 300 third-class passengers lived and ate, the failure of the air-conditioning system (it had gone out of operation at La Guaira) made the quarters stifling hot. Many of these

passengers were Portuguese, and they were worried about getting involved in the politics of the hijacking.

The all-Portuguese crew became progressively more depressed and demoralized. They had cause. What were Galvão's plans after he unloaded the passengers? Where would he take the ship? Would the Portuguese Navy fire on it? Anxiety about their safety made the crew indifferent about cleaning decks and changing the linen in the staterooms.

Rumours ran like wildfire among the passengers. Once, when the rebels uncovered the lifeboats, word spread that Galvão was going to put the passengers off at sea. "One of the big items of conversation was about the proper thing to wear in a lifeboat," Mrs. Joan Harberson said. "Some women wondered if it would be all right to wear their mink coats. The men worried about their cars in the hold, and all of us were concerned about our luggage and about souvenirs that we had picked up in Europe."

The captives waited constantly for some action or piece of news that would end their suspense. Even Galvão didn't know when or where the passengers could disembark, for his plans had been thrown awry by what he termed his humanitarian act of putting de Sousa ashore at St. Lucia. His original plan would have carried him well towards the coast of Africa before the ship was

seen to be missing from her scheduled January 24 docking in Florida. When passengers asked him when the ship would land, he courteously answered, "As soon as possible. Perhaps tomorrow." "Tomorrow" became his stock reply to all enquiries—whereupon passengers dubbed the ship the *Santa Mañana*.

Whatever their private opinions about Galvão and his cause, in public the passengers on the whole maintained strict neutrality and avoided political discussions. "We were just interested in getting off the ship as soon as possible," Mrs. Harberson said. "While Galvão and his men were polite and gentlemanly with us, we never forgot that they had killed one man and seriously wounded another. They had used their guns once. Depending on circumstances, they *could* use them again."

The rebels gradually eased their civil but distant attitude, and it was sometimes difficult to distinguish them from the passengers. Some splashed about in the pool while their comrades stood guard. In the evenings, when a squad of rebels went off duty, they changed from their cotton khaki uniforms, black berets and armbands of red and green (the national colours of Portugal), and put on business suits. They sat in the lounge, "paid" for their drinks at the bar by stamping chits with "D.R.I.L." (the initials of their organization), and danced with some of the passengers.

By the sixth day the passengers knew that the rebels hoped to disembark them in some Brazilian port. "Galvão told me that Jânio da Silva Quadros, the incoming president of Brazil, was an old friend of his," said Mrs. Harberson, who communicated with him in Spanish, "and that it would be safe for the rebels to put into Brazil, unload the passengers, and leave. We began to count the days until his inauguration on January 31."

Meanwhile, Galvão was dicker-  
ing by radio with the U.S. Navy,  
who were growing increasingly  
anxious to see the passengers off the  
ship. After several exchanges the  
Navy suggested that Galvão should  
meet Rear-Admiral Allen Smith  
aboard the *Santa Maria* 50 miles  
outside Recife, Brazil. "All right,"  
Galvão radioed.

On the night of January 30 Galvão gave a farewell dinner, with a specially printed menu entitled "The *Santa Maria* en Route to Liberty." The meal was elaborate: lobster, ham, steaks, roast beef, a variety of sauces, and dessert. Galvão ordered free champagne for the third-class passengers. Several passengers asked for his autograph on their menus. After dinner, a dance was held in the gaily decorated main lounge.

On January 31 Admiral Smith boarded the *Santa Maria* from a destroyer, and he and Galvão conferred. "We will enter Brazil tomorrow," Galvão said. "We wanted

assurances of being able to continue, and now we have assurance from the present president of Brazil."

As a private citizen, Quadros had expressed sympathy for Galvão's cause. As president, however, he was pledged to the best interests of his nation and to its international relations. The solution: get the passengers safely off the ship, return the ship to her rightful owners and grant asylum to Galvão and his group.

The conversation between Galvão and Admiral Smith did not resolve the problem of safe disembarkation. After the meeting Admiral Smith addressed the passengers, urging them to be patient, and assuring them that the U.S. Navy would not leave the vicinity.

World interest in the *Santa Maria* and its captives mounted as news items remained scanty and often conflicting.

After the admiral retired to his destroyer, a small plane dipped near the ship and dropped a parachutist into the water. He bobbed to the surface, inflated a rubber boat and paddled to the side of the ship. Hauled aboard, he turned out to be a photographer for a French news agency. Another photographer tried to repeat the stunt, dropped wide of his target and, much to his disgust, was fished out of the water by an American destroyer. Meanwhile, more than 100 reporters, photographers and television and newsreel cameramen had gathered at Recife.

When Galvão brought the ship inside the three-mile limit on the morning of the 11th day—February 1—deteriorating physical and emotional conditions aboard were fast weakening his position. A delegation of Brazilian authorities refused to give him guarantees. Bring the ship in and unload the passengers, they told him, and then sit down and talk things over.

Galvão saw his plans collapsing. He couldn't take the ship out to sea without fuel. A turbine had broken down. The food supply was low. Water was critically short. In the third class, the heat and the poor food, along with the suspense, were causing hysterical breakdowns among the women.

The temper of the crew had changed from fear to anger. When a group of them accosted several rebels near the first-class lounge and announced that all the crew intended to leave the ship at the same time as the passengers, there was a commotion.

Galvão came running up. He was met by shouts of "Everybody leaves the ship! Everybody!"

"No!" Galvão screamed. "No! None of you will leave! Get back to your quarters!" His men drew their pistols. The crew retreated.

Early on the morning of February 2, third-class passengers, pushing their way into the first-class lounge, demanded that the ship be taken into port. In the mêlée that followed, a passenger

was pushed through a glass door. The rebels drew their guns, but fortunately no one fired.

At 11.21 a.m. the ship raised anchor and stirred, and a passenger on the bow pulled up his fishing line. With pennants rippling, festoons of ribbons from shipboard parties flying and martial music blaring from the loud-speakers, the *Santa Maria* steamed into the port of Recife. During his last stroll among the passengers Galvão kissed Mrs. Dietz's hand in farewell.

The ship dropped anchor 500 yards from the docks, and tugs moved out to shuttle the passengers to shore. Brazilian marines climbed aboard, saluting smartly as they stepped on deck to take over the ship. Passengers hurriedly gathered their luggage, prams, bicycles, camera cases and souvenir baskets, and made their way down the gangplank on to the waiting tugboats. Some cried in relief, some smiled; others wore expressions of indignation or concern.

For the passengers leaving the ship, for the crew impatiently waiting to leave, for Henrique Galvão, standing stiffly and somewhat proudly on the bridge, and for an astonished world, Cruise No. 61 of the *Santa Maria* was over.

On February 4, in Recife, Brazil, the *Santa Maria* was turned over to her rightful owners, CCN, the Portuguese Line. Her former crew of 350 resumed their duties immediately and sailed within a few days for Lisbon. The ship resumed her regular sailings on March 23.

# According to Thurber:

## *The Tortoise and the Hare*

BY JAMES THURBER



**T**HERE WAS once a wise young tortoise who read in an ancient book about a tortoise who had beaten a hare in a race. He read all the other books he could find, but in none of them was there any record of a hare who had beaten a tortoise. The wise young tortoise came to the natural conclusion that he could outrun a hare, so he set forth in search of one. In his wanderings he met many animals who were willing to race him: weasels, stoats, dachshunds, badger boars, short-tailed field mice and ground squirrels. But when the tortoise asked if they could outrun a hare, they all said no, they couldn't (with the exception of a dachshund named Freddy, and nobody paid any attention to him).

"Well, I can," said the tortoise, "so there's no use wasting my time on you." And he continued his search.

After many days, the tortoise



finally encountered a hare and challenged him to a race. "What are you going to use for legs?" asked the hare. "Never mind that," said the tortoise. "Read this." He showed the hare the story in the ancient book, complete with moral about the swift not always being so terribly fast. "Tosh," said the hare. "You couldn't go 50 feet in an hour and a half, whereas I can go 50 feet in one and a fifth seconds." "Posh," said the tortoise. "You probably won't even finish second." "We'll see about that," said the hare. So they marked off a course 50 feet long. All the other animals gathered round. A bullfrog set them on their marks, a gun dog fired a pistol and they were off.

When the hare crossed the finish line, the tortoise had gone approximately eight and three-quarter inches.

*Moral: A new broom may sweep clean, but never trust an old saw.*

*Stand beside the surgeon as he performs a twentieth-century miracle--but a miracle that at best can save only one out of four victims*

# Cancer of the Lung Case No. 248301

BY CALVIN TOMKINS

*Fifty years ago, cancer of the lung was virtually unknown. Today it kills tens of thousands of people throughout the world and is increasing at a rate that some doctors call "epidemic." So far, despite intensive research, chest surgery offers the only hope of cure.*

*The following report takes you into an operating theatre at one of the world's most famous cancer hospitals—the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Centre in New York—to watch the surgeons tackle this insidious killer with all the skills of modern medicine.*

SN AN air-conditioned, green-tiled operating theatre on the 12th floor of Memorial Hospital, a middle-aged man lies quietly waiting. He is 58 years old, a salesman, married and a grandfather. He is listed impersonally on the hospital records as Case No. 248301, and he is about to undergo extensive surgery. The reason is visible on the wall: two large, illuminated chest X-rays, which show an

irregular shadow on his left lung. Everyone in the operating theatre, including the patient, has a pretty good idea of what that shadow probably is—cancer of the lung.

At 8:10 a.m., the operating surgeon enters briskly. A white face-mask and green cotton cap frame his alert brown eyes. Casually, the surgeon greets the patient and the men and women whose skill he will need almost as much as his own in the

hours that stretch before him: the resident and assistant surgeons; the anaesthetist, a woman doctor from the Philippines (the hospital's staff includes several doctors who have come from other countries to study the new cancer techniques); the "sterile" nurse who handles the glittering array of instruments, and the "unsterile" nurse who need not be sterile because her hands never touch an instrument.

The anaesthetist gives the patient an injection of sodium pentothal, and asks him to begin counting aloud. "One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . ." The patient's voice thickens—"five . . . six"—and then breaks off as the drug takes rapid effect.

Two more injections follow: a local anaesthetic below the Adam's apple to prevent coughing, and a paralyser (derived from curare, the South American Indian arrow poison) to prevent muscle spasms.

The patient must be made to breathe and to keep breathing during the long hours ahead. And so the professionals deftly insert a rubber tube down his windpipe, through which the anaesthetist will pump a mixture of oxygen, ether and other gases during the operation. (Without this tube the patient's lungs would collapse, because the moment his chest was opened the body's delicate pressure balance would be upset.)

He is turned on his right side and firmly secured with broad strips of

adhesive tape; his left side is painted with an orange-tinted antiseptic. And then he is draped with sterile green sheets and towels until only the operation area, about a foot square, is exposed.

The three surgeons now go into the next room to scrub their hands and arms for five full minutes (sand-glass timers over each sink mark the time). As they scrub, the doctors review the details of the case.

Three months ago, Case No. 248301 became aware of a dull pain in his chest. At first he blamed it on a fall from a stepladder. "That's what's so insidious," the operating surgeon observes, still scrubbing. "The pain masquerades as something else—a bruise, a touch of neuralgia—and they think nothing of it."

When the pain persisted, the patient went to his doctor, who advised chest X-rays. These showed a shadow on the upper lobe of the left lung. Admitted to Memorial Hospital two days later, he underwent sputum tests and bronchial examination. The results were suspicious enough to warrant an exploratory thoracotomy—the operation he now faces.

The surgeons return to the operating theatre. The sterile nurse helps them into rubber gloves so thin that the hairs on their hands show through, and into green operating gowns (green is easier on the eyes than white). The anaesthetist sits by the patient's head, where she will

keep a running record of his pulse and blood pressure. It is now 8.55 a.m.

"All right," the surgeon says. The sterile nurse hands him the razor-keen scalpel. "Ready?"

The scalpel moves in a swift, unhesitating arc from mid-chest all the way round to a point near the spine, slicing through the thin envelope of skin and exposing fat and muscle.

A spot of blood appears, and the resident quickly pinches off the blood-vessel with a blunt, scissors-like clamp. Another spot of blood, another clamp, and still another and another. All three men then collaborate in tying off the clamped blood-vessels with silk thread. Twice more the basic surgical cycle of cut-clamp-tie is repeated as the incision deepens. The surgeon is cutting through the "lats," the large muscle known as *latissimus dorsi*. A good surgeon, the old saying goes, must have "an eagle's eye, a lion's heart and a lady's hand."

The ribs are visible now under their tough coating (periosteum). The surgeon locates the fifth rib and scrapes away the periosteum with a Bailey scraper. With a pair of powerful Bethune rib cutters he severs the curved bone at either end, and hands it to the nurse. (The patient will not miss his rib for long; within the year he will have grown a new one.) Just beneath the rib cage, the lung can be seen through its translucent coating.

"Can we have a sponge count?" the surgeon asks quietly. "We're going into the chest." The "unsterile" nurse gathers up all the gauze pads (sponges) used so far and checks them against the inventory taken before the operation. From now on, to be sure that no small pads get mislaid inside the patient, only large sponges with heavy metal rings attached will be used in the chest. "Your count is correct," the nurse says. It is now 9.35; it has taken one hour and 25 minutes to reach this vital stage of the operation.

The pleura, a delicate membrane encasing the lungs, is severed easily. Heavy metal rib spreaders, that operate like a vice in reverse, force back the ribs on either side of the missing fifth, leaving an area some five inches across in which the surgeon can now manoeuvre. Suddenly the whole interior of the chest is laid open. It is nearly filled by the enormous, shiny, soft expanse of the lungs, swelling and contracting as the anaesthetist rhythmically squeezes a pressure bag to make the patient breathe.

"How's he doing?" the surgeon asks.

"He's doing fine," the anaesthetist replies. (She had started a blood transfusion some time ago.) The surgeon now begins his careful inspection of the chest cavity. He examines the lung, feeling over the entire surface and probing between the lobes (two for the left lung, three

for the right). On the left upper lobe he locates the hard, grayish lump that corresponds to the X-ray shadow. The surgeon removes a small piece with a scalpel and hands it to a nurse, who wraps it in waxed paper and sends it by pneumatic tube to the pathology laboratory ten floors below for a "frozen section," or quick microscopic analysis. It is 10.10.

With the lungs partially collapsed, the surgeon now reaches behind them to examine the heart and its major artery, the aorta. Adhering to the aorta, which is the size of a garden hose, is a suspicious growth.

While the assistant holds the lungs back with his hand, the surgeon reaches deep into the chest with long-handled scissors. Very slowly, he pushes the blunt tips between the aorta and the suspicious layer, snipping it up and away. A slip could mean disaster. Blood flows through the aorta under such pressure that a puncture could make it "hit the ceiling." Ten minutes later he has freed the growth and handed the nurse another piece of tissue for frozen section.

In the pathology lab, the mosaic-like characteristics of malignant cells are clearly visible under the microscope. The pathologist telephones the surgical floor and, in a moment, a nurse pushes open the swing door to announce in careful diction: "Doctor, frozen section No. 1 shows carcinoma." Minutes later she returns with the report on section

No. 2; it, too, shows cancer. The surgeon and his resident look at each other over their masks.

"Radical pneumonectomy?"

"I'm afraid not," the surgeon replies. "This patient can't live on one lung."

Removal of the entire lung, or radical pneumonectomy, would perhaps give a better chance of catching all the cancer in this man. But pre-operative tests, which included making the patient run up a flight of stairs, proved that his respiratory system was too weak; with one lung gone, he would be a "respiratory cripple," unable to stand the least exertion. The surgeon has therefore decided to perform a lobectomy: removal of the diseased upper lobe and its regional lymph nodes—glands in which the cancer cells may be trapped.

With the decision made, the tempo quickens. The surgeons locate the main arterial branches leading to the upper lobe, tie them off, and cut between the ties. They do the same with the corresponding pulmonary veins.

Only a spur of the bronchus—the organ that brings air to the lungs—now joins the upper and lower lobes. The surgeon severs this with a right-angle scalpel. The assistant lifts out the soft, spongy lobe and passes it to the nurse. She wraps it, too, in waxed paper, labels it and sends it to the lab for a thorough microscopic survey.

The severed bronchus is sutured,

then sealed with a flap of pleural tissue. Saline solution is poured into the chest, to test for air leaks. There are no bubbles—the bronchus seal is tight.

The liquid is removed, and the doctors begin closing the chest.

Steel rib "approximators" pull the separated ribs back together. Layer by layer, the chest wall, muscle and skin tissue are sutured with curved needles. Some 250 to 350 knots of black silk thread or cat-gut will be left inside the patient, harmless and permanent. At 12.20 the incision is closed.

The whole operation has taken over four hours.

The patient, who is already beginning to emerge from deep anaesthesia, goes now to a recovery ward. He has been given a local anaesthetic; he will be uncomfortable for a while, but in no real pain. In about ten days he will leave the hospital. But only time can tell whether the operation has been successful, or whether microscopic cancer cells have spread to other organs where they will continue their aggressive, deadly growth.

Surgery can do no more.

### *Situations Vacant*

A MAN applied through official channels for a job with a government department. While he was waiting for word on his application, the head of the department happened to hear about him through a friend and immediately took him on.

Several months later while the man was at work in his new post, he received a letter forwarded to him from his former address. It contained his original application together with a formal letter regretfully informing him that the application had been turned down because he was not qualified for the position.

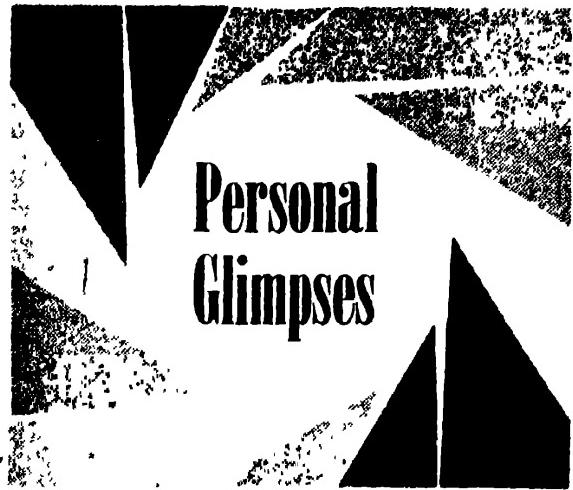
Taking another look at the rejection letter, he found that he had signed it himself.

—Joe McCarthy

A CHAP working for the Bank of America decided he would rather be in the advertising business. So he made up a brochure about himself and sent it to 100 advertising agencies. On the cover was printed: "Help! Help! I'm a Prisoner of the Bank of America!"

A few days later one of the brochures drifted into the hands of his boss. He promptly called the young man into his office. "I've good news for you," he announced. "The Bank of America is setting you free."

—Herb Caen



## Personal Glimpses

SIR SYDNEY SMITH, 77, is one of the world's experts in the field of forensic medicine and is an authority on poisons. "Sometimes I'm a bit of a damned fool," he confesses. "Once I was alone in my flat in Cairo, and took the last spoonful of a cough medicine I'd had made up. After I'd taken it, I realized that the alkaline substances in it would have caused the morphine to precipitate and go to the bottom.

"I looked in the textbooks and found that I hadn't taken enough to kill me. Then I made the mistake of consulting a textbook *I'd* written, and found one case recorded where this little dose had brought on death.

"What should I have done? Called a doctor? Would have made me look damned silly, wouldn't it? Who was right, the other chaps or me? I tried to make myself sick, with no success. So I just sat down and waited to see if I'd get the symptoms. And I jolly well did. But the other chaps were right. I didn't die." —Maurice Dolbier

MRS. ARTHUR HAYS SULZBERGER, wife of the publisher of the New York *Times*, is a great admirer of Sir Winston Churchill. She once wrote and

asked him if she could buy one of his paintings, even a small one.

Sir Winston wrote back, "Thank you for your interest, but I'd sooner part with one of my grandchildren than with one of my paintings. Since you have grandchildren of your own you'll understand how I feel."

Mrs. Sulzberger replied with a cable: WHICH GRANDCHILD DO YOU WANT AND HOW SHALL I HAVE IT WRAPPED?

—Joey Bishop

JOE LOUIS, visiting a technical high school, said, "I always wished I could do something with my hands. Never could." —Contributed by Margaret Motherwell

IN HIS BOOK *May This House Be Safe From Tigers*, Alexander King tells of going to the Princeton study of Albert Einstein to interview him. Accompanying King was a photographer who made so many requests for new poses that King was afraid the two would be thrown out. Instead, Einstein showed superhuman patience and generosity.

While the photographer was reloading his camera, Einstein looked at him earnestly for a moment and said, "You are one of many children, aren't you?"

"Yes. I have nine brothers and sisters. What makes you ask?"

"I guessed it," said Einstein, "because it is always hard to survive and to get proper attention in such a turmoil of children. From their early environment, members of large families don't expect to be seen or to be heard unless they climb right into your lap and put their fingers into your mouth. I suppose it is probably the ideal training ground for a news photographer." —Heinemann, London

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# Why The Communists Are Winning

*The Free World is in an alarming position: we are losing battle after battle in the Third World War simply because we will not understand that the war has begun. The Communists are winning precisely because they do understand this fact. The March Reader's Digest presented "This Is the Third World War," based on the book "Protracted Conflict." Here, from the same book, is an analysis of the tactics which the Communists are using to carry out their master plan of conquest.*

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*Condensation-Synopsis by MAX EASTMAN  
from the book "Protracted Conflict"*

"**T**HREE IS in train today a development without parallel in history—a war which has as its frank objective the overthrow of all the parliamentary governments of the world and their replacement by Communist dictatorships centrally controlled in Moscow. The distinguishing characteristic of the campaign is the interchangeability of political and military weapons.

"A 'peace offensive' in Moscow, a

cultural conference in Warsaw, a strike in France, the invasion of Korea by fully equipped troops—all are instruments of one war, turned on and turned off from a central tap as a gardener plays a hose up and down a piece of land, watering some plants lightly, some heavily."

These words were written more than ten years ago by Byron Dexter, of the U.S. Council on Foreign Relations. Yet even now the West as a

whole seems sublimely unaware that there are phases of war other than military action. The free nations react, sometimes forcefully, to overt Red-inspired crises, but seem incapable of devising a cohesive policy that will deal with the Communist attack in all its phases.

For all their shifting and back-tracking, the Communists have a recognizable strategy which rests on four major principles: the indirect approach; deception and distraction; monopoly of the initiative; attrition.

To meet the challenge of the future, it is necessary to understand how the Communists have successfully applied each of these principles in the past.

**The Indirect Approach.** The Communists believe that they must avoid a direct, decisive encounter until they have acquired overwhelming physical superiority, sufficient to ensure the enemy's total defeat—and their own survival. As long ago as 1921 Lenin declared that

PROFESSOR ROBERT STRAUSZ-HUPÉ, the principal author of *Protracted Conflict*, has been a member of the political-science faculty of the University of Pennsylvania since 1946 and director of the university's Foreign Policy Research Institute since its organization in 1955. He was recently appointed NATO Professor of Political Science at Heidelberg University. His published works include *Geopolitics*, *The Balance of Tomorrow*; *Zone of Indifference*, and, in collaboration with associates, *International Relations Protracted Conflict* is the product of a long-term Foreign Policy Research Institute study, conceived and directed by Professor Strausz-Hupé.

the Communist International must be "militant" and at the same time "capable of avoiding a fight in the open with the overwhelming forces of the enemy."

Threats and bluffing gestures notwithstanding, this has been an underlying principle of Communist strategy ever since.

A brilliant illustration is Stalin's policy while war clouds gathered in the late '30's. At first he pretended to be undecided which side he was on. Then in 1939 he signed a non-aggression pact with Nazi Germany, thus hoping to keep Russia a bystander until her two warring enemies were exhausted. Meanwhile, he would build up his strength and be ready to join the victor when the end approached. Though Hitler attacked Russia and forced her to join the eventual victors sooner than Stalin intended, the Soviet leader did achieve his goal. The most significant consequence of the Second World War was not the "victory" of the West, but the emergence of Russia as the world's second most powerful nation.

Her power, however, was still vastly inferior to that of the United States, and the principle of avoiding a direct military conflict continued in force.

In 1946, when Soviet troops remained in Iran after the deadline agreed upon for their departure, the United States showed signs of military action. To the surprise of many, Stalin ordered the "withdrawal

of his troops. President Truman has said of that crisis: "The Soviet Union persisted in its occupation until I personally saw to it that Stalin was informed that I had given orders to our military chiefs to prepare for the movement of our ground, sea and air forces. Stalin then did what I knew he would do. He moved his troops out."

Very bold and wise! But had Truman understood that Stalin's avoidance of a showdown was basic to Soviet strategy, he might also have preserved the independence of the satellite nations in Eastern Europe and of China as well.

The daring Soviet blockade of Berlin furnished another example of this Communist principle at work. When Britain and America outwitted the Kremlin with a "non-military airlift" of unarmed transport planes, Russia had to choose between direct attack and backing-down. Again the Kremlin backed down.

It might appear that the principle of avoiding direct military conflict was abandoned on June 25, 1950, when, with Stalin's connivance, North Korean forces invaded South Korea. It seems likely, however, that this attack was based on a miscalculation. It occurred in an area where the West's "vital interests" had not been clearly defined, and from which most U.S. forces had been withdrawn. Had we pressed the Korean War to complete victory, there is little doubt that the

Russians would again have side-stepped a direct engagement. It is inconceivable that the Communist leaders would have initiated a general war merely because they had enough atom bombs to destroy some European and American cities. The result for them would have been crushing annihilation. But Western leaders, with the exception of a few like General Douglas MacArthur, had no conception of these facts—or of the mature and expert strategy of protracted conflict upon which the Communists are operating.

The determination of the Communists to avoid a premature pitched battle was revealed again in the 1957 Jordanian crisis, when the United States dispatched the Sixth Fleet with 1,500 Marines to the Eastern Mediterranean and put a quick end to Soviet "indirect subversion." That term, invented by John Foster Dulles, marked the first glimmer of a comprehension of the indirect-approach principle of Communist strategy.

**Deception and Distraction.** The importance of military deception is well known. In the non-military phases of their war against the Free World, the Communists use this device more often than is possible in armed conflict.

They never lose an opportunity to pretend, for example, that their regime is becoming more liberal. The grand example of this hoax was Stalin's adoption in 1936 of what he described as "the most

democratic constitution in the world." It contained every known guarantee of the sovereignty of the people, but all were nullified by one provision: that the Russian Communist Party "shall form the directing nucleus of all organizations in the country both social and governmental." In short, it provided for an absolute ruler who would stand outside the constitution—an abandonment of the very concept of the reign of law as against arbitrary rule.

More recently, Mao Tse-tung managed to beguile Western optimists with his policy of "letting a hundred flowers blossom, and a hundred schools of thought contend."

This policy, welcomed by many in the West as a major step in "liberalization," had the sole result of ferreting out potential dissidents. Within a year, Mao's government established the militarized communes which shocked even Western Communists and fellow travellers.

The slogan "peaceful coexistence" is another example of this strategy of deception. The Communists are fully aware that to the West this phrase means permanent friendly intercourse as among neighbours, while to them it means merely a *non-military phase of the war of conquest*.

Apart from these large-scale deceptions, deliberate falsification of economic data has always been an important Communist weapon. By

ignoring changes in the value of the rouble, Soviet statisticians made the national income appear to increase by 500 per cent during a ten-year period when it actually increased by about 50 per cent. Although it is now generally conceded that Soviet Russia is the second greatest industrial power in the world, its rulers continue to conjure up an image of accomplishments out of all proportion to the facts. They wish not only to overawe the West with miracles wrought by the collectivized economy, but to dazzle the emerging nations of Asia and Africa with a magic formula for speedy industrialization.

Distraction is the twin of deception, and the Communists use this gambit with equal skill. While the West's attention was occupied with endlessly dragged-out truce negotiations in Korea, for example, they executed a grabbing manoeuvre in Indo-China. When we showed a disturbing interest in the liberation of the captive nations of Eastern Europe, they started a diversion by attacking the Asian islands of Quemoy and Matsu and threatening an invasion of Formosa. The guides of our foreign policy might well memorize the words of Mao Tse-tung. "Making a noise in the East while attacking in the West is a way of creating illusions for the enemy."

**Monopoly of the Initiative.** Communist success in the protracted conflict requires that the Free World be kept in a defensive frame of mind,

thus preventing it from seizing the initiative.

This is primarily a matter of psychological conditioning. Communist psychological strategy seeks to exploit the enemy's cultural and ideological preconceptions—scientific, economic, political, legal, philosophical and moral.

For example, by playing upon our moral and legalistic scruples, the Communists have established, without our being conscious of it, a "war zone" and a "peace zone." The "peace zone" is the territory controlled by the Communists; the "war zone" is the rest of the world. We have been conditioned to accept the preposterous assumption that battles between us may legitimately be fought only in the "war zone." In spite of constant Communist forays into the non-Communist "war zone," we feel obliged to refrain from launching counter-thrusts into the Communist "peace zone."

The Truman Doctrine, which included commitments to defend Greece and Turkey against Communist invasion, although considered a bold stroke, meekly accepted these territorial limitations. They were ratified in the so-called "containment policy," according to which the United States is to resist the Communist advance by applying counter-pressure along "a series of constantly shifting geographical and political points, corresponding to the shifts and manoeuvres of Soviet policy." In other words, the

Communists are to choose both the subjects and the sites of the conflict.

We are not containing them, they are containing us—behind a constantly shrinking perimeter of Free World defences.

We have permitted the Communists to send arms to anti-Western governments in the Middle East—Egypt, Syria—and to anti-American governments in Guatemala and Cuba. Yet at the time of the Hungarian uprising, it was taken for granted that the West could not extend military aid, even indirectly, to the patriots of freedom without triggering a general war in Europe. Indeed, the West even shrank from the purely diplomatic move of recognizing the neutrality of Hungary when it was proclaimed on November 1, 1956, by the legal Hungarian Government.

**Attrition.** The kind of warfare the Communists wage is designed to wear down the enemy's power by gradual, and sometimes hardly perceptible, pressures and impairments while building up their own. This brings about a piecemeal yet ultimately decisive shift in the balance of power.

A major weapon in this war of attrition is the international conspiratorial apparatus which the Communists maintain in all the nations of the Free World. But, more openly, they exploit our free channels of communication to cultivate guilt complexes and a divided mind among our intellectuals, and

a paralysis of will in our decision-makers. They have succeeded so well in this international brain-washing that many Western intellectuals devote much time to apologizing for the institutions and processes of a free society.

A constant aim is to neutralize those forces not directly involved in the conflict. Globally, this includes all the colonial and emergent nations lying between the Soviet *bloc* and the West. In the Atlantic region, the task is to isolate the United States from her allies and friends. Within the separate nations, the Communists try to neutralize large political and social groups, especially the influential *élites*. They hope particularly to attain at least the neutrality of those countries which might figure in the defence of Europe.

The European campaign has three specific objectives: dissolution of the Western alliance; withdrawal of British and American forces from the Continent; and the creation of broad demilitarized regions in Central Europe which, exposed to Russian pressure without the presence of American power, would ultimately succumb to the Soviet Union.

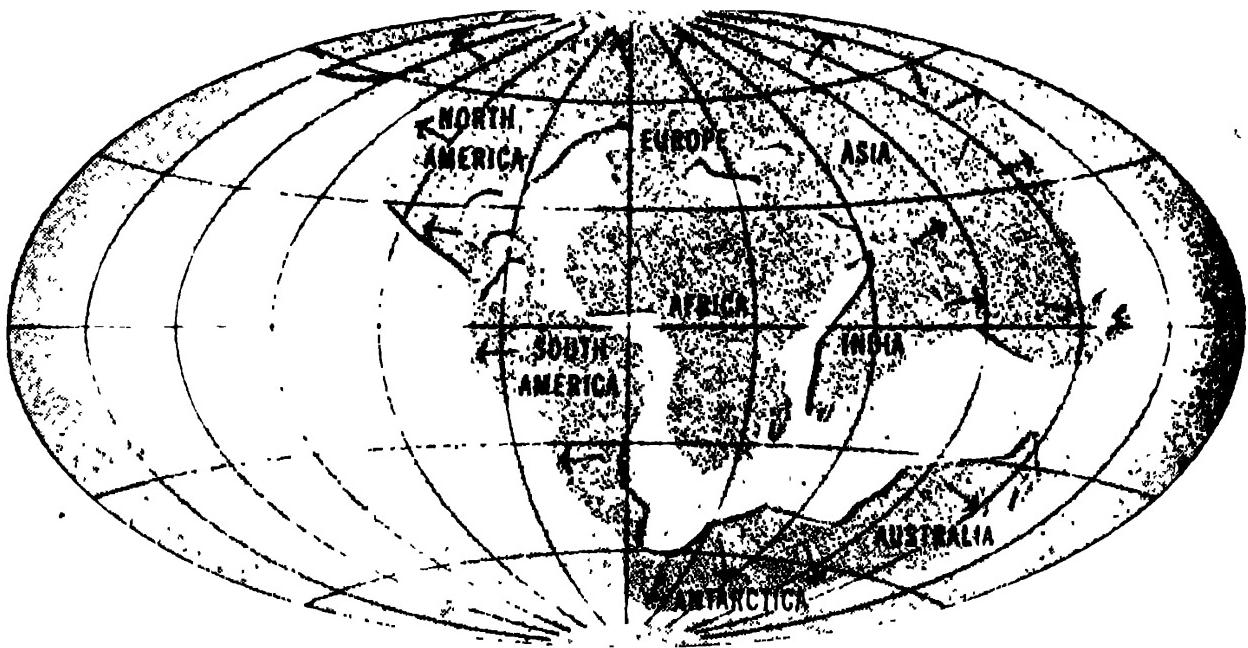
In their campaign of attrition the Soviet Communists make constant use of proxies. Without swinging into action themselves, or even appearing attentive to what is going on, they set other nations in motion against the Free World. It was Czechoslovakia, for instance, not

the Soviet Union, that shipped nearly 2,000 tons of military equipment to a Communist-dominated government in Guatemala. Similar things are constantly happening in Asia and Africa.

By utilizing the various and devious techniques of protracted conflict, the Communists have made far greater inroads into the West than would seem possible in view of the balance of power between the two camps. This is because we fail to realize that we are at war with them. We fail to understand from that sole point of view their infinitely varied manoeuvres. Once we begin to do this, there is not the slightest reason why we cannot thwart their plans. We are more advanced, more wealth-producing, more inventive. Our concept of man is far closer to reality than the old-fashioned pseudo-scientific notions they inherit from the middle of the nineteenth century.

We of the West must understand the principles of protracted conflict. From such an understanding can be forged the tools of victory.

In the March 1961 Reader's Digest condensation-synopsis from *Protracted Conflict*, the editing process produced an error in interpretation. As a result, the sentence on page 36 reading, "In plain language, Churchill, Roosevelt, Truman and the rest were played for mugs by the wily Georgian because they did not understand, or could not believe in, the devious policy that was guiding every move that Stalin made," did not represent the views of the authors of *Protracted Conflict*. The authors prefer the following: "In plain language, the good faith of the Western Allies—our belief that others share our sense of fair play—was exploited by the wily Georgian. Our people did not understand, much less accept, the devious policy that was guiding every move that Stalin made."



*How the continents may have appeared during one phase of the drifting process is shown on this reconstructed map of the world. Note that North America and Europe are joined*

## DRIFTING CONTINENTS CONTINUOUSLY MOVING?

BY RUTHERFORD PLATT

**I**N RECENT months new facts have been found to bolster a startling scientific theory: that our continents were once part of greater land masses, and that, broken apart, they are drifting across the face of the earth. Africa, for example, was once at the South Pole; parts of the United States were over the North Pole. North America may even now be ploughing westwards

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*There is mounting evidence that the lands on which we live are wandering slowly but inexorably over the face of the globe*

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through the Pacific Ocean, to collide eventually with Asia!

The theory of drifting continents was first seriously proposed in 1915 by Alfred Wegener, a German

geologist. Until now the arguments against it were at least as impressive as the arguments for it; but analysis of data accumulated during the International Geophysical Year has provided new evidence in favour of the theory.

Wegener likened the continents and big islands to icebergs floating in a sea of hot, soft volcanic rock. As proof that they were once joined together, he pointed out that the continents fit together like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. The east coast-line of South America matches the west coast of Africa, with the rounded corner of Brazil fitting neatly into the Gulf of Guinea. The facing coasts of Europe and the United States can be fitted together if some revolving is done. (And if the continents *are* broken apart and drifting, why shouldn't some of them revolve like bits of toast in hot soup?)

Mountain ranges of the same geologic age and with the same rock structure can be matched on coasts that face each other across wide oceans. They stand as though broken and pulled apart. This is true of the coastal ranges of Brazil and West Africa. It is also true of the Appalachian Mountains of North America, whose ancient rock ends abruptly with a great headland in Nova Scotia, but reappears in Newfoundland, Greenland, eastern Ireland and finally in the Grampian Mountains of Scotland.

There is also zoological evidence

of drifting continents. For example: guinea pigs, chinchillas, peculiar land snails that must live in woods, and giant lizards that lay their eggs in termite nests are found wild only in South America and Africa.

All fish and fresh-water creatures in South America have close relatives in Africa, including the electric eel and the lungfish—which sticks its nose out through the scum of stagnant swamps to breathe lungfuls of air. Unless the two continents were once linked, how can this amazing resemblance of unique creatures on opposite sides of the ocean be explained?

Assailants of the drifting-continents theory talk of land bridges like that which once existed between Asia and North America at Bering Strait. But no evidence for such a land bridge across the Atlantic has ever been discovered. On the other hand, a great ridge runs north and south down the middle of the Atlantic floor, paralleling the coast-lines of the facing continents with mysterious accuracy. No one has ever explained it—but it looks as it might look if it were a residue left where a land mass broke apart.

Botanists also support Wegener's theory. In his book, *The Geography of the Flowering Plants*, a classic in its field, Professor Ronald Good, formerly of the British Museum in London, writes: "The opinion of plant geographers is almost unanimous that the present distribution of

plants cannot be explained without assuming that the continents have been joined to one another at some time in the past."

I myself have seen some of the botanical evidence. In a Greenland ravine 300 miles north of the Arctic Circle, I found thin layers of shale, separated like the pages of an old book.

Almost all the fragments had imprints of plants—sassafras, sycamore and fig leaves, elm seeds with their hat-brim wings. These are not plants of a raw polar place, but of temperate woodlands.

In Greenland, too, I found a colony of a peculiar saxifrage plant, which also grows on the other side of the world in the high Himalayas. This peculiar flower uses no seeds, but spreads by reaching out with a short stem and planting a tiny bulb. Through many millenniums it could have crossed thousands of miles of land by taking three-inch footsteps, but could it have leaped the ocean?

Such clues would seem to indicate, as Wegener believed, that North America and Greenland were once joined to Eurasia, drifted away, and that Greenland "ran aground" while North America continued on its western course.

Some 200 million years ago, the greatest ice age of all spread up from the South Pole. From the evidence of boulders, sediments and rock scratches, the ancient glaciers buried South America under ice as

far north as the Equator, and covered both western Australia and India.

But glaciers could *not* have reached up into Tropical South America, nor crossed the Equator into India! The Equator always receives a constant supply of heat from the sun—too much for glaciers. The only answer to the mystery, said Wegener, is that those lands were not always located where they are today. They have drifted. Moreover, he reasoned, at the time of this ice age those lands—Antarctica, South America, India and Australia—must all have been joined together in one super-continent, which he called Gondwanaland.

What evidence is there for this idea? When the ancient glaciers melted back, a strange shrub grew on the raw tundra left behind—one never seen since or elsewhere on earth. Its name is *Glossopteris*, or tongue fern, a tough, cold-weather plant with coarse, tongue-shaped leaves. Tongue-fern fossils have been found in Argentina and Brazil, in Central Africa, in India, Australia and Antarctica. Since tongue fern could not have leaped thousands of miles of sea, the only explanation seems to be the existence of the super-continent Gondwanaland.

As the enormous glaciers slowly melted back, and tongue fern spread, the huge land mass was revolving and drifting northwards. The strain of the revolving caused

Africa to break off, and South America, and two more huge pieces. India drifted into the tropics, hit Asia and formed a tight bond; the impact is thought by some scientists to have pushed up the Himalayas. Australia moved to its present location. The nucleus of Gondwanaland continued to drift towards the present South Pole, where eternal cold buried its rocky bulk under an immense white ice cap. Today, with sonar soundings, explorers are finding great cracks and chasms of continental proportions under the Antarctic ice—scars such as might have been left by the stresses and strains of the past adventures of the land.

But the most conclusive evidence of continental drift has been the recent discovery of "fossil magnetism." When rock materials are first laid down they are either fluid lava or watery sediments, in which microscopic particles of magnetized iron oxide are free to rotate. Before the rocks harden, these particles align themselves like compass needles, all pointing north.

Geologists can date rocks quite accurately on the geologic calendar. And from the direction of the fossil compass needles, it is possible to calculate the latitude and longitude of the rock at the time it was deposited. These findings indicate different directions at different times for north. Magnetic north appears to have been in what is now the middle of the Pacific near Hawaii.

It has visited Japan, and more recently found itself in Kamchatka in northern Siberia.

But the earth is a good gyroscope, spinning at an eternally fixed angle, and long-distance pole wander is an impossibility. The explanation, therefore, is not that the North Pole has shifted, but that the very continents on which the rocks were laid down are sliding about over the face of the globe.

Professor P. M. S. Blackett, now Professor of Physics at Imperial College, London, has said: "Measurements of Indian stones prove without doubt that India was situated south of the Equator 70 million years ago. Measurements in South Africa point to the fact that the African continent has drifted directly over the South Pole in the last 300 million years."

What causes the continents to shift? For years no known force on earth was great enough to move a continent. Now one has been discovered. It is called a convection current, a heat flow which causes actual motion of the material through which it moves. Convection currents are set in motion by radioactivity in the centre of the earth. They flow up through the 2,000-mile-thick mantle of rock which underlies the rocky crust, horizontally along the upper mantle, then plunge again towards the earth's core, completing a circuit. It is as though great wheels were turning, underneath the surface, causing areas of

the earth's crust to move where they are in contact with them.

The wealth of pertinent data accumulated during the International Geophysical Year will take years to examine fully. But already it is agreed (though there remain die-hard dissenters) that the data support such conclusions.

Where are the continents going, and how fast? There is no telling, for this utterly amazing motion is subject to the caprice of convection

currents and to unpredictable stresses and strains, such as sudden volcanic cracks that torture the earth's mobile crust. From his measurement of fossil compass needles, Professor Blackett estimates that in the last 150 million years Britain has drifted north from a place much closer to the Equator, and turned clockwise more than 30 degrees. Presumably the drift is continuing, but if it doesn't go faster Britain won't need to worry too much.

### *Sign Language*

SIGN IN a Swiss hotel restaurant: "Diners who are tempted to steal silverware, ash trays and other objects belonging to this establishment are asked to do it discreetly. We want to preserve the good reputation of our clientele."

--*Nachrichten*, Basle

IN pet shop window: "Come In and Try Pet Luck."      —Arthur Mullenix

IN an optician's window: "Sun glasses—specially tinted for evening wear."      —Bill Kennedy

PLASTERED on to a non-working slot machine: "This machine taketh. It giveth not."      —M. B

IN a pub offering free coffee for all customers at closing time: "Safety Belts."      —Herb Caen

OUTSIDE a veterinary surgery: "Hospital Zone—No Barking."      —E. K. H.

IN an airline ticket office: "Why Not Jet Away From It All?"      —Cedric Adams

IN the gift department of a men's shop: "Many Happy Returns—We Expect Them."      —Thomas Griffin



# *Green Valley of My Childhood*

BY JOYCE VARNEY

"HEN grandparents enter the room, discipline flies out of the window," says an old Chinese proverb. I suppose this is true. My grandparents spoilt me, but I'm glad of it. It was the most glorious spoiling a child ever had.

It started when I was a tiny baby. My father was killed in a mine-shaft accident two months before I was

*The charming story  
of a childhood in Wales, and  
of two wonderful people, poor and  
unschooled, but rich in love  
and understanding*

born. Soon after I arrived, Mother went away to Cardiff and left me with my grandparents.

Their house was like any other in our valley—a ghost-grey river-stone dwelling with a whitewashed doorstep. But in one way our house was different: we lived next door to the tin-roofed chapel and it was like living near a nest of birds. There was always singing, and my grandfather would say, "Do you hear? That is the music of Wales."

I was never taught to be realistic about the conditions in our mining valley. At that time South Wales was known as a "distressed area." The mines were idle, the pit wheels still. Everywhere was the evidence of poverty—dole-queues, soup kitchens, and little children, like so many lean sparrows, pecking away for coal at the slag heaps.

I suppose if my grandparents had brought me up right I should be filled with passionate anger against these social conditions; but instead, when I remember the slag heaps, I remember the day I filled my own tiny sack with slag. How Gran laughed at me, bat-black as any collier. And I can hear Grancher saying, "*Hssht, Tydvil, please.*" Then he turned to me and said, "Never mind, my little collier. I will teach you how to pick coal."

It wasn't until I was much older that I realized we were poor. Or perhaps I should say we had little money. I thought we were rich. There was always plenty of chapel and singing and laughter. I was never hungry, especially after eating Gran's broth, seasoned with leeks

and just a suggestion of marigold and wild parsley. There were plenty of dreams, too—nice shapeless dreams that were stufled into my being like vague, unforgettable music.

I suppose it was bad for me, but I was never made to go to bed. I went when my grandparents did. We would climb those stairs together, Grancher leading the way, I in the middle and Gran behind me. The rooms in that little house were unheated, except for the kitchen, but I was never cold. There was always a warm brick, wrapped in an old red flannel petticoat, in my bed on a winter's night. And I always had a candle in my room because I didn't like the dark. I remember the smell of those candles Gran made, the warm smell of heather and honey. My grandparents would stay with me until I felt safe in my room, but they never listened to my prayers. Grancher said that was private conversation between me and God.

I was never taught to be grateful to anyone but God. I accepted my grandparents as a plant accepts the sun. Gran was small and quick, and whisked around the house, endlessly polishing the black lead grate or beeswaxing the floors. She was always stitching, or patching our clothes. She was a gifted cobbler, too, so our shoes were well soled.

My Gran was a gentle person who could never turn a beggar away from the door. She had some queer dependants. One was a brown mouse that lived under a loose board

in the kitchen. Grancher didn't approve of him at all, but every night Gran would put down crumbs, and at eight o'clock sharp out would come the mouse for his dinner. One day the ginger cat from next door caught him. Awful sad it was that evening in the kitchen. "He never stood a chance," Gran said with drooping head, and Grancher said softly, "That is nature, Tydvil."

Grancher Jack was a big man with gentle blue eyes and a fierce white beard. He was my friend and confidant. He would tell me about the time when there were wild men in Wales--wild men who ran through the woods with holly in their hair. He would tell me about the Druid priest who used a golden knife to cut the sacred mistletoe, and about the trolls and fairies that lived in trees and caves. Sometimes he would sing, and his voice would echo in the woods. He was a high tenor and had won many cups in his youth. Grancher had only one peeve: he said there should be no talking in chapel, only singing. The talking should be left to Almighty God.

Neither of my grandparents had been to school, but they had taught themselves how to read English. They taught me to read the Bible. Every night after supper Gran would get out the big black book and Grancher would say, "What will we have tonight?"

"The Book of Ruth," Gran would say because that was her

favourite. I always wanted Jacob's ladder, or Moses in the bulrushes. I was fascinated with those Bible stories, but as I got older my literary interests changed. From Mrs. Dai Thomas across the street I got copies of a penny-dreadful magazine. One day Grancher picked one up, and his eyes grew big as he read the story of a girl who had taken the primrose path. But he didn't stop me reading them. Instead he had a conversation in Welsh with Gran. They always talked in Welsh when I wasn't supposed to listen, but I understood better than they knew.

"She needs good books of her own," he said.

"She has the Bible," protested Gran. "Books cost."

But the next day I was given a sixpence and told that we would go to the second-hand bookshop in Six-Bells. They were having a sale--they were always having a sale in those days--and Grancher and I spent three hours there. At last I had books of my own: *Alice in Wonderland*, *David Copperfield* and *Little Women*. We read out of one of them every night after singing. We read *David Copperfield* 42 times because it was Grancher's favourite, and he could read aloud better than the rest of us.

Those were lovely evenings in that little hot kitchen. If a Welsh troll could give me one wish, let him give me a bottle filled with the voices of that kitchen--Gran's laugh,

Grancher's singing and reading, the fire hissing and whispering—a bottle brimming with the smells of golden Welsh butter cakes cooking on the iron bakestone, and the scent of thyme drying on the mantelshelf.

Grancher never became angry with anyone, it seemed, though I do remember disappointing him once. Mr. Dai Evans, the choirmaster, was giving final auditions for the National Eisteddfod. The people he picked would sing in Cardiff Castle. I wanted to go so badly. I had practised my singing for months. Every night after tea Grancher would listen to me, and at night I had long conversations with God, beseeching Him to let Mr. Evans pick me for the child's part. But he chose Blodwen Davis instead. I hated Mr. Evans, I hated Blodwen and I hated God.

Grancher mollified my moaning: "Never mind, *fach*," he said. "You have a lovely voice, look you, but no power. A lark can only sing what is in him, and a Welsh lullaby is as important to God as Handel's 'Hallelujah Chorus.'"

Then Gran spoke to him in Welsh about taking me to the pictures. This was the worst kind of spoiling because it involved Gran's God. A strong Baptist and very fundamental, she did not hold with picture houses; neither did her God. Her God was behind her preacher, who every Sunday instructed us to keep our feet free from public houses and

the cinema and plant them firmly inside the church.

But Grancher was something of a Druid and he enjoyed the pictures. His God was not fashioned in the likeness of the Reverend Jenkins. So that night we went to the pictures, Grancher and me. He bought me some gob-stoppers to suck to stop me talking. Jeanette MacDonald was playing in *Maytime*. It was a sad story, and I had a lovely cry and got rid of all my bitter tears.

When we reached home Gran regretted her suggestion and was remorseful. Apparently the Reverend Jenkins had given a stirring sermon that very night at the Band of Hope temperance meeting.

"How you can listen to those old Americans talking so quick, ponders me," said Gran piously.

"They talk all night," Grancher said. "Yes, fair play, they talk right enough. In fact there is a lot of life in their speech, but they can't sing. Now, this young woman in the picture was like an oil painting. Her hair was as brown as a squirrel's nut, but she couldn't sing for taffy. It was like she had a wishbone in her throat."

"Serves you right," Gran said. "There was plenty of good singing at the meeting this evening, look you. Thomas Lewis sang 'Are You Washed in the Blood of the Lamb?' better than ever."

"Thom Lewis has a good voice," admitted Grancher, "and nobody enjoys his singing better than me,

but I'll take the American singing any time in preference to the dull language of God by the Reverend Jenkins, no offence, mind."

"There's blasphemy," whispered Gran, "in front of the child, too. There is plenty of that she can hear outside."

I was concerned about the way this conversation was going. For one thing I didn't like to hear my grandparents disagree, and for another, Robert Taylor was coming to the Palace in *Magnificent Obsession*. But I needn't have worried. Grancher wanted to see the picture, too. The very next Sunday he went uncomplainingly to chapel three times. He only went once generally. Gran flushed like a girl with the pleasure of his company. I sat between them and kept waiting for Grancher to make his usual comments as Reverend Jenkins talked about our wickedness and unworthiness. He thundered and boomed over the congregation in his search of sin.

But Grancher sat unblinkingly. All he said was: "Very good at making sermons is the Reverend Jenkins."

When we reached home Gran flew around the kitchen singing in her happy way, saying how nice it was to have a decent household who went to church together. "Now I can face the pastor at the Band of Hope on Tuesday."

Grancher winked at me over the brim of his cup. Then he looked at Gran with a face as innocent as a saint's and said, "With your permission, Tydvil, I would like to take Joyce to the pictures on Tuesday."

"Aye, indeed," said Gran absent-mindedly.

And Grancher reached out and gripped my hand under the table. Another picture—Robert Taylor in *Magnificent Obsession*—more gobstoppers, and who knows what else.

So my life continued, with one spoiling after another. It was the greatest spoiling a child ever had, and I'm glad of it.



### Rain or Shine

*P*ATRICIA thinks George may propose any night now. Her parents are sure he's the marrying sort. They're staying up evenings and burning a light now, Awaiting the girl and her whether report.

—Tom Congdon

## LITERATE THIRTY

RESTING IN the hospital after the birth of our third child, I thought I would finally get a chance to finish reading Boris Pasternak's famous novel, *Doctor Zhivago*, and had it handy on my bedside table.

When the student nurse came in, it caught her eye and she looked at it sceptically.

"If you want the *real* low-down on baby care," she said confidentially, "you can't beat Doctor Spock."

—MRS. DAVID LYCHE

ONE OF THE girls in my computer key-punch department put some cards into the machine, but when she pushed the key it broke off. A mechanic mended it after office hours, and the following morning we found this note on the machine:

"Stroke the START key LIGHTLY as if it's your boy friend—don't pound on it as if it's your husband. THANKS."

—FAYE WILKINSON

MY RETIRED parents bought a picturesque old farmhouse in the mountains. To enjoy the view they decided to build a terrace, and ordered gravel and cement from a neighbour. Taking his time about it, he didn't bring up the first load until two o'clock one afternoon a few days later.

"Can't you bring one more load today?" my mother pleaded. "We want to get started."

"No, ma'am," the neighbour replied. "Tomorrow will be another day—and if it isn't, you won't need it."

—BRUCE KING

DURING A holiday trip, we stopped at a remote cove to take a picture of a fisherman beaching his boat. It was a bleak and lonely spot, and my wife remarked to me, "How can anyone live so far away from everything and be content?"

The fisherman overheard her. He looked us over carefully and then remarked, "You don't see me rushing to the city to take your photograph."

—JAMES DILLON

IN 31 YEARS of parsonage life we have had numerous weddings, but one of them stands out in my memory as particularly poignant. The young couple were alone, and after the ceremony when they were about to drive away, the husband got out of the car, went round to the back and pulled something out of the boot. As they sped off a few minutes later I heard a jangling of tin cans and shoes, and on the bumper saw the hand-printed sign, "Just married!"

—V. C. W.

# Georges Braque's Radiant Vision

*With his friend Picasso,  
he invented modern art*

BY MALCOLM VAUGHAN

**G**N NORMANDY, some 60 years ago, a boy named Georges Braque started painting houses, both inside and out. He was so skilful with a brush that he could touch up wallpaper, or turn a plaster wall into a convincing imitation of brickwork or mahogany panelling. Today he still paints, not as a house painter but as one of the greatest living French artists, whose canvases have sold for as much as £40,000 (Rs. 5·3 lakhs). And despite his craftsman's ability to copy nature exactly, he is famed for doing the

opposite: for creating a *new* vision of the world, a universe of shapes and hues organized geometrically or abstractly into new forms and new colour harmonies.

Braque's father and grandfather were house painters, and the boy left school at 17 to learn the family trade. Apprenticed to local experts in Le Havre, he quickly mastered such details as how to paint a false door or fake ceiling beams, how to make inexpensive plank flooring look like costly parquetry, even how to paint a realistic "marble" trim.



"La Patience." Reproduced from Modern Painting, Skira

From the start it was clear that he had an extraordinary talent.

After his year of military service, young Braque decided to become an artist rather than an artisan, and left home for Paris. Though he found art school stuffy he stuck it for two years, learning the techniques of old masters by copying their pictures. Meanwhile, he was making friends. A hefty six-footer, he was a first-class boxer, swimmer, sailor and cyclist. Usually silent and unassuming, he could on occasion turn a casual get-together into a rollicking party, playing the guitar or accordion, singing songs and dancing.

Restless, Braque dropped art school to paint on his own—at first old-fashioned impressions of nature, then landscapes in bold bright colours. Still he was dissatisfied. He who could precisely depict the grainings in wood or the veins in marble, who could capture with mirror-like exactitude the beauty of a scene or of a woman's face, thought an artist should do more—not just imitate what he saw but create something new.

In this state of mind he met another young painter, a Spaniard living in Paris—Pablo Picasso. Of this meeting was born what we now call modern art. Others helped to prepare the way, but these two were its dynamic generators. Picasso showed Braque his newest picture, of nude women: all planes and angles, the painting looked like an explosion in a plough factory. But to Braque it

made sense, for he recognized the planes and angles as the geometry underlying surface anatomy. Gradually it dawned upon him that this was what he was looking for—a way to create without simply making facsimiles of nature.

Braque and Picasso became close friends, so close that for years their pictures were often all but indistinguishable. Trail-blazing explorers, they moved into new territory and step by step created an art of geometrical forms which reduces everything to basic shapes: cubes, cones, spheres, cylinders.

Other artists, critics and the public denounced cubism as monstrous. The Salon d'Automne refused to exhibit Braque's revolutionary works. "He mistreats forms," said one critic. "He constructs deformed figures." Across the years, jeers and opposition rose to international proportions. But Braque and Picasso kept pushing back the frontiers, evolving the new pictorial alphabet of abstract art.

The First World War interrupted Braque's career. One day while he was fighting at the Front an exploding artillery shell tore his head open. He was left for dead on the battlefield, and was rescued only when picked up for burial next day. He spent more than a year in hospital slowly creeping back to life, and was decorated with the Croix de Guerre and Legion of Honour. His wife watched over him, and made him start painting again.

His new pictures looked more naturalistic than the old—but only a bit. He would never give up the “architecture of painting” for nature’s surface charms. But now a few connoisseurs began to declare these pictures incomparably fine. Braque’s reputation grew, and with it his income. In 1924 the Salon d’Automne, which 14 years before had refused his work, asked him to exhibit. He sent 14 pictures, one for each year, and they were all sold.

Even so, many critics and the public continued to be fiercely hostile year after year. As late as 1937

a leading art critic looked at a picture by Braque that had just won first prize at an international exhibition, and barked: “Is it a painting or is it a joke?”

The modest artist did not answer. He has never bothered to argue with his detractors.

Braque was nearly 50 when he achieved a wish that he’d had since his youth—a house by the sea, in his native Normandy, where he now spends most of each year. It is a modest farm cottage with a red-tiled roof and casement windows, but in the back garden stands a modern,

*“Intérieur Palette et Pot de Fleurs”*

Reproduced from “G. Braque,” Editions Pierre Tisné, Paris



high-ceilinged studio built mostly of milky glass. Inside, this room is bright on the cloudiest day, and when sunlight floods through the translucent walls you are in the heart of a living radiance. Here, amid five or six easels and sparse, simple furniture—much of it made with his own hands—Braque now works. You see no models, no photographs, no designs to guide the painter's eye.

"I never visualize a picture before I start to paint," he says. "Each picture makes itself under the brush—I discover it on the canvas."

Now almost 80, he still puts in a full day, painting, sculpturing, sketching or doing other work with his hands. When you see him standing tall and handsome at the easel—white-haired, dressed in a cotton work jacket and corduroy slacks with a yellow handkerchief round his neck—he might be a film star acting the role of an artist in a film. Certainly he doesn't look like a revolutionary. Yet that is what he is. For, with his friend Picasso, this unassuming former house painter has set up a new way of seeing, and revolutionized the course of art.

### *Confusing the Issue*

PERSONNEL manager, explaining why he hadn't been able to fill a vacancy in the firm: "We're not going to accept just anyone, you know. This position requires a man who's worth twice what we pay."

—Paul Speegle

MY MOTHER got up every morning at 5 a.m., no matter what time it was.

—S. L.

INFORMED traveller: "All Indians in South America walk in single file. At least the one I saw did."

—Contributed by Cyril Eric Bryant

ONE OLD lady to another, after hearing a lecture by Lowell Thomas on his adventures in faraway lands: "I'll admit his stories are incredible, but I still don't believe them!"

—Contributed by Harold Coffin

MOTTO-of-the-month: "I said perhaps—and that's final." —UPI

BASEBALL star, Yogi Berra, when asked what hat size he wore: "You mean now—or when I'm in training?" —F. L.

FILM director Mike Curtiz to actor in rehearsal: "Thanks. That was perfect, *perfect!* Now let's do it once more, better." —Sidney Skolsky

WIFE to husband: "If you really loved me, you would have married someone else." —Bob Goddard

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# Care for Your Car

BY ROBERT GOLDMAN

*The way you drive can shorten your car's life—or prolong it. Here are some tips to help you to keep repair bills down and add life to your car.*

**Don't jab the accelerator**, especially when starting in the morning. Pumping wastes petrol and washes lubricant from the cylinder walls, causing premature wear.

**Don't drive fast until you have gone at least five miles at 25 to 30 m.p.h.** An engine is not warmed up as soon as the water temperature reaches normal, or about 180° F. It doesn't reach top running form until the oil also is hot. If the outside temperature is 32° F., ideal oil temperature is not reached until you have driven about eight miles.

**Don't idle the engine** to warm it up. Idling wastes fuel and promotes sludge. Your car will warm up faster if you drive it for a few miles.

**Try not to drive short distances repeatedly.** Short hops cause premature wear. For every gallon of petrol used in short runs, a gallon of potentially corrosive water is produced that can etch bearings and rust exhaust pipes. On longer runs the fluid evaporates. The characteristic dribble from tail pipes in the morning is corrosive fluid that has been working overnight on those pipes.

**Don't make a practice of jamming on the brakes.** Repeated fast stops wear out brake linings, play havoc with brake drums and decrease brake life up to 75 per cent.

**Try not to bump the kerb while parking.** It endangers front-wheel alignment. Bad alignment causes undue tyre wear and also vibrations in the steering parts.

**Don't make "racing" starts.** They waste fuel, decrease tyre life considerably, and put undue stress on rotating parts such as the universal joints.

**Don't "ride the brakes" down-hill.** It can burn them out, in time. Instead, change if possible into a lower or retarding gear. On steep hills, apply the brakes intermittently. In the brief intervals when you take your foot off the pedal, the brakes have a chance to cool.

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*Today's athletes  
are just beginning to  
explore the limits  
of human capability*

# Why Athletes Will Keep Breaking Records

By ROBERT DALEY

**I**N THE LAST Olympic Games, records were smashed by the dozen. There is no mystery about why—and there seems little doubt that world records in sports will continue to drop. The reasons are: (1) gimmicks; (2) new training methods; (3) size.

The gimmick is the most important in giving athletes that extra half-second or half-inch. Swimmers shave all the hair off their bodies—and records drop. Great, beefy hammer throwers put ballet slippers (specially manufactured in splay-footed sizes) on their feet, and find that they can spin faster and thus

sling the iron ball farther. High divers, who used to tuck their knees under their chins when somersaulting, now spread their knees slightly and tuck their heads between them. This provides a tighter tuck, a faster spin and more somersaults per dive. Pistol marksmen file down the hammers of their weapons until they weigh only a few grammes. Because these feathery hammers do not jar the gun as much as the old ones did, pistol scores are now higher.

For 50 years rowing equipment changed very little. Then the Germans experimented with oars, oar-blades and boats. They won. They

won again, and for the past four years have dominated European rowing. And last summer in Rome they won the Olympic eight-oared championship. This year virtually every crew in the world will be using boats and wide-blade oars like theirs.

Before the war Cornelius Warmerdam found that, by taking a longer run, he could pole-vault 15 feet. Promoters promptly lengthened the runways for him. Other vaulters adopted this change, and added a new one: instead of Warmerdam's heavily taped bamboo pole, they carried a light, slim bit of Swedish steel. The new pole gave them less weight, more whip and thrust. Now everybody uses lighter poles.

In swimming, Johnny Weissmuller set up a 100-yard free-style record of 51 seconds flat, which stood for 17 years. Nowadays, there are probably very many more swimmers who can beat it. Why? Part of the reason is that today's pools are faster. Backwash gutters and floating lane markers as thick as a man's arm keep the surface of the water flat, even when eight swimmers are thrashing in it. And modern swimmers do flip turns that Weissmuller never thought of.

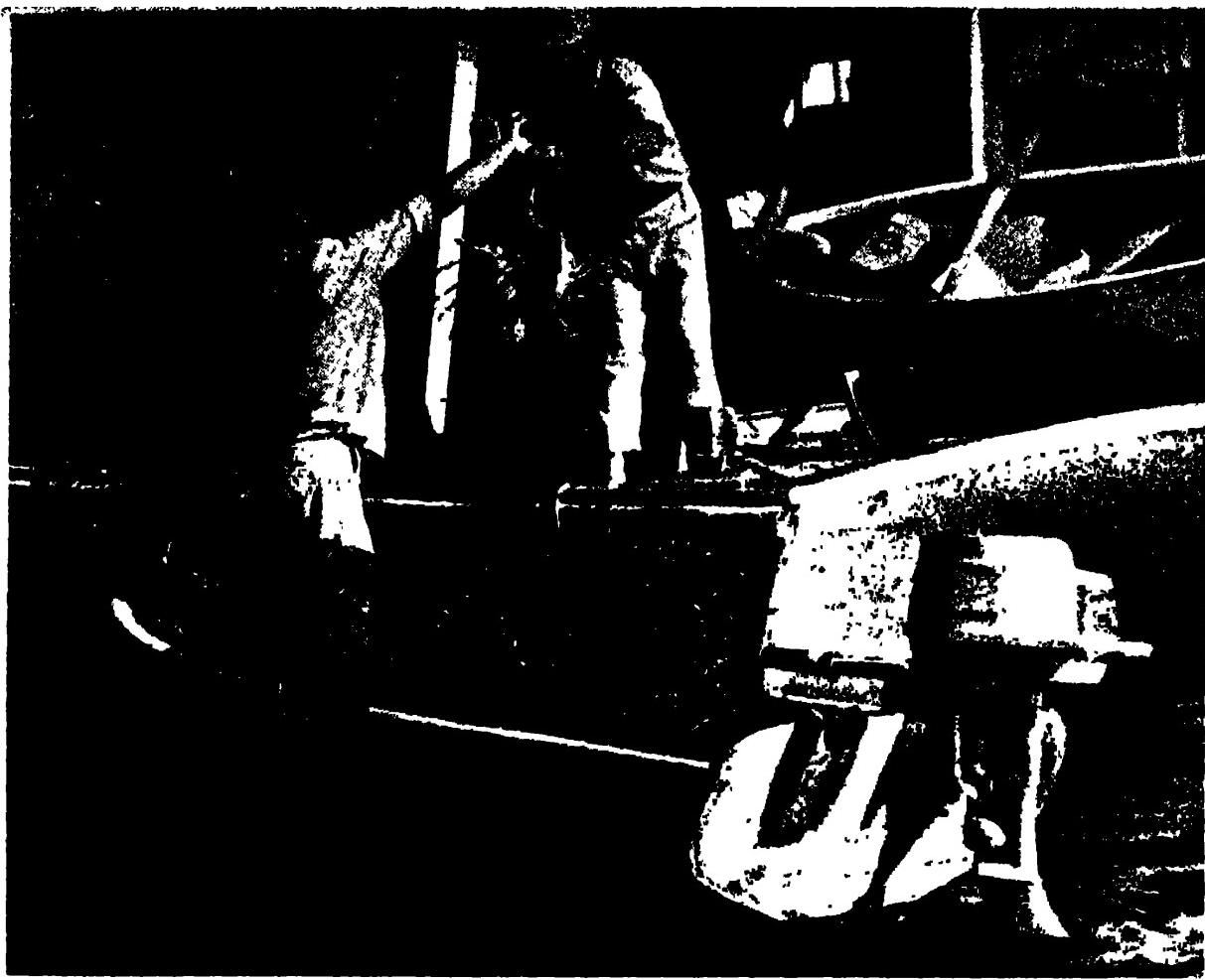
Tracks today are faster, too. When Gunder Haegg began to set up records at 1,500 metres and the mile in Scandinavia, it was noted that the tracks were new, and that under them was a layer of gravel, a

layer of clay, and sometimes even a layer of logs. The result was a more resilient surface, less tiring to run on. The day of the simple cinder track is definitely over.

In the Olympic 100-metre sprint last year the German, Armin Hary, was clocked in 10.2 seconds, a new record. Jesse Owens did 10.3 seconds in the 1936 Games. Hary's take-off was from starting blocks held in place behind his feet by pegs driven into the ground. Owens simply dug a shallow hole in the track with his spikes. He watched Hary win and then said musingly, "Those starting blocks ought to be worth at least a tenth of a second."

Though gimmicks may explain the records, the explanation of the plethora of athletes today who would have been considered supermen ten years ago is training, training, training. The limits of human stamina are just beginning to be explored. Take a look at the training routine of the Australian middle-distance runner Herb Elliott, world record holder at 1,500 metres and the mile.

When Elliott began training for his assault on the record books, he used to race ten miles a day through the parks of Melbourne, four days a week, after work. On Saturdays and Sundays, at the training camp of his coach, Percy Cerutty, he would rise at 5 a.m., jog half a mile to the beach and run for 30 minutes over the hard-packed sand. Then he would plunge into



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the sea to refresh himself, and run back to camp for breakfast.

After eating he would run for four hours, covering as many as 33 miles. Back at camp again, he would lift weights and railway sleepers until lunchtime. After lunch and a brief rest he would run to the beach, where there is an eight-storey-high, 60-degree sand dune covered with coarse grass. He would run up this hill, over the top, down and round, over and over again, until he dropped from exhaustion. A reporter once counted him running up the hill 45 times.

"There is no telling what his body can do," said Cerutty. He might have added, "Nor anyone else's body."

In every serious branch of sport,

athletes are working harder than they used to. The fact that yesterday's great runners failed to break the four-minute mile is less significant than the fact that they came so close on so little (by today's standards) practice.

If gimmicks and training explain many broken records, another factor must not be overlooked: size. There is better nutrition in the world today, and less sickness; and the human body is getting bigger all the time.

The bigger man gets, the higher he will jump and, presumably, the faster he will run. Until he has used up the entire day for training, stopped growing and ceased inventing gimmicks, no record can be set up that will not be broken.



### *The Old West*

MANY YEARS AGO, when the Wild West was still wild, a stranger rode into Tombstone, Arizona, and put his horse up at the local livery stable. The horse was a splendid animal, and its rider told an admirer that he would sell it cheap. The transaction was made, but when the new owner had paid his money he didn't get a certificate of ownership. "How about the title?" he asked.

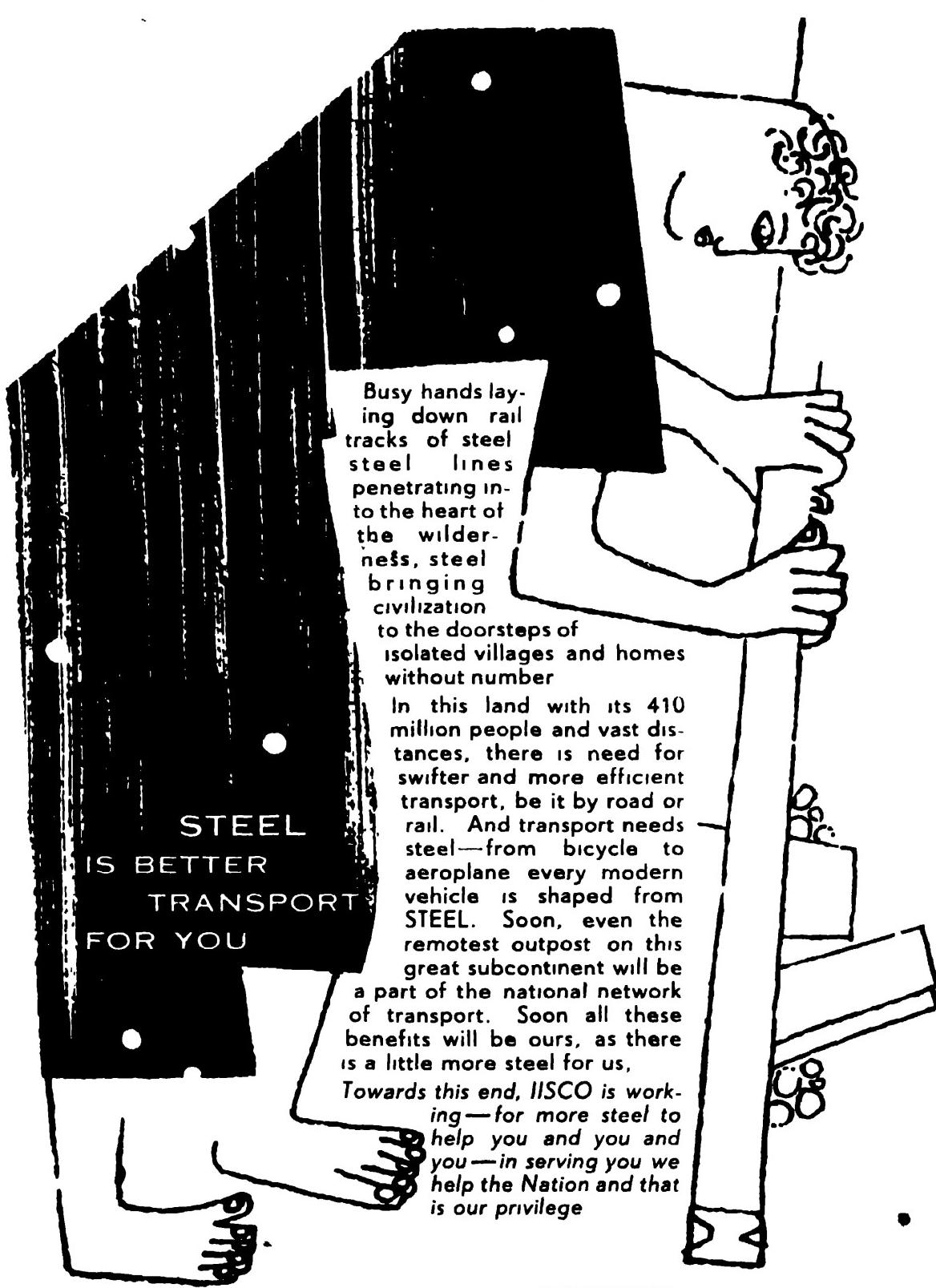
"Well," replied the cowboy, "the title is good enough as long as you go west. But don't take it east. It ain't so good in that direction!"

—Dan Bennett

FROM THE Sumner County, Kansas, *Press* of 1874: "A couple came from Ohio, arriving at Leavenworth a few days since, and were married about noon. At 8 o'clock in the evening a bouncing boy, weighing ten and a half pounds, was born to the blooming bride of less than ten hours.

"This is only another evidence of the fertility of Kansas, and a proof that the drought is not so general and fatal in its effects as some of our Eastern friends suppose."

—*Kansas Historical Quarterly*



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WHEN I WAS stationed on Christmas Island, Britain's nuclear test base in mid-Pacific, it was staffed entirely by men. The camp shop had been without greeting cards for some time, and when a new shipment arrived those of us with various family anniversaries in the near future hurried to make the best selections. As we crowded into the shop the assistant said, "There's no need to rush. They're all the same." Sure enough, they all read "To My Dear Husband"—all 4,000 of them.

—F. R. WALKLEY

ONE OF the nicest compliments I ever received was from an army sergeant. Walking side by side one evening, we were approached by a group of recruits. As they reached us, their arms snapped in unison to a brisk salute. My escort returned the salute.

After they had passed I asked, "Why did they salute *you*?"

"They weren't even looking at me," he chuckled. "They were looking at you—and decided you were officers' material."

—ADELE FINCH

IN THE last few days of the Korean War, the policy on our destroyer-escort permitted us to dress as comfortably as possible. On one particular hot, muggy day, we passed close by the flagship, and within minutes a message was received from its cantankerous old commander: "Why are your men half-naked?"

Our executive officer, not one to be pushed around, replied just as curtly: "Because we make them wear pants."

—JAMES HUMMEL

DURING an inspection a lieutenant discovered a young soldier's laundry bag full of books. Being a stickler for having everything in the proper place, he dressed down the guilty private in grand style. When he was just about out of breath, he asked, "Now, how by any stretch of the imagination can you justify having your laundry bag full of books?"

Quietly the private replied, "They're dirty books, sir."      —GERARD SCHAFER

SEVERAL YEARS ago I was serving on the staff of a very capable admiral known for his willingness to make a decision and for his reluctance to reverse a decision once made.

I sent him a memorandum outlining a project I wished to undertake. The memo was promptly returned with a red-pencilled "no" above his initials. Still convinced of the soundness of my proposal, I called on the admiral and outlined the matter in more detail. He listened carefully, asked pertinent questions, offered suggestions.

"Jim," he said finally, "what you propose makes a lot of sense. It's a good idea. It's really a shame that I said no."

—J. W. BOUNDY

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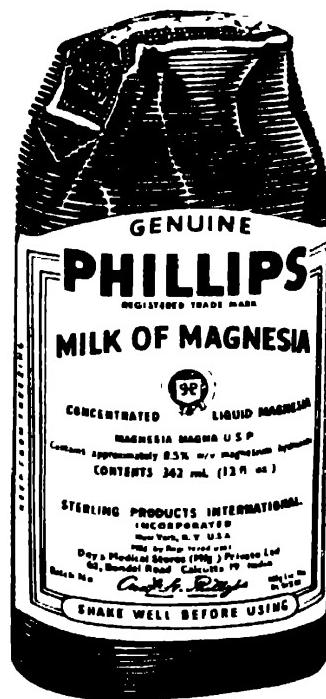
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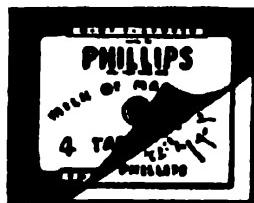
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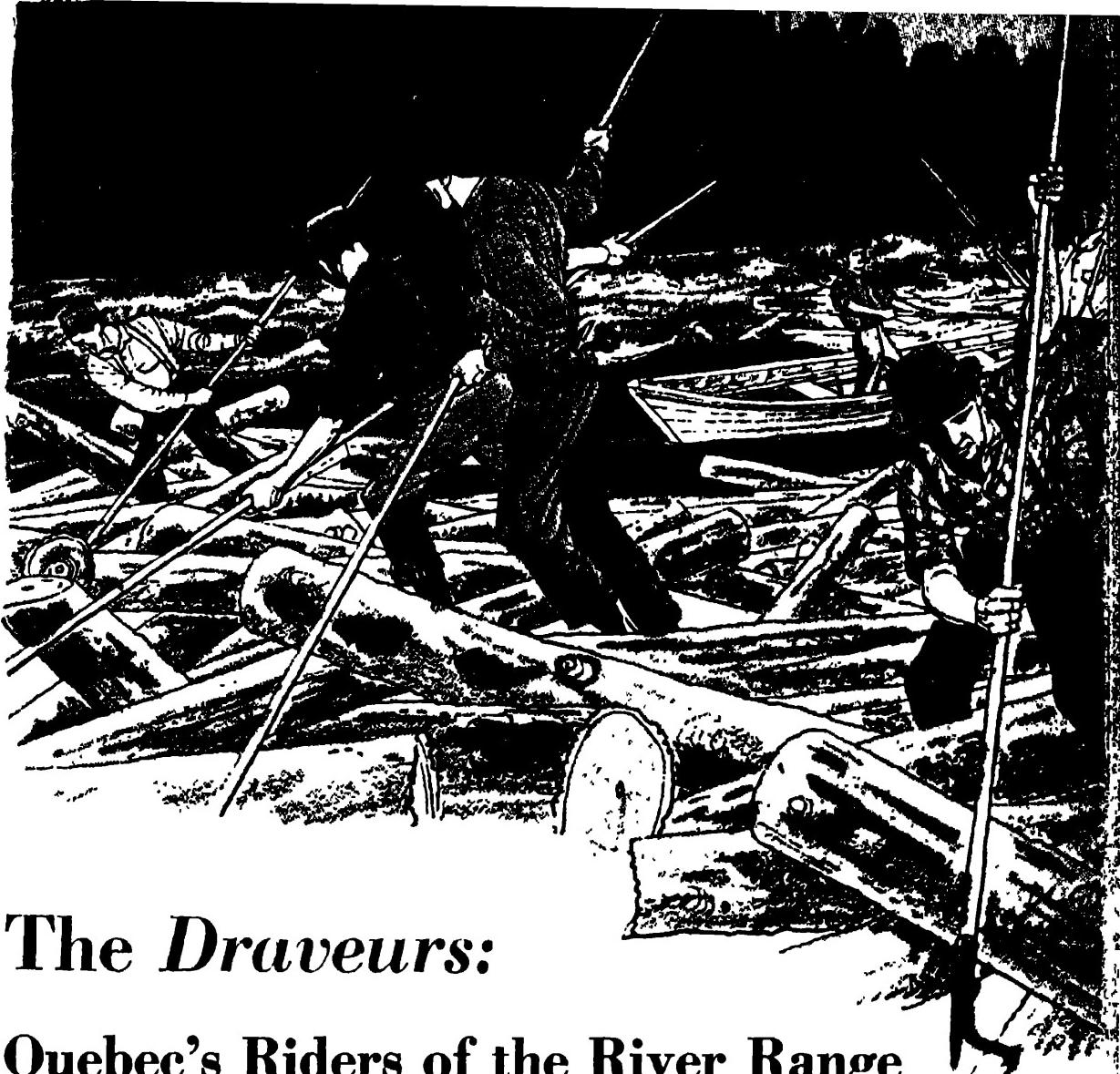
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## The *Draveurs*: Quebec's Riders of the River Range

*Meet the hardy, picturesque French Canadians who herd logs by the thousand down the streams and rivers to the great paper mills*

BY IRA WOLFERT

N THE ROMANCES of Canada, Quebec's forest rivermen, the *draveurs*, hold a legendary place. Bearing names like Télesphore Sainte - Marie, Primat Boisvert, Dieudonné Tranchemontagne, these

French Canadians are likely to be dark, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed men, whippy as jockeys when they're slight, swift-rolling as bears when they're not. In essence, their job is the same that cowboys once did on

the Western cattle trails, though the *draveurs* work with logs, not steers. They round up the "stock" on the river-banks and brand each "head" in case it strays. Then they ride herd on the stock, driving the logs along the waterways to the mills, where they are made into paper to supply one of every four newspaper pages printed in the whole Free World.

Though truly strong men have all but vanished from the cities, they still abound in the Quebec woods, as I learned on my first day there. I was encumbered with a suitcase that, since its contents included a typewriter and books, weighed 70 pounds. Toting it was quite a chore as I clambered over the litter of a logged-over bush trail. A *draveur* offered to relieve me of it. For politeness' sake I hesitated, since he was shorter than I. Much to my relief, he insisted. A moment later he was pointing at a bird passing overhead—pointing with the hand that held my suitcase. I thought he was kidding me, but when I mentioned it he was as startled to see the suitcase as I was. He'd forgotten he was holding it.

I watched the *draveurs* work in a forest area which lies in the watershed drained by the St. Maurice River, midway between Montreal and Quebec City, beginning north of the belt of settled land and ending where the trees start scrubbing out into tundra. A small plane can fly across the area in an hour, yet every year they draw out of these forests a

ribbon of paper five feet wide and eight million miles long.

New logging techniques have made it economically feasible to range all over the forest and fell trees selectively, harvesting the woods rather than plundering them. The secret is the rivers—the Manouan and Mattawin and Mekinac, the Windigo and Wessoneau, the Jolie and Vermilion. They make a lace-work of the forest as they wind down to the St. Maurice. Where the St. Maurice empties into the St. Lawrence lie most of the paper mills.

The *draveurs* have transformed these rivers into an automated railway, whose main line is the St. Maurice. The locomotive power is the water which, in the 250 miles from the top of the watershed to the bottom, falls 1,380 feet. This gives it speeds of up to 35 miles an hour. Along the rivers a great network of dams impounds the waters until freight is ready to be shipped. Behind each dam is a log corral. The *draveurs* have only to open a gate to start the freight on its way to the mills. Last year this extraordinary railway transported enough logs to fill 50,000 goods wagons.

The railway stops running early in November, when the ice puts a roof on the water of even the great St. Maurice. Now the lumberjacks—the permanent year-round force of 1,000 swelled to 10,000 by farmers who come north into the woods to earn extra cash—begin to cut the



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logs for the next drive. In the forest the high whirring-burrring of "partridges," as the French Canadians call their hand-held power saws, is heard from dawn to dusk, interrupted only by the cry of "*Tim-bair!*" as the timber falls.

By January the snow reaches too high on the trees for economical cutting, and the snorting and puffing of horses and machines take over. Horses by the thousand skid the logs, now sawn into four-foot bolts, out to weird vehicles that carry 20 cords a trip, and these monsters dump their loads on to the frozen lakes and streams--the "sidings" from which they will be shipped when the big melt comes. In the cold, glass-dry air the logs ring like bells as they tumble. Higher and higher they pile, spreading back over the banks in colossal mounds.

Suddenly, usually in the latter part of May, spring bursts in the forest. The thawing ice cracks with a noise like cannon shots. The logs displace the water in the lakes and rivers, and it comes flooding out over the banks to undermine the mounds there. So the "railway" loads itself automatically.

Little streams turn into roaring giants. Deep in the forest you can put your ear against a tree trunk and hear thunder underground. It is the Windigo or Little Bostonnais, perhaps Creek George, rushing, pounding, shaking the earth. Closer to the river, the thunder fills the air—a drumming and booming of

water, a crashing and splashing of logs, all surging down out of the forest to the broad St. Maurice.

In about two weeks the spring floods subside. Then come the *draveurs*—1,500 of them, the largest group (500) led by a tall, frosty-looking Canadian, George Hamilton, who has been on the rivers for 32 years. These are red-eyed days, sometimes 18 hours long. Breakfast is at six o'clock: bananas and cream, oatmeal, hot bread, jam. Then comes steak, with beans and potatoes, and three to four eggs for each man. All this is blanketed down with flapjacks and ham. The *draveurs'* labour is so consuming that they have to eat as much again at 11.30. Then at six-o'clock supper they really pack it in.

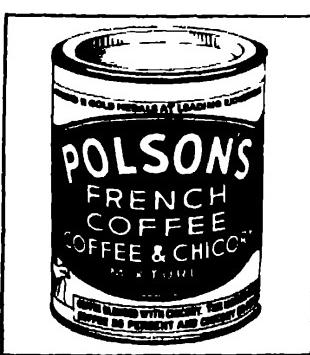
Meals like that give the *draveurs* strength to battle with the logs, which pitch and toss and jam and stampede in the water. They can be as stubborn as the wildest range animals—as the rough crosses along the river-banks prove. These mark where a *draveur* disappeared under the logs and nothing of him could be found. But when the logs reach the St. Maurice they're like cattle, slowing suddenly as they reach pasture and spreading out to browse.

Seven big dams have transformed the St. Maurice into a series of giant ponds, some of them 40 miles long. The logs meander and drift in these ponds, gathering together in scores and hundreds, and finally in thousands. A drove as big as 200,000

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will collect and hang around in the lee of the shore. Sometimes a herd stretches back as many miles as a man can see.

Then suddenly, again like a herd of cattle deciding to crowd on to a new pasture, the logs begin to drift with the current towards the dam. They make eight to ten miles a day when the wind is favourable. The *draveurs* herd them by means of booms—variations of the kind used to fence off harbours during the Second World War. Curtain booms keep the logs from going up the bays and inlets and becoming stranded there; wing booms guide them away from sand bars and islands; conducting booms nudge them to where the current is faster.

Behind each dam are holding booms to corral the logs until the way over the dam is open. It is when a corral is overcrowded that a stampede is likely to occur. A big storm lashing a close-packed herd makes the logs goad one another into a frenzy and jump the fence, or break it down. But when one corral becomes overcrowded, the *draveurs* have only to wait until the wind is blowing in the direction of a corral which isn't crowded, then open the gate. The excess stock moves over with the wind to the corral that has room for it.

Until a few years ago tugs were employed to do this work in the big ponds. A herd would be lassoed and hauled about as a raft. Then the *draveur* bosses pointed out that

nature would do the job if allowed to. The companies thought it might be worth a try.

But it was a risky venture. The newsprint machines which produce Canada's paper are so prodigious that only 149 of them are required. One, at Shawinigan Falls, is 300 feet long. Each hour, day and night except Sundays, Canada's machines turn out 1,200 miles of 25-foot-wide paper. They are so expensive that their owners cannot afford to waste a day. How could notoriously capricious Nature be trusted to keep pace with the voracious appetites of such monsters?

Finally, rising tugboat costs drove the companies to risk a trial. It was a day George Hamilton will long remember. The big bosses, who had come from Montreal to watch, stood at Rapide Blanc, where they could look up along a great pond for miles to where it bent out of sight. All the way there was nothing but faceless water, with hardly a stir of wind. Only the light of the sun moved, idling on the pond's blank, motionless surface. Suddenly there was a gasp from the crowd, and Hamilton let the tension out of him in a sigh. There, wheeling grandly around the bend without a human hand to prod it, was the head of a seven-mile herd of logs.

Since then, the companies have been content to let nature do the work. But nature calls the tune and all must dance—especially the *draveurs*. I learned that one morning

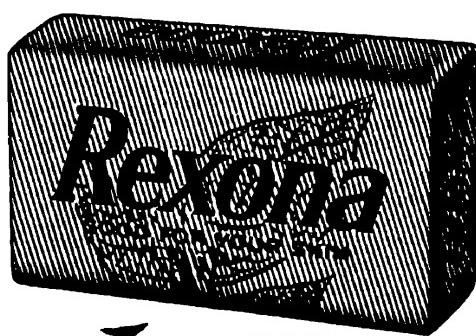


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when the field telephone rang. The logs had jammed downriver. And 12 miles of logs bearing down on the jam would soon add their weight to the crush.

Six *draveurs* went out in a "*pointeur*," a small boat sharp at both ends. One carried dynamite under his seat to break the jam. Four of the men were *rameurs*, two on each side with 11½-foot poles. Braced in the stern, using a nine-foot paddle as a rudder, was the *derrière-de-barge*. Standing in the bow, facing straight ahead, was the chief of the crew, the *devant-de-barge*. He held an 11-foot pole poised like a lance, now and then thrusting it against a boulder to help the *derrière-de-barge* steer away from it.

They moved slowly at first. Then the current gulped them up with a *whoosh*. Even in the sun the river was panther-black. The *devant-de-barge* never took his gaze off the surface of the water. He directed the crew with hand signals, and with swift, curt nods of his head to the right or left. When he wanted maximum effort he cried, "Ho! Ho! Ho!" Apparently it's the only human sound that can carry over the roar of a river in this mood.

They came to an island of stillness a mile and a half long—logs jammed into the bottom and piled on one another so tightly that not a drop of water showed. The *devant-de-barge* let the boat go plunging down one side of this island, aiming for the dead water he knew he

would find at the lower end. Judging the moment precisely, he thrust his pole into the current and, springing high to grab the handle with both hands, he pulled down with such violence that he levered the nose of the boat into jumping sideways two feet in a single bound. "Ho! Ho! Ho!" he cried in a tremendous voice, and the boat's ribs shuddered as the full force of the current drove into them.

The *rameurs* shoved for dear life, and slowly the *pointeur* was torn from the grip of the current and came to rest in the quiet water at the end of the island. It took only one man to hold it there. The five others swarmed out over the island with long-handled pikes. A jam like this could be caused by a single log wedged amid boulders. Sometimes this log is driven in so deep it has to be dynamited free, but just as often it comes free itself when the others are pulled off its back.

The job is to locate this key log. The men stuck their pikes into the logs on top of the island and pitched them one by one into the current. Now and then there was movement among the buried logs. Every eye would instantly turn to the *devant-de-barge*. He'd study for a moment, then shake his head, and the men would go back to their swift, steady dismemberment.

Suddenly every pike on the island lifted. The *devant-de-barge* stood motionless, head raised. There had been a soft sound. The whole island

# *And Now!*

# 4

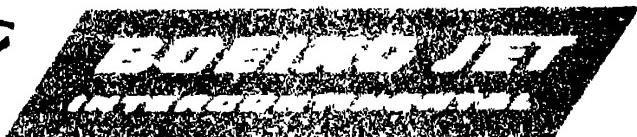
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seemed to hunker down deeper into the river. Had the current got in to nibble away a mere part of the jam, or was the key to all of it turning? Then came a low grunt from the *devant-de-barge*: "Ho!"

The *draveurs* ran lightly over the logs, threw themselves pell-mell into the boat and began ramming their way through the now unfolding logs to shore.

Then, at the shore, I saw something unforgettable. From men who had bet their strength and skill against death, and won, you would expect exultation. But their victory only made these men feel at peace. The crew sat in the boat and stared quietly at the logs lumbering by. No word was said, but I felt the presence of happiness. Finding something out of tune with the river and setting it right seemed somehow to have set the men right with themselves.

In the old days the *draveurs* used to come brawling out of the woods with a whole season's pay—often as much as 2,000 dollars—in their pockets, a rag on their jackets bearing the address of their only "home," the employment office of a

logging company. They'd give all their money to a saloon-keeper and tell him, "Carry me home when it's gone."

But today, with mechanized equipment, a stream of amenities and necessities—films, doctors, fresh food—flows through the camps all the year round. They have parking spaces for men who bring their cars in order to be able to week-end with their families.

At night the camps take on the look of placid French villages. The little cluster of huts is surrounded by a million years of nearly unbroken silence. Wolves can be heard howling, bears rummaging. But television is going on inside the huts. In the camp street, men gather in knots around the blacksmith's forge to talk, or around a mouth organ that sooner or later will strike up "*M'en revenant de la jolie Rochelle.*"

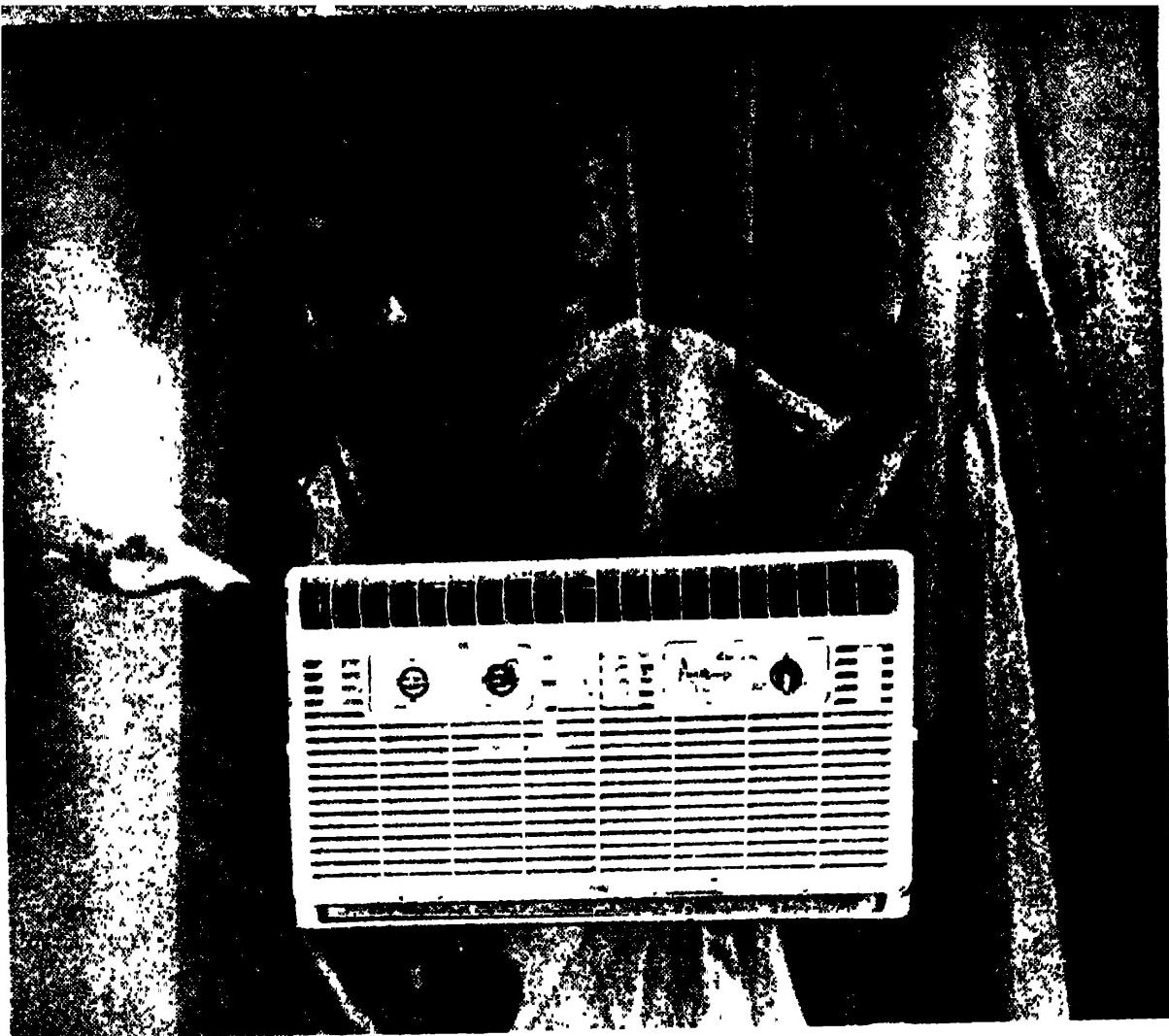
For even though most of the men who sing so yearningly of the beautiful city of La Rochelle have never been there, and have no intention of going, the old French songs persist. It is part of the men's respect for their very great heritage.

### *Any Old Crocks*

PASSERS-BY called the police when they saw a man drive his new car into the bumpers of a parked car. He explained that both belonged to him—that he was getting his revenge on the old car for giving him so much trouble.

—*La Liberté*, Fribourg, Switzerland

POLICE found a veteran car abandoned beside a busy road. On the wind-screen was a note reading: "Please give it a decent burial." —AP



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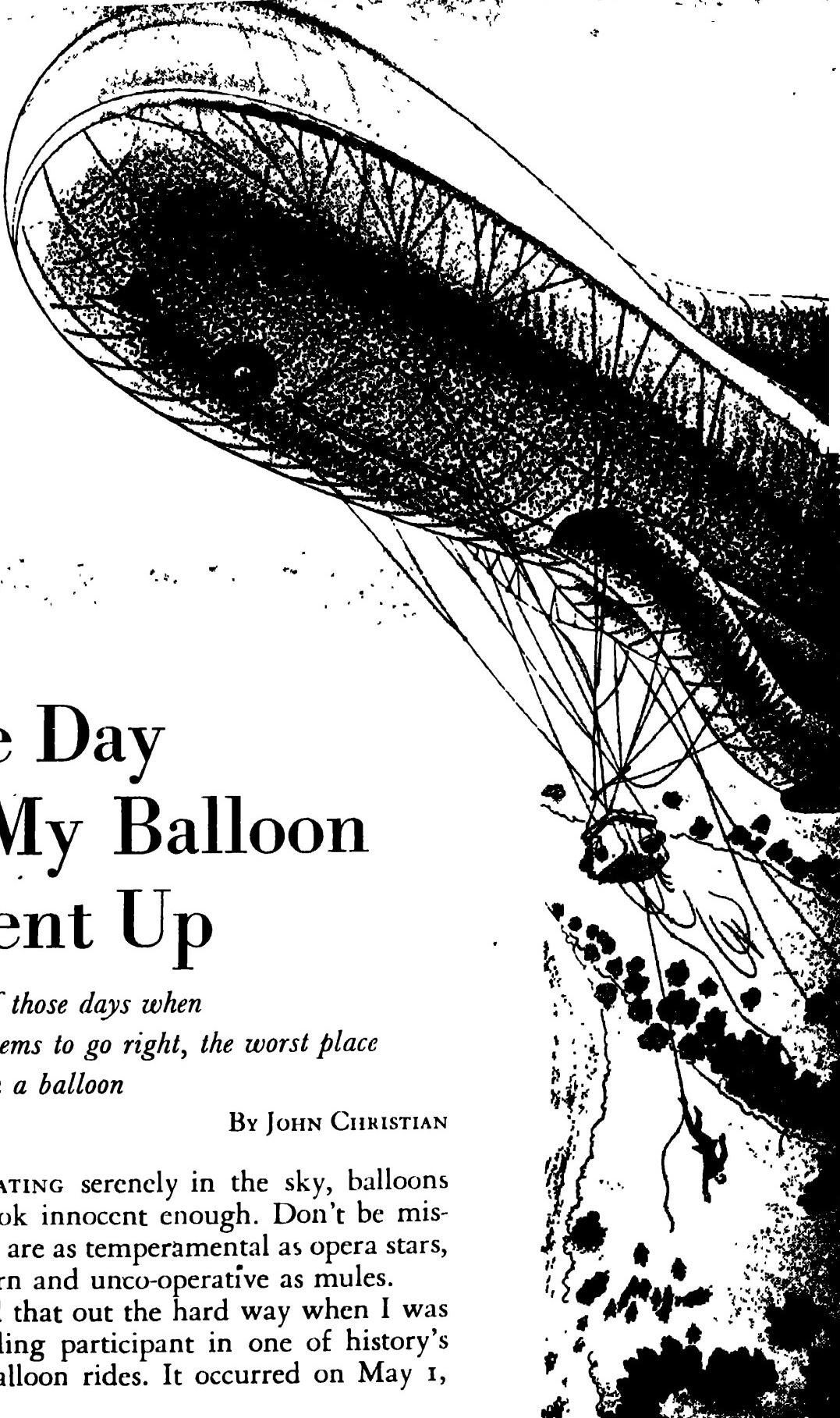
While making a business call at a prospect's office, you don't surely need a dense cloud of cigarette smoke to announce your presence or an endless trail of cigarette stubs and matches to mark your visit.

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# The Day My Balloon Went Up

*On one of those days when  
nothing seems to go right, the worst place  
to be is in a balloon*

By JOHN CHRISTIAN

FLOATING serenely in the sky, balloons look innocent enough. Don't be misled. They are as temperamental as opera stars, as stubborn and unco-operative as mules.

I found that out the hard way when I was an unwilling participant in one of history's wildest balloon rides. It occurred on May 1,

1918—a long time ago, but as fresh as this morning to me. At 10.30 a.m. that day, Second-Lieutenant Arnold Grasse and I were 1,800 feet over Fort Sill, Oklahoma, in a little wicker basket slung under a 35,000-cubic-foot sausage balloon—No. 161. We were observing artillery fire with binoculars and telephoning corrections to the ground. Neither of us knew much about balloons. We didn't need to because we were anchored with a comforting steel cable attached to a truck-mounted winch.

We finished our "shoot," and as senior officer in the oversize laundry basket—I was a 23-year-old lieutenant—I gave the order to haul in. The winch started grinding. At 500 feet a gust of wind hit us and No. 161 dived like a hawk, swooping sickeningly to within 50 feet of the ground. We hung on like rodeo riders. Then there was a wonderful calm. The cable had snapped.

"Grassy" and I looked over the side. The ground-crew lads were shrinking in size at an alarming rate and beginning to look like scurrying ants. The hand of the altimeter swept round the dial—2,000 feet, 3,000, 4,000.

I hurriedly reviewed my classroom instruction. We had been drilled in balloon history and construction. Sitting on high stools, we had observed miniature terrain. We even had a course in tying knots. But the instructors had failed to dwell on steps to be taken if one

found oneself in a free balloon heading for the moon.

In general, of course, we knew that you release gas to go down, and throw over ballast to go up. Grassy grabbed the release-valve rope, and there was a comforting hiss of escaping gas.

Still we climbed. We passed 7,000 feet. More than a mile of bright, clear air now separated us from those specks scurrying about on the ground in cars and on motor-cycles, trying to follow our errant course. Finally, at 7,800 feet, the altimeter hand gave a welcome pause, then began to slide off. Grassy and I smiled. Perhaps there wasn't so much to free ballooning after all.

With wrist watch and altimeter, I began checking our rate of descent. We didn't want to go down too fast. The rate was satisfactory—100 feet per 20 seconds. But one slight detail escaped us. As you near the ground, the gas in a balloon contracts and becomes less buoyant. At 1,200 feet we were dropping 100 feet every *five* seconds, and gaining speed. It looked as though we were going to make quite a splash.

"Sand her!" I yelled. But instead of dribbling the sand out to keep the balloon delicately balanced, Grassy heaved 75 pounds over the side. The balloon responded instantly. At an alarming speed, we headed again for the wild blue yonder.

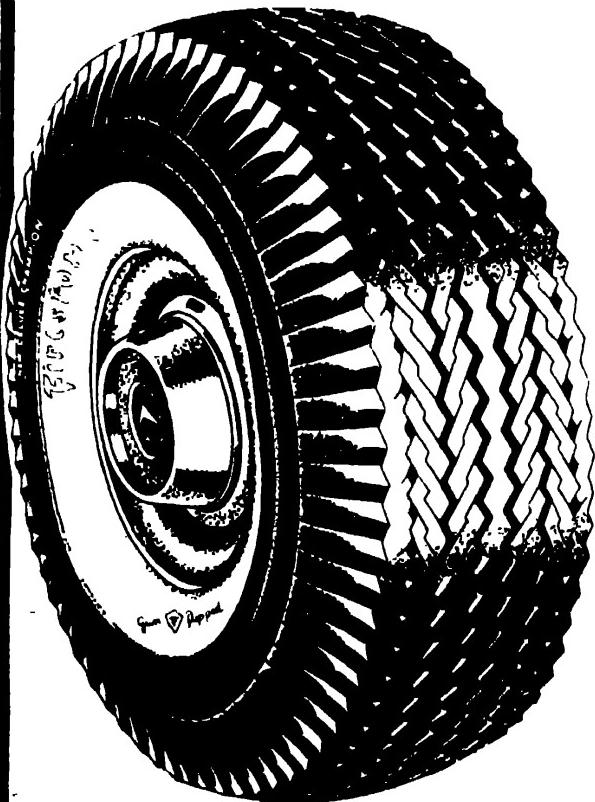
It was discouraging. We drew up another plan of operation for the next trip down—if there was to be

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one. Grassy would valve; I would sand. When we reached 100 feet we would "rip." Balloons have a row of holes the size of salad plates, covered with lightly stitched fabric. Tug on a rope and the fabric comes off. In seconds, gas drains away and the bag collapses. Then there is no chance of the obstinate thing taking you up again.

We were filled with misplaced confidence as we again approached the ground. Everything was working to schedule. We were coming in fast, but we were coming in. Grassy, poised on the edge of the basket, had a rapt expression on his face as he looked at that sandy soil, getting nearer by the second.

An instant before we hit, he yanked the rip cord. As we slammed into the ground he was thrown from the basket. I wasn't so lucky. On impact I was thrown to the bottom of the basket—my face buried in sand from overturned bags, my left shoulder broken.

When I got to my feet the balloon, rid of Grassy's 11 stone, was on the way up again. I was now a lone rider of the skies.

The fact that my left arm no longer worked was way down on the list of pressing problems in my mind at the moment. The top question was how far Grassy had ripped before disembarking. There were three false stops in the rip panel—

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in case someone pulled the rip cord by accident. No gas would escape until you ripped beyond these false stops. If he hadn't gone beyond them I was reasonably safe—at least gas wouldn't drain away and crash the balloon.

Apparently, the balloon hadn't been ripped. But if two men with four good arms couldn't successfully land a balloon, my chances with one arm seemed exceedingly slim. I decided to parachute. I had understandable misgivings. We had been assured that there was nothing to it, but a week before, I had seen a demonstration at Fort Sill. The demonstrators had thrown a dummy out of a plane, but the chute

didn't open. A big circle of sawdust marked his landing.

Still, unless I wanted to spend the rest of my life drifting aimlessly around the heavens, the chute seemed to be the best answer. I looked over the side, where the chute packs were hung. My chute was there all right—but out of its pack, fluttering in the breeze, a useless tangle.

I had to land 161. Holding valve ropes with teeth and knees, and hauling with my good arm, I started in the direction I wanted so much to go—down.

I was coming in nicely, but to be on the safe side, at ten feet I jumped. I had had enough of 161. And it

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apparently had had enough of me. It was starting up again. There was a tug on my left ankle. Then the tugging had more authority. Looped around the ankle was a strand of the parachute cord. I was going up again—this time hanging by one leg 15 feet below the basket.

My eyes fastened on that strand of cord. I had been told that it had a 75-pound test strength. I weighed twice that. With solemn deliberation 161 rose several hundred feet—at the time I wasn't concerned with exact measurements. Then my weight began to tell. The balloon settled, ever so slowly, towards the earth.

As I neared the ground a car bearing the ground crew roared towards me. I broke my fall with my good arm, and kicked off the loop of cord.

True to its code of rugged individualism, 161 started up again. A ground-crew member had just time to grab the rip cord. The balloon collapsed innocently on the ground.

After doctors finished repairing my shoulder I had a few months of convalescence. Clearly I would be of no use to the Balloon Corps for quite a while. But the wheels of bureaucracy grind slowly, and before the doctors arrived at this conclusion I was ordered back to Fort Sill. There was my name on the bulletin board. I was scheduled for a "shoot." I climbed into the basket and started upwards. At 1,800 feet, the end of the cable, I glanced up at the big gas bag—and the number painted on it.

It was 161!

### *Fancy Free*

DALE HARRISON has devised a scheme to make oysters a popular delicacy all the year round. It involves merely changing the spelling of our calendar months: Mayr, Juner, Jurly, and Augurst.

—Bennett Cerf

THERE's a teenage girl who's planning to run away from home—just as soon as she gets a long extension cord for the telephone.

—Earl Wilson

CARTOONIST Al Hirschfeld, creator of a character named "Sdrawkcab," boasts: "He's the only man in the world whose name spelt backwards is 'Backwards.'"

—B. C.

HAL HOLBROOK has invented a Brigitte Bardot sandwich: Tomato with a very little French dressing.

—Bert Burns

THORNTON WILDER was asked how parents could best pass on to their children the proper attitude towards responsibility. He replied by citing Dr. Albert Schweitzer, who, when asked a similar question, said: "There are three ways—By (1) Example, (2) Example, (3) Example."

—Leonard Lyons

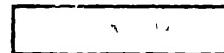
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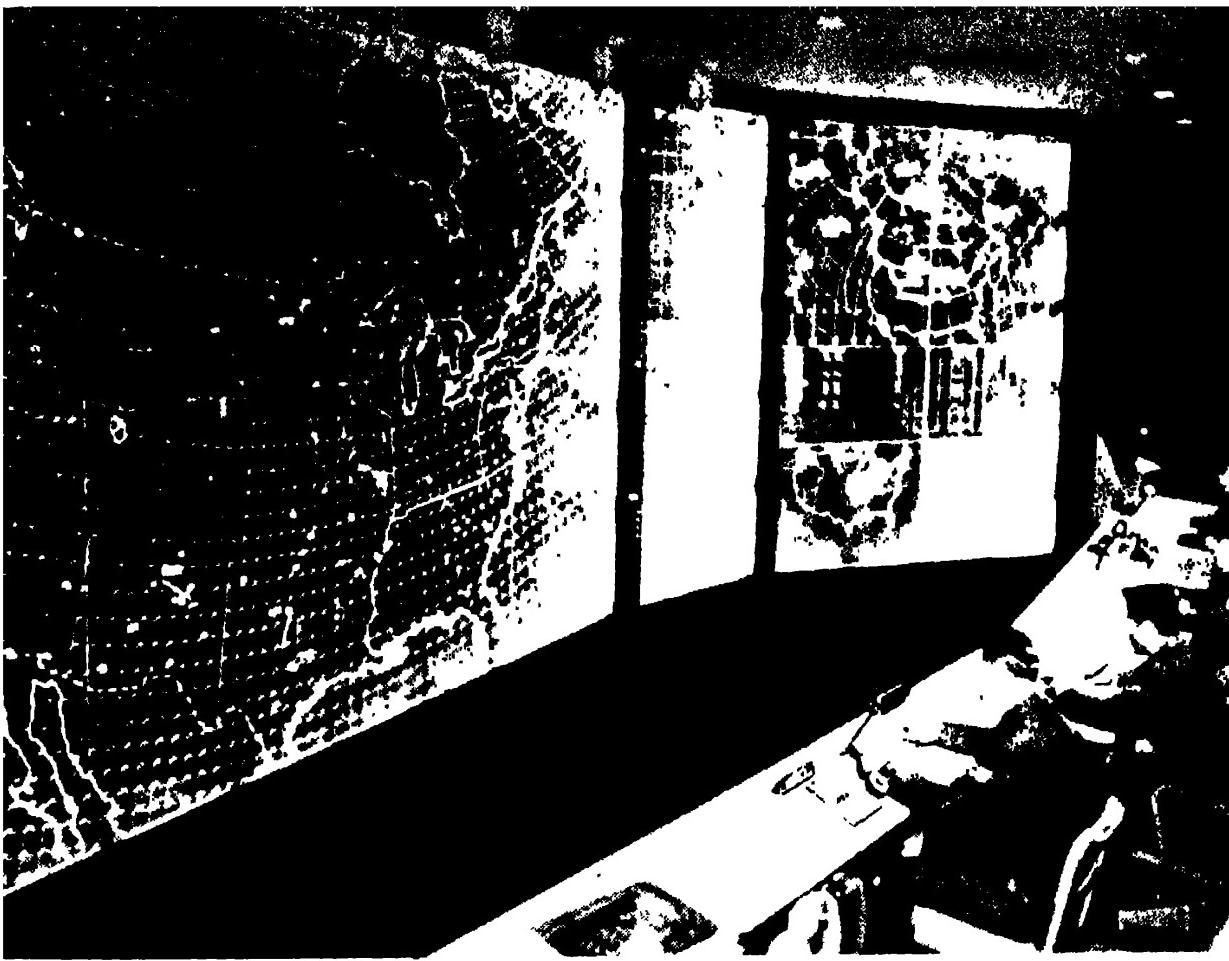
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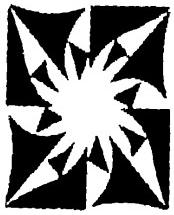




*The Display Board which gave news of the mythical missiles*

# “YOU ARE UNDER ATTACK!”

BY JOHN HUBBELL



“MINUTES OF terror”: this newspaper headline was typical of many round the world last December. It referred to events that had taken place eight weeks earlier, when the most powerful radar system ever devised reported as “99.9 per cent certain” that a ballistic missile attack had been launched against

*For a few heartbeats, time stood still. It looked as if the missile war had started*

the North American continent. Ominous numbers flashed in the War Room at North American Air Defence Command (NORAD) headquarters in Colorado Springs. This was no test. A decision had to

be made immediately on whether to set in motion the procedure for unleashing America's retaliatory might against the Soviet Union.

The decision was made. U.S. planes and missiles did not fly. And the attack never took place.

What exactly did happen on that fateful October day? Here is a report that should instil confidence both in the equipment and in the men who control its use. It is an assurance that the danger of "accidental war" emanating from the United States is slim indeed.

THE STORY begins at Thule, Greenland, where four radar antennae, each 165 feet high and 400 feet long, face off at various angles, searching thousands of miles across the top of the world and deep into the Soviet Union. This is part of BMEWS (Ballistic Missile Early Warning System), a fantastic radar complex designed to provide maximum warning of intercontinental missile attack.

BMEWS operates with two fans of radar energy at different elevations. The lower-level fan will detect an object as soon as it rises above the horizon, determine its position, and flash a warning to NORAD headquarters. Seconds later, as the object passes through the upper radar fan, its position will be measured again. Instantly computers correlate the two readings, calculate the missile's trajectory, work out where it was launched and where

and when it will hit, and fire all this information to the Display Board, a 14-foot-square plastic map of Eurasia in the NORAD War Room.

Above the map is an alarm level indicator. Should the number "1" flash red, as it did on October 5, BMEWS would be signalling: "Something worth worrying about is happening. Assemble the Battle Staff. Watch closely."

A flashing "2" means: "The contact is significant. Be ready to move in seconds."

At alarm level "3" the system means: "Something definitely heading your way. Checking to make certain we're not reading meteor trails, aurora borealis, any type of interstellar noise. Better call the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington, the Chiefs of Staff Committee in Ottawa, and Strategic Air Command headquarters in Omaha." (At SAC headquarters, too, the Display Board is constantly watched, via closed-circuit television.)

A flashing "4" means: "You are apparently under attack. Better bring defence weaponry up, warn SAC to prepare its ICBM's for launching, get its bombers off the ground and turn loose the airborne alert force."

Alarm level "5" means: "It is 99.9 per cent certain that you are under ICBM attack!"

Simultaneously, another indicator on the Display Board—the raid estimate indicator—would be showing the size and strength of the attack.



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A third indicator, the impact predictor, would show the number of points on the North American continent about to be struck, and a fourth would show "minutes to go" before the leading missile lands on target.

In the same moment, large ellipses would form on the map of Eurasia, showing general areas of missile-launchings, and on a huge three-storeys-high map of North America right next to it, showing general target areas. As the attack progressed, the BMEWS computers would continually re-calculate in microseconds; the ellipses would rapidly shrink, pinpointing launching sites in Eurasia and specific targets in North America.

The NORAD Battle Staff, some 20 top-ranking U.S. and Canadian

air defence specialists, is frequently snapped to surprise practice alerts. The order from the War Room comes over a red telephone in each man's office or living quarters, or by various other communications systems wherever he happens to be. He, or a fully qualified deputy, is never where he cannot be reached instantly. The code words are: "Coca Colour." They mean: "Get here *now!*"

At 3.15 p.m. last October 5 the red telephones rang, and the Battle Staff got a bone-chilling message from the general duty officer in the War Room, Air Force Colonel Robert Gould: "Coca Colour *actual!*" This was real!

In the War Room, the Battle Staff found the alarm level indicator flashing at "3." It went quickly to "4," then "5," indicating that a massive ICBM attack was under way. The numbers on the raid estimate indicator mounted higher and higher. But strangely enough, neither the impact predictor nor the minutes-to-go indicator showed anything, and no ellipses were forming over the maps of Eurasia and North America. It was a tense and frightening moment. And there was not a second to spare for conjecture; if an attack had been launched, defence weaponry must be flushed into the air, and the retaliatory forces unsheathed, *now*. But first, there had to be absolute certainty that an attack was under way.

The commander-in-chief of



*Air Marshal C. Roy Slemon*

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NORAD, Air Force General Laurence Kuter, was in his C-118, 18,000 feet over South Dakota, on his way home from an inspection trip. He had left NORAD's deputy commander-in-chief, Canada's Air Marshal C. Roy Slemmon, in charge.

Slemmon's first question was directed at Air Force Brigadier-General Harris Hull, NORAD's chief of intelligence. "Where is Khrushchev?"

"In New York City," Hull replied.

"Do you have any intelligence indications that would tend to confirm the radar reports?"

"None, sir."

Quickly, calmly, Slemmon assessed the situation. It seemed inconceivable that the Soviet Union would launch an attack with Khrushchev in New York. It was even more unbelievable that General Hull would have no inkling that an attack was in the offing.

Hull and the members of his staff have at their finger-tips a tremendous assortment of reports produced by half a dozen agencies. NORAD intelligence on the Communist world's military capabilities and activities is as complete and up-to-the-minute as it is physically possible to make it. Before anyone could mount a surprise attack there are certain things the NORAD staff believes he must do. What these are must remain secret. Suffice it to say that before an enemy jumps, he must bend his knees. And Harris Hull

could see no bent knees anywhere.

Still, an attack could not be ruled out. There is, after all, nothing absolute about intelligence indicators. Moreover, the BMEWS system was designed to reject any but "significant" echoes. And even when it accepted an echo as significant, it would not recognize it as a missile until it had determined that the object was not a satellite going into orbit; that it was heading for North America; and that it would not overfly the continent.

Slemmon immediately reported to General Kuter the confusing picture BMEWS offered. "You continue in command," Kuter said. "Keep me advised." Then, for what seemed an eternity, General Kuter felt very lonely, though he remained in unbroken telephone contact with all that transpired.

Via telephone "hot lines" Slemmon called war rooms in Washington, Ottawa and Omaha, but advised the duty officers not to summon their military chiefs. The picture simply did not make sense yet. But Slemmon meant to make sense of it quickly.

BMEWS, he reasoned, was still being run-in: it had started operating only four days earlier. If it could go haywire, now was the logical time. None of NORAD's other radar walls—the Distant Early Warning Line across the topmost rim of the continent, the Mid-Canada and Pinetree lines—reported any activity. These and other warning systems must *all* be taken

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into account in judging any situation. And now General Hull informed him that the number of missiles being reported by the raid estimate indicator far exceeded the most reliable estimate of Soviet military capabilities.

Air Force Major Barney Szczutkowski, NORAD's space surveillance officer at Thule, studied the echoes on his radarscopes. Over an intercom system, he told Slemmon the objects were coming up over Norway.

"What is your range?" Slemmon asked.

"Twenty-two hundred miles, sir."

Slemmon looked at the still-blank

impact predictor and minutes-to-go indicator. "What is your closing rate? [How fast are the missiles coming?]"

But Thule could report no closing rate. More objects kept coming up, but none had reached the upper radar fan. Furthermore, Szczutkowski said, it was taking 75 seconds for each burst of radar energy to return with an echo.

At last, Slemmon knew with certainty that these were not ICBM's. If they were, it would take only one-eighth of a second to obtain radar echoes on them. He put this assurance on the "hot lines" and reported it to General Kuter.

The crisis was over. *It had taken*



*exactly 60 seconds to reach a decision!*

Within five more minutes, the Battle Staff determined that BMEWS had *not* malfunctioned; that it was, in fact, more powerful than anyone had dreamt. For there was indeed an object coming up over Norway heading that way. The rate of rise indicated that it would not overfly North America. At the same time BMEWS deduced that it would not impact on the American continent; therefore there could be no impact prediction, no report on minutes to go.

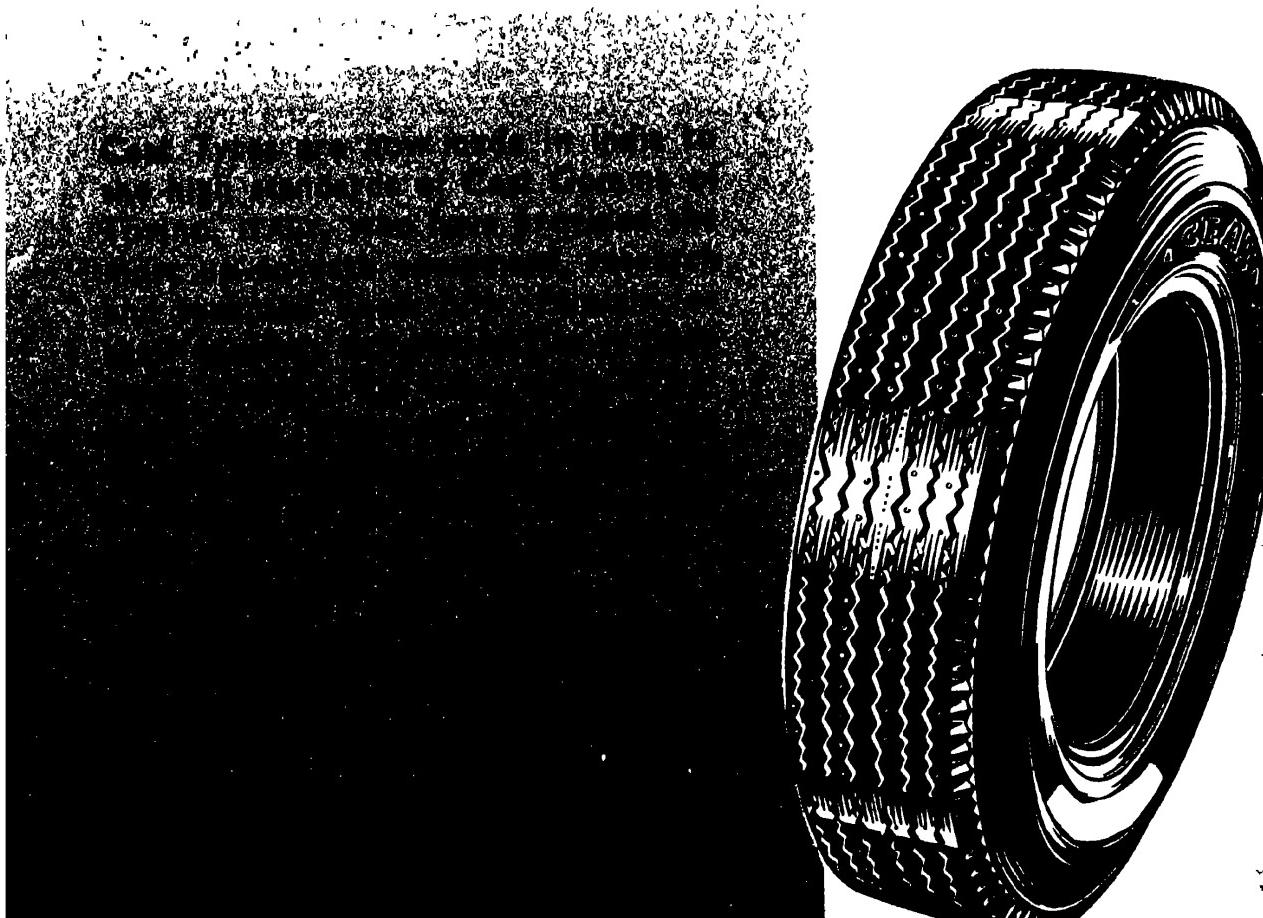
What BMEWS—thought to have a range of 3,000 miles—had spotted was the *moon*, nearly a

quarter of a million miles distant!

The reason BMEWS had reported a range of 2,200 miles was that it was set to read ranges up to 3,000 miles and had no way of expressing itself in multiples of 3,000. Consequently, it had simply divided 3,000 miles into the precise distance to the moon, and reported the distance left over - 2,200 miles - as range. (Since that time, the system has been taught to reject moon echoes.)

The reason why so many objects were reported was that BMEWS radar takes 20 scans of an object each second, then files it in its memory.

Whatever it sees after each 20th



scan it assumes to be a new object. Moreover, on each scan BMEWS was reporting *four* objects; the "waste energy" on each side of the main radar beam was also hitting the moon and returning elongated blips, such as ICBM's might make, to the radarscopes.

Was a nuclear war nearly started by accident? It wasn't even close. There was not a single moment when Air Marshal Slemmon felt possessed of enough evidence even to warrant advancing the state of alert of the air defence forces, or to advise SAC to step up its alert. And even if he had, neither NORAD nor SAC can trigger the retaliatory forces. Only the U.S. President can. Furthermore, after SAC's Alert Force has been directed towards targets in the Soviet Union, if at a given point this Force has not received an additional code word over

a foolproof communications system, every bomber would turn back. But so quickly and accurately did Roy Slemmon assess the situation on October 5 that it was never necessary to bring even the military chiefs of the United States and Canada, much less the President, into conference.

Says General Kuter: "No enemy will catch us off guard. But we will never go to war by accident. We have too many foolproof tools for checking our information instantly. And the most important thing we have working for us is the disciplined judgement of mature professionals."

Canada's Air Marshal C. Roy Slemmon proved that. More than anything else, the incident of last October 5 was an example of how a well-organized, international military command should operate.



### *The March of Time*

A 90-YEAR-OLD man who is still active as an ophthalmologist reports that when he first started to practise, many years ago, patients would come to him complaining that they could not see the print in the Bible. "Now," he says, "they complain that they can't read phone books and racing forms."

—Contributed by M. F. K.

IN A discussion of today's soft living, a speaker recalled: "When I was a boy I worked 12 to 14 hours a day on the farm. On Sunday I rode ten miles to church, and when I got there we sang a hymn called, 'Work, for the Night Is Coming.'

"Now the farm is mechanized, and when Sunday comes my grandson and his family get into the car and drive over paved roads to church, where they sit in a cushioned pew and listen to the choir sing, 'Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid?'"

—Robert Smith

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# These Flowers Bloom for Ever

*For two master craftsmen, these incredible glass flowers were a lifetime's work;  
now they make a display that enchants millions of astonished visitors*

BY DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

HEN I was a young man in my early 20's I was lost in the world. I had a job with a publisher, but life seemed to me a wilderness with no paths in it. In my desk I hid a sort of guidebook—Gray's *Manual of Botany*, too technical for me wholly to understand, yet promising an order and a grammar of the whole flowering world of which I dreamed. Finally, unable to keep my mind on my work, I left to spend a summer in the field, staying until asters and golden-rod coloured the mountains of New Hampshire. And I still did not know what to do with myself.

Ahead lay winter in New York and job-hunting. But on the way I had a half-day stopover in Boston. And thus it was that I, as if blown by a wind of destiny, followed the sightseers into the Botanical Museum at Harvard.

On the third floor there burst upon my sight the glass flowers of the Ware Collection, the flowers that changed my life. Only in the famous windows of the cathedral at Chartres, of Sainte-Chapelle and York Minster is there such a glory of glass. And nowhere had I seen such surpassing art put to the service of science.

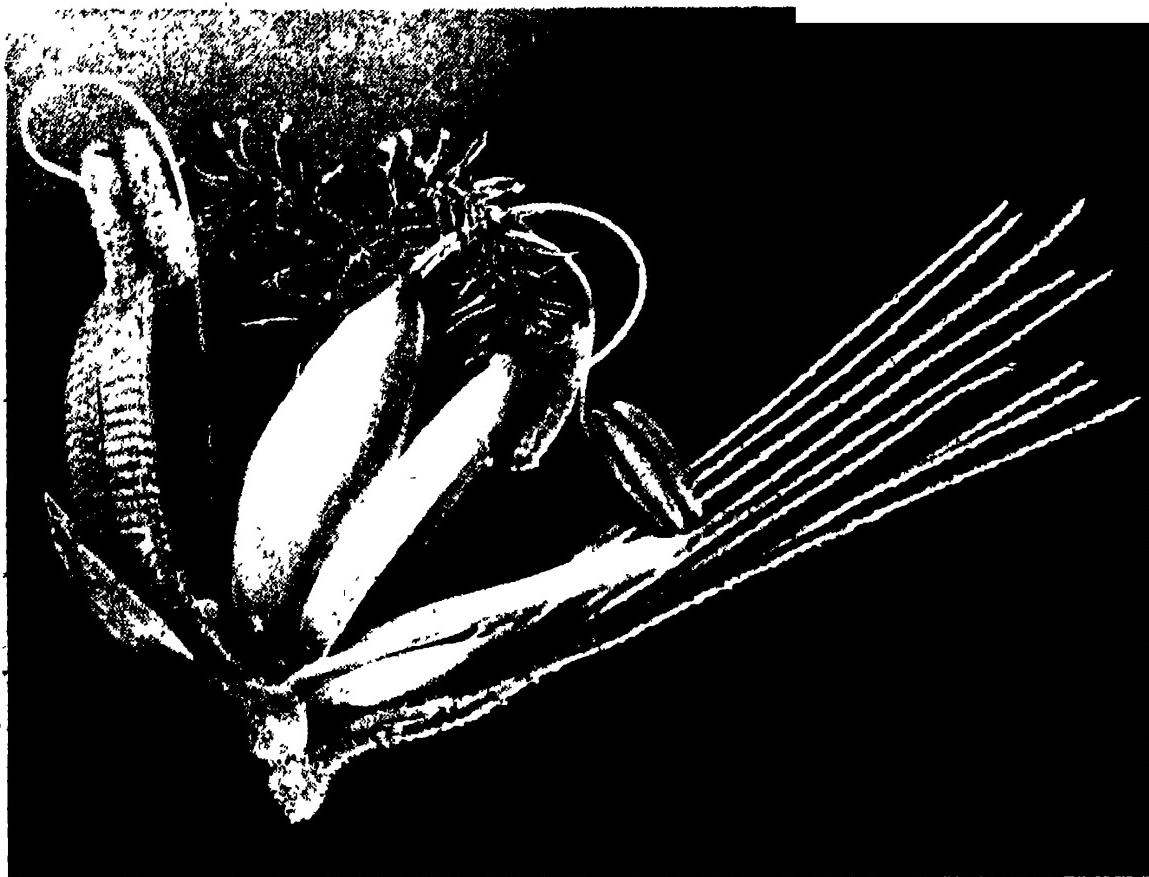
Flowers that I had long sought were here — Venus's fly-trap, the purple-fringed orchis, the Queen

lady's-slipper, the pitcher plant and hundreds more. Sometimes the whole of a plant was represented, from the little nutlike tuberoids that orchids bear underground to the topmost, twisted, upside down face of the blossom itself. Again there was just a spray of bloom, from some orchard tree. The velvety down of the mullein looked soft enough to touch. Nothing looked glassy; all was so lifelike that I caught my breath in astonishment.

About me the sightseers were saying, "Oh!" and "Ah!" and "Where are the glass flowers?" When the guide assured them that these flowers were indeed made of glass, the visitors would turn to examine them again, incredulous that such fragile and exact beauty could come from any hand but Nature's.

Rapt, I pored over the details accompanying the models. For here were the secret parts of flowers, enlarged many times, and revealing in delicate and vivid precision all I had longed to understand. The way of a bee with a flower, of a butterfly, of the pollen which the wind flings abroad in a golden waste—these, too, were radiantly displayed.

Some 400,000 visitors now come annually to see the glass flowers. I don't know how many of them thereafter rush to the registrar's office and enrol for three years of botanical training. But I did. That



*A single spikelet of a flower of foxtail grass,  
executed in glass 50 times its natural size*

was the foundation of a lifetime career.

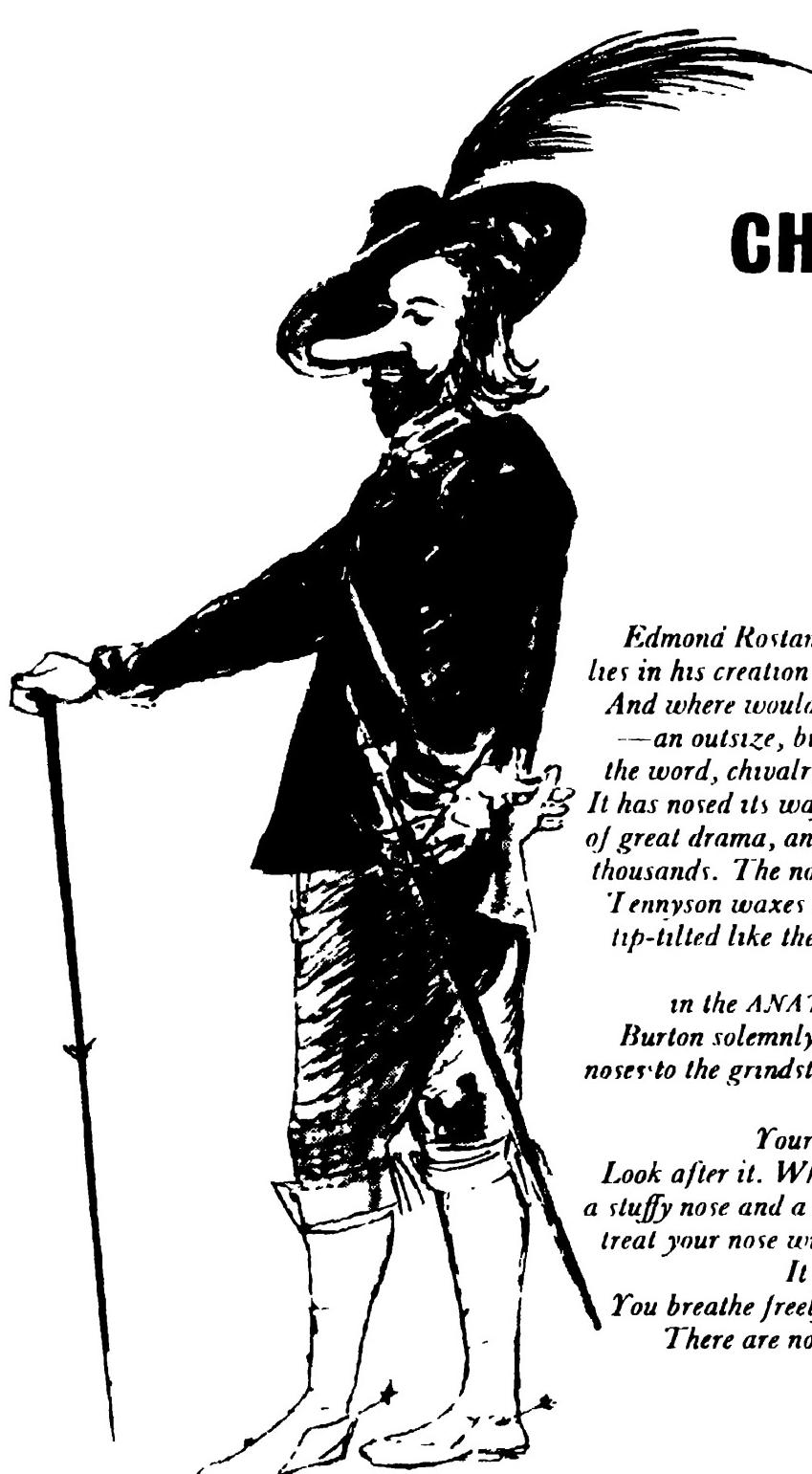
How did this marvellous and perilously fragile collection come here? Who created it? Two men made Harvard's glass flowers, the only two who could ever have done it; nor does anyone else possess their vanished powers.

The founder of this unique art was Leopold Blaschka, born in 1822 in northern Bohemia. True that his father before him was an artificer in glass, for the craft had come down, father to son, from distant days. But Leopold had an eye, too, for Nature, and in this double dower as both

artist and naturalist lay the seed of the Ware Collection.

For his health young Leopold, in 1853, took a long voyage to America, by sail, and at sea collected and drew various marine animals. Of these, on his return, he made glass models for the Dresden Natural History Museum.

Leopold's only child, Rudolph, early showed an interest in botany and zoology, and spent several years studying them. Then his father took him into his workshop—the only apprentice he would ever consent to have. (In his own day Rudolph Blaschka, who was never to have a



# A CHIVALROUS NOSE?

*Edmond Rostand's sole claim to immortality lies in his creation of Cyrano de Bergerac. And where would Cyrano be without his nose? —an outsize, bulbous and, if we may use the word, chivalrous organ It has nosed its way into the hallowed precincts of great drama, and into the hearts of thousands. The nose is an important organ. Tennyson waxes lyrical over 'a slender nose, tip-tilted like the petal of a flower', and in the ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY, Burton solemnly asks us 'to hold one another's noses to the grindstone hard'*

*Your nose then is valuable.  
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a stuffy nose and a heavy head,  
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son, also refused to take pupils: "If you will find me someone who has generations of artists in glass behind him," he said, "and who will begin at the age of ten years, and work ten hours a day for ten years, *then* I could begin to teach him.")

So it was that father and son were alone in the business of modelling marine animals in glass in their home at Hosterwitz on the Elbe, near Dresden, when Professor George Lincoln Goodale, founder of Harvard's Botanical Museum, sailed for Germany in 1886. What this brilliant botanist sought was some three-dimensional exhibit of plant life which would illuminate the subject for students. He had seen examples of the Blaschkas' work,

*Perfect to the last detail, an evening butterfly poised on a bachelor's-button*



and made their house his goal.

Thereon the mantelpiece he found two glass models of orchids. At the sight of these, Professor Goodale's heart leaped. Here was Nature so perfectly copied that he had not at first been sure the blooms were artifacts. His scheme for a grand exhibition at Harvard grew firm in his mind, and he begged the Blaschkas to make him a few samples, to be paid for out of his own pocket.

Leopold demurred. On flora he felt rusty. Yet before the persuasive professor left, father and son promised to send him the glass flowers.

What Professor Goodale received next year—after it had been through the customs—was a box of broken glass. However, enough fragmentary beauty remained to arouse interest in the professor's project among friends of the museum. Mrs. Charles Eliot Ware, widow of an eminent Boston doctor, and her daughter, Mary Lee Ware—women of some fortune—authorized another shipment of glass flowers from the Blaschkas. This time every specimen arrived intact. And now the Wares, enchanted with these all-but-living flowers, decided to finance a large collection, to shine as a lasting memorial to Dr. Ware.

The Blaschkas, with other museum commitments for marine specimens to honour,



*The baby orchid of tropical America. Note the naturalistic touch of tiny bees pollinating the lower branches*

only hesitantly accepted a half-time contract to work for the American philanthropists. Later the Wares offered them a contract for their entire output, on generous terms. So from 1890 to 1936 everything that came out of the magical German studio went to Harvard University, which has the only exhibition of these glass flowers in the world.

It has been calculated that when father and son were working together they produced a glass model

whole then had to be annealed and finally covered with a special varnish that removed any trace of a glassy look. It was agonizingly delicate labour, yet it progressed at high tempo, sometimes from sun-up till midnight.

The constantly enlarging scheme of the collection ultimately reached 847 models in 164 plant families, representing not only flowers but fruit, fungi and ferns, with all their complex life history. And mosses,

of a flower every five days. Many a one was cast aside as faulty, or broke in the artist's hands. The complex process included not only the modelling in molten glass, leaf by leaf, but painting over and over and over with fine camel's-hair brushes dipped in many-coloured powdered glass, moistened with turpentine. Every veinlet, every glandular hair, every spot of mould or other blemish on the natural specimen must be reproduced by the lightly - touching brush tip. The

and lichens, and algae. Living models came from the botanical gardens at Dresden and Berlin, from the royal gardens at Pillnitz and from the Blaschkas' home garden. And field work was needed, too.

In 1895 Rudolph Blaschka was in America, making sketches, taking notes and gathering specimens, when he was abruptly summoned home by news of the death of old Leopold. Now the task was his alone, and would be for 40 years more.

On a visit to the studio at Hosterwitz in 1928, Mary Ware found the ageing genius, at 71, still labouring with almost fanatic dedication to his mission,

She sat for hours while he worked on some leaves, first painting, then twisting and turning each one in the flame of a paraffin lamp until red-hot. "In spite of the slightly unsteady hand," she wrote, "his movements were quiet, deft, soft, where a miscalculated movement might ruin the work of hours. It is breathtaking to watch."

Rudolph Blaschka's health and eyesight at last failed. But Mary Ware had provided a sum to take care of him until his death, which occurred in May 1939.

It has been estimated that seven million people have already seen the glass flowers. Many are students, come to study technical details no textbook can make plain. The accuracy of the glass flowers is remarkable: one botanist found that in the representation of the great cluster of flowers of the Hercules'-club, which shows more than 2,500 buds and blossoms, each has the exact number of petals and stamens, even those at the bottom and the back of the group, and each bud is perfectly rendered.

But the great majority are drawn to these flowers by sheer beauty. There is a heart-break in the loveliness of Nature's blossoms—that they so soon must die. But here in these flawless imitations there is no mortal breath, only the joy of beauty captured for ever.

### *Question Time*

ASTRONOMERS report huge galaxies of stars which are going away from the earth at a speed of 90,000 miles a second. Do you suppose they know something?

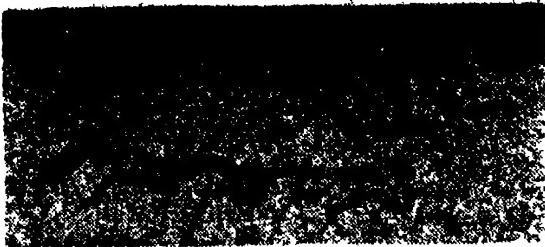
—Bill Vaughan

WHEN I was a boy I used to do what my father wanted. Now I have to do what my boy wants. My problem is: when am I going to do what I want?

—Sam Levenson

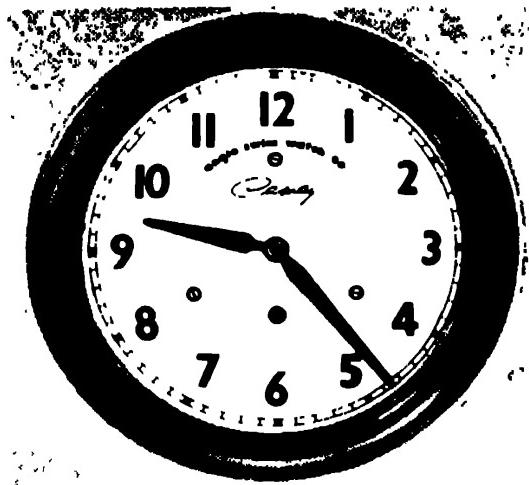
"WHY is it," a thoughtful four-year-old asked her father, "that exactly enough different things happen every day to just fill a newspaper?"

—Jack Sterling



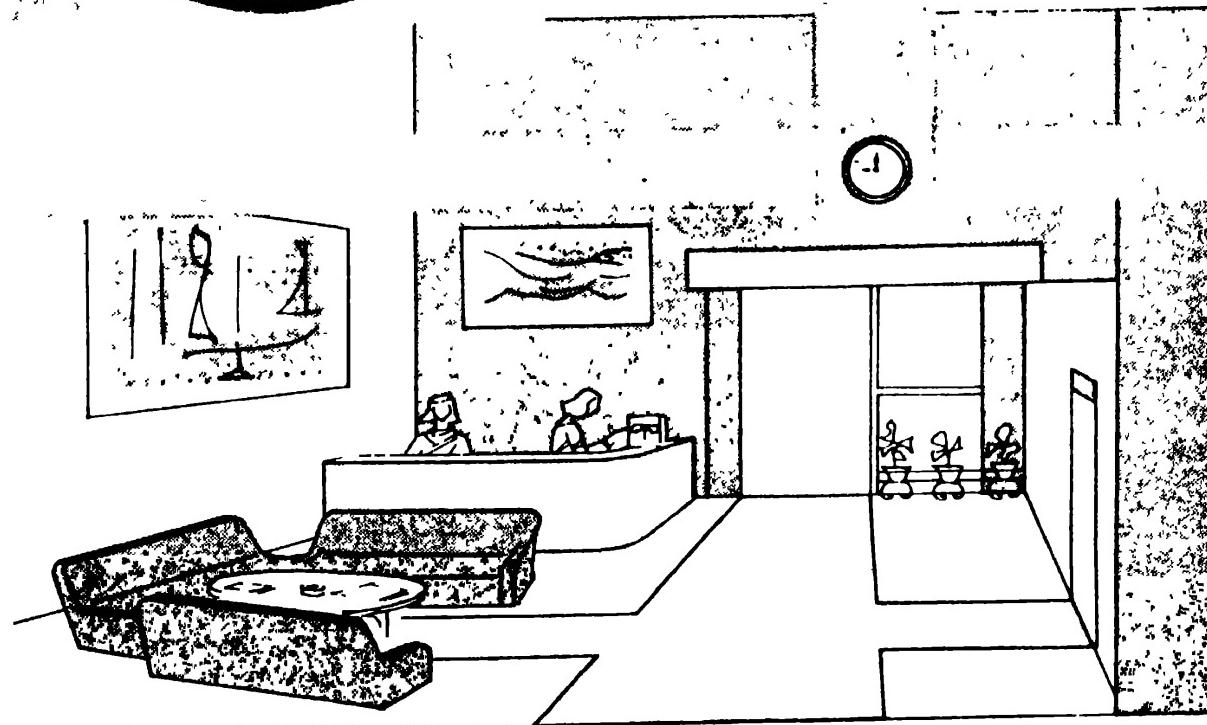
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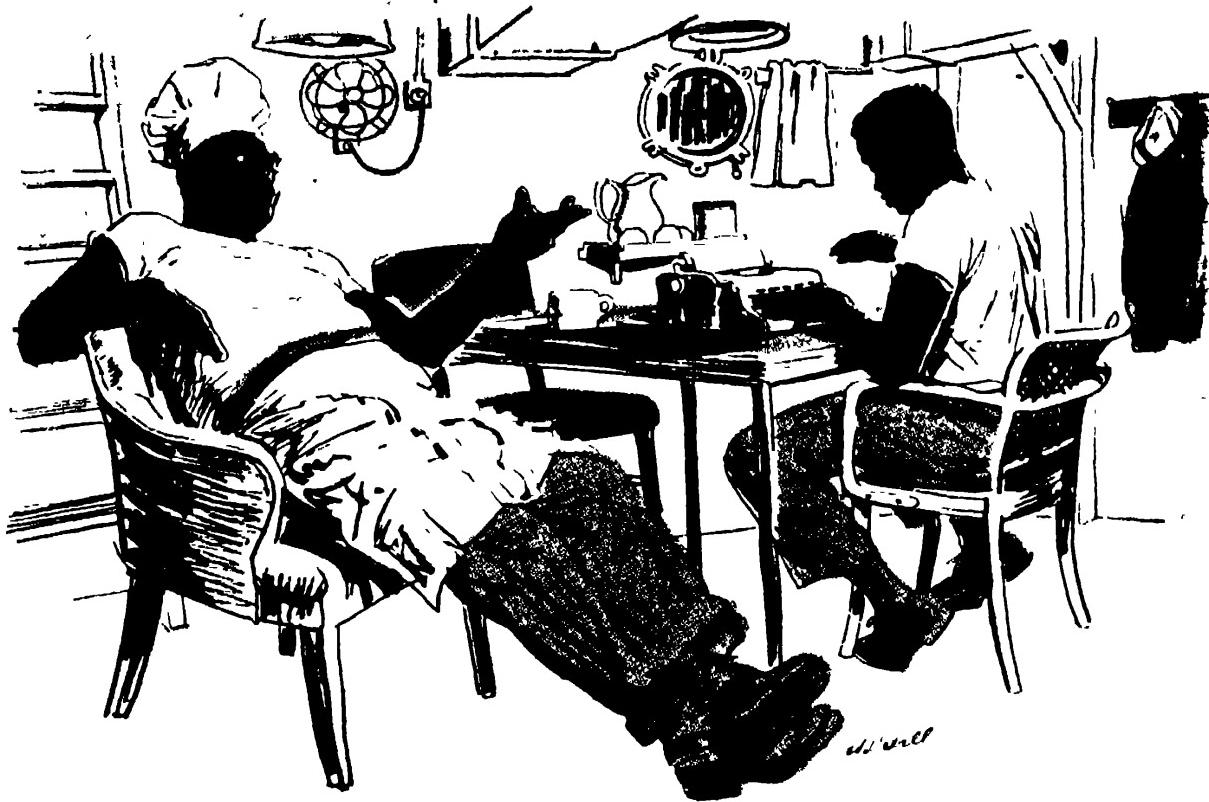
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## *The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met*

BY ALEX HALEY

**I**N OUR quarters on the U.S.S. *Murzim*, I glimpsed on the steward's bunk an incomplete letter to his wife, and saw my name: "Haley he the steward second-class, suposed to be my assistant. Ben to colege and can tiperite but schur is stoopid. Can't boil water."

This was the Second World War, and the *Murzim* was a U.S. Coast

Guard cargo - ammunition ship newly arrived in the South Pacific. Scotty, with 25 years' service, had been a hostile old sea-dog from the day I entered his galley.

A huge, jowled Negro, his sail-like apron bulging over his washtub belly, he would glare down at me sourly: "Us bein' the same race ain't gon' get you by. Damn civilians done ruint the service!"

Scotty was the darling of the captain, who loved old-timers. He lumbered about the ship, poking into everyone's business, and the new recruits trailed in his wake with open-mouthed awe and admiration. *The Seafarer*, the ship's mimeographed newspaper, ran such Scotty quotes as, "I wrung more sea water out of my socks than you ever sailed over."

My ambition was to be a writer. At night, off duty, I typed stories in the officers' wardroom pantry. Scotty, after haranguing me all day, was irresistibly lured to watch me "tiperite." I used to make the portable rattle, certain it angered him that a subordinate had a skill he hadn't. I didn't know Scotty.

One night his deep voice interrupted me. "Look here, boy, you ever seen the Cap'n talk letters to his yeoman?" I replied that the yeoman took shorthand. "Don't need all that chicken-scratchin'!" Scotty exclaimed. "Fast as you run that thing, you might make a yeoman. I'll help you practise, I'll talk you some letters." The idea of this ungrammatical clown hijacking my off-time to dictate to me was hilarious, and I laughed in his face. "You *real* wise, ain't you?" he rasped. "Opportunity ain't every night!"

The next morning a messboy shook me awake. "Man, Scotty wants you at the double!" I hurried to the galley. "I meant at the *double!*" Scotty roared. "This ain't no cruise ship!" He lobbed a big

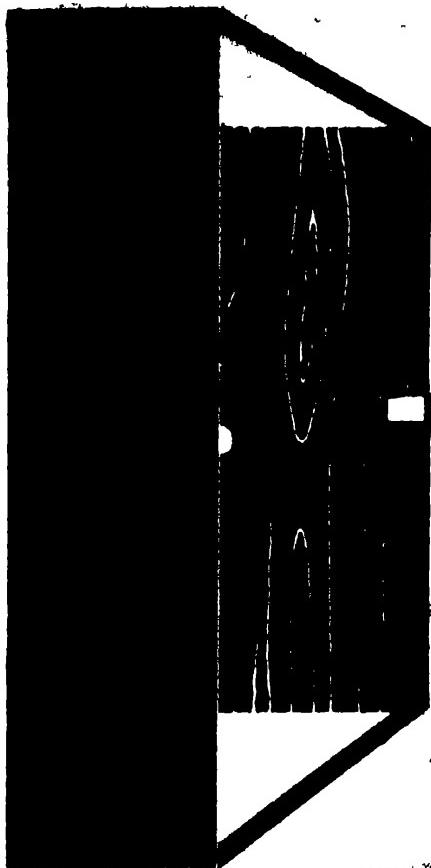
steel pot into mid-air. "Scour that!" He flung a sweat-popping succession of more pots and abusive orders. I shined steam kettles, scrubbed rubbish bins and bulkheads. Finally I realized that I could revolt—and land in the brig—or I could type Scotty's letters. "You got the message?" he asked. Choked with rage, I could only nod. "You a smart boy." Derisive laughter was in his eyes. "Take off—see you tonight!"

After 8 p.m. muster, Scotty, scowling round a new cigar, followed me to the pantry. Angrily I zipped paper into the typewriter as he overflowed an armchair he had swiped from the wardroom.

"This here letter's to Pop Robinson. He's a first-class cook on the *Pamlico*." I smacked out the heading and Scotty smiled approvingly. "Hello—it is a long time since we was in touch . . ." I typed that. I typed one garbled, ungrammatical cliché after another for half a page. Abruptly Scotty ended: "For ever always your ex-shipmate." I added, in caps, "PERCIVAL L. SCOTT, STEWARD FIRST-CLASS, USCG," and thrust the page and my fountain-pen at Scotty.

His spreading grin split his face wide open. He signed as though it were the Emancipation Proclamation.

In the galley next morning, Scotty assembled the five messboys. "You better wish *you* had some brains! Don't never forget, Haley give orders, it's the same as me!" All



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morning he excluded me from any real work. After dinner he growled, "Chow's in the stove. See you tonight." Again, I got the message. That night I typed half-pages to three former shipmates of his.

After a week of 15 stilted letters, Scotty began to relax. Fat elbows on aproned knees, jowled chin in hands, he paced his sentences to the moving typewriter at about 30 words a minute, and his letters lengthened with "good old days" reminiscings: "Never will forget the time I hired that civilian to come busting in that woman's place and scared you half to death." "Remember when I raffled champagne and let you win and we drunk it?" The stories portrayed a hard-drinking, hard-loving Scotty, always exploiting the gullible.

As the *Murzim* shuttled between islands, Scotty happily showed me replies to his letters. The laborious scrawlings expressed joy at hearing from him and incredulity that he had learnt to type. Meanwhile, magazine editors rejected my love stories. "You help me with my mail," Scotty growled, "maybe I can help you with them stories."

The stories obviously impressed him. Nightly, after dictating, Scotty would leaf through my dictionary. Soon new words cropped up in his talk. "Can't *tribulate* no 90-day ensigns," I heard him tell a chief. "They ain't got no *significance*."

Scotty demonstrated *my* significance by letting me spend whole

afternoons with the friendly signalmen on the bridge, who were teaching me to read flags and blinker lights. "Signalin' takes brains," Scotty approved. When I could read blinker, Scotty, while dictating, kept alert to hear any clicking of the bridge signal light. I would dash on deck, read the message, and then Scotty would go forward and "predict" news sometimes hours before it was broadcast on the P.A. system. His fo'c'sle followers soon whispered that Scotty had second sight.

Every night, after dictating and studying new words, Scotty left me to write stories while he made his circuit of the ship. One night he returned towing a big, rawboned youngster, who was red-eyed and upset. "Go 'head, show *him*!" Scotty barked. Nervously, the seaman handed me a pink envelope. The first few lines revealed a letter in a woman's handwriting beginning "Dear John." Appalled at Scotty's indelicacy, I handed it back.

"I'm gon' set her straight!" Scotty exploded.

"Scotty, you can't do that!"

But wild horses couldn't have stopped him. Scowling over the letter, he dictated: "It's a cryin' shame you think bein' out here is some good time. Here I set on a ship full of 500-pound bombs in a ocean full of subs and sharks. You don't even wait to see if I get back. I bet you grabbed some disanimated weed. It ought to be him out here doin' your fightin' and dyin' . . ."



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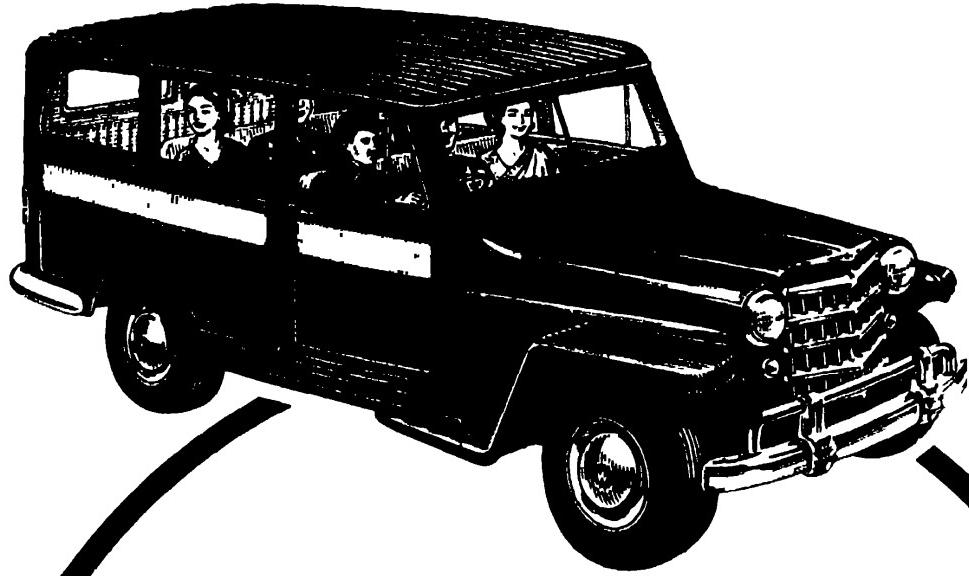
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When the *Murzim* put into Brisbane, mail call was held. Scotty and I were shelling peas when his "Dear John" client burst into the galley. We read an astounding reply from the boy's girl, begging forgiveness. "See, dammit, you wouldn't of wrote!" Scotty trumpeted.

This triumph made Scotty a strutting Cupid among the admiring kids in the fo'c'sle. Back at sea, he confronted me: "Look here, few kids want me to cor'spond to some Brisbane gals they just met." His face struggled with delight, but his voice conveyed menace if I balked.

Each night now, Scotty brought three or four young clients into the pantry. "I'll dictate later—dictatin' oughter be private," he instructed me. "I'll just ask stuff I need—you keep notes."

To my astonishment, he had marked lyric passages from my rejected love stories. "Ready-made stuff! Take right here—'the enchantin' moon studdin' the night ocean with diamon's as he think about her . . .'" We began to produce love letters. Scotty gave me a ream of the captain's writing paper and a box of carbon paper which the captain's yeoman had traded for a surreptitious steak. "Make a copy of every letter," he directed. "No reason we can't use the same ones over."

Soon mail calls brought gushing responses from Brisbane girls, and Scotty's young clients exulted. But I began to grow concerned: clearly

the girls would now expect Scotty's distinctive letters. "Scotty," I said, "what happens when some of these kids get transferred? What will they do without your letters?"

All morning he worried. In the afternoon he asked, "Them copies you been makin'—how many you got now?"

"About 300."

"Tell you what. Bind up different copies in folders. Them kids can pick stuff they like and write in they own hands."

It worked fine. Nightly, clients clustered round mess-hall tables, shuffling through 12 binders. Selecting passages they liked, they wrote furiously. Scotty steamed around inspecting them as he once had my typing. "Han'writin's more better!" he sang out, encouraging independence. "Stick in some of your own words—twis' stuff around!"

Finally orders came for our second stop in Brisbane. In the small hours of the first night, one after another of Scotty's clients wobbled back, describing fabulous romantic triumphs. Scotty, painfully incapacitated with varicose veins, presided in the fo'c'sle. Three cheers for the old sea-dog rang out regularly. Scotty was fit to split with bliss.

The next afternoon, a messboy telephoned me on the bridge where I spent all my spare time with the signalmen. "Scotty wants you in the pantry—at the double!" It was my first "At the double!" for a year. I rushed below, wondering. Scotty

and the messboys stood round a white-frosted cake. On it, Morse code spelt out "HALEY" in chocolate. Scotty, shuffling his feet, spoke gruffly. "I tol' the Cap'n you could stand watch as signalman. He say go 'head.'" Suddenly glowering, he whirled on the messboys. "Look here, don't it rate a hand when one of our race can better hisself?"

They clapped, and tears blurred my eyes. And it was in that humbling instant that the massive old sailor spun into brilliant focus. I saw with crystal clarity the enormous soul and heart seasoned through twenty-five years of fo'c'sles into barnacled wisdom. He cultivated being rough to mask even from himself his benevolent, patriarchal affection for shipmates. I had resented his vicarious attachment to the education I had been luckier than he to have—and now he had helped me to leave him behind.

Scotty often visited me on the signal bridge. Once he came when we had anchored off an island and "Mail Call!" was being piped. Naming two men, he said, "Watch 'em down there and see what you see."

We looked down on the forward main deck as yeomen barked names and passed thousands of letters from a dozen bulging mail sacks to the jubilant sailors. But the two men we were watching got nothing. "Poor guys don't never get no mail," Scotty said. "Looker here—fix up this thing." He gave me a Pen Pal

Club ad, torn from a magazine. I filled in the two men's names, and in time the two astounded men received their first letters.

The poignant mail-call scene kept bothering me. One night in the pantry, I wrote it as I felt it and it was printed in *The Seafarer*, which many men enclosed in letters home.

Someone's home-town newspaper reprinted my story. A Press wire service picked it up; "Mail Call" was printed widely. From far and wide, letters came addressed to "Lonely Sailors, c/o *The Seafarer*, U.S.S. *Murzim*." Before long, a message was relayed to me, too—from U.S. Coast Guard Headquarters. Ordered back to the States, I joined their public relations department in New York. There, in 1950, I was named the U.S. Coast Guard's first Chief Journalist, and my stories, too, began to click.

But my letters to Scotty went unanswered. Then, in 1954, some letters resulting from a Reader's Digest article included an envelope addressed in a wavering, unruly script that I joyously recognized. Scotty told me that he had become Chief Steward on the *Murzim*. But in 1945 his varicose veins forced him to retire and he had settled in Virginia, where he was a night watchman.

"Reeding your name folowed by story a grate thril," Scotty ended his letter. "Knowed you'd make good was how come I help you out."

## Your Built-In "Success Mechanism"

BY  
DR. MAXWELL MALTZ

page 140

Though infinitely more complex, the human subconscious and the nervous system bear a startling resemblance to that man-made marvel, the electronic brain. They appear to operate on the same general principles, and this fact offers us a key to self-improvement, happiness and achievement. A noted plastic surgeon, who has used this discovery with great success in his practice, here describes how you can apply it to enrich your own life.

America's Jazz Age was at its height, the Wall Street stock market rising, the speakeasies roaring. It was 1925, a year of madness, and the craziest place of all was Florida—that New World Mecca then recently discovered as a subtropical paradise. The rush to buy Florida land was exceeded only by the rush to sell it at ever more fantastic prices. *When Florida Went Wild* is the story—based on fact—of a young man who became a real-estate salesman in Miami in that gaudy era.

## When Florida Went Wild

BY  
WYATT BLASSINGAME

page 157

Important new books

# Your Built-in “Success Mechanism”

*from “Psycho-Cybernetics”*

**E**ACH OF US has a mental picture of himself, a self-image which governs much of his conduct and outlook. To find life reasonably satisfying you must have a self-image that you can live with. You must find yourself acceptable to you. You must have a self that you like, and one that you can trust and believe in. When this self-image is one you can be proud of, you feel self-confident. You feel free to be yourself and to express yourself. You function at your best. When the self-image is an object of shame, you attempt to hide it rather than express it. Creative expression is blocked. You become hostile and hard to get along with.

As a plastic surgeon, I used to be amazed by the dramatic and sudden changes in character and personality which often resulted when a

BY DR. MAXWELL MALTZ

facial defect (usually crucial to the patient's self-image) had been corrected.

Sometimes the operation appeared to create *an entirely new person*, transforming not only the patient's appearance but also his whole life.

The shy and retiring, once rid of their disfigurement, became bold and courageous. A "moronic" boy changed into an alert, bright and ambitious youngster when I corrected the too-large ears that had invited chronic ridicule. A salesman, obsessed by the conviction that he was repulsive to others because a car accident had left him horribly scarred, became a model of self-confidence when the scars were removed.

Most startling of all, an incorrigible habitual criminal lost his bitter defiance almost overnight, won a parole and went on to assume a responsible role in society.

But there were exceptions who did not change. A girl who all her life had been self-conscious because of a tremendous hump in her nose continued to act like an ugly duckling long after surgery had given her a classic nose and a truly beautiful face.

And many others who acquired new faces went right on wearing the same old personality. Every plastic surgeon has been baffled by patients who complain that surgery has made no difference whatever.

"I look just the same," they insist. "You didn't do a thing." And comparison of "before" and "after" photographs is useless. "The scar may not show any more, but it's still there."

It is indeed; such people are still haunted by an old and unbearable self-image.

Many people appeal to the plastic surgeon to correct purely imaginary defects or undetectable ugliness. Their imperfections are so slight that no ethical surgeon would even consider operating on them.

Nevertheless they react just as if they were disfigured. They feel the same shame. They develop the same fears, anxieties and psychological block. Their "scars," though mental and emotional rather than physical, are just as debilitating.

Of course, their trouble, too, lies in a destructive and mutilated self-image.

Years ago I realized that the people who consult a plastic surgeon often need more than surgery, and that some of them do not need surgery at all.

If I were to treat these people as patients, as whole persons rather than as merely a disfigured nose, ear, mouth or limb, I needed to give them something more.

I had to show them how to obtain a spiritual face-lift, how to remove emotional scars and change basic attitudes.

In other words I had to learn how

people's minds work. The study has been most rewarding.

### Our Super "Electronic Brains"

UNTIL 15 years ago scientists had no idea just how the human brain and nervous system worked "purposefully" to achieve a goal (even such a short-term goal as, for example, picking up a packet of cigarettes from a table). Having made long and meticulous observations, the scientists knew *what* happened. But no single theory of underlying principles tied all the phenomena together into a concept that made sense.

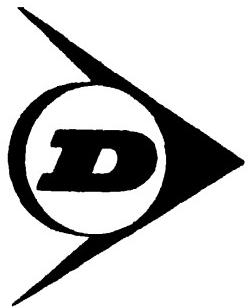
However, when man set out to build an "electronic brain," and to construct goal-striving mechanisms of his own, he *had* to discover and utilize certain basic principles. This science was called cybernetics (from a Greek word which means, literally, "steersman"). Having discovered the necessary operating principles, the scientists began to ask themselves: Can this be the way the human brain works also? Can it be that in making man, our Creator provided us with a servo-mechanism more wonderful than any electronic brain ever dreamed of, but *operating according to the same basic principles?*

In the opinion of many cybernetics scientists the answer is yes. Their conclusion, strangely enough, is one that may have an immeasurable effect on your personal happiness or unhappiness.

Ironically, cybernetics, which began as a study of machines and mechanical principles, goes far to restore the dignity of man as a unique, creative being. Psychology, which began with the study of man's psyche, or soul, went on almost to deprive man of his soul. So much of the psychologists' literature was taken up with abnormalities—guilt, instinct towards self-destruction, and the like—that the average person felt helpless to pit himself against such negative forces in human nature. The behaviourists even held will to be a myth, consciousness only a chemical reaction, and thought merely the movement of electrons.

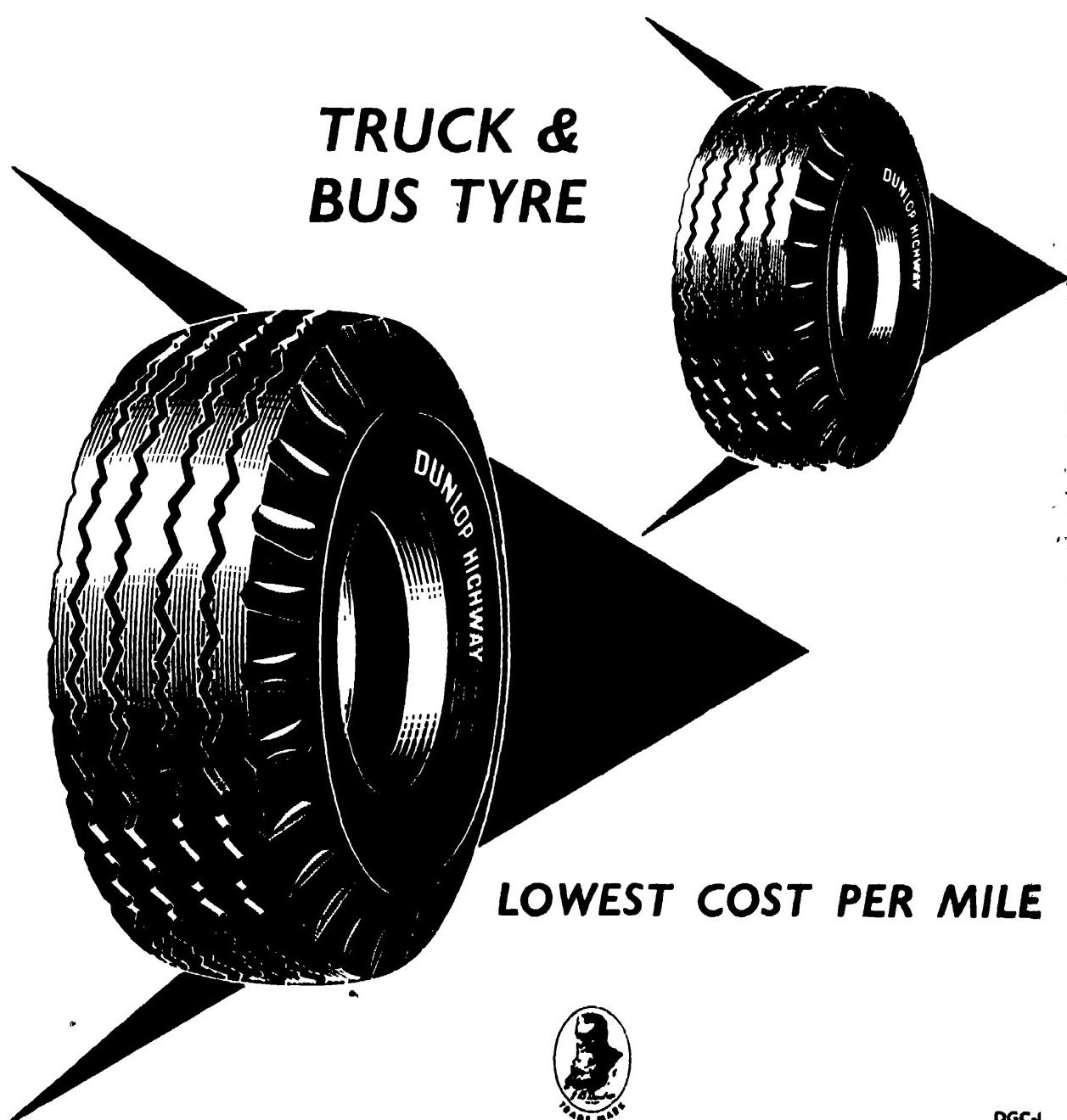
The science of cybernetics makes no such assertions. It tells us not that man *is* a machine, but that man *has* and *uses* a machine. It sees the so-called subconscious mind not as a mind at all but as a mechanism—a goal-striving servo-mechanism consisting of the brain and nervous system, which is *used by* and *directed by* the mind. This mechanism within us is impersonal and automatic. Like any other servo-mechanism it makes use of stored information or "memory," and it works upon the data we feed into it (our thoughts, beliefs, interpretations). Through our attitudes and interpretations of situations we "describe" the problem to be worked on.

If we feed in data to the effect that we ourselves are unworthy, inferior, undeserving or incapable (a



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negative self-image), this data, too, is processed and acted upon in solving current problems and responding to current situations. Thus our internal mechanism will work automatically to achieve goals of success and happiness, or unhappiness and failure, depending upon the goals which we ourselves set for it.

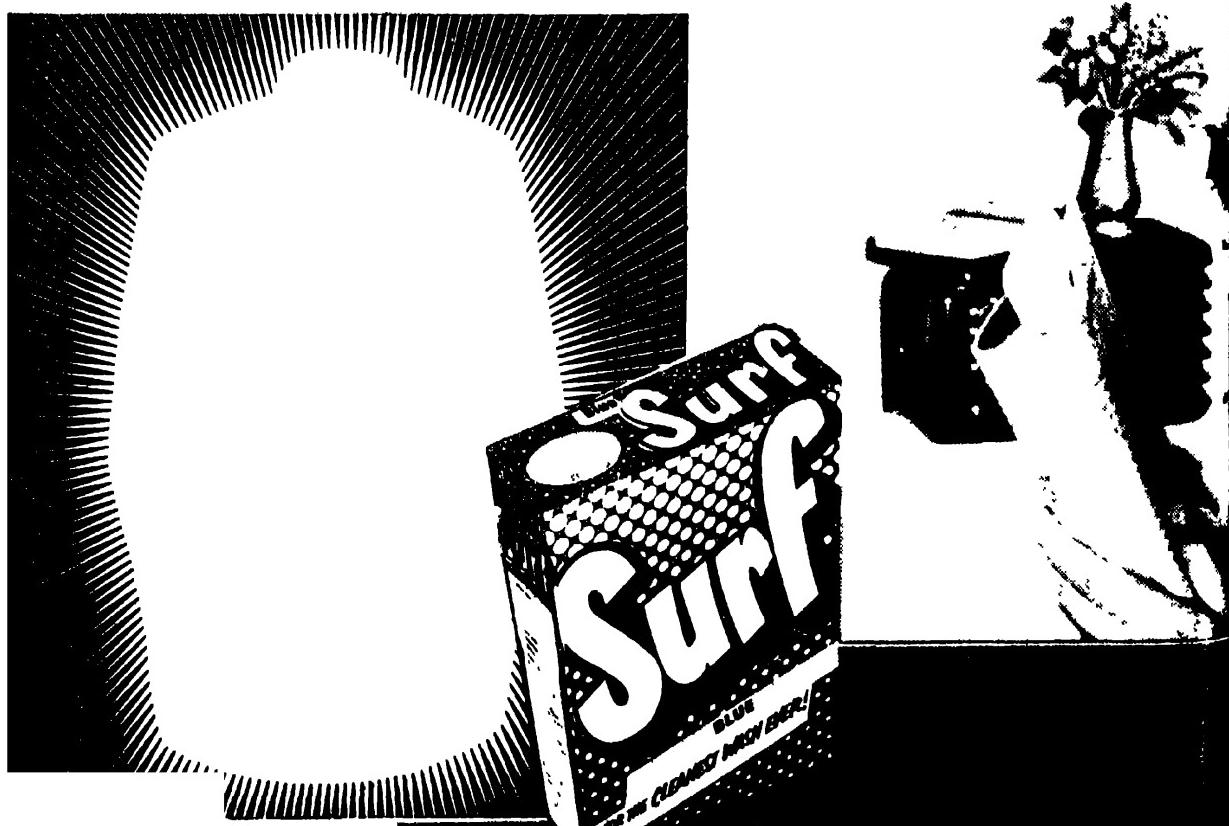
### A Look at the Automatic Mechanism in Action

SERVO-MECHANISMS are of two types: (1) where the goal is known, and the objective is to reach it; (2) where the answer is not known, and the objective is to find it. The human brain and nervous system operate in both ways.

An example of the first type is the self-guided torpedo or the interceptor missile. The target or goal is known—an enemy ship or plane. The objective is to reach it. The torpedo accomplishes its goal by going forward, making errors and automatically correcting them when negative feedback (information that it has committed an error and is off course) is supplied by such "sense organs" as radar, sonar, heat perceptrors, etc. Thus by a series of zigzags it literally gropes its way to the goal.

Dr. Norbert Wiener, who pioneered development of goal-seeking mechanisms during the war, believes something very similar happens when we, say, pick up a

## *SURF IN THE MODERN HOME ...*



packet of cigarettes from a table. We accomplish the goal through an automatic mechanism, and not by will and forebrain thinking alone. All that the forebrain does is to select the goal, trigger the mechanism into action and instruct the eyes automatically to supply feedback information which continually corrects the motion of the hand. If all this had to be done consciously, only an anatomist would know which arm, hand and shoulder muscles were necessary to the task, or how much they needed to be flexed.

The automatic mechanism can take over because, having performed similar movements before, it has "learned" the correct response. In a

baby just learning to use his muscles, the correction of the hand in reaching for a rattle is very obvious. The baby has little stored information to draw upon. His hand moves clumsily back and forth as it gropes. But as learning takes place, correction becomes more and more refined.

### **Get a New Mental Picture of Yourself**

EVERY CREATURE comes into the world equipped with a built-in automatic success mechanism. For the lower animals the goal is pre-set, so to speak, and limited to self-preservation and procreation. Man, on the other hand, being gifted with creative imagination, can formulate his



own goal. And as a corollary of this privilege, it is necessary to his emotional and spiritual fulfilment that he do so.

Functionally, man is somewhat like a bicycle, which maintains its equilibrium only so long as it is going forward towards something. We are engineered as goal-seeking mechanisms, and feel lost unless we have a goal which interests us. People who say that life is not worth while are really saying that they themselves have no personal goals which are worth while.

Your automatic creative mechanism operates in terms of goals and end results. Once you give it a definite goal to achieve you can depend upon its automatic guidance system to take you to that goal much better than you ever could by conscious thought. But the goal must be seen so clearly that it becomes real to your brain and nervous system.

This is not so difficult as it may first appear. For your automatic mechanism cannot tell the difference between an actual experience and one which is vividly imagined. The only information available to it concerning any given situation is what *you believe to be true* about it. Thus, if we continually picture failure to ourselves in such vivid detail that it becomes real to our nervous system, that impersonal mechanism will reward us with failure-type responses and emotions. And vice versa when we picture ourselves as successful and self-confident.

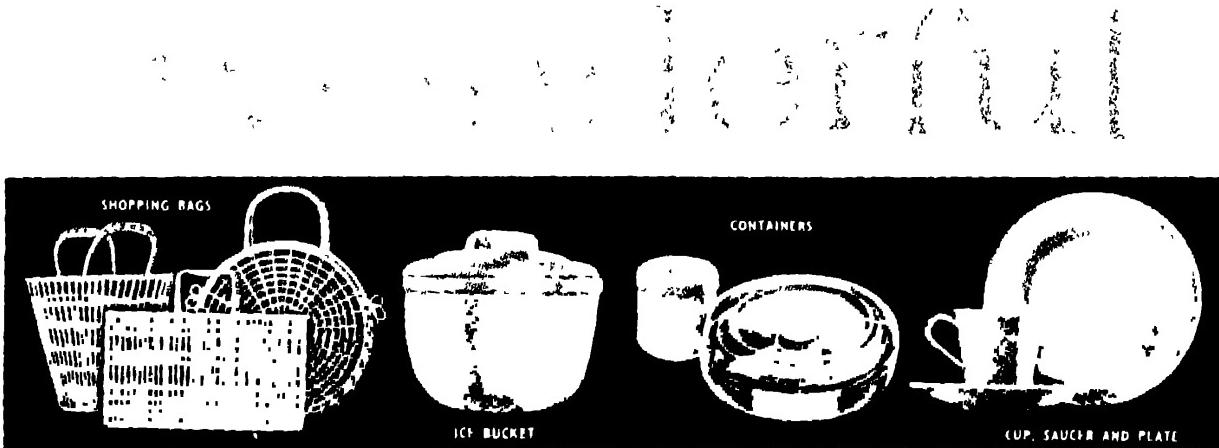
The self-image we harbour is the key to the success or failure of our most cherished plans and aspirations. If the image is inadequate, it behoves us to correct it. We do this by systematically imagining that we are already the sort of person we wish to be. If you have been painfully shy, imagine yourself moving among people with ease and poise. If you have been fearful and over-anxious, see yourself acting calmly, confidently and with courage.

Psychologists once tried an interesting experiment on 45 men who were in hospital as neuro-psychiatrics. They first gave the patients the usual personality test. Then they asked them to take the test a second time and answer the questions as they would if each were "a typical, well-adjusted person on the outside." Three-quarters turned in improved test performances, and some of the changes for the better were dramatic. The psychologists reported that those patients who were most capable of identifying themselves with normal people were able to shorten their stay in the hospital.

If we picture ourselves performing in a certain manner, this imaginative exercise impresses our subconscious almost as much as does actual performance. This psychological fact offers us an opportunity to practise new traits and attitudes, and gives us an invaluable lever for changing personality as well as for acquiring new skills.

*Another experiment investigated*

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### PLASTICS

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the effects of mental practice in sinking basketball throws. Two groups of basketball-playing students were given a 20-day test. One group actually practised throwing the ball for a period every day. On the 20th day their scoring had improved by 24 per cent. A second group spent 20 minutes a day *imagining* that they were throwing the ball at the goal. Amazingly, their scoring improved 23 per cent!

Such mental rehearsals or dry runs have been used to advantage by golf pros and concert pianists, by salesmen preparing to face a difficult prospect, and by job applicants. Perhaps it could work for you, too.

### **Dehypnotize Yourself**

WHAT WE believe about ourselves (and thus feed to our internal computer as bona fide data) often imposes rigid and quite false limits on what we are able to accomplish. As a schoolboy my friend Dr. Alfred Adler, the famous psychiatrist, got off to a bad start in arithmetic. His teacher became convinced that he was "dumb in mathematics." Adler passively accepted the evaluation, and his marks seemed to prove it correct.

One day, however, he had a sudden flash of insight and announced that he thought he could solve a problem the teacher had put on the board which none of the other pupils could do. The whole class laughed. Whereupon he became indignant, strode to the blackboard

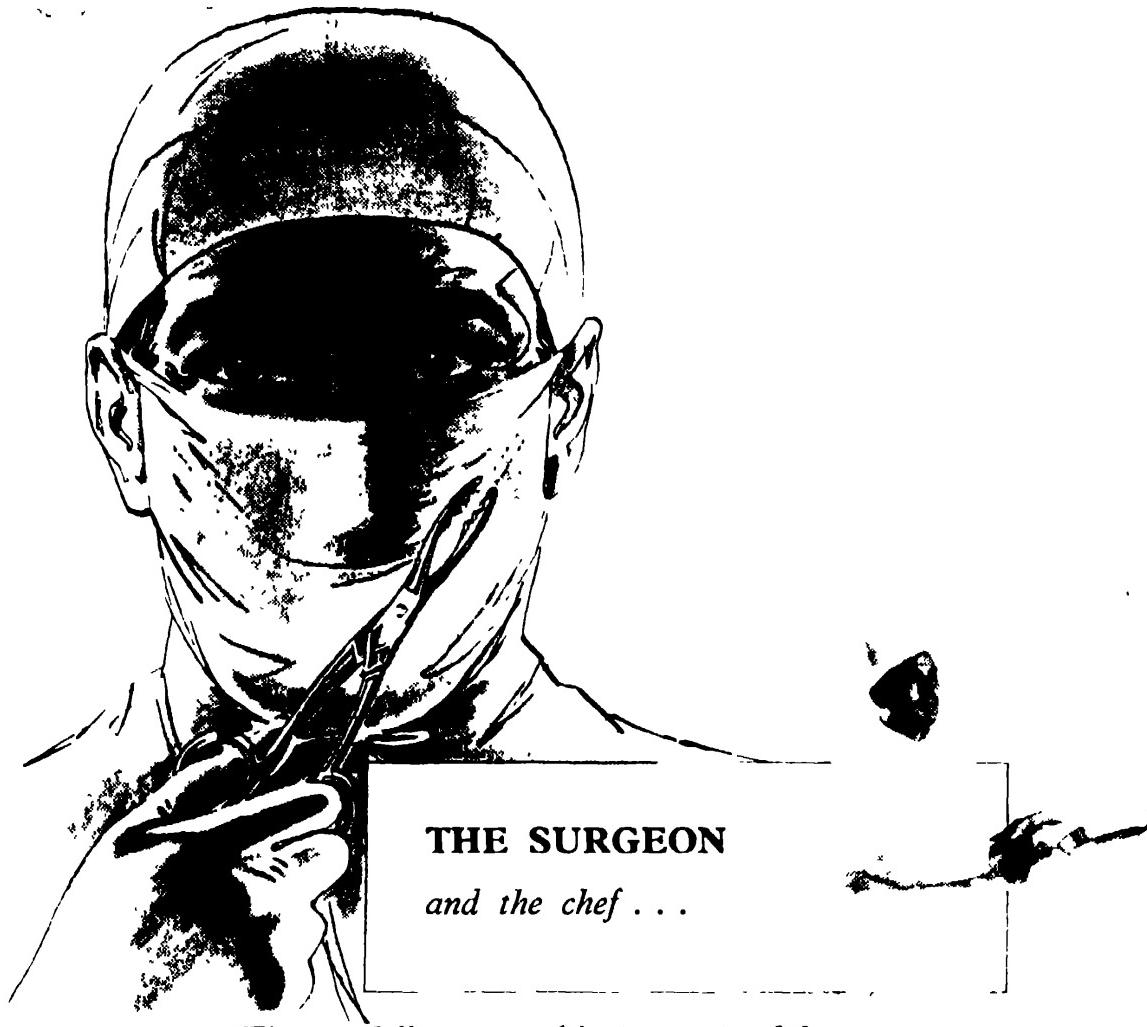
and worked out the problem. In doing so, he realized that he could understand arithmetic. He felt new confidence in his ability, and went on to become a good maths student.

The point is this: Adler had been hypnotized by a false belief about himself. Not figuratively, but literally and actually hypnotized. For the power of hypnosis is the power of belief. If you have accepted an idea—from yourself, your teachers, parents, friends or any other source—and if you are convinced that the idea is true, it has the same power over you as the hypnotist's words have over his subject.

The hypnotist, for example, tells a football player that his hand is stuck to the table and that he *cannot* lift it. Being under hypnosis, the player accepts this statement as fact, and try as he will he simply cannot lift his hand.

When hypnotism is used to increase our strength rather than to paralyse it, the results are often just as spectacular in the other direction. The gripping strength of one athlete was tested on a dynamometer and found to be 100 pounds. All his effort and straining could not budge the needle beyond that mark. Then he was hypnotized and told, "You are stronger than you have ever been in your life." This time he easily pulled the needle to the 125-pound mark.

Hypnosis, of course, did not add anything to his actual strength. What the hypnotic suggestion did



The carefully arranged instruments of the Surgeon, and the gleaming utensils of the Chef, have the same basic requirements—absolute hygiene, rapid cleaning and sterilisation and long service life. Wherever these needs arise you will find 'Staybrite' and stainless steels. Firth-Vickers policy of "forward thinking" provides research facilities and technical advisory services which are available to designers, fabricators and all users of stainless and heat-resisting steels.

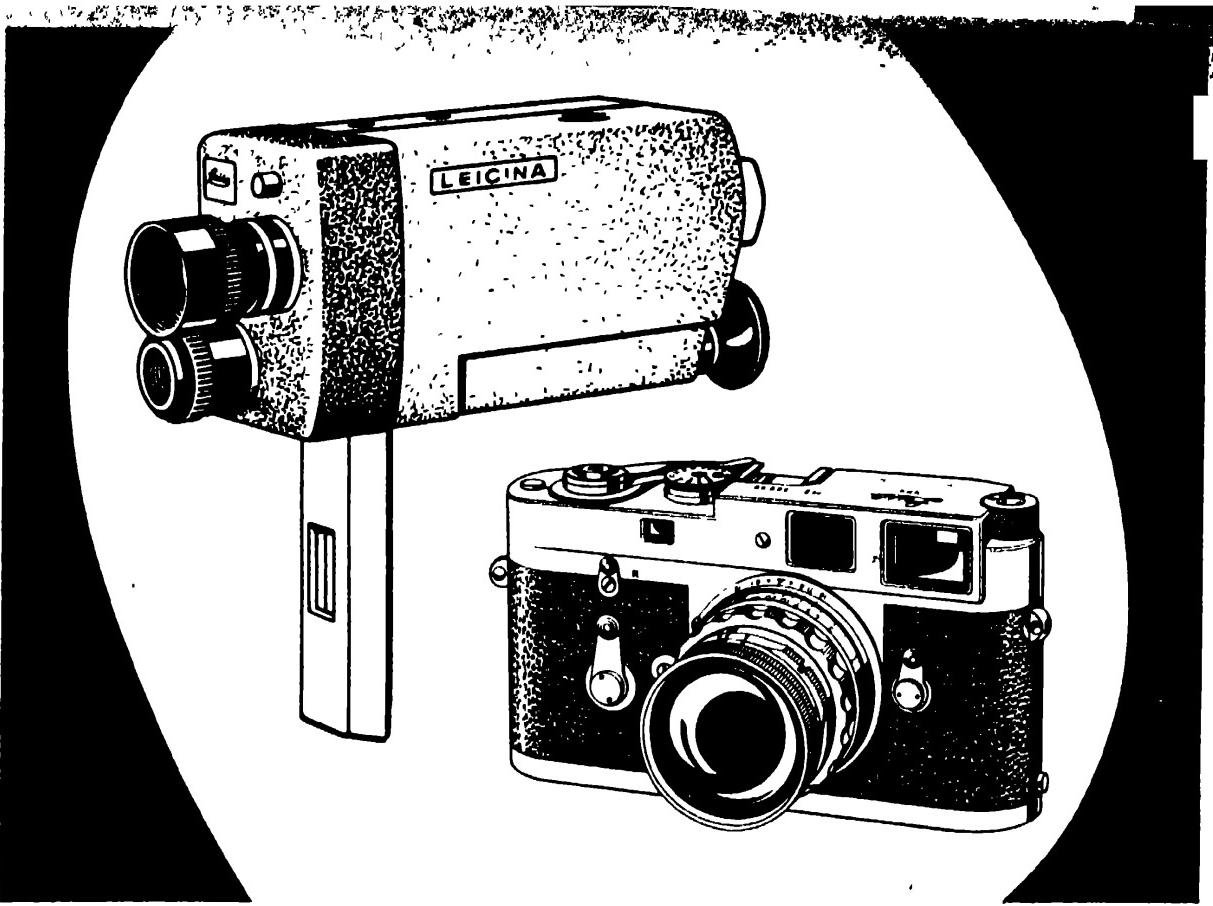


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Designed for the fun of filming, and made like a precision instrument, everything about the **Leicina** from its sleekly functional body form to its electric motor-drive and reflex finder system has been conceived to increase your photographic pleasure and success.

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do was to overcome a negative idea which had previously prevented him from expressing his full strength. In other words, the athlete had imposed a limitation upon his strength by the negative belief that he could grip only 100 pounds. The hypnotist merely removed this mental block and "dehypnotized" him temporarily from his own self-limiting beliefs about himself.

Negative thinking can limit each of us if we let it. And, conversely, within you right now is the power to do things you never dreamed possible.

### Forget Past Mistakes!

AFTER witnessing a demonstration of hypnosis, the well-known writer Dorothea Brande happened to read one sentence by psychologist F. W. H. Myers which she said changed her entire life. Myers explained that the talents and abilities displayed by hypnotic subjects were due to a "purgation of memory" of past failures. Miss Brande reasoned: why couldn't a person in the wakeful state use this same power of the hypnotist to purge the memory by ignoring past failures?

She determined to act as if the powers and abilities she sought were there. Within a year her production as a writer had increased many times. Moreover, she discovered a talent for public speaking, something she had previously dreaded

and avoided, became much in demand as a lecturer—and enjoyed it!\*

All servo-mechanisms by their very nature contain "memories" of past errors and failures. These negative experiences do not inhibit but contribute to the learning process, as long as they are properly used and are seen as detected deviations from the goal desired.

Our errors, mistakes, failures, and sometimes even our humiliations, are necessary steps in the learning process. However, they are meant to be *means to an end* and not an end in themselves. When they have served their purpose, they should be forgotten. If we consciously dwell upon the error, or consciously feel guilty about the error, and keep berating ourselves because of it, then unwittingly the error or failure itself becomes the goal which is held in imagination and memory.

Memories of past failures can adversely affect present performance, if we dwell upon them and foolishly conclude, "I failed yesterday; therefore it follows that I will fail again today." The minute we dismiss such thoughts from our mind and stop giving power to the past, the past with its mistakes loses its power over us.

A patient once asked me, "If the forming of scar tissue is a natural and automatic thing, why doesn't scar tissue form when a plastic surgeon makes an incision?"

The answer is that if you cut your face and it heals naturally, scar tissue

\* See "Wake Up and Live" by Dorothea Brande. The Reader's Digest, September 1957.

will form, because there is a certain amount of tension in and just underneath the wound. This pulls the surface of the skin back, creating a "gap," so to speak, which is filled in by scar tissue. When a plastic surgeon operates, he not only pulls the skin together closely by sutures; he also cuts out a small amount of flesh underneath the skin so that there is no tension present. The incision heals smoothly, evenly, and with no distorting surface scar.

It is interesting to note that the same thing happens in the case of an emotional wound. If there is no tension present—that is, if you simply forget it—there is no disfiguring emotional scar left.

### Using Your Built-In Success Mechanism

"STRESS" HAS recently become a popular word in our language. We speak of this as the age of stress. Worry, insomnia, stomach ulcers have been accepted as a necessary part of the modern world.

Yet I am convinced that it does not have to be like this.

We could relieve ourselves of a vast load of anxiety if we could but recognize the simple truth that our Creator made ample provision for us to live successfully in this or any other age by providing us with a built-in success mechanism.

Our trouble is that we ignore



this automatic mechanism, and try to solve all our problems by conscious thought, or forebrain thinking.

The forebrain is comparable to the operator of an electronic computer. It is with the forebrain that we think "I," and feel our sense of identity. It is with the forebrain that we exercise imagination or set goals. We use the forebrain to gather information, make observations, evaluate incoming sense-data, form judgements.

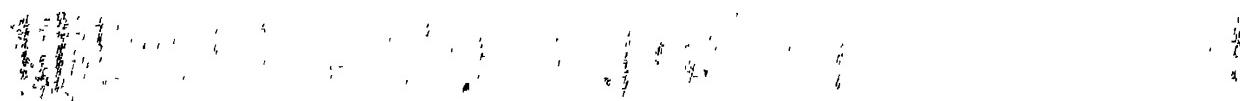
But the forebrain cannot create. It cannot do the job to be done, any more than the operator of an electronic brain can do its work himself.

It is the job of the forebrain to pose problems and to identify them

—but by its very nature it was never engineered to solve them all. Yet that is precisely what modern man tries to do—solve all his problems by conscious thought.

Because modern man does depend almost entirely upon his forebrain, he becomes too careful, too anxious and too fearful of results; and the advice of Jesus to "take no thought for the morrow," or of St. Paul to be "careful in nothing," is regarded as impractical nonsense.

Yet this is precisely the advice that William James, dean of American psychologists, gave years ago. In his essay "The Gospel of Relaxation," he said that modern man was too tense, too concerned for results,



## American Club Cigarettes



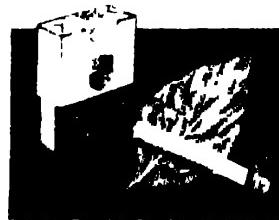
### PREMIUM LENGTH

You get long 'American Club' cigarettes for the same price as other standard cigarettes. This extra length equals more than one full cigarette in each 20's pack.



### TOPS IN TASTE

You get a real cool smoke with 'American Club' cigarettes. Selected tobaccos are carefully packed for an easy draw. 'American Club' taste clean, fresh, good.



### VERGINIA BLENDED

Fine tobaccos are carefully selected and expertly blended to make 'American Club' quality Virginia cigarettes. Light one and see. Smoke it slowly and you'll be sure.

# American Club

LONG VIRGINIA  
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PRODUCTS OF THE SUCCESSORS TO Allen & Ginter, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA U.S.A.

too anxious (this was in 1899), and that there was a better and easier way.

"Prudence and duty, emotions of ambition and of anxiety, have, of course, a needful part in our lives. But confine them as far as possible to the occasions when you are making your general resolutions, and keep them out of the details. When once a decision is reached, dismiss absolutely all care about the outcome. Unclamp your intellectual and practical machinery, and let it run free; and the service it will do you will be twice as good."

Proof of this principle can be seen in the experience of writers, inventors and other creative workers. Invariably they tell us that creative ideas are not consciously thought out by forebrain thinking but come spontaneously, like a bolt from the blue, when the conscious mind has let go and is engaged with something else.

These creative ideas, of course, do not come without preliminary conscious thought about the problem. All the evidence points to the conclusion that in order to receive an inspiration or hunch, the individual must first of all be intensely interested in solving a particular problem.

He must think about it consciously, consider all the possible courses of action. But after he has defined the problem and secured all the information he can, then additional struggling does not help. If

anything, it seems to hinder his finding a solution.

"I have found that if I have to write upon some rather difficult topic," Bertrand Russell says, "the best plan is to think about it with very great intensity—the greatest intensity of which I am capable—for a few hours or days, and at the end of that time give orders, so to speak, that the work is to proceed underground. After some months I return consciously to the topic and find that the work has been done."

If you have been wrestling with a problem without making any apparent progress, try dismissing it from your mind; put off making a decision until you've had a chance to sleep on it. As Sir Walter Scott is reported to have said whenever his ideas wouldn't formulate, "Never mind. I shall have it at seven o'clock tomorrow morning."

Nor should we assume that this process of unconscious cerebration is reserved for writers, inventors and "creative workers." We are all creative workers, whether we are housewives working in a kitchen, schoolteachers, students, salesmen or businessmen. We all have the same success mechanism, and it will work in solving personal problems, running a store or selling goods, just as it will in writing a story or inventing.

Some psychologists describe what we call genius as a process: a natural way in which the human mind works to solve any problem, and

# **Are you one of the 9\***

*— like her ?*



\* Research done by the All-India Dental Association proves that 9 out of 10 people suffer from gum diseases and don't know it !

**GIBBS SR TOOTHPASTE** helps to keep your gums firm and healthy and cleans your teeth sparkling white. Only Gibbs SR contains Sodium Ricinoleate—a substance used by dentists to combat and prevent gum troubles. It neutralises the harmful action of bacteria in the mouth, strengthens the gums and prevents their bleeding.

That distinctive 'SR' flavour tells you that Sodium Ricinoleate is actively caring for your teeth and gums.



Now in 3 sizes: Economy,  
Giant and Large.

For the health of  
your teeth and gums  
—consult your  
dentist regularly.

not alone in writing a book or painting a picture.

But one word of warning: We can do only one thing at a time. If you are using an electronic computer you must clear the machine of previous problems before undertaking a new one. Otherwise, parts of the old problem or the old situation will carry over into the new situation and give you a wrong answer.

The absurd habit of trying to do many things at once is a great cause of confusion, frustration and nervousness. The businessman, instead of concentrating upon the one letter he is presently dictating, is thinking in the back of his mind of all the things he *should* accomplish today, or perhaps this week, and unconsciously trying mentally to accomplish them all at once.

Ease off this pressure. Even on the busiest day the crowded hours come to us one moment at a time; no matter how many problems, tasks or strains we face, they always come to us in single file, which is the only way they *can* come.

### The Best Self-Image of All

PHYSIOLOGIST Ivan Pavlov, on his death bed, was asked to give one last bit of advice to his students on how to succeed. His answer was, "Passion and gradualness." If we want with sufficient intensity to improve ourselves and are willing to undertake systematic practice to that end, our automatic internal mechanism

faithfully repays our efforts. And the rewards in freedom of personality alone can be incalculable.

What we call personality is actually the free and full expression of the real self. When we say that a person "has a good personality," what we really mean is that he has freed the creative potential within him and is able to express his true self.

Everyone loves a baby, for instance, not for what he can do or what he knows or what he has but simply because of what he is. The baby is emotionally honest and not in the least inhibited. He exemplifies to the nth degree the psychological dictum, "Be yourself."

Poor personality and inhibited personality are one and the same. The individual with a "poor personality" does not express the creative self within. He is afraid to be himself, and the resultant frustration is likely to overflow into all that he does.

Let us not limit our acceptance of life by feelings of unworthiness. God has offered us the forgiveness and happiness that come from self-acceptance. It is an insult to our Creator to turn our back upon these gifts and to say that His creation—man—is not worthy or important.

The most realistic self-image is to conceive of yourself as "made in the image of God." You cannot sincerely hold this conviction without experiencing a profound new sense of strength and power.

THE END

TWO-BOOK SUPPLEMENT

# WHEN FLORIDA WENT WILD

*A light-hearted story of the Crazy '20s*

BY WYATT BLASSINGAME



## WHEN FLORIDA WENT WILD

**G**IN THE COLD February night, the palm-decked sign in the New York display window stopped me. It suggested warmth and ease:

ONE GOOD INVESTMENT  
IS WORTH A LIFETIME OF TOIL

I studied the message carefully. It struck a responsive chord. I had just lost my job, at which I had been trying very hard. And, at 23, I was beginning to doubt the value of toil even in small doses.

In 1925 the Florida boom was in full swing, and "One Good Investment" signs were on display all over the United States. One described how John Smith had invested 500 dollars in Florida real estate and made 5,000 dollars; the next, how Sam Jones had invested 5,000 dollars and made 50,000 dollars; the next how Tom Brown . . .

Moreover, the stories were true—at the time, that is. I checked up on them myself. I had no money to invest, but I did have unlimited dreams and a vintage Model T Ford. Within three days I was on the road, hopefully bound for Miami.

Florida's high-powered boom area started south of Palm Beach. From there on, building plots lined both sides of the road. Only a few had any houses, but all had huge, imposing entrance arches or pillars, usually made of ornate stucco.

After the building plots, I thought I'd be prepared for Miami. But nothing in the world could have prepared me for Miami in 1925. The chaotic maelstrom of vehicles, all manned by demented drivers—I soon caught the spirit myself—made the worst traffic jams I had ever seen look sedate and orderly. It was a pure madhouse.

Wherever I looked, buildings were either going up or coming down, and the noise of riveting was deafening. One thing was certain: this was a boom, and I was in the middle of it.

### The Endless Carnival

WITH LESS than 100 dollars and no job, I needed a cheap room. The first two small hotels I tried were full. A third offered me a cupboard-sized room for the outrageous price of seven dollars a night. I was walking away when a page-boy sidled up to me.

"Try the beach," he said. "Mr. Carl Fisher has 100 tents out there for his workmen."

"But I don't work for Mr. Fisher," I said, in surprised honesty. "I haven't even got a job."

"Tell them you're working on one of his hotels. They'll give you a bed until they find out different."

I drove over the causeway to the comparative peace of Miami Beach,

and sought out the Carl Fisher Enterprises' hiring centre.

When I took my place in the queue, the page-boy's advice worked perfectly.

"They told me I should ask here for a place to sleep," I said.

The man did not ask who "they" were. Without looking up, he scribbled a number on a card and handed it to me. It entitled me to a bed in Tent 86.

It was night-time when I got back to Miami, and after dark the town was a carnival gone crazy. In a park a well-known band was playing. I listened for a few minutes, then moved on restlessly.

The band music followed me as I strolled across town, until it was drowned by the strident cacophony of drill and rivet gun. Busy night crews were silhouetted by brilliant, glaring lights against the steel frames of two rising buildings. Apparently construction never stopped for a moment, day or night.

Flagler Street was the centre of Miami's main industry. In one block, I counted 38 real-estate offices. Most had folding doors that pushed back against the sides so that the entire front was open to the public. And each office was making great play to attract customers.

Half a dozen had small ragtime or jazz bands of four to six Negroes, playing outside. Some of the big operators had entertainers doing a turn on a pavement platform, or a dozen "Bathing Beauties" giggling

in short, ruffle-skirted swim suits. Every effort was made to hold the milling crowds which surged capriciously, first one way and then another, as this attraction or that caught their eye. The minute the band stopped or the girls left, a barker took over.

"A steal, gentlemen, a real steal at 20,000 dollars, with only five per cent . . ." "There is no richer, finer piece of property . . ."

Not until the last real-estate office had closed—which was well after midnight—did people begin to clear away from the streets. Many who had just arrived, and who had found nowhere to stay, now went to sleep in their cars, or on newspapers spread under the trees in the park. I was thankful to have my ticket to Tent 86.

It was a big tent, dimly lit, with some 40 beds in it, nearly all of them occupied.

I found mine and was getting undressed as quietly as possible when the man in the next bed raised his head and whispered hoarsely.

"I made thirty thousand dollars today."

"What!" I said.

He sat up then, a bald, middle-aged little man. "I made thirty thousand today," he repeated. "That's more money than I make in ten years as a book-keeper."

I didn't believe his story for a minute, but two months later I saw the man again, and learned that he'd been telling the gospel truth.

He *had* made 30,000 dollars that day. But by that time I was well on the way to making a few modest thousands myself.

### **Birth of a Salesman**

EARLY NEXT morning I got a job selling real estate.

At 8 a.m. Flagler Street was still cluttered with debris from the previous night, and few real-estate firms were open. But the Sam Anders office was busy, so I went in.

Mr. Anders received me sympathetically. When my utter rawness became apparent, his round face positively beamed. When he learned that I had been brought up in Alabama, had worked in New York and had friends in both places, he refused to listen further. "Get over to the court-house and collect your real-estate licence," he said.

My lack of sales experience made no difference whatever. All real-estate brokers were anxious to hire newcomers who had not yet used up their out-of-state friends—all of whom were potential customers.

By great good luck I had landed with one of the best firms in the business. Sam Anders was a well-established, old-line company which scorned the usual shady promotion methods, and prided itself on its ethics. Which by no means meant that it wasn't sharp and aggressive.

"Everybody is a prospect," the sales manager, Lou Kleinman, told me when I reported back for work that afternoon. "So you hook into

them cold. In the streets, in hotel lobbies, in restaurants and, best of all, at the railway station."

I found this hard to believe. "Do I just go up to a stranger and ask if he wants to buy property?"

"Why not? Isn't that what they come down here for?"

It was three days before I could steel myself to take the plunge. Meanwhile, to justify the delay, I studied Sam Anders's wares and methods and acquired the basic vocabulary of the trade. My first effort as a real-estate salesman was to meet a train from Chicago.

There must have been 100 salesmen and "bird dogs" at the station. (Bird dogs were simply spotters without licences, who flushed out prospects for salesmen and brokers.) When the passengers came piling off the train, they were met head on by this real-estate phalanx. For a while I watched from the side lines. When I did make a couple of tentative approaches, my prospects either sidestepped me or were swooped up by other salesmen. Within 15 minutes the station had emptied, and I was left standing frustrated and alone. Clearly I had no talent as a salesman.

Then a little old lady struggled off the train with three suitcases. She said she hadn't been able to get a porter and would I please find her a taxi. There was no taxi (there never was a taxi in Miami when you wanted one), so I told her I had a broken-down Ford if she didn't mind driving in that.



**when did you last polish  
your brassware ?**



Gleaming, shining brassware gives your home a smart, inviting appearance, but dull brassware can make it look gloomy and neglected. Don't let your brassware become dirty and tarnished. A regular rub with Brasso will keep your brassware sparkling like new. Brasso is easy to use and very economical.

*polish your brassware with*

**BRASSO**

*once a week, every week*



ATLANTIS (EAST) LIMITED (Incorporated in England)

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## **WHEN FLORIDA WENT WILD**

She had a reservation at the Hibiscus House, which was impressive, and had come down from Chicago by Pullman, which was even more so. Only the *élite* were able to get such reservations. Her husband had died a few months before, she said, and she had decided to come to Miami and maybe invest a little money in real estate.

At this, I came alive. I told her I was with the largest, most absolutely reliable firm in Miami, and I made a date to take her out at ten o'clock the next morning and show her round. My first sale, I figured, was as good as made.

But next morning when I called for her the receptionist handed me a note. It said Mrs. Brownell was extremely sorry, but shortly after I left her the previous afternoon she had a chance to get a real bargain that had to be snapped up immediately or missed. So she had bought it, and this morning the gentleman who sold it was taking her out to look at some other property.

Like most other hotels in Miami, the Hibiscus House ran a wide-open bar despite Prohibition. I seldom drank, and never at ten o'clock in the morning. But now I felt the need.

There were no other customers, and I sat there staring glumly into my glass. Finally the bartender asked what was wrong. I told him about Mrs. Brownell, and how she had lost her chance of a wonderful bargain. Since this was to have been my first sale, the office had let me

have a choice piece of property to work with, one that was certain to skyrocket in value. It was a beautiful business site just off the Dixie Highway, one that any intelligent investor would be willing to pay at least 10,000 dollars for in two months. "How much is it now?" the bartender asked.

"Five thousand. Ten per cent down, 15 per cent on delivery of the abstract, the balance over three years." And, remembering a line I had heard Lou Kleinman use, I added, "A man could probably double his money on this before the deed of sale is complete."

"I'll take it," the bartender said. "How much is the binder?"

I didn't know, but I had another Kleinman formula for it; never under any conditions take less than 100 dollars—"unless they don't have that much, then take what they've got."

"The binder is 100 dollars," I told the bartender. "What time do you finish here?"

"Four o'clock," he said.

I told him I'd wait. I was learning. Just four months later that bartender did sell that same site for a 5,000-dollar profit. I know, because I sold it for him.

### **Working at the Trade**

My INITIAL fiasco taught me two things. First, to wait near the trains until the crowd thinned out. Slow passengers might be old or infirm, but they were not necessarily insolvent. Second, never to let a prospect

loose until I had closed the deal. If I couldn't get him to the office immediately, I took him to lunch or dinner, stayed with him until he went to bed, and was back at dawn to fend off other salesmen. Any real-estate salesman who honestly worked at his trade could make upwards of 1,000 dollars a month.

Much of my time, during the first two months, was spent writing letters, often to people I barely knew. "Have you heard from old Joe Blow lately?" I'd begin. "The last I heard . . ." This not only made the communication personal, but also might get me Joe's address, and I could write to him, too.

The rest of it was a form letter. All I had to do was to estimate my friend's finances and jot down suggested prices. "Don't worry," Kleinman advised me. "Whatever the amount, we've got something to fit it—just so long as it isn't cheap."

The final paragraph was the clincher: "I wish you could come down and see this country! There is no doubt in my mind that Florida is destined to become holiday headquarters for the world. Don't let anybody fool you that what is going on here is mere land speculation. That's what I thought before I came."

### **The Climate of Fantasy**

Fantasy flourished in this speculative atmosphere, but I thought I was immune to it. I certainly had no intention of being stampeded

into buying by the mass hysteria around me.

But one day I went to the drug-store two blocks away, for a packet of cigarettes. As I started back, I was cut off by a gorgeous and brilliantly bannered parade which included three bands on trucks, a troupe of bespangled girls on circus horses, and four elephants on each of whose massive hides was emblazoned in gold letters the name of the development: FLORIDANA.

Above the band music a powerful loud-speaker carried the raucous chant of a barker, as he told of the stupendous, unprecedented values being offered.

When the parade passed, I tried to cut in behind it to reach the office. This was a rash move.

I found myself caught up in a human maelstrom, a great surging crowd against which it was impossible to move. Willy-nilly, I was swept into a real-estate office selling Floridana plots.

I ended up pressed against a long counter on which cheques and large bills and sales contracts fluttered like confetti. A harassed young man in a sports shirt shouted at me, "How much?"

"Wait!" I yelled. I had no intention of paying anyone a commission on something I could sell myself. To stall the salesman, I told him I wanted to go out and look at the property.

"Where's the plan?" I asked. "I want to see what I'm buying."



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"See?" He stared at me in amazement. "But you'll only lose money that way. While you're out looking, somebody else'll buy the lot and it'll go up a thousand dollars. It doesn't matter where you buy. Just buy!"

Suddenly—and don't ask me how it happened—the conviction came to me that he was right.

I handed him a cheque for 1,000 dollars, took the sales contract he gave me and sheepishly edged out of the door.

Floridana sold out completely in that one day—all 12 million dollars' worth of it. The lots were in brisk demand; and three weeks later I was able to dispose of mine for 1,800 dollars profit.

From that time on I was in and out of land deals all the time, as were most of the other salesmen.

### Architects of the Boom

The Florida boom could never have happened had not the Standard Oil millionaire, Henry Flagler, built a railway down the Florida peninsula.

Flagler, who had first come to Florida in 1888 on honeymoon with his second wife, had been charmed with the country. Although he was then past 50, he subsequently built an hotel in St. Augustine and pushed a railway through to Key West. It had been completed in 1912, only 13 years before.

The railway had opened up Florida, and when the Great War cut off their usual holiday spots in

Europe, wealthy Americans discovered its attractions as a playground.

Another architect of the boom was Carl Fisher, who had been my unwitting host on my first night in Miami.

A chance encounter with a settler on Miami Beach—one of the few settlers then competing with the rats, mosquitoes and snakes in that dismal swamp—set him off on a great dream of developing the perfect resort town. Fisher took over the task of building a wooden bridge to the mainland, a project that had floundered for lack of money. He also undertook to drain the swamps, dredge Biscayne Bay, build sea walls, and at one time had such vast crews at work that the cost, even in those times of cheap labour, ran to 50,000 dollars a day.

Fisher was well along with his dream development, though nobody was buying it, when the First World War put a stop to everything. After the war, he put on an unprecedented campaign for his resort. He built swimming pools, tennis courts, a polo field, a yacht basin. The campaign had put Miami Beach across by 1921.

And now, four years later, Fisher was still building giant hotels and employing regiments of men.

My own hero among the master builders was George Merrick, creator of Coral Gables. In the bitter winter of 1898 his father, a New England preacher, had bought a citrus grove in Dade County and

## UNLIMITED HORIZON...

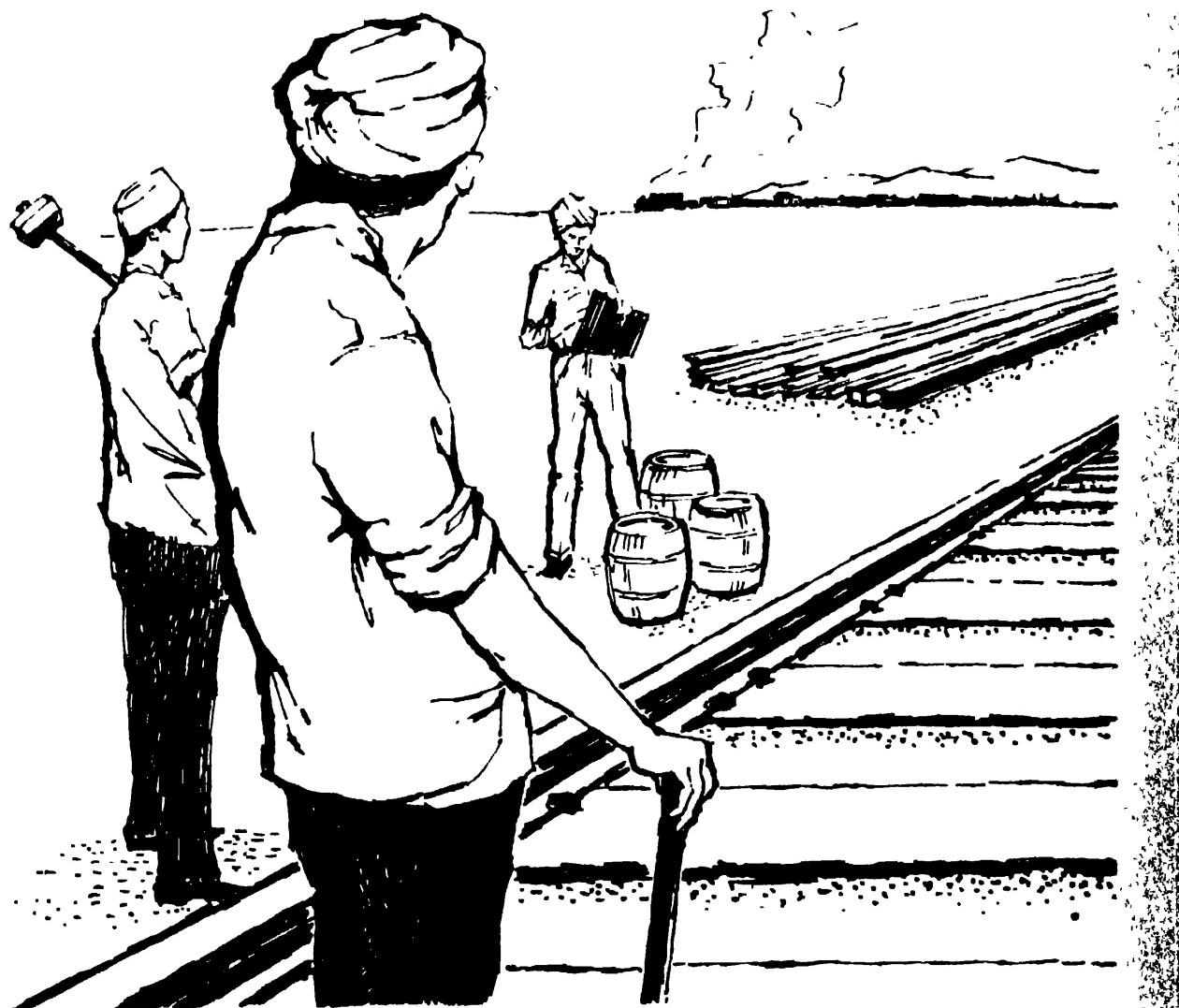
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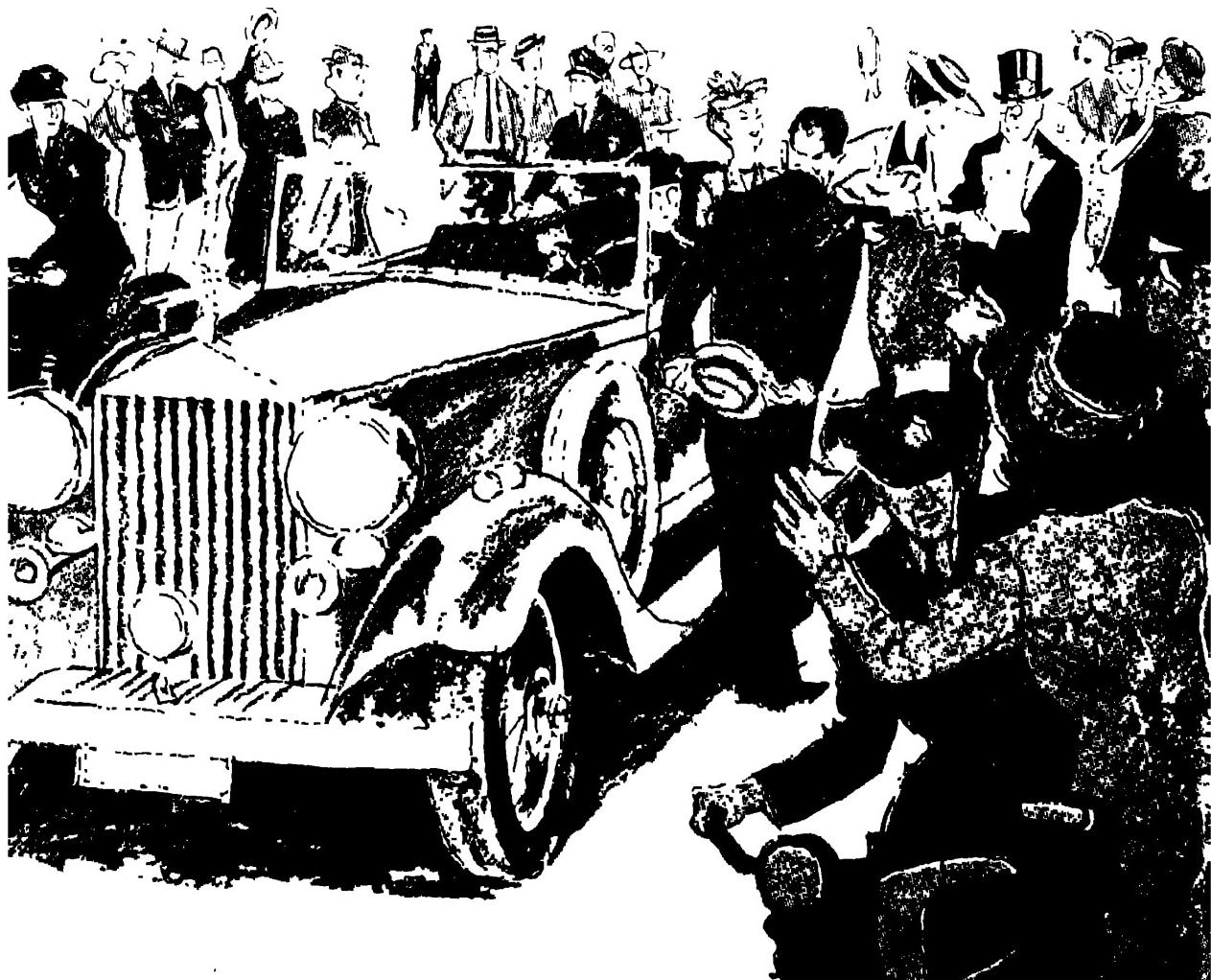


brought his family down. To young George Merrick, Florida was Paradise, and very early he began planning a town as perfect as man could make it to fit such heavenly country. Never a rich man like Flagler or Fisher, Merrick had to move very slowly, but he managed to acquire 1,600 acres of land, and had plans laid out for it by a landscape artist. The architecture was to be Spanish, the planning all for beauty. Coloured pavements to cut the glare, a shopping centre, churches designed to fit the setting and, finally, a large university.

When Coral Gables opened for

business in 1921, there was no great rush to buy, but Merrick hadn't expected a rush. He sold enough in dribs and drabs to keep going, and he kept on building. Eventually, however, he had to resort to high-powered promotion. It was then that "Doc" Dammers was called in.

"Doc" Edward Dammers was famous as the arch-promoter of the Florida boom. He was also its court jester. Uninhibitedly flamboyant, he wore an 11-carat diamond ring, out-fitted his chauffeur with a different uniform for each day of the week, and never drove round the block without a motor-cycle escort.



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Doc acquired his medical title after he'd made a swing through New England prescribing and selling spectacles. The tour was profitable, but the authorities had been a little stuffy about it. He had come to Florida well ahead of the boom and had gone to work for an outfit that was desperately trying to sell lots on snake-infested Miami Beach.

Doc decided he could sell the lots by auction.

"First, I'll need a wagon-load of fancy dishes," he announced. "You can't catch suckers without bait."

To attract the crowds, he also gave away leather-goods novelties, opera glasses and "gentlemen's and ladies' solid gold watches." But he preferred dishes, since they were cheaper and far more conspicuous. A man carrying an armful of dishes made a much better advertisement than one with a watch in his pocket. Doc was a top auctioneer, a lightning-fast talker with a marked ability to hear bids inaudible to other ears.

"If old Doc Dammers can't sell it," people said, "it just ain't to be sold."

When the boom arrived, there was no longer a need to sell property by auction. There wasn't even time. But by then Doc had transferred to the ultra-dignified Coral Gables development.

High-pressure promotion man though he was, Doc was as responsive to the general atmosphere as a

barometer. Sensing that Coral Gables was a high-class operation, he quickly changed his own pitch.

When the rush to buy did come—record sales for a single day in Coral Gables were about five million dollars—Merrick's dream stayed constant. He poured the extra wealth back into the development. And when he felt able to do without Doc Dammers, he sweetened the blow by allowing Doc to become the flamboyant mayor of the dream town.

### Straws in the Wind

IN THE midsummer of 1925 the demand for Florida land still seemed bottomless, and the business of selling it continued to expand. One poetic state official prophesied that the boom would last "as long as the Gulf Stream flowed and birds sang in the sun." In the end even Sam Anders was unable to resist this siren music. One day he called me into his office and told me that he was going to become a developer, for it was the developers who were reaping the big, long-term money. He had acquired a large tract of farmland south-west of Coral Gables which he was calling Bel Air Gardens. With characteristic generosity he was giving his salespeople a chance to get in on the ground floor.

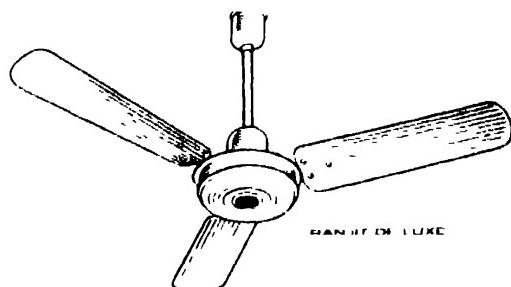
I had accumulated 14,000 dollars from my various real-estate sorties and I gladly plonked it all down on Bel Air Gardens. By the following winter, when the development would be complete, with lights,

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streets, sewers and landscaping, I reckoned I would become a rich man overnight.

But every bubble has its bursting point, and the beginning of the end came—or so many people believe—when the “binder boys” moved in. These sharpies from Chicago, New York and other cities swarmed over Florida like locusts that summer, dealing exclusively in binders or options.

With a binder payment which involved a minimum of cash—as little as one per cent—it was possible to obtain an option on a property..

No payment would then be due until the deed was drawn up at the courthouse. There were so many land sales that the clerks were often two months behind with these documents of sale.

Banking on this delay, and on rising prices, these operators put binders on land they had no intention of buying, sometimes gambling that higher offers would force the owner to pay them an exorbitant price to release the rights. For 1,000 dollars they could thus tie up a 100,000-dollar property for two months. More often they simply sold the binder to a buyer who would then resell it. Sometimes a binder changed hands seven or eight times before an actual property sale occurred.

Such tactics forced prices up so far that they began to appear ridiculous, even to us.

### **Underwater Real Estate**

ONE NIGHT in mid-July I received a telephone call from St. Petersburg. It was from an old friend of mine, Johnny Mardis. He, too, was in the real-estate business. “How about coming up to St. Pete for a couple of weeks’ tarpon fishing?” he said. “We can charter a cabin cruiser and fish the bayous and rivers.”

I hadn’t had a holiday since I came to Miami, and I could now well afford one.

“Fine,” I told Johnny. “I’m practically on my way.”

The drive across Florida to St. Petersburg was a revelation. I had somehow thought of the boom as confined to the East Coast, particularly the Miami area, but I now found some of the loneliest, most God-forsaken areas of the state staked out for building lots.

Great plans were afoot, too, for draining the Everglades, and in one place, so help me, I came across a man putting in stakes from a dugout canoe. Okeechobee, which had a population of less than 1,000, was being proclaimed as the coming Chicago of the South.

Once I stopped to ask directions of a surveying party which was staking the edge of a swamp.

“You own a lot out here?” the foreman asked me.

I eyed him incredulously. “You mean you actually sell these lots?”

The foreman said that a company in Detroit had been selling them by

mail at 150 dollars each. They were only 25 feet wide, and some of them, he admitted apologetically, were a few feet under water. But all the lots he himself had surveyed, he told me proudly, were on relatively dry land.

### The Fish Begin to Run

INSTANTLY felt at home in St. Petersburg. Central Avenue, where the Mardis office was situated, was a regular beehive of real-estate brokers, all pulsing with enterprise

and feverish rivalry. The whole atmosphere was familiar.

The carefully organized fishing trip at first got us nowhere, and only in the last five days did the fishing get good.

Since Johnny and I were both obsessive fishermen, this belated luck tantalized us. Independently the thought came to each of us: Why give up now, while you're winning?

Why indeed? We were both in the upper income bracket, and I,



at least, was on the verge of becoming independently wealthy. Why shouldn't we live accordingly?

We continued to fish, and the fortnight's holiday we'd planned stretched to a month. In early September, when I finally prepared to drive back to Miami, I had my first twinges of uneasiness.

A recent ruling had said that income tax had to be paid on at least 50 per cent of any gain from a real-estate deal. Since most land deals averaged one-tenth cash to nine-tenths paper, this amounted to a tax on paper profits.

The St. Petersburg papers were full of stories about a railway hold-up. In the last two months the demand for building materials had so vastly increased in Miami—for office buildings, hotels and endless development sites—that the rail traffic could no longer cope with it. Bricks, timber, cement and sewer pipes had been ordered from far distant points, and shipped in freight-wagons garnered from all over the country.

The railway was unable to handle these myriad converging shipments, and freight-wagons were piling up on sidings waiting to be unloaded.

The impasse seemed a bad omen.

### Trouble in Paradise

THE NEWSPAPER reports had not exaggerated. When I got back to Miami, I found it literally strangling under the freight pile-up.

The railway was so choked that it couldn't even bring in necessary provisions.

A ten-day embargo was declared on every type of freight except foodstuffs.

Meanwhile, railway crews worked round the clock unloading accumulated shipments, and every available man, including police and firemen, was drafted to help them.

When I reported back to the office, Mr. Anders fell on my neck joyfully, then volunteered my services in the crisis, and for a week I, too, unloaded freight.

Such emergency measures seemed to have little effect on the situation, and the embargo was extended indefinitely. (It was to last for five months.)

Barred from using the railways, the hungry builders turned to the sea and, chartering any ship that would float, loaded up with timber and bricks and cement.

Many of these chartered vessels were powered by sail. When a ship keeled over, blocking the harbour, other ships piled up outside the port for miles—as if the town were under siege.

I found Florida a much grimmer place that autumn. Business was noticeably slower. Mr. Anders was nearly always tight-lipped now, and obviously worried. The embargo had wrecked his schedule for developing Bel Air Gardens. He had big contracts out for sewers, paving and landscaping, but without,



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## Great Moments in Medicine

The young Frenchman who unlocked one of the great mysteries of all time—how we breathe—was not a physician, but a chemist. In the 1770's, Antoine Lavoisier enlightened a world which for thousands of years had been ignorant of one of the basic functions of the human body—how oxygen is utilized, and carbon dioxide is expelled, during respiration.

Lavoisier's efforts opened the way for better understanding of human physiology and of diseases involving the lungs. Lavoisier's interest ranged through all natural sciences. Unfortunately, he was

executed during the French Revolution, as were many other leaders of thought. Though individual scientists die, the spirit of unrelenting research to relieve man's ills goes on and on. It transcends barriers of time, of place, and of political stress, contributing to the ultimate benefit of peoples the world over.

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materials nothing could be finished. And I could not forget that I had 14,000 dollars invested in that project.

In November the Federal Reserve Bank raised the discount rate, precipitating a minor stock-market panic which drained extra money from Florida investors. In December Mr. Anders asked me to write to some of my clients, amicably reminding them that they were a payment or two—or three—behind on their purchases.

I wrote the letters and got a few cheques. But more replies were in this vein: "Florida is too far away. I'll never get back there . . . I must have been out of my mind . . . I'm going to forget it."

The end was already in sight. That spring I spent a week-end in Key West. When I got off the train on Monday morning, I picked up a newspaper and a small headline leaped at me.

Sam Anders was dead. I am sure that he died broken-hearted, for, as I was presently to discover, he certainly died bankrupt.

At one blow I had lost my employer, my friend and my hopes for making a fortune.

As far as I was concerned, the Florida boom was over. A few days later I drove back North again, no better off than when I had driven down, except that I now had a year of unprecedented—and unnegotiable—experience.

In September of 1926 the boom was over for everybody. The terrible hurricane that wracked the Miami area, taking 100 lives and destroying millions in property, definitely put an end to it. Bankruptcies now occurred almost daily, one setting off another like dominoes in a row.

Once the boom was over, many reasons were advanced for its collapse: the adverse income-tax ruling, the punitively raised discount rate, a minor country-wide depression, and so on.

But Doc Dammers unerringly pointed out the greatest single deflationary factor.

"The main trouble," Doc explained gravely, "was that we just ran out of suckers."

THE END



### *The Long and the Short of It*

ALFRED GWINNE VANDERBILT's observation on the essential difference between an Englishwoman and a Frenchwoman: One June he was leaving London for Paris and, on the way to the airport, his English hostess remarked, "Alfred, this is June 21st, the longest day in the year." Across the Channel, that same evening, his French dinner partner said, "M. Vanderbilt, it's June 21st, the shortest night in the year."

D.A.C. News



